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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LI.—NUMBER 303

JANUARY, 1883

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Nathaniel Hawthorne

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LI. — JANUARY, 1883. — No. CCCIII.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michel, più che mortal, Angel divino.
ARIOSTO.

Similamente operando all' artista
Ch' a l'abito dell' arte e man che trema.
DANTE, *Par.* xiii., *st.* 77.

DEDICATION.

NOTHING that is shall perish utterly,
But perish only to revive again
In other forms, as clouds restore in rain
The exhalations of the land and sea.
Men build their houses from the masonry
Of ruined tombs; the passion and the pain
Of hearts, that long have ceased to beat, remain
To throb in hearts that are, or are to be.
So from old chronicles, where sleep in dust
Names that once filled the world with trumpet tones,
I build this verse; and flowers of song have thrust
Their roots among the loose disjointed stones,
Which to this end I fashion as I must.
Quickened are they that touch the Prophet's bones.

PART FIRST.

I.

PROLOGUE AT ISCHIA.

The Castle Terrace. VITTORIA COLONNA, *and* JULIA GONZAGA.

VITTORIA.

Will you then leave me, Julia, and so soon,
To pace alone this terrace like a ghost?

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JULIA.

To-morrow, dearest.

VITTORIA.

Do not say to-morrow.
A whole month of to-morrows were too soon.
You must not go. You are a part of me.

JULIA.

I must return to Fondi.

VITTORIA.

The old castle
Needs not your presence. No one waits for you.
Stay one day longer with me. They who go
Feel not the pain of parting; it is they
Who stay behind that suffer. I was thinking
But yesterday how like and how unlike
Have been, and are, our destinies. Your husband,
The good Vespasian, an old man, who seemed
A father to you rather than a husband,
Died in your arms; but mine, in all the flower
And promise of his youth, was taken from me
As by a rushing wind. The breath of battle
Breathed on him, and I saw his face no more,
Save as in dreams it haunts me. As our love
Was for these men, so is our sorrow for them.
Yours a child's sorrow, smiling through its tears;
But mine the grief of an impassioned woman,
Who drank her life up in one draught of love.

JULIA.

Behold this locket. This is the white hair
Of my Vespasian. This the flower-of-love,
The amaranth, and beneath it the device
Non moritura. Thus my heart remains
True to his memory; and the ancient castle,
Where we have lived together, where he died,
Is dear to me as Ischia is to you

VITTORIA.

I did not mean to chide you.

JULIA.

Let your heart
Find, if it can, some poor apology
For one who is too young, and feels too keenly
The joy of life, to give up all her days
To sorrow for the dead. While I am true
To the remembrance of the man I loved

And mourn for still, I do not make a show
Of all the grief I feel, nor live secluded
And, like Veronica da Gámbara,
Drape my whole house in mourning, and drive forth
In coach of sable drawn by sable horses,
As if I were a corpse. Ah, one to-day
Is worth for me a thousand yesterdays.

VITTORIA.

Dear Julia! Friendship has its jealousies
As well as love. Who waits for you at Fondi?

JULIA.

A friend of mine and yours; a friend and friar.
You have at Naples your Fra Bernadino;
And I at Fondi have my Fra Bastiano,
The famous artist, who has come from Rome
To paint my portrait. That is not a sin.

VITTORIA.

Only a vanity.

JULIA.

He painted yours.

VITTORIA.

Do not call up to me those days departed,
When I was young, and all was bright about me,
And the vicissitudes of life were things
But to be read of in old histories,
Though as pertaining unto me or mine
Impossible. Ah, then I dreamed your dreams,
And now, grown older, I look back and see
They were illusions.

JULIA.

Yet without illusions
What would our lives become, what we ourselves?
Dreams or illusions, call them what you will,
They lift us from the commonplace of life
To better things.

VITTORIA.

Are there no brighter dreams,
No higher aspirations, than the wish
To please and to be pleased?

JULIA.

For you there are:
I am no saint; I feel the world we live in

Comes before that which is to be hereafter,
And must be dealt with first.

VITTORIA.

But in what way?

JULIA.

Let the soft wind that wafts to us the odor
Of orange blossoms, let the laughing sea
And the bright sunshine bathing all the world,
Answer the question.

VITTORIA.

And for whom is meant
This portrait that you speak of?

JULIA.

For my friend
The Cardinal Ippolito.

VITTORIA.

For him?

JULIA.

Yes, for Ippolito the Magnificent.
'T is always flattering to a woman's pride
To be admired by one whom all admire.

VITTORIA.

Ah, Julia, she that makes herself a dove
Is eaten by the hawk. Be on your guard.
He is a Cardinal; and his adoration
Should be elsewhere directed.

JULIA.

You forget
The horror of that night, when Barbarossa,
The Moorish corsair, landed on our coast
To seize me for the Sultan Soliman;
How in the dead of night, when all were sleeping,
He scaled the castle wall; how I escaped,
And in my night-dress, mounting a swift steed,
Fled to the mountains, and took refuge there
Among the brigands. Then of all my friends
The Cardinal Ippolito was first
To come with his retainers to my rescue.
Could I refuse the only boon he asked
At such a time, my portrait?

VITTORIA.

I have heard
Strange stories of the splendors of his palace,
And how, apparelled like a Spanish Prince,
He rides through Rome with a long retinue
Of Ethiopians and Numidians
And Turks and Tartars, in fantastic dresses,
Making a gallant show. Is this the way
A Cardinal should live?

JULIA.

He is so young;
Hardly of age, or little more than that;
Beautiful, generous, fond of arts and letters,
A poet, a musician, and a scholar;
Master of many languages, and a player
On many instruments. In Rome, his palace
Is the asylum of all men distinguished
In art or science, and all Florentines

Escaping from the tyranny of his cousin,
Duke Alessandro.

VITTORIA.

I have seen his portrait,
Painted by Titian. You have painted it
In brighter colors.

JULIA.

And my Cardinal,
At Itri, in the courtyard of his palace,
Keeps a tame lion!

VITTORIA.

And so counterfeits
St. Mark, the Evangelist!

JULIA.

Ah, your tame lion
Is Michael Angelo.

VITTORIA.

You speak a name
That always thrills me with a noble sound,
As of a trumpet! Michael Angelo!
A lion all men fear and none can tame;
A man that all men honor, and the model
That all should follow; one who works and prays,
For work is prayer, and consecrates his life
To the sublime ideal of his art,

Till art and life are one; a man who holds
Such place in all men's thoughts, that when they speak
Of great things done, or to be done, his name
Is ever on their lips.

JULIA.

You too can paint
The portrait of your hero, and in colors
Brighter than Titian's; I might warn you also
Against the dangers that beset your path;
But I forbear.

VITTORIA.

If I were made of marble,
Of Fior di Persico or Pavonazzo,
He might admire me: being but flesh and blood,
I am no more to him than other women;
That is, am nothing.

JULIA.

Does he ride through Rome
Upon his little mule, as he was wont,
With his slouched hat, and boots of Cordovan,
As when I saw him last?

VITTORIA.

Pray do not jest.
I cannot couple with his noble name
A trivial word! Look, how the setting sun
Lights up Castel-a-mare and Sorrento,
And changes Capri to a purple cloud!
And there Vesuvius with its plume of smoke,
And the great city stretched upon the shore
As in a dream!

JULIA.

Parthenope the Siren!

VITTORIA.

And yon long line of lights, those sun-lit windows
Blaze like the torches carried in procession
To do her honor! It is beautiful!

JULIA.

I have no heart to feel the beauty of it!
My feet are weary, pacing up and down
These level flags, and wearier still my thoughts
Treading the broken pavement of the Past.
It is too sad. I will go in and rest,
And make me ready for to-morrow's journey.

VITTORIA.

I will go with you; for I would not lose
One hour of your dear presence. 'T is enough
Only to be in the same room with you.
I need not speak to you, nor hear you speak;
If I but see you, I am satisfied. [*They go in.*

II.

MONOLOGUE.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Studio. He is at work on the cartoon of the Last Judgment.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Why did the Pope and his ten Cardinals
Come here to lay this heavy task upon me?
Were not the paintings on the Sistine ceiling
Enough for them? They saw the Hebrew leader
Waiting, and clutching his tempestuous beard,
But heeded not. The bones of Julius
Shook in their sepulchre. I heard the sound;
They only heard the sound of their own voices.

Are there no other artists here in Rome
To do this work, that they must needs seek me?
Fra Bastian, my Fra Bastian, might have done it;
But he is lost to art. The Papal Seals,
Like leaden weights upon a dead man's eyes,
Press down his lids; and so the burden falls
On Michael Angelo, Chief Architect
And Painter of the Apostolic Palace.
That is the title they cajole me with,
To make me do their work and leave my own;
But having once begun, I turn not back.
Blow, ye bright angels, on your golden trumpets
To the four corners of the earth, and wake
The dead to judgment! Ye recording angels,
Open your books and read! Ye dead, awake!
Rise from your graves, drowsy and drugged with death,
As men who suddenly aroused from sleep
Look round amazed, and know not where they are!

In happy hours, when the imagination
Wakes like a wind at midnight, and the soul
Trembles in all its leaves, it is a joy
To be uplifted on its wings, and listen
To the prophetic voices in the air
That call us onward. Then the work we do
Is a delight, and the obedient hand
Never grows weary. But how different is it

In the disconsolate, discouraged hours,
When all the wisdom of the world appears
As trivial as the gossip of a nurse
In a sick-room, and all our work seems useless.

What is it guides my hand, what thoughts possess me,
That I have drawn her face among the angels,
Where she will be hereafter? O sweet dreams,
That through the vacant chambers of my heart
Walk in the silence, as familiar phantoms
Frequent an ancient house, what will ye with me?
'T is said that Emperors write their names in green
When under age, but when of age in purple.
So Love, the greatest Emperor of them all,
Writes his in green at first, but afterwards
In the imperial purple of our blood.
First love or last love, — which of these two passions
Is more omnipotent? Which is more fair,
The star of morning or the evening star?
The sunrise or the sunset of the heart?
The hour when we look forth to the unknown,
And the advancing day consumes the shadows,
Or that when all the landscape of our lives
Lies stretched behind us, and familiar places
Gleam in the distance, and sweet memories
Rise like a tender haze, and magnify
The objects we behold, that soon must vanish?

What matters it to me, whose countenance
Is like Laocoön's, full of pain ; whose forehead
Is a ploughed harvest-field, where threescore years
Have sown in sorrow and have reaped in anguish ;
To me, the artisan, to whom all women
Have been as if they were not, or at most
A sudden rush of pigeons in the air,
A flutter of wings, a sound, and then a silence?
I am too old for love ; I am too old
To flatter and delude myself with visions
Of never-ending friendship with fair women,
Imaginations, fantasies, illusions,
In which the things that cannot be take shape,
And seem to be, and for the moment are. [*Convent bells ring.*

Distant and near and low and loud the bells,
Dominican, Benedictine, and Franciscan,
Jangle and wrangle in their airy towers,
Discordant as the brotherhoods themselves
In their dim cloisters. The descending sun
Seems to caress the city that he loves,
And crowns it with the aureole of a saint.
I will go forth and breathe the air a while.

III.

SAN SILVESTRO.

A Chapel in the Church of San Silvestro on Monte Cavallo.

VITTORIA COLONNA, CLAUDIO TOLOMMEI, *and others*

VITTORIA.

Here let us rest awhile, until the crowd
Has left the church. I have already sent
For Michael Angelo to join us here.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

After Fra Bernardino's wise discourse
On the Pauline Epistles, certainly
Some words of Michael Angelo on Art
Were not amiss, to bring us back to earth.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *at the door.*

How like a Saint or Goddess she appears;
Diana or Madonna, which I know not!
In attitude and aspect formed to be
At once the artist's worship and despair!

VITTORIA.

Welcome, Maestro. We were waiting for you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I met your messenger upon the way,
And hastened hither.

VITTORIA.

It is kind of you
To come to us, who linger here like gossips
Wasting the afternoon in idle talk.
These are all friends of mine and friends of yours.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If friends of yours, then are they friends of mine.
Pardon me, gentlemen. But when I entered
I saw but the Marchesa.

VITTORIA.

Take this seat
Between me and Ser Claudio Tolommei,
Who still maintains that our Italian tongue
Should be called Tuscan. But for that offence
We will not quarrel with him.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Eccellenza —

VITTORIA.

Ser Claudio has banished Eccellenza
And all such titles from the Tuscan tongue.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

'T is the abuse of them and not the use
I deprecate.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The use or the abuse,
It matters not. Let them all go together,
As empty phrases and frivolities,
And common as gold-lace upon the collar
Of an obsequious lackey.

VITTORIA.

That may be,
But something of politeness would go with them;
We should lose something of the stately manners
Of the old school.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

Undoubtedly.

VITTORIA.

But that
Is not what occupies my thoughts at present,
Nor why I sent for you, Messer Michele.
It was to counsel me. His Holiness
Has granted me permission, long desired,
To build a convent in this neighborhood,
Where the old tower is standing, from whose top
Nero looked down upon the burning city.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is an inspiration!

VITTORIA.

I am doubtful
How I shall build; how large to make the convent,
And which way fronting.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, to build, to build!
That is the noblest art of all the arts.
Painting and sculpture are but images,
Are merely shadows cast by outward things
On stone or canvas, having in themselves
No separate existence. Architecture,
Existing in itself, and not in seeming

A something it is not, surpasses them
As substance shadow. Long, long years ago,
Standing one morning near the Baths of Titus,
I saw the statue of Laocoön
Rise from its grave of centuries, like a ghost
Writhing in pain; and as it tore away
The knotted serpents from its limbs, I heard,
Or seemed to hear, the cry of agony
From its white, parted lips. And still I marvel
At the three Rhodian artists, by whose hands
This miracle was wrought. Yet he beholds
Far nobler works who looks upon the ruins
Of temples in the Forum here in Rome.
If God should give me power in my old age
To build for Him a temple half as grand
As those were in their glory, I should count
My age more excellent than youth itself,
And all that I have hitherto accomplished
As only vanity.

VITTORIA.

I understand you.
Art is the gift of God, and must be used
Unto His glory. That in art is highest
Which aims at this. When St. Hilarion blessed
The horses of Italicus, they won
The race at Gaza, for his benediction
O'erpowered all magic; and the people shouted
That Christ had conquered Marnas. So that art
Which bears the consecration and the seal
Of holiness upon it will prevail
Over all others. Those few words of yours
Inspire me with new confidence to build.
What think you? The old walls might serve, perhaps,
Some purpose still. The tower can hold the bells.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If strong enough.

VITTORIA.

If not, it can be strengthened.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I see no bar nor drawback to this building,
And on our homeward way, if it shall please you,
We may together view the site.

VITTORIA.

I thank you.
I did not venture to request so much.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Let us now go to the old walls you spake of,
Vossignoria —

VITTORIA.

What, again, Maestro?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Pardon me, Messer Claudio, if once more
I use the ancient courtesies of speech.
I am too old to change.

IV.

CARDINAL IPPOLITO.

A richly furnished apartment in the Palace of CARDINAL IPPOLITO. *Night.*

JACOPO NARDI, *an old man, alone.*

NARDI.

I am bewildered. These Numidian slaves,
In strange attire; these endless antechambers;
This lighted hall, with all its golden splendors,
Pictures, and statues! Can this be the dwelling
Of a disciple of that lowly Man
Who had not where to lay his head? These statues
Are not of Saints; nor is this a Madonna,
This lovely face, that with such tender eyes
Looks down upon me from the painted canvas.
My heart begins to fail me. What can he
Who lives in boundless luxury at Rome
Care for the imperilled liberties of Florence,
Her people, her Republic? Ah, the rich
Feel not the pangs of banishment. All doors
Are open to them, and all hands extended.
The poor alone are outcasts; they who risked
All they possessed for liberty, and lost;
And wander through the world without a friend,
Sick, comfortless, distressed, unknown, uncared for.

Enter CARDINAL IPPOLITO, *in Spanish cloak and slouched hat.*

IPPOLITO.

I pray you pardon me that I have kept you
Waiting so long alone.

NARDI.

I wait to see
The Cardinal.

IPPOLITO.

I am the Cardinal;
And you?

NARDI.

Jacopo Nardi.

IPPOLITO.

You are welcome.
I was expecting you. Philippo Strozzi
Had told me of your coming.

NARDI.

'T was his son
That brought me to your door.

IPPOLITO.

Pray you, be seated.
You seem astonished at the garb I wear,
But at my time of life, and with my habits,
The petticoats of a Cardinal would be —
Troublesome; I could neither ride nor walk,
Nor do a thousand things, if I were dressed
Like an old dowager. It were putting wine
Young as the young Astyanax into goblets
As old as Priam.

NARDI.

Oh, your Eminence
Knows best what you should wear.

IPPOLITO.

Dear Messer Nardi,
You are no stranger to me. I have read
Your excellent translation of the books
Of Titus Livius, the historian
Of Rome, and model of all historians
That shall come after him. It does you honor;
But greater honor still the love you bear
To Florence, our dear country, and whose annals
I hope your hand will write, in happier days
Than we now see.

NARDI.

Your Eminence will pardon
The lateness of the hour.

IPPOLITO.

The hours I count not
As a sun-dial; but am like a clock,

That tells the time as well by night as day.
So, no excuse. I know what brings you here.
You come to speak of Florence.

NARDI.

And her woes.

IPPOLITO.

The Duke, my cousin, the black Alessandro,
Whose mother was a Moorish slave, that fed
The sheep upon Lorenzo's farm, still lives
And reigns.

NARDI.

Alas, that such a scourge
Should fall on such a city!

IPPOLITO.

When he dies,
The Wild Boar in the gardens of Lorenzo,
The beast obscene, should be the monument
Of this bad man.

NARDI.

He walks the streets at night
With revellers, insulting honest men.
No house is sacred from his lusts. The convents
Are turned by him to brothels, and the honor
Of women and all ancient pious customs
Are quite forgotten now. The offices
Of the Priori and Gonfalonieri
Have been abolished. All the magistrates
Are now his creatures. Liberty is dead.
The very memory of all honest living
Is wiped away, and even our Tuscan tongue
Corrupted to a Lombard dialect.

IPPOLITO.

And worst of all his impious hand has broken
The Martinella, — our great battle bell,
That, sounding through three centuries, has led
The Florentines to victory, — lest its voice
Should waken in their souls some memory
Of far-off times of glory.

NARDI.

What a change
Ten little years have made! We all remember
Those better days, when Niccolà Capponi,
The Gonfaloniere, from the windows

Of the Old Palace, with the blast of trumpets,
Proclaimed to the inhabitants that Christ
Was chosen King of Florence; and already
Christ is dethroned, and slain, and in his stead
Reigns Lucifer! Alas, alas, for Florence!

IPPOLITO.

Lilies with lilies, said Savonarola;
Florence and France! But I say Florence only,
Or only with the Emperor's hand to help us
In sweeping out the rubbish.

NARDI.

Little hope
Of help is there from him. He has betrothed
His daughter Margaret to this shameless Duke.
What hope have we from such an Emperor?

IPPOLITO.

Baccio Valori and Philippo Strozzi,
Once the Duke's friends and intimates, are with us,
And Cardinals Salvati and Ridolfi.
We shall soon see, then, as Valori says,
Whether the Duke can best spare honest men,
Or honest men the Duke.

NARDI.

We have determined
To send ambassadors to Spain, and lay
Our griefs before the Emperor, though I fear
More than I hope.

IPPOLITO.

The Emperor is busy
With this new war against the Algerines,
And has no time to listen to complaints
From our ambassadors; nor will I trust them,
But go myself. All is in readiness
For my departure, and to-morrow morning
I shall go down to Itri, where I meet
Dante da Castiglione and some others,
Republicans and fugitives from Florence,
And then take ship at Gaëta, and go
To join the Emperor in his new crusade
Against the Turk. I shall have time enough
And opportunity to plead our cause.

NARDI, *rising.*

It is an inspiration, and I hail it
As of good omen. May the power that sends it

Bless our beloved country, and restore
Its banished citizens. The soul of Florence
Is now outside its gates. What lies within
Is but a corpse, corrupted and corrupting.
Heaven help us all. I will not tarry longer,
For you have need of rest. Good-night.

IPPOLITO.

Good-night!

Enter FRA SEBASTIANO; *Turkish attendants.*

IPPOLITO.

Fra Bastiano, how your portly presence
Contrasts with that of the spare Florentine
Who has just left me!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

As we passed each other,
I saw that he was weeping.

IPPOLITO.

Poor old man!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Who is he?

IPPOLITO.

Jacopo Nardi. A brave soul;
One of the Fuorusciti, and the best
And noblest of them all; but he has made me
Sad with his sadness. As I look on you
My heart grows lighter. I behold a man
Who lives in an ideal world, apart
From all the rude collisions of our life,
In a calm atmosphere.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Your Eminence
Is surely jesting. If you knew the life
Of artists as I know it, you might think
Far otherwise.

IPPOLITO.

But wherefore should I jest?
The world of art is an ideal world, —
The world I love, and that I fain would live in;
So speak to me of artists and of art,
Of all the painters, sculptors, and musicians
That now illustrate Rome.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Of the musicians,
I know but Goudimel, the brave maestro
And chapel-master of his Holiness,
Who trains the Papal choir.

IPPOLITO.

In church this morning,
I listened to a mass of Goudimel,
Divinely chanted. In the Incarnatus,
In lieu of Latin words, the tenor sang
With infinite tenderness, in plain Italian,
A Neapolitan love-song.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

You amaze me.
Was it a wanton song?

IPPOLITO.

Not a divine one.
I am not over-scrupulous, as you know,
In word or deed, yet such a song as that,
Sung by the tenor of the Papal choir,
And in a Papal mass, seemed out of place;
There's something wrong in it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

There's something wrong
In everything. We cannot make the world
Go right. 'T is not my business to reform
The Papal choir.

IPPOLITO.

Nor mine, thank Heaven!
Then tell me of the artists.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Naming one
I name them all; for there is only one:
His name is Messer Michael Angelo.
All art and artists of the present day
Centre in him.

IPPOLITO.

You count yourself as nothing?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Or less than nothing, since I am at best
Only a portrait-painter; one who draws
With greater or less skill, as best he may,
The features of a face.

IPPOLITO.

And you have had
The honor, nay, the glory, of portraying
Julia Gonzaga! Do you count as nothing
A privilege like that? See there the portrait
Rebuking you with its divine expression.
Are you not penitent? He whose skilful hand
Painted that lovely picture has not right
To vilipend the art of portrait-painting.
But what of Michael Angelo?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But lately
Strolling together down the crowded Corso,
We stopped, well pleased, to see your Eminence
Pass on an Arab steed, a noble creature,
Which Michael Angelo, who is a lover
Of all things beautiful, especially
When they are Arab horses, much admired,
And could not praise enough.

IPPOLITO, *to an attendant.*

Hassan, to-morrow,
When I am gone, but not till I am gone, —
Be careful about that, — take Barbarossa
To Messer Michael Angelo, the sculptor,
Who lives there at Macello dei Corvi,
Near to the Capitol; and take besides
Some ten mule-loads of provender, and say
Your master sends them to him as a present.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A princely gift. Though Michael Angelo
Refuses presents from his Holiness,
Yours he will not refuse.

IPPOLITO.

You think him like
Thymœtes, who received the wooden horse
Into the walls of Troy. That book of Virgil
Have I translated in Italian verse,
And shall, some day, when we have leisure for it,
Be pleased to read you. When I speak of Troy
I am reminded of another town
And of a lovelier Helen, our dear Countess
Julia Gonzaga. You remember, surely,
The adventure with the corsair Barbarossa,
And all that followed?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A most strange adventure;
A tale as marvellous and full of wonder
As any in Boccaccio or Sacchetti;
Almost incredible!

IPPOLITO.

Were I a painter
I should not want a better theme than that:
The lovely lady fleeing through the night
In wild disorder; and the brigands' camp
With the red fire-light on their swarthy faces.
Could you not paint it for me?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

No, not I.
It is not in my line.

IPPOLITO.

Then you shall paint
The portrait of the corsair, when we bring him
A prisoner chained to Naples; for I feel
Something like admiration for a man
Who dared this strange adventure.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will do it.
But catch the corsair first.

IPPOLITO.

You may begin
To-morrow with the sword. Hassan, come hither;
Bring me the Turkish scimitar that hangs
Beneath the picture yonder. Now unsheathe it.
'T is a Damascus blade; you see the inscription
In Arabic: *La Allah illa Allah,* —
There is no God but God.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

How beautiful
In fashion and in finish! It is perfect.
The Arsenal of Venice cannot boast
A finer sword.

IPPOLITO.

You like it? It is yours.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

You do not mean it.

IPPOLITO.

I am not a Spaniard,
To say that it is yours and not to mean it.
I have at Itri a whole armory
Full of such weapons. When you paint the portrait
Of Barbarossa, it will be of use.
You have not been rewarded as you should be
For painting the Gonzaga. Throw this bauble
Into the scale, and make the balance equal.
Till then suspend it in your studio;
You artists like such trifles.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will keep it
In memory of the donor. Many thanks.

IPPOLITO.

Fra Bastian, I am growing tired of Rome,
The old dead city, with the old dead people;
Priests everywhere, like shadows on a wall,
And morning, noon, and night the ceaseless sound
Of convent bells. I must be gone from here;
Though Ovid somewhere says that Rome is worthy
To be the dwelling-place of all the Gods,
I must be gone from here. To-morrow morning
I start for Itri, and go thence by sea
To join the Emperor, who is making war
Upon the Algerines; perhaps to sink
Some Turkish galleys, and bring back in chains
The famous corsair. Thus would I avenge
The beautiful Gonzaga.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

An achievement
Worthy of Charlemagne, or of Orlando.
Berni and Ariosto both shall add
A canto to their poems, and describe you
As Furioso and Innamorato.
Now I must say good-night.

IPPOLITO.

You must not go;
First you shall sup with me. My seneschal,
Giovan Andrea dal Borgo a San Sepolcro, —
I like to give the whole sonorous name,
It sounds so like a verse of the Æneid, —
Has brought me eels fresh from the Lake of Fondi,
And Lucrine oysters cradled in their shells:
These, with red Fondi wine, the Cæcuban
That Horace speaks of, under a hundred keys

Kept safe, until the heir of Posthumus
Shall stain the pavement with it, make a feast
Fit for Lucullus, or Fra Bastian even;
So we will go to supper, and be merry.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Beware! Remember that Bolsena's eels
And Vernage wine once killed a Pope of Rome!

IPPOLITO.

'T was a French Pope; and then so long ago;
Who knows? — perhaps the story is not true.

V.

BORGO DELLE VERGINE AT NAPLES.

Room in the Palace of JULIA GONZAGA. *Night.*

JULIA GONZAGA, GIOVANNI VALDESSO.

JULIA.

Do not go yet.

VALDESSO.

The night is far advanced;
I fear to stay too late, and weary you
With these discussions.

JULIA.

I have much to say.
I speak to you, Valdesso, with that frankness
Which is the greatest privilege of friendship, —
Speak as I hardly would to my confessor,
Such is my confidence in you.

VALDESSO.

Dear Countess,
If loyalty to friendship be a claim
Upon your confidence, then I may claim it.

JULIA.

Then sit again, and listen unto things
That nearer are to me than life itself.

VALDESSO.

In all things I am happy to obey you,
And happiest then when you command me most.

JULIA.

Laying aside all useless rhetoric,
That is superfluous between us two,
I come at once unto the point, and say,
You know my outward life, my rank and fortune;
Countess of Fondi, Duchess of Trajetto,
A widow rich and flattered, for whose hand
In marriage princes ask, and ask it only
To be rejected. All the world can offer
Lies at my feet. If I remind you of it,
It is not in the way of idle boasting,
But only to the better understanding
Of what comes after.

VALDESSO.

God hath given you also
Beauty and intellect; and the signal grace
To lead a spotless life amid temptations,
That others yield to.

JULIA.

But the inward life, —
That you know not; 't is known but to myself,
And is to me a mystery and a pain.
A soul disquieted, and ill at ease,
A mind perplexed with doubts and apprehensions,
A heart dissatisfied with all around me,
And with myself, so that sometimes I weep,
Discouraged and disgusted with the world.

VALDESSO.

Whene'er we cross a river at a ford,
If we would pass in safety, we must keep
Our eyes fixed steadfast on the shore beyond,
For if we cast them on the flowing stream,
The head swims with it; so if we would cross
The running flood of things here in the world,
Our souls must not look down, but fix their sight
On the firm land beyond.

JULIA.

I comprehend you.
You think I am too worldly; that my head
Swims with the giddying whirl of life about me.
Is that your meaning?

VALDESSO.

Yes; your meditations
Are more of this world and its vanities
Than of the world to come.

JULIA.

Between the two
I am confused.

VALDESSO.

Yet have I seen you listen
Enraptured when Fra Bernardino preached
Of faith and hope and charity.

JULIA.

I listen,
But only as to music without meaning.
It moves me for the moment, and I think
How beautiful it is to be a saint,
As dear Vittoria is; but I am weak
And wayward, and I soon fall back again
To my old ways, so very easily.
There are too many week-days for one Sunday.

VALDESSO.

Then take the Sunday with you through the week,
And sweeten with it all the other days.

JULIA.

In part I do so; for to put a stop
To idle tongues, what men might say of me
If I lived all alone here in my palace,
And not from a vocation that I feel
For the monastic life, I now am living
With Sister Caterina at the convent
Of Santa Chiara, and I come here only
On certain days, for my affairs, or visits
Of ceremony, or to be with friends.
For I confess, to live among my friends
Is Paradise to me; my Purgatory
Is living among people I dislike.
And so I pass my life in these two worlds,
This palace and the convent.

VALDESSO.

It was then
The fear of man, and not the love of God,
That led you to this step. Why will you not
Give all your heart to God?

JULIA.

If God commands it,
Wherefore hath He not made me capable
Of doing for Him what I wish to do

As easily as I could offer Him
This jewel from my hand, this gown I wear,
Or aught else that is mine?

VALDESSO.

The hindrance lies
In that original sin, by which all fell.

JULIA.

Ah me, I cannot bring my troubled mind
To wish well to that Adam, our first parent,
Who by his sin lost Paradise for us,
And brought such ills upon us.

VALDESSO.

We ourselves,
When we commit a sin, lose Paradise,
As much as he did. Let us think of this,
And how we may regain it.

JULIA.

Teach me, then,
To harmonize the discord of my life,
And stop the painful jangle of these wires.

VALDESSO.

That is a task impossible, until
You tune your heart-strings to a higher key
Than earthly melodies.

JULIA.

How shall I do it?
Point out to me the way of this perfection,
And I will follow you; for you have made
My soul enamored with it, and I cannot
Rest satisfied until I find it out.
But lead me privately, so that the world
Hear not my steps; I would not give occasion
For talk among the people.

VALDESSO.

Now at last
I understand you fully. Then, what need
Is there for us to beat about the bush?
I know what you desire of me.

JULIA.

What rudeness!
If you already know it, why not tell me?

VALDESSO.

Because I rather wait for you to ask it
With your own lips.

JULIA.

Do me the kindness, then,
To speak without reserve; and with all frankness,
If you divine the truth, will I confess it.

VALDESSO.

I am content.

JULIA.

Then speak.

VALDESSO.

You would be free
From the vexatious thoughts that come and go
Through your imagination, and would have me
Point out some royal road and lady-like
Which you may walk in, and not wound your feet;
You would attain to the divine perfection,
And yet not turn your back upon the world;
You would possess humility within,
But not reveal it in your outward actions;
You would have patience, but without the rude
Occasions that require its exercise;
You would despise the world, but in such fashion
The world should not despise you in return;
Would clothe the soul with all the Christian graces,
Yet not despoil the body of its gauds;
Would feed the soul with spiritual food,
Yet not deprive the body of its feasts;
Would seem angelic in the sight of God,
Yet not too saint-like in the eyes of men;
In short, would lead a holy Christian life
In such a way that even your nearest friend
Would not detect therein one circumstance
To show a change from what it was before.
Have I divined your secret?

JULIA.

You have drawn
The portrait of my inner self as truly
As the most skilful painter ever painted
A human face.

VALDESSO.

This warrants me in saying
You think you can win heaven by compromise,
And not by verdict.

JULIA.

You have often told me
That a bad compromise was better even
Than a good verdict.

VALDESSO.

Yes, in suits at law;
Not in religion. With the human soul
There is no compromise. By faith alone
Can man be justified.

JULIA.

Hush, dear Valdesso;
That is a heresy. Do not, I pray you,
Proclaim it from the house-top, but preserve it
As something precious, hidden in your heart,
As I, who half believe and tremble at it.

VALDESSO.

I must proclaim the truth.

JULIA.

Enthusiast!
Why must you? You imperil both yourself
And friends by your imprudence. Pray, be patient.
You have occasion now to show that virtue
Which you lay stress upon. Let us return
To our lost pathway. Show me by what steps
I shall walk in it. [*Convent bells are heard.*

VALDESSO.

Hark! the convent bells
Are ringing; it is midnight; I must leave you.
And yet I linger. Pardon me, dear Countess,
Since you to-night have made me your confessor,
If I so far may venture, I will warn you
Upon one point.

JULIA.

What is it? Speak, I pray you,
For I have no concealments in my conduct;
All is as open as the light of day.
What is it you would warn me of?

VALDESSO.

Your friendship
With Cardinal Ippolito.

JULIA.

What is there

To cause suspicion or alarm in that,
More than in friendships that I entertain
With you and others? I ne'er sat with him
Alone at night, as I am sitting now
With you, Valdesso.

VALDESSO.

Pardon me; the portrait
That Fra Bastiano painted was for him.
Is that quite prudent?

JULIA.

That is the same question
Vittoria put to me, when I last saw her.
I make you the same answer. That was not
A pledge of love, but of pure gratitude.
Recall the adventure of that dreadful night
When Barbarossa with two thousand Moors
Landed upon the coast, and in the darkness
Attacked my castle. Then, without delay,
The Cardinal came hurrying down from Rome
To rescue and protect me. Was it wrong
That in an hour like that I did not weigh
Too nicely this or that, but granted him
A boon that pleased him, and that flattered me?

VALDESSO.

Only beware lest, in disguise of friendship,
Another corsair, worse than Barbarossa,
Steal in and seize the castle, not by storm
But strategy. And now I take my leave.

JULIA.

Farewell; but ere you go look forth and see
How night hath hushed the clamor and the stir
Of the tumultuous streets. The cloudless moon
Roofs the whole city as with tiles of silver;
The dim, mysterious sea in silence sleeps;
And straight into the air Vesuvius lifts
His plume of smoke. How beautiful it is!

[*Voices in the street.*

GIOVAN ANDREA.

Poisoned at Itri.

ANOTHER VOICE.

Poisoned? Who is poisoned?

GIOVAN ANDREA.

The Cardinal Ippolito, my master
Call it malaria. It was very sudden. [*Julia swoons.*

VI.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

A room in the Torre Argentina.

VITTORIA COLONNA *and* JULIA GONZAGA.

VITTORIA.

Come to my arms and to my heart once more;
My soul goes out to meet you and embrace you,
For we are of the sisterhood of sorrow.
I know what you have suffered.

JULIA.

Name it not.
Let me forget it.

VITTORIA.

I will say no more.
Let me look at you. What a joy it is
To see your face, to hear your voice again!
You bring with you a breath as of the morn,
A memory of the far-off happy days
When we were young. When did you come from Fondi?

JULIA.

I have not been at Fondi since —

VITTORIA.

Ah me!
You need not speak the word; I understand you.

JULIA.

I came from Naples by the lovely valley,
The Terra di Lavoro.

VITTORIA.

And you find me
But just returned from a long journey northward.
I have been staying with that noble woman
Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara.

JULIA.

Oh, tell me of the Duchess. I have heard
Flaminio speak her praises with such warmth
That I am eager to hear more of her
And of her brilliant court.

VITTORIA.

You shall hear all.

But first sit down and listen patiently
While I confess myself.

JULIA.

What deadly sin
Have you committed?

VITTORIA.

Not a sin; a folly.
I chid you once at Ischia, when you told me
That brave Fra Bastian was to paint your portrait.

JULIA.

Well I remember it.

VITTORIA.

Then chide me now,
For I confess to something still more strange.
Old as I am, I have at last consented
To the entreaties and the supplications
Of Michael Angelo—

JULIA.

To marry him?

VITTORIA.

I pray you, do not jest with me! You know,
Or you should know, that never such a thought
Entered my breast. I am already married.
The Marquis of Pescara is my husband,
And death has not divorced us.

JULIA.

Pardon me.
Have I offended you?

VITTORIA.

No, but have hurt me.
Unto my buried lord I give myself,
Unto my friend the shadow of myself,
My portrait. It is not from vanity,
But for the love I bear him.

JULIA.

I rejoice
To hear these words. Oh, this will be a portrait
Worthy of both of you! [*A knock.*

VITTORIA.

Hark! he is coming.

JULIA.

And shall I go or stay?

VITTORIA.

By all means, stay.
The drawing will be better for your presence;
You will enliven me.

JULIA.

I shall not speak;
The presence of great men doth take from me
All power of speech. I only gaze at them
In silent wonder, as if they were gods,
Or the inhabitants of some other planet.

Enter MICHAEL ANGELO.

VITTORIA.

Come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I fear my visit is ill-timed;
I interrupt you.

VITTORIA.

No; this is a friend
Of yours as well as mine, — the Lady Julia,
The Duchess of Trajetto.

MICHAEL ANGELO *to* JULIA.

I salute you.
'T is long since I have seen your face, my lady;
Pardon me if I say that having seen it,
One never can forget it.

JULIA.

You are kind
To keep me in your memory.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is
The privilege of age to speak with frankness.
You will not be offended when I say
That never was your beauty more divine.

JULIA.

When Michael Angelo condescends to flatter
Or praise me, I am proud, and not offended.

VITTORIA.

Now this is gallantry enough for one;
Show me a little.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, my gracious lady,
You know I have not words to speak your praise.
I think of you in silence. You conceal
Your manifold perfections from all eyes,
And make yourself more saint-like day by day,
And day by day men worship you the more.
But now your hour of martyrdom has come.
You know why I am here.

VITTORIA.

Ah yes, I know it;
And meet my fate with fortitude. You find me
Surrounded by the labors of your hands:
The Woman of Samaria at the Well,
The Mater Dolorosa, and the Christ
Upon the Cross, beneath which you have written
Those memorable words of Alighieri,
"Men have forgotten how much blood it costs."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now I come to add one labor more,
If you will call that labor which is pleasure,
And only pleasure.

VITTORIA.

How shall I be seated?

MICHAEL ANGELO, *opening his portfolio.*

Just as you are. The light falls well upon you.

VITTORIA.

I am ashamed to steal the time from you
That should be given to the Sistine Chapel.
How does that work go on?

MICHAEL ANGELO, *drawing.*

But tardily.
Old men work slowly. Brain and hand alike
Are dull and torpid. To die young is best,
And not to be remembered as old men
Tottering about in their decrepitude.

VITTORIA.

My dear Maestro! have you, then, forgotten
The story of Sophocles in his old age?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What story is it?

VITTORIA.

When his sons accused him,
Before the Areopagus, of dotage,
For all defence, he read there to his judges
The tragedy of Œdipus Coloneus, —
The work of his old age.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is an illusion,
A fabulous story, that will lead old men
Into a thousand follies and conceits.

VITTORIA.

So you may show to cavillers your painting
Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Now you and Lady Julia shall resume
The conversation that I interrupted.

VITTORIA.

It was of no great import; nothing more
Nor less than my late visit to Ferrara,
And what I saw there in the ducal palace.
Will it not interrupt you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not the least.

VITTORIA.

Well, first, then, of Duke Ercole: a man
Cold in his manners, and reserved and silent,
And yet magnificent in all his ways;
Not hospitable unto new ideas,
But from state policy, and certain reasons
Concerning the investiture of the duchy,
A partisan of Rome, and consequently
Intolerant of all the new opinions.

JULIA.

I should not like the Duke. These silent men,
Who only look and listen, are like wells
That have no water in them, deep and empty.
How could the daughter of a king of France
Wed such a duke?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The men that women marry,

And why they marry them, will always be
A marvel and a mystery to the world.

VITTORIA.

And then the Duchess, — how shall I describe her,
Or tell the merits of that happy nature,
Which pleases most when least it thinks of pleasing?
Not beautiful, perhaps, in form and feature,
Yet with an inward beauty, that shines through
Each look and attitude and word and gesture;
A kindly grace of manner and behavior,
A something in her presence and her ways
That makes her beautiful beyond the reach
Of mere external beauty; and in heart
So noble and devoted to the truth,
And so in sympathy with all who strive
After the higher life.

JULIA.

She draws me to her
As much as her Duke Ercole repels me.

VITTORIA.

Then the devout and honorable women
That grace her court, and make it good to be there;
Francesca Bucyronia, the true-hearted,
Lavinia della Rovere and the Orsini,
The Magdalena and the Cherubina,
And Anne de Parthenai, who sings so sweetly;
All lovely women, full of noble thoughts
And aspirations after noble things.

JULIA.

Boccaccio would have envied you such dames.

VITTORIA.

No; his Fiammettas and his Philomenas
Are fitter company for Ser Giovanni;
I fear he hardly would have comprehended
The women that I speak of.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yet he wrote
The story of Griselda. That is something
To set down in his favor.

VITTORIA.

With these ladies
Was a young girl, Olympia Morata,

Daughter of Fulvio, the learned scholar,
Famous in all the universities:
A marvellous child, who at the spinning-wheel,
And in the daily round of household cares,
Hath learned both Greek and Latin; and is now
A favorite of the Duchess and companion
Of Princess Anne. This beautiful young Sappho
Sometimes recited to us Grecian odes
That she had written, with a voice whose sadness
Thrilled and o'ermastered me, and made me look
Into the future time, and ask myself
What destiny will be hers.

JULIA.

A sad one, surely.
Frost kills the flowers that blossom out of season;
And these precocious intellects portend
A life of sorrow or an early death.

VITTORIA.

About the court were many learned men;
Chilian Sinapius from beyond the Alps,
And Celio Curione, and Manzolli,
The Duke's physician; and a pale young man,
Charles d'Espeville of Geneva, whom the Duchess
Doth much delight to talk with and to read,
For he hath written a book of Institutes
The Duchess greatly praises, though some call it
The Koran of the heretics.

JULIA.

And what poets
Were there to sing you madrigals, and praise
Olympia's eyes and Cherubina's tresses?

VITTORIA.

None; for great Ariosto is no more.
The voice that filled those halls with melody
Has long been hushed in death.

JULIA.

You should have made
A pilgrimage unto the poet's tomb,
And laid a wreath upon it, for the words
He spake of you.

VITTORIA.

And of yourself no less,
And of our master, Michael Angelo.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Of me?

VITTORIA.

Have you forgotten that he calls you
Michael, less man than angel, and divine?
You are ungrateful.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A mere play on words.
That adjective he wanted for a rhyme,
To match with Gian Bellino and Urbino.

VITTORIA.

Bernardo Tasso is no longer there,
Nor the gay troubadour of Gascony,
Clement Marot, surnamed by flatterers
The Prince of Poets and the Poet of Princes,
Who, being looked upon with much disfavor
By the Duke Ercole, has fled to Venice.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There let him stay with Pietro Aretino,
The Scourge of Princes, also called Divine.
The title is so common in our mouths,
That even the Pifferari of Abruzzi,
Who play their bag-pipes in the streets of Rome
At the Epiphany, will bear it soon,
And will deserve it better than some poets.

VITTORIA.

What bee hath stung you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

One that makes no honey;
One that comes buzzing in through every window,
And stabs men with his sting. A bitter thought
Passed through my mind, but it is gone again;
I spake too hastily.

JULIA.

I pray you, show me
What you have done.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not yet; it is not finished.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

AN APENNINE VALLEY.

If Rome is the head of Italy, her heart is among the Apennines. These branching valleys, each with its rushing river and murmuring, pulsing streamlet, are the arteries through which her life-current is sent outward into her fair extremities, to return betimes in mountain mist and rain. Just now she is taking her midsummer siesta, and the circulation is a little sluggish; but the autumnal awakening comes early among the hills, and before the end of August the shrunken channels will have filled again, the spirit of the land will be up, and leafy tresses will be shaken loose to the freshening wind, preparatory to the great frolic of the vintage.

My own private and particular valley here — the valley of the Lima — divides itself, and subdivides, and ramifies hither and yon, like a conventional vine on a piece of Kensington embroidery. All these vales and *vallette* have high wooded walls, overtopped at intervals by taller domes, answering to the watch-towers along an ancient rampart. As seen from the level of the stream, the hills, to their very summits, are clothed with beauteous vegetation, "*silvis, scenæ coruscis.*" One gets from them, at first sight, that single impression of richly heaped and gloriously displayed leafage which *pater Æneas* is supposed to have derived from the sheltering walls of his safe harbor on the African coast, which the wooded hills of New England are equally competent to convey. But presently you perceive, and gradually grow familiar with the idea, that these are no virgin solitudes, for all their rustic grace, but that every foot of this fair wilderness has long since been humanized. The wealthy chestnut woods about the bases of the mountains offer clear footing under their spreading boughs. White paths intersect the fine old sod, leading deviously upward to the slopes, where the silver moons of the great mountain thistle seem positively to diffuse a tempered light amid the forest shades. The slenderest rivulet, as it leaps from stone to stone to join the river, must turn a mossy old water-wheel upon its way. Those bands of brighter verdure that stripe the southern declivities, above the chestnuts, are vine *pergole*, every one. That indistinct patch of deep crimson in the remotest hill-cleft resolves itself, under an opera-glass, into the red-tiled roofs of a close-clustered hamlet. Those golden tufts dotting the more sterile spaces, here and there, are the thatched roofs and haystacks of the humblest of small freeholds. That soft cloud of olive-gray, those black spires of the cypress, mark the site of a villa, where one would naturally look only for an eagle's nest. The sharpest cone reveals to scrutiny a machicolated watch-tower, or slim brown campanile, at its apex. The line of the long green ridge, which cuts the sky five hundred feet overhead, is broken by the low roof and solid tower of a superannuated church, and the open *loggie* — they look like dove-cotes, at this distance — of another huddled mountain village. All day long, upon the great summer festivals, St. Anne's day, St. James's, and the Assumption, the towers of twoscore or more gray churches, near and far, call hourly to one another from among the foldings of the hills, — airily, strangely, as the chanticleers answer each other from remote farms upon still autumn days, at home. For not only has the rural region hereabout been all humanized in the years gone by, but once upon a time it was also all christianized.

We speak and think, in new countries, of the conquest of man over nature,

taking it for granted that the process must be a rude and violent one; expecting nothing else than that nature shall be disheveled and long disfigured thereafter, as she always is in America, — as the Sabine women were, no doubt, after they had been wooed in a similar spirit by the men of quadrate Rome. But here, in these urbane solitudes, we learn that it is quite possible for nature to be won, and wived with humanity, without the loss of a single outward grace, — with only the added charm of a certain soft amenity and sympathetic homeliness. Do you say that this is necessarily the work of time, — that nature heals her own wounds, if only left to her own way? I answer, No, not always. There are hurts to the outward loveliness of nature which cannot possibly be healed save by the help of man, who inflicted them. The ugly gash of a railway embankment cannot be cured without skillful treatment; and there is a species of "settlement," a group of wooden saw-mills, dwellings, church, and school, which neither time nor eternity can ever harmonize with any landscape.

There are other facts which appear to bear, more or less remotely, on the same point. "Whene'er I take my walks abroad" in the neighborhood of the saw-mill, should I meet the saw-miller or any of his "hands," they will not fail to convey to me, in the righteous absence of all salutation, the emphatic assurance that they are quite as good as I am. Possibly they may be, or even better, but I feel for the moment that I would very much like to show them some reasons to the contrary. On the other hand, when the pair shall have passed me whom I perceive approaching along the box-bordered bridle-path which zigzags up the sweet Lucchese mountain side, — the man, with swarthy cheek and blue-black elf-locks, bending a little under his enormous fagot; the woman, with her dark brows and her bright smile, and her circular crate, or *cesto*, of vine-leaves poised lightly upon her shapely head, — they will have given me "good-even" and "good passage," as a matter of course; and I shall be wondering, as the distance widens between us, wondering wistfully and with a touch of something like compunction, why they should instinctively have said, "Buona sera, signora." But they are gone, upon their swift, sure feet, and I am alone once more, and free to speculate on the quaint corollary to my reflections afforded by the wayside flowers, which are all such as we associate with trim old-fashioned garden beds at home, — sweet-william, bachelor's button, candy-tuft, and ladies'-delight. No, indeed! all men are not born equal, any more than all countries are born equal; and Italy — beautiful, free-handed, ever gracious and graceful Italy — is the lady of all lands.

A good test of the "quality" of a country should be the manner in which her lowliest give hospitality. Let me tell you of a visit which I paid, on a regularly received and accepted invitation, *bien entendu*, to one of the little freeholds on the hillside aforesaid. Our hostess — for we were a party of three — was also our guide to her friendly bower; and a needful one, for I have seldom seen, off the mimic stage, a more blindly romantic little foot-way than the one we followed. Plunging suddenly into the wildest of our tributary valleys, that of the Camajore, it led us a mazy dance, through thickets bittersweet with clematis, and over slippery stepping-stones; bade us walk a tight-rope between the bed of the brook and a miniature flume, scale a perpendicular precipice, happily short, and cross a most "distinctly precious" little log bridge, ten inches wide, and about twice as many feet above the water, all sodded by time, and waving with feathery grasses. The home of our hostess, which had looked so insignificant from

the opposite side of the valley, and which, in the color of its gray stone walls and its tiled roof, rich with lichen, bore so strong a "protective resemblance" to the mountain side on which it leaned, proved to consist of four contiguous dwellings, forming two sides of a square, which braced themselves, so to speak, against one another, and turned their backs upon the stream, while they were entered through the triangular space which they partially inclosed. They had also a little threshing-floor in common, which five small gypsies were vigorously sweeping; while the steep grade thence to the house door was beset by thrice as many more infants, all more or less Peruginesque in their style, and by the stately and slow-moving figure of a domestic pet, pink-skinned, black-haired, gruff-voiced, but immaculate, *con respecto parlando*, as the natives are wont to say, — a pig.

But what a room was that into which we were ushered! — the huge projecting fire-place with its pyramidal flue, the iron dogs and crane, the oaken benches and table, the dull red line designing a wainscot on the smoky wall, the antique earthen and copper vessels nameless, the dresser with its unclassifiable bits of ugly faience. We were politely requested to seat ourselves in the gentle draught of air between the door and the open casement, where we could see the green tree-tops far beneath us moving in the summer wind, and where the *bambini* and the respectable one could have a good view of us from the threshold. Meanwhile, our hostess briskly proceeded to the preparation of the dainty which we had been specially invited to partake. She tossed a fagot into the gaping fire-place, and kindled it. She fetched chestnut flour from a loft overhead, and sifted and swiftly kneaded and shaped it into flat, round cakes. Memories of King Alfred in the neat-herd's hut assailed us, as she withdrew from a sort of iron plate-warmer by the fireside sundry flat stones and shards, and threw them upon the blaze. And then she stirred, and then — ah then! — she *blew* the fire; not with that *bourgeois* instrument, a bellows, nor even with a Japanese fan, but through a *canna*, or dry, hollow reed, some four feet long. King Alfred yielded precedence to Prometheus, whose myth vanished in smoke, as so many others have done, and escaped by the chimney. They thought that the fire was *in* the reed, and that he blew it forth, as one blows an egg, — how very natural! Somebody will of course dispute the merit of the discovery, but at least I call the whole æsthetic world to witness the noble generosity with which I offer to enthusiasts in household art everywhere a new thing in sincere decoration. If I can but see, some day, beside the reformed firesides of England and my native country, a tall reed leaning against the mantelpiece, and adorned with a broad bow of blue or crimson ribbon, I shall not have lived in vain. And now the hot stones and shards are being deftly withdrawn from the fire and ranged upon the hearth, and the great fresh chestnut leaves come into play, which our hostess kept stripping from the overhanging boughs — idly, we fancied — as we came along. Two leaves are laid upon each heated disk, then a chestnut cake, or *necce*, then two more chestnut leaves, then another disk. The pile, when complete, is restored to the plate-warmer, and set aside to cook comfortably in a corner. By the time that our Caterina had spread over her oaken table a home-spun table-cloth, of a fine *écru* shade, and set forth her miscellaneous faience and a flask of pale red wine, the *necci* were done. Light brown, piping hot, and beautifully printed by the chestnut leaves, they were tossed upon the table out of the plate-warmer, received with gratitude, and tasted in faith. They were sweet; a little tough, but no more so than the average "buckwheat;" and

the juices of the fresh leaves added a slightly astringent but not unpleasant flavor. By the help of a bit of Bologna sausage and a sip of sour wine, they made an excellent lunch, — such an one as may have been discussed upon this hill-side any day since the age of stone; precisely such an one, no doubt, as Hannibal's scouts regaled themselves withal, when he descended out of Cisalpine Gaul into Italy proper, by the valley of the Serchio, two thousand years ago.

We learned, as we lingered over our feast, that our tiny hospice had also its thread of connection with contemporary history. The freehold was Caterina's own, whether by inheritance or purchase I cannot say. Her husband was a professed cook, and had served at times in neighboring villas and inns. Finally, he and their sons struck out into the world, opened a restaurant in Marseilles, and the whole family had removed thither. Marseilles, Caterina gave us clearly to understand, was an anxious place of residence for a single-minded wife and mother, and her own hair had rapidly whitened there. All had gone well with them financially, however, until that hot midsummer day in 1881, when the dozing tiger in the Masillian breast had been aroused by the refusal of the Italian colony to join in the public jollification over the appropriation of Tunis. We had a graphic and ghastly story of such incidents of the ensuing riots as fell under Caterina's own observation. Her country folk were driven out of Marseilles, under circumstances of great brutality; and those were happy who, like themselves, escaped with life and limb, but with the sacrifice of all their worldly goods. So they had been well-nigh ruined, and had come back to her little house. Luigi had been burning charcoal all the winter past, and had also reclaimed a triangular bit of garden ground on a ledge just below the dwelling, where Caterina had already raised that year a half dozen table-cloths from the seed. We saw the returned native pottering in the garden, as we descended, — a tall, comely, brown-cheeked, vigorous man, who handled his hoe somewhat disdainfully, we thought, as though he felt the *ennui* of the situation, and hankered after the flesh-pots of fierce Marseilles.

Apropos of Hannibal, as one grows more familiar with the high-ways and by-ways, the ancient seats and curious monuments, of this region, one comes to feel that there is a something more wonderful yet than the abundance of the human associations everywhere deposited, and that is their *dumbness*. The scores of generations that have seen the light and lost it on these fair slopes and in these leafy glens cannot literally be said to have died and made no sign; but the signs they have left are written in a character strangely archaic and illegible, and tradition preserves a dreamy, one might almost say an obstinate, silence. Your afternoon stroll across the flax-fields and under the pergole on the shady side of the hill takes you somewhat abruptly into a tiny piazza, smoothly paved and remarkably clean, though the grass is growing thickly between the flag-stones. Two sides of the square are occupied by a church and campanile and an adjacent dwelling, — the priest's house, no doubt, — which is connected with the church by a sort of rude cloister, surmounted by an open loggia, gay with flowering plants. The basilica — for such it proves to be — is so low, and retires under the greenery of its overhanging hill so modestly; the tower is so particularly hoary, and the waving grass and wild flowers, growing freely in the soil which has accumulated upon its summit, go so far toward blending it with its leafy environment, that you had never made a landmark of that particular campanile, and had hardly realized its existence. Bright, silent, serious, venerable, and unspeakably serene,

the aspect of the little piazza goes straight to your heart; but you must be content to feel the sentiment of it, for not a soul is by to assist you in reading its riddle. Your footsteps echo faintly as you cross the sunny flags, and step within the open doorway of the aged temple, lifting the full curtain of blue and white linen, which hangs inside, swayed lightly by the summer breeze. Silence is here, also, and cool shadow, but not quite solitude. There are two kneeling figures, — you will rarely find less at the loneliest shrine in this part of Italy, — a white-haired man at your elbow, and yonder a spare and weary-looking *contadina*, with a basket by her side. The single lamp, burning dimly amid the dusk around the sacramental altar, may have been alight — must have been, you think, from the whole aspect of the interior — for nigh eight hundred years. For the basilica form is perfect, though the proportions of the edifice are small, the beams of the roofing are black, and the holy-water font inside the door, and the squat columns which upbear the low round arches of the aisles, are as rude in their workmanship as any you shall find upon the islands of the Venetian lagunes. Creeping softly down the nave, you leave the church by a side door, and find yourself confronted by a high lichened wall, with a cross above its closed gateway. The rude forefathers of the red-roofed hamlet, hard by, are all collected within, and you long, in the rapt or somnolent silence of the living, for some legitimate method of obtaining from them the satisfaction of your wistful curiosity.

The local guide-books come to your assistance with two items only. In the eleventh century this comatose little hamlet of Corsena was already well known for the healing virtues of its mineral springs. The whole renown of the Baths of Lucca, save for some very slight fragments of Roman tradition, did in fact begin here. In the last year of that century, otherwise memorable for the culmination of the first crusade, the renowned Countess Matilda, châtelaine of all the country round, including a portion of the Lombard plain, mistress of Canossa and right hand of Gregory VII., — a mighty shade, who still fulfills the functions of tutelary genius to the whole region, — caused a bridge to be built across the Serchio, about three miles hence, for the accommodation of the poor patients who resorted in numbers to the waters. This is the first item. The second is to the effect that a century and a half later than Matilda's day, in 1245, the holy Roman Emperor Frederic II. tarried for some days at the springs of Corsena, thereby moving to so great jealousy the local governors of Lucca, lest he might be meditating some encroachment upon their rights, that they straightway ordered the demolition of the Castello of Corsena. Where, then, was that castello? Not the faintest trace of it remains, and Echo, proverbially unsatisfactory in her replies, answers neither *lo here* nor *lo there*.

The next day, it may be, in your wanderings, you strike what seems a very different sort of trail, a new road absolutely, — a fine, new carriage road upon a mountain side, — magnificently built, like almost all the *vie carrozzabile* of Italy; broad and hard and smooth, defining the sweep of the frequent curves whereby it accomplishes its ascent by a wall of firm masonry, five or six feet high, upon the inner or mountain side, and a solid and extremely handsome granite parapet upon the outer. Here, sure enough, is the pathway of progress; but whither can it lead? Let us by all means go and see. There must be plenty of people who would thank us to let them know.

The road leads gently upward for a matter of a mile, indulging the pedestrian with admirable views by the way, and ends in a sand-bank, where the woods

are thickest! There is not a man in sight, nor yet a tool, still less that business-like monster, a *derrick;* only a few blocks of granite, carefully squared, and a party of speckled lizards, holding a picnic among them. For the time being, at least, the piece of engineering thus elaborately begun has evidently been abandoned. By permission of the lizards we sit down on one of the granite blocks, and muse on the arrested march of civilization, until a clatter of small hoofs becomes audible overhead; and looking up among the chestnut trunks, we discern a heavily laden donkey, led by a *contadino*, descending the narrow paved way which our pompous new road had superseded to this point. We hail the man.

"Buon giorno!"

"Buon giorno, signora!"

"Where does that path lead?"

"To Benabbio, signora."

"How far is it?"

"Half a mile."

"Is it really no more than that?"

"Ah yes, a little more."

"Thanks, so much!" (*grazie tanto*) to the man, and to one's self, "Excelsior!"

We think we know now that our sumptuous road can never have dreamed of being a thoroughfare, since Benabbio must be the last town upon its line, this side of heaven. It is not, therefore, a government road. Can it be merely a matter of private enterprise, and will the *fortes colonnæ* return and work upon it, between the vintage and the snow? The granite parapet seems to smile at us for the supposition; but how can an innovator ever have come out of Benabbio? We find little enough in the aspect of the village itself (it scarcely deserves the name of town) to suggest an answer to the question. The box hedges bordering the steep mule-track, and set for the purpose of defining the pathway amid the winter snows, are, indeed, uncommonly tall and trim, and the vine trellises beyond them beautifully trained and flourishing. At a certain point, we are startled to see descending upon us a single file of rustling yellow towers. Can it be that the wheat sheaves have arisen, and are going in procession to the threshing-floor? But no; they are only big bundles of golden straw, borne each upon the head of a sturdy contadina, and bound for a manufactory of coarse wrapping-paper, on the river-side below. This, again, looks like industry. Nevertheless, Benabbio, when we attain it, appears old, old, lazy, untidy, lying supine in the light of the sinking sun, — a perfect picture in the outlines of its tumble-down architecture, beautiful for situation on its high mountain spur. The valley which it commands opens upon a distinct range of mountains, more slender, symmetrical, and alpine in their character than ours, — the three tall summits of the Appuane falling one behind another, and fading into the evening glow, like repeated aerial reflections of one solid peak.

Here, however, one stumbles upon fragments of mediæval construction everywhere, — massive walls and arches, either standing alone or incorporated with the buildings of the later town. The church is surrounded by a sort of rampart, and you climb to its principal entrance by a flight of stone steps, two thirds as long, perhaps, as that which fronts the Ara Cœli at Rome. The campanile in this instance is Gothic, and really beautiful; more modern, evidently, than the body of the church, which again is a Romanesque basilica, on a larger scale and of a somewhat later date than that of Corsena. The capitals of the columns are roughly but freely sculptured, and no two are alike; resembling thus the rich and infinitely varied capitals in the renowned old Lombard churches of the city of Lucca. There is a triptych here, of the school of Giotto, of which the stiff, pure figures and the mellow tints offer strange

contrast, alike with the sickly contemporary painting above the high altar and with a blatant monstrosity of eighteenth-century work at one of the side altars, all flaunting scrolls and kicking cherubs, carved in wood and painted and gilded, whereon a Ricci informs us, in large gold letters upon a black ground, that he, and he only, is responsible for "*hoc elegantissimum opus.*"

It seems that yesterday there was a *festa* at Benabbio, and as we look down from the church rampart into the central piazza of the village the attitudes of the masculine loungers thereabout suggest that they are all suffering more or less from that peculiar lassitude which is wont to accompany the reaction from hilarity. There are certainly no outward and visible tokens of nineteenth-century enterprise among them, if we except a rather conspicuous sign over one of the larger doorway arches opening upon the piazza, which reads Societá Agraria, Libreria Circotante, and which, owing to our previous associations with the word *agrarian*, wears, at first sight, a rather startling subversive and communistic aspect. We learn subsequently, however, that the Societá Agraria is only a farmers' club, supporting a species of agricultural school; and when we are also assured that the banner of the Libreria Circotante was carried in the saint's procession yesterday, we perceive clearly that no offense to antiquity is here intended, but that the church lion and the state lamb lie down together upon the steep hillside of Benabbio.

Our informant in this instance was a woman (the women in general seemed much less demoralized by the festa than the men), and a woman of rare beauty. There are many such in this Apennine region; indeed, the majority are far more than comely, and some, like our present interlocutor, are a joy to behold. She was tall and very brown, straight-browed, straight-featured, large-eyed, with a slow, sweet smile and a marvelous dignity of bearing. They are not all in one style, however, and there is a slighter and more piquant type, with brown eyes, arched eyebrows, and richly curling bright auburn hair, who are like Titian's models come to life. One such I saw on a Sunday evening, sitting with her lover under the chestnuts, upon a stone seat beside an ancient fountain, and the picture was so perfect as to make me doubt if I were awake. Our brunette beauty is also able to tell us that the arrested road is a provincial road, and will some day connect the valley of the Lima with that of the Nievole; and to point out the ruins of a *castello antichissimo* on the very pinnacle of the mountain, a mile above Benabbio. Shall she conduct us thither? But alas, the day is too far spent, and we have to reject her gracious guidance. This castle, it appears, was a stronghold of the great Ghibelline family of the Lupari, the head of whose house, Luparo Lupari, was driven into exile by the victorious Guelphs in 1306, like Dante.

But he who would see church and state on perfect terms with each other, enjoying a free, careless, happy, and, so to speak, jovial intimacy, should go to Barga. Barga is twelve miles distant, upon a mountain-top, of course, or rather upon an *altipiano*, a lofty and fertile piece of table-land, commanding an extensive and unspeakably lonely, though comparatively civilized prospect: winding river and aerial height, summer splendor of all beauteous growth,

> "Vineyard and town and tower with fluttering flag,
> And consecrated chapel on the crag,
> And snow-white hamlet kneeling at its base."

Only here the hamlets are not snow-white, but far more beautiful: dim yellow, instead, and pale red and brown blended, of all sorts of soft, fine colors, blending themselves with "the nature," and gently subserving the sumptuous unity of the entire effect. And Barga

is equal to its rare situation. It is not a nameless nobody of a hamlet, but an episcopal town, with a cathedral and archives, and an intelligible connection with the history of Italy and of the world. Its lofty position adjacent to the boundary line between the republics of Florence and Lucca gave it military importance in the stormy days gone by, insomuch that it was coveted, besieged, assaulted; it resisted, surrendered, rebelled, and was again assailed, a score or more of times. But ten centuries of mediæval misery and modern insignificance have had absolutely no perceptible effect in subduing the buoyant animal spirits of Barga, which remains the most frolicsome and *insouciant* little community it has ever been our lot to observe. The brilliant midsummer day of our own visit did certainly chance to be a festal day, but do any but the constitutionally happy ever find pleasure in public rejoicings? The very fact that not a soul in Barga, old or young, rich or poor, lay or clerical, seemed in the least depressed by the obligation to be merry — quite the contrary, indeed — appeared to us to speak volumes for their habitual cheerfulness.

Leaving our carriage just inside the gates, we began climbing the tortuous and narrow streets, often resolving themselves into actual stairs, which lead to the acropolis of Barga, — the broad and massive rampart which sustains her hoary *duomo*. Every door of church or chapel was gay with fresh garlands and scarlet drapery. The dark stone dwellings had quaint loggie and fantastic chimney-pots, and always some religious symbol carved upon the front. As we neared the summit, a little white-haired, agile old man ran past us, threw open the cathedral door, and then fell back, with a delicacy we had never before observed in one of the race of *ciceroni*, and began pacing the grassy plateau, as though lost to all consciousness of our existence in an agreeable reverie. But when we had given one look at the exceeding strangeness of the vast, silent, venerable, yet far from sombre interior, we returned, and beckoned from the doorway; whereupon the dreamer woke up radiant, and assumed enthusiastically the office of our guide. It was little enough that he could really tell us beyond what we saw, — a Lombard basilica, whose general effect slightly resembles that of San Miniato in Florence, minus the monuments and graves. The strong pillars of the nave are constructed of alternate courses of black and white marble. The apse is occupied by a stiff colossal figure of St. Christopher, the patron of the church, rudely carved in wood and painted. "Antichissima," said our guide; and Byzantine, surely, by its ugliness, we thought, yet wearing a certain look of sturdy friendliness on its absurd features. There is a beautiful choir-screen, of ancient form and fashion, low and solid, with panels of pale red marble, surrounded by borders of exquisite mosaic in black and white, and surmounted by a row of miniature heads in high relief, which reveal, when scrutinized, a most realistic variety of commonplace feature and expression, and are evidently portraits of some of the artist's contemporaries. Our genial guide pointed out this fact with silent glee, and was also highly gratified to show us, when we admired the polish of the screen panels, that they had been infinitely brighter once, but had been at one time purposely scratched and dimmed, because the women of the congregation had been wont to use them as mirrors, and to *prink* before them; and he illustrated the action by a dainty and affected motion of disposing his own silvery locks.

But when it came to doing the honors of the elaborate marble pulpit, our sprightly old cicerone fairly exploded with delight; and we were not far from following his example, for that pulpit is indeed a wonder. Of the time of the

Pisani, or earlier, and vying in richness with their most renowned work, it is in absolutely perfect preservation. The procession of scriptural characters around it and the symbols of the four Evangelists on the front are in high relief, with the hue and polish of brown alabaster. Though childishly conceived, and archaic in their outlines, they are full of life. The pulpit rests upon four solid porphyry pillars, of which the two foremost are again upborne by rude figures of crouching lions, with mighty manes conventionally curled, and eyes *painted* to increase their fierceness. One of them has a dragon — the old enemy of all mankind, of course — well under control, and his countenance expresses a grim content. The other is engaged with the typical heretic, — and a most collected and dangerous-looking heretic he is, in this instance, lying flat under the paws of the beast, with an expression of the utmost *sang froid*, and firmly seizing the lion's tongue with one hand, while with the other he scientifically plants a dagger just under his left ear. Of the two posterior pillars, one rests upon a plain base, and the other upon the back of a crouching human figure, exceedingly grotesque, and awakening anew, as he introduced it, the ready risibles of our guide.

One more treasure — by far the loveliest of all — the old duomo of Barga had yet to show. Built into the wall, at the left-hand side of the sacramental altar, is the front of a tabernacle, or *ciborium*, in vitrified porcelain, by one of the Della Robbias; some say, the elder Luca himself, while others ascribe it to that younger member of the same gifted race, who wrought the winsome bambini on the spandrils of the arcade of the foundling hospital, in the piazza of the Santissima 'Nunziata at Florence. You may examine scores of these renowned works without finding another which shall compare with this of Barga for bright and tender beauty. A glow of sinless content, a joyous inspiration, suffuses every countenance and sways every figure. The infant Jesus above the little portal smiles; the angel guardians on either side stand as if lost in an exquisite reverie; the cherubs underneath and round about are fairly radiant with baby glee. The sight of all this happiness was overpowering, and suddenly started our tears; whereat our sympathetic servitor again effaced himself, merely requesting us, rather apologetically, to give a look in passing, before we left the church, at what was evidently his own favorite, a small Della Robbia Madonna, — or so he said, — very sweet and gracious indeed, but greatly inferior to the other work. I may add that we were afterwards told that the very finest of all the Della Robbias in Barga we missed seeing, that day, on account of the festal throng in the church of the Capuccini.

Once in the open air again, the spirits of our cicerone revived with a bound. Throwing a cotton handkerchief over his bald crown, as a protection from the sun, but really with the air of a father playing bo-peep with a parcel of children, he proceeded to inform us that half the population of the town was wont to gather upon the high church rampart on summer evenings: the men to play games, while "*phalanxes of women*" (*falange di donne*) came with their knitting work to inspect the games and to gossip. A low massive building, occupying an angle of the rampart opposite the duomo, was, it seemed, the ancient municipality, now used as a jail; and under its quaint porch we were shown a series of pots sunken in a stone slab, the primitive standards of solid measure for the community. It seemed to us quite consistent with the universal good-nature of Barga that the prison windows commanded an excellent view of the sports aforesaid. Our guide himself was in the service of the nuns of Sta. Elisabetta, and occupied a little

room in a house adjoining their convent, just at the foot of the rampart, whence they could summon him by means of a bell and a wire (a grimace) at any hour of the night. He helped at the services in their chapel, also, and must be off now, for the bell would presently ring. Yet he lingered to point out the arms of Savoy above the convent door, and to impart the fact that the nuns of St. Elizabeth now kept the town or public school, — an arrangement highly satisfactory to all parties. Only, in order to qualify themselves to answer all modern requirements, two of the sisters had had to go to Turin and learn gymnastics, — "*povere ragazze*, in their straight gowns!" — and our humorous informant lifted his hands and eyebrows with infinite expression. At this point he was called off rather sharply to his duties in the chapel, and, promising to attend the service, we stepped aside into the shade to await the summons of the bell. Straying through a wicket gate, which stood enticingly open, we found ourselves upon a dreamy, flowery, vine-draped little terrace, opening full upon the northern quarter of Barga's matchless view. A cherub baby (Perugino, again) was rolling about among the flower-pots; a soft-eyed, modest young woman, who seemed to be "minding" him, came forward at our approach, not hurriedly, and yet evidently attracted by our foreign clothes and tongue. "Would we sit and rest in the shade? Were we from England, or perhaps from America? Ah, from America! Then, could we possibly tell her something of her husband, Fabio, who had gone there eleven years ago, and found work in *Providenza, near Boston*, and prospered well, only he had omitted writing her for about six years past?" She let her pretty eyes fall for a moment, as she asked the question, and we ourselves conceived a sufficiently vicious feeling toward the faithless Fabio; yet the deserted one had not spoken plaintively, only with a certain light wistfulness, and she looked serene and well cared for, and by no means unhappy. The spell of Barga's invincible content rested even upon her. Oddly enough, it appears that the ties of association between this happy hill-top and the United States have been quite numerous in years gone by. The making of plaster figurines was once a chief industry of Barga; and of those dark-browed image-vendors, who used to make so picturesque an effect along our summer ways, almost all came from the province of Lucca, and not a few from Barga itself; and they found their way back thither, in most cases, also, when their gaudy wares were sold. Pausing, earlier in the day, under the blazing oleanders of a little beer-garden, to refresh ourselves with some highly-diluted *gelati*, we had been accosted by one of these returned wanderers, who had all the air of a man of substance, being in fact the proprietor of the garden, and who spoke very intelligible English. What gratified him most of all was to learn that we had personal knowledge of a townsman of his, one Gairey, who had kept, years ago, what he succinctly described as a *figgermakershop* in Boston.

Even the vesper services in the convent chapel were conducted with a kind of subdued hilarity. The povere regazze, unseen in their gallery, chanted loudly and with spirit. The kneeling worshipers contrived to supply us with fans, as we took our places beside them. When one of the three venerable figures officiating at the altar dropped his candle for the second time, they all smiled frankly. The fair Della Robbia Madonna beamed faintly, also, behind the altar lights.

Outside, when we issued into the air, we found the dust, raised by the merry-makers in the piazza, now ruddy with sunset, and the crowd growing ever more vivacious and vehement, yet with no touch of rudeness. Lovers ambled hand in hand, like children, and ogled

one another openly. Buxom *contadine*, their broad shoulders adorned by kerchiefs of bobbin lace, dyed sulphur-yellow, elbowed their way to the seats of the fennel-vendors, and returned nibbling at their green nosegays. Knots of men, of all ages, engaged in vociferous dispute, accompanied by showers of speaking and unstudied gestures, but without a shade even of serious purpose or conviction, — far less a sparkle of wrath. There were but two solemn objects visible in all the precincts of Barga: a magnificent cedar of Lebanon, which sighed unutterable things from a green terrace at the head of the piazza; and a deserted church, more ancient even than the Barga duomo, and having itself almost the dimensions of a cathedral, which is planted in so deep a hollow at the foot of the mount that the carriage-way by which one descends from Barga sweeps round upon a level with the highest stage of its venerable campanile. It must once have been the great central church of the lower town, of which Barga was the more secure acropolis; but the town itself, with its denizens, has lain for centuries under the sod, while the gray temple remains lonely, forsaken, forgetful, even, of its own exceeding fair proportions, embowered in the encroaching wilderness, and deaf to the voices of praise and prayer, yet indestructible, seemingly, as the Apennines themselves. Tradition ascribes the building of this church to the omnipresent Matilda, 1050–1100.

It gives one an odd sensation to roll rapidly down out of the very infancy of our millennium into the slightly shabby sophistication of the Ponte al Serraglio, the midmost of the three modern villages which collectively constitute the Bagni di Lucca. Fashion has forsaken the Bagni. There is a princely villa for sale and a ducal villa to let, among the "desirable residences" hereabout; but the place was all the mode within the memory of man, and still affects, at its centre, the manners of the great world. Walled gardens overflow with oleanders and pomegranates; big hotels, a world too wide for their shrunk company, throw out their picturesque ranges of gay striped awnings; cafés essay to glitter after night-fall, and street-lamps to twinkle amid the foliage of winding carriage-ways; groups of *fiacres* contend for the shadiest spots on the piazza, where horses and drivers may doze away the sunny hours with least danger of interruption by an order. There is even a stately white marble casino, from whose wide-open windows, on two or three evenings in each week, issue long-drawn strains of melancholy dance music. An adventurous youth, penetrating upon one occasion these scenes of ghostly gayety, reported the company to consist of two English mammas, with four tall daughters each, two rheumatic elderly gentlemen of the same brave nation, and three Italian officers, imported for the occasion from the barracks at Lucca. There are English families, long resident in Italy, who regularly spend their summers at the Bagni; not at all, as it would seem, for the sweetness of the air or the glory of the hills, nor yet for the virtue of the waters, but because of the tales which their grandsires and grandames have told them of the height of the jinks here prevalent in the thirties and the forties before forty-eight, — the days of the last princes of Lucca, and of the genial and tasteful Grand Dukes of Tuscany, when the prodigal Demidoffs built beside the Camajore the roomy hospital, still swarming with charity patients; for the rich fluctuate, but the poor remain.

Predominant over all the ghosts out of the recent past which haunt the Baths of Lucca, elbowing and displacing the softly bred and long descended, as they always did in life, arise the restless *revenants* of the line of Buonaparte. Eliza Bacciochi, the *parvenue* Princess of Lucca and Queen of Etruria, though

highly disgusted, as the world knows, with the trumpery bit of royalty awarded her in the fraternal distribution, yet fixed her summer residence here, and benefited the place by many costly improvements. Afterwards, and indeed yearly until her death, was wont to come hither from the frowning palace in the Piazza Venezia, at Rome, the grim old mother of that mighty race. A street upon the right-hand bank of the Lima still bears her name, — the Via Letizia. It is a poor street enough, within the town itself, but issues in a beautifully shaded road along the water-side, which was Madam Lætitia's favorite evening promenade. The sunset stroller of to-day may consider it his own fault if he does not sometimes meet her there, — tall and gaunt and all unbent by years, with dark brows knitted over piercing eyes, and chiseled lips curving downward; leaning lightly on her staff, with which she would hardly, so long as he lived, have hesitated to chastise the great Napoleon, and musing on the ravages of the monstrous brood which it had been her singular destiny to rear and let loose for the rectification of Europe.

Harriet W. Preston.

THE ANCESTRAL FOOTSTEP:[1]

OUTLINES OF AN ENGLISH ROMANCE.

II

MAY 5th, Wednesday. The father of these two sons, an aged man at the time, took much to heart their enmity; and after the catastrophe, he never held up his head again. He was not told that his son had perished, though such was the belief of the family; but imbibed the opinion that he had left his home and native land to become a wanderer on the face of the earth, and that some time or other he might return. In this idea he spent the remainder of his days; in this idea he died. It may be that the influence of this idea might be traced in the way in which he spent some of the latter years of his life, and a portion of the wealth which had become of little value in his eyes, since it had caused dissension and bloodshed between the sons of one household. It was a common mode of charity in those days — a common thing for rich men to do — to found an almshouse or a hospital, and endow it, for the support of a certain number of old and destitute men or women, generally such as had some claim of blood upon the founder, or at least were natives of the parish, the district, the county, where he dwelt. The Eldredge Hospital was founded for the benefit of twelve old men, who should have been wanderers upon the face of the earth; men, they should be, of some education, but defeated and hopeless, cast off by the world for misfortune, but not for crime. And this charity had subsisted, on terms varying little or nothing from the original ones, from that day to this; and, at this very time, twelve old men were not wanting, of various countries, of various fortunes, but all ending finally in ruin, who had centred here, to live on the poor pittance that had been assigned to them, three hundred years ago. What a series of chronicles it would have been if

[1] Copyright, 1882, by ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP. For a clearer understanding of this sketch, the reader is referred to the Prefatory Note in the Atlantic Monthly for December, 1882, page 823.

each of the beneficiaries of this charity, since its foundation, had left a record of the events which finally led him hither. Middleton often, as he talked with these old men, regretted that he himself had no turn for authorship, so rich a volume might he have compiled from the experience, sometimes sunny and triumphant, though always ending in shadow, which he gathered here. They were glad to talk to him, and would have been glad and grateful for any auditor, as they sat on one or another of the stone benches, in the sunshine of the garden; or at evening, around the great fire-side, or within the chimney-corner, with their pipes and ale.

There was one old man who attracted much of his attention, by the venerableness of his aspect; by something dignified, almost haughty and commanding in his air. Whatever might have been the intentions and expectations of the founder, it certainly had happened in these latter days that there was a difficulty in finding persons of education, of good manners, of evident respectability, to put into the places made vacant by deaths of members; whether that the paths of life are surer now than they used to be, and that men so arrange their lives as not to be left, in any event, quite without resources as they draw near its close; at any rate, there was a little tincture of the vagabond running through these twelve quasi gentlemen, — through several of them, at least. But this old man could not well be mistaken; in his manners, in his tones, in all his natural language and deportment, there was evidence that he had been more than respectable; and, viewing him, Middleton could not help wondering what statesman had suddenly vanished out of public life and taken refuge here, for his head was of the statesman-class, and his demeanor that of one who had exercised influence over large numbers of men. He sometimes endeavored to set on foot a familiar relation with this old man, but there was even a sternness in the manner in which he repelled these advances, that gave little encouragement for their renewal. Nor did it seem that his companions of the Hospital were more in his confidence than Middleton himself. They regarded him with a kind of awe, a shyness, and in most cases with a certain dislike, which denoted an imperfect understanding of him. To say the truth, there was not generally much love lost between any of the members of this family; they had met with too much disappointment in the world to take kindly, now, to one another or to anything or anybody. I rather suspect that they really had more pleasure in burying one another, when the time came, than in any other office of mutual kindness and brotherly love which it was their part to do; not out of hardness of heart, but merely from soured temper, and because, when people have met disappointment and have settled down into final unhappiness, with no more gush and spring of good spirits, there is nothing any more to create amiability out of.

So the old people were unamiable and cross to one another, and unamiable and cross to old Hammond, yet always with a certain respect; and the result seemed to be such as treated the old man well enough. And thus he moved about among them, a mystery; the histories of the others, in the general outline, were well enough known, and perhaps not very uncommon; this old man's history was known to none, except of course to the trustees of the charity, and to the Master of the Hospital, to whom it had necessarily been revealed, before the beneficiary could be admitted as an inmate. It was judged, by the deportment of the Master, that the old man had once held some eminent position in society; for, though bound to treat them all as gentlemen, he was thought to show an especial and solemn courtesy to Hammond.

Yet by the attraction which two

strong and cultivated minds inevitably have for one another, there did spring up an acquaintanceship, an intercourse, between Middleton and this old man, which was followed up in many a conversation which they held together on all subjects that were supplied by the news of the day, or the history of the past. Middleton used to make the newspaper the opening for much discussion; and it seemed to him that the talk of his companion had much of the character of that of a retired statesman, on matters which, perhaps, he would look at all the more wisely, because it was impossible he could ever more have a personal agency in them. Their discussions sometimes turned upon the affairs of his own country, and its relations with the rest of the world, especially with England; and Middleton could not help being struck with the accuracy of the old man's knowledge respecting that country, which so few Englishmen know anything about; his shrewd appreciation of the American character, — shrewd and caustic, yet not without a good degree of justice; the sagacity of his remarks on the past, and prophecies of what was likely to happen, — prophecies which, in one instance, were singularly verified, in regard to a complexity which was then arresting the attention of both countries.

"You must have been in the United States," said he, one day.

"Certainly; my remarks imply personal knowledge," was the reply. "But it was before the days of steam."

"And not, I should imagine, for a brief visit," said Middleton. "I only wish the administration of this government had the benefit to-day of your knowledge of my countrymen. It might be better for both of these kindred nations."

"Not a whit," said the old man. "England will never understand America; for England never does understand a foreign country; and whatever you may say about kindred, America is as much a foreign country as France itself. These two hundred years of a different climate and circumstances — of life on a broad continent instead of in an island, to say nothing of the endless intermixture of nationalities in every part of the United States, except New England — have created a new and decidedly original type of national character. It is as well for both parties that they should not aim at any very intimate connection. It will never do."

"I should be sorry to think so," said Middleton; "they are at all events two noble breeds of men, and ought to appreciate one another. And America has the breadth of idea to do this for England, whether reciprocated or not."

Thursday, May 6th. Thus Middleton was established in a singular way among these old men, in one of the surroundings most unlike anything in his own country. So old it was that it seemed to him the freshest and newest thing that he had ever met with. The residence was made infinitely the more interesting to him by the sense that he was near the place — as all the indications warned him — which he sought, whither his dreams had tended from his childhood; that he could wander each day round the park within which were the old gables of what he believed was his hereditary home. He had never known anything like the dreamy enjoyment of these days; so quiet, such a contrast to the turbulent life from which he had escaped across the sea. And here he set himself, still with that sense of shadowiness in what he saw and in what he did, in making all the researches possible to him, about the neighborhood; visiting every little church that raised its square battlemented Norman tower of gray stone, for several miles round about; making himself acquainted with each little village and hamlet that surrounded these churches, clustering about the graves of those who had

dwelt in the same cottages aforetime. He visited all the towns within a dozen miles; and probably there were few of the inhabitants who had so good an acquaintance with the neighborhood as this native American attained within a few weeks after his coming thither.

In the course of these excursions he had several times met with a young woman, — a young lady, one might term her, but in fact he was in some doubt what rank she might hold, in England, — who happened to be wandering about the country with a singular freedom. She was always alone, always on foot; he would see her sketching some picturesque old church, some ivied ruin, some fine drooping elm. She was a slight figure, much more so than English women generally are; and, though healthy of aspect, had not the ruddy complexion, which he was irreverently inclined to call the coarse tint, that is believed the great charm of English beauty. There was a freedom in her step and whole little womanhood, an elasticity, an irregularity, so to speak, that made her memorable from first sight; and when he had encountered her three or four times, he felt in a certain way acquainted with her. She was very simply dressed, and quite as simple in her deportment; there had been one or two occasions, when they had both smiled at the same thing; soon afterwards a little conversation had taken place between them; and thus, without any introduction, and in a way that somewhat puzzled Middleton himself, they had become acquainted. It was so unusual that a young English girl should be wandering about the country entirely alone — so much less usual that she should speak to a stranger — that Middleton scarcely knew how to account for it, but meanwhile accepted the fact readily and willingly, for in truth he found this mysterious personage a very likely and entertaining companion. There was a strange quality of boldness in her remarks, almost of brusqueness, that he might have expected to find in a young countrywoman of his own, if bred up among the strong-minded, but was astonished to find in a young Englishwoman. Somehow or other she made him think more of home than any other person or thing he met with; and he could not but feel that she was in strange contrast with everything about her. She was no beauty; very piquant; very pleasing; in some points of view and at some moments pretty; always good-humored, but somewhat too self-possessed for Middleton's taste. It struck him that she had talked with him as if she had some knowledge of him and of the purposes with which he was there; not that this was expressed, but only implied by the fact that, on looking back to what had passed he found many strange coincidences in what she had said with what he was thinking about.

He perplexed himself much with thinking whence this young woman had come, where she belonged, and what might be her history; when, the next day, he again saw her, not this time rambling on foot, but seated in an open barouche with a young lady. Middleton lifted his hat to her, and she nodded and smiled to him; and it appeared to Middleton that a conversation ensued about him with the young lady, her companion. Now, what still more interested him was the fact that, on the panel of the barouche were the arms of the family now in possession of the estate of Smithells; so that the young lady, his new acquaintance, or the young lady, her seeming friend, one or the other, was the sister of the present owner of that estate. He was inclined to think that his acquaintance could not be the Miss Eldredge, of whose beauty he had heard many tales among the people of the neighborhood. The other young lady, a tall, reserved, fair-haired maiden, answered the description considerably better. He concluded, therefore,

that his acquaintance must be a visitor, perhaps a dependent and companion; though the freedom of her thought, action, and way of life seemed hardly consistent with this idea. However, this slight incident served to give him a sort of connection with the family, and he could but hope that some further chance would introduce him within what he fondly called his hereditary walls. He had come to think of this as a dream-land; and it seemed even more a dream-land now than before it rendered itself into actual substance, an old house of stone and timber standing within its park, shaded about with its ancestral trees.

But thus, at all events, he was getting himself a little wrought into the net-work of human life around him, secluded as his position had at first seemed to be, in the farm-house where he had taken up his lodgings. For, there was the Hospital and its old inhabitants, in whose monotonous existence he soon came to pass for something, with his liveliness of mind, his experience, his good sense, his patience as a listener, his comparative youth even — his power of adapting himself to these stiff and crusty characters, a power learned among other things in his political life, where he had acquired something of the faculty (good or bad as might be) of making himself all things to all men. But though he amused himself with them all, there was in truth but one man among them in whom he really felt much interest; and that one, we need hardly say, was Hammond. It was not often that he found the old gentleman in a conversible mood; always courteous, indeed, but generally cool and reserved; often engaged in his one room, to which Middleton had never yet been admitted, though he had more than once sent in his name, when Hammond was not apparent upon the bench which, by common consent of the Hospital, was appropriated to him.

One day, however, notwithstanding that the old gentleman was confined to his room by indisposition, he ventured to inquire at the door, and, considerably to his surprise, was admitted. He found Hammond in his easy-chair, at a table, with writing-materials before him: and as Middleton entered, the old gentleman looked at him with a stern, fixed regard, which, however, did not seem to imply any particular displeasure towards this visitor, but rather a severe way of regarding mankind in general. Middleton looked curiously around the small apartment, to see what modification the character of the man had had upon the customary furniture of the Hospital, and how much of individuality he had given to that general type. There was a shelf of books, and a row of them on the mantel-piece; works of political economy, they appeared to be, statistics and things of that sort; very dry reading, with which, however, Middleton's experience as a politician had made him acquainted. Besides these there were a few works on local antiquities, a county-history borrowed from the Master's library, in which Hammond appeared to have been lately reading.

"They are delightful reading," observed Middleton, "these old county-histories, with their great folio volumes and their minute account of the affairs of families and the genealogies, and descents of estates, bestowing as much blessed space on a few hundred acres as other historians give to a principality. I fear that in my own country we shall never have anything of this kind. Our space is so vast that we shall never come to know and love it, inch by inch, as the English antiquarians do the tracts of country with which they deal; and besides, our land is always likely to lack the interest that belongs to English estates; for where land changes its ownership every few years, it does not become imbued with the personalities of the people who live on it. It is but so much grass; so much dirt, where a suc-

cession of people have dwelt too little to make it really their own. But I have found a pleasure that I had no conception of before, in reading some of the English local histories."

"It is not a usual course of reading for a transitory visitor," said Hammond. "What could induce you to undertake it?"

"Simply the wish, so common and natural with Americans," said Middleton — "the wish to find out something about my kindred — the local origin of my own family."

"You do not show your wisdom in this," said his visitor. "America had better recognize the fact that it has nothing to do with England, and look upon itself as other nations and people do, as existing on its own hook. I never heard of any people looking back to the country of their remote origin in the way the Anglo-Americans do. For instance, England is made up of many alien races, German, Danish, Norman and what not: it has received large accessions of population at a later date than the settlement of the United States. Yet these families melt into the great homogeneous mass of Englishmen, and look back no more to any other country. There are in this vicinity many descendants of the French Huguenots; but they care no more for France than for Timbuctoo, reckoning themselves only Englishmen, as if they were descendants of the aboriginal Britons. Let it be so with you."

"So it might be," replied Middleton, "only that our relations with England remain far more numerous than our disconnections, through the bonds of history, of literature, of all that makes up the memories, and much that makes up the present interests of a people. And therefore I must still continue to pore over these old folios, and hunt around these precincts, spending thus the little idle time I am likely to have in a busy life. Possibly finding little to my purpose; but that is quite a secondary consideration."

"If you choose to tell me precisely what your aims are," said Hammond, "it is possible I might give you some little assistance."

May 7th, Friday. Middleton was in fact more than half ashamed of the dreams which he had cherished before coming to England, and which since, at times, had been very potent with him, assuming as strong a tinge of reality as those [scenes?] into which he had strayed. He could not prevail with himself to disclose fully to this severe and, as he thought, cynical old man how strong within him was the sentiment that impelled him to connect himself with the old life of England, to join on the broken thread of ancestry and descent, and feel every link well established. But it seemed to him that he ought not to lose this fair opportunity of gaining some light on the abstruse field of his researches; and he therefore explained to Hammond that he had reason, from old family traditions, to believe that he brought with him a fragment of a history that, if followed out, might lead to curious results. He told him, in a tone half serious, what he had heard respecting the quarrel of the two brothers, and the Bloody Footstep, the impress of which was said to remain, as a lasting memorial of the tragic termination of that enmity. At this point, Hammond interrupted him. He had indeed, at various points of the narrative, nodded and smiled mysteriously, as if looking into his mind and seeing something there analogous to what he was listening to. He now spoke.

"This is curious," said he. "Did you know that there is a manor-house in this neighborhood, the family of which prides itself on having such a blood-stained threshold as you have now described?"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Middleton, greatly interested. "Where?"

"It is the old manor-house of Smithell's," replied Hammond, "one of those old wood and timber [plaster?] mansions, which are among the most ancient specimens of domestic architecture in England. The house has now passed into the female line, and by marriage has been for two or three generations in possession of another family. But the blood of the old inheritors is still in the family. The house itself, or portions of it, are thought to date back quite as far as the Conquest."

"Smithell's?" said Middleton. "Why, I have seen that old house from a distance, and have felt no little interest in its antique aspect. And it has a Bloody Footstep! Would it be possible for a stranger to get an opportunity to inspect it?"

"Unquestionably," said Hammond; "nothing easier. It is but a moderate distance from here, and if you can moderate your young footsteps, and your American quick walk, to an old man's pace, I would go there with you some day. In this languor and ennui of my life, I spend some time in local antiquarianism, and perhaps I might assist you in tracing out how far these traditions of yours may have any connection with reality. It would be curious, would it not, if you had come, after two hundred years, to piece out a story which may have been as much a mystery in England as there in America?"

An engagement was made for a walk to Smithell's the ensuing day; and meanwhile Middleton entered more fully into what he had received from family traditions and what he had thought out for himself on the matter in question.

"Are you aware," asked Hammond, "that there was formerly a title in this family, now in abeyance, and which the heirs have at various times claimed, and are at this moment claiming? Do you know, too, — but you can scarcely know it, — that it has been surmised by some that there is an insecurity in the title to the estate, and has always been; so that the possessors have lived in some apprehension, from time immemorial, that another heir would appear and take from them the fair inheritance? It is a singular coincidence."

"Very strange," exclaimed Middleton. "No; I was not aware of it; and to say the truth, I should not altogether like to come forward in the light of a claimant. But this is a dream, surely!"

"I assure you, sir," continued the old man, "that you come here in a very critical moment; and singularly enough there is a perplexity, a difficulty, that has endured for as long a time as when your ancestors emigrated, that is still rampant within the bowels, as I may say, of the family. Of course, it is too like a romance that you should be able to establish any such claim as would have a valid influence on this matter; but still, being here on the spot, it may be worth while, if merely as a matter of amusement, to make some researches into this matter."

"Surely I will," said Middleton, with a smile, which concealed more earnestness than he liked to show; "as to the title, a Republican cannot be supposed to think twice about such a bagatelle. The estate! — that might be a more serious consideration."

They continued to talk on the subject; and Middleton learned that the present possessor of the estates was a gentleman nowise distinguished from hundreds of other English gentlemen; a country squire modified in accordance with the type of to-day, a frank, free, friendly sort of a person enough, who had traveled on the Continent, who employed himself much in field-sports, who was unmarried, and had a sister who was reckoned among the beauties of the county.

While the conversation was thus going on, to Middleton's astonishment there came a knock at the door of the

room, and, without waiting for a response, it was opened, and there appeared at it the same young woman whom he had already met. She came in with perfect freedom and familiarity, and was received quietly by the old gentleman; who, however, by his manner towards Middleton, indicated that he was now to take his leave. He did so, after settling the hour at which the excursion of the next day was to take place. This arranged, he departed, with much to think of, and a light glimmering through the confused labyrinth of thoughts which had been unilluminated hitherto.

To say the truth, he questioned within himself whether it were not better to get as quickly as he could out of the vicinity; and, at any rate, not to put anything of earnest in what had hitherto been nothing more than a romance to him. There was something very dark and sinister in the events of family history, which now assumed a reality that they had never before worn; so much tragedy, so much hatred, had been thrown into that deep pit, and buried under the accumulated débris, the fallen leaves, the rust and dust of more than two centuries, that it seemed not worth while to dig it up; for perhaps the deadly influences, which it had taken so much time to hide, might still be lurking there, and become potent if he now uncovered them. There was something that startled him, in the strange, wild light, which gleamed from the old man's eyes, as he threw out the suggestions which had opened this prospect to him. What right had he — an American, Republican, disconnected with this country so long, alien from its habits of thought and life, reverencing none of the things which Englishmen reverenced — what right had he to come with these musty claims from the dim past, to disturb them in the life that belonged to them? There was a higher and a deeper law than any connected with ancestral claims which he could assert; and he had an idea that the law bade him keep to the country which his ancestor had chosen and to its institutions, and not meddle nor make with England. The roots of his family tree could not reach under the ocean; he was at most but a seedling from the parent tree. While thus meditating he found that his footsteps had brought him unawares within sight of the old manor-house of Smithell's; and that he was wandering in a path which, if he followed it further, would bring him to an entrance in one of the wings of the mansion. With a sort of shame upon him, he went forward, and, leaning against a tree, looked at what he considered the home of his ancestors.

May 9th, Sunday. At the time appointed, the two companions set out on their little expedition, the old man in his Hospital uniform, the long black mantle, with the bear and ragged staff engraved in silver on the breast, and Middleton in the plain costume which he had adopted in these wanderings about the country. On their way, Hammond was not very communicative, occasionally dropping some shrewd remark with a good deal of acidity in it; now and then, too, favoring his companion with some reminiscence of local antiquity; but oftenest silent. Thus they went on, and entered the park of Pemberton Manor by a by-path, over a stile and one of those footways, which are always so well worth threading out in England, leading the pedestrian into picturesque and characteristic scenes, when the highroad would show him nothing except what was commonplace and uninteresting. Now the gables of the old manor-house appeared before them, rising amidst the hereditary woods, which doubtless dated from a time beyond the days which Middleton fondly recalled, when his ancestors had walked beneath their shade. On each side of them were thickets and copses of

fern, amidst which they saw the hares peeping out to gaze upon them, occasionally running across the path, and comporting themselves like creatures that felt themselves under some sort of protection from the outrages of man, though they knew too much of his destructive character to trust him too far. Pheasants, too, rose close beside them, and winged but a little way before they alighted; they likewise knew, or seemed to know, that their hour was not yet come. On all sides in these woods, these wastes, these beasts and birds, there was a character that was neither wild nor tame. Man had laid his grasp on them all, and done enough to redeem them from barbarism, but had stopped short of domesticating them; although Nature, in the wildest thing there, acknowledged the powerful and pervading influence of cultivation.

Arriving at a side door of the mansion, Hammond rang the bell, and a servant soon appeared. He seemed to know the old man, and immediately acceded to his request to be permitted to show his companion the house; although it was not precisely a show-house, nor was this the hour when strangers were usually admitted. They entered; and the servant did not give himself the trouble to act as a cicerone to the two visitants, but carelessly said to the old gentleman that he knew the rooms, and that he would leave him to discourse to his friend about them. Accordingly, they went into the old hall, a dark oaken-paneled room, of no great height, with many doors opening into it. There was a fire burning on the hearth; indeed, it was the custom of the house to keep it up from morning to night; and in the damp, chill climate of England, there is seldom a day in some part of which a fire is not pleasant to feel. Hammond here pointed out a stuffed fox, to which some story of a famous chase was attached; a pair of antlers of enormous size; and some old family pictures, so blackened with time and neglect that Middleton could not well distinguish their features, though curious to do so, as hoping to see there the lineaments of some with whom he might claim kindred. It was a venerable apartment, and gave a good foretaste of what they might hope to find in the rest of the mansion.

But when they had inspected it pretty thoroughly, and were ready to proceed, an elderly gentleman entered the hall, and, seeing Hammond, addressed him in a kindly, familiar way; not indeed as an equal friend, but with a pleasant and not irksome conversation. "I am glad to see you here again," said he. "What? I have an hour of leisure; for to say the truth, the day hangs rather heavy till the shooting season begins. Come; as you have a friend with you, I will be your cicerone myself about the house, and show you whatever mouldy objects of interest it contains."

He then graciously noticed the old man's companion, but without asking or seeming to expect an introduction; for, after a careless glance at him, he had evidently set him down as a person without social claims, a young man in the rank of life fitted to associate with an inmate of Pemberton's Hospital. And it must be noticed that his treatment of Middleton was not on that account the less kind, though far from being so elaborately courteous as if he had met him as an equal. "You have had something of a walk," said he, "and it is a rather hot day. The beer of Pemberton Manor has been reckoned good these hundred years; will you taste it?"

Hammond accepted the offer, and the beer was brought in a foaming tankard; but Middleton declined it, for in truth there was a singular emotion in his breast, as if the old enmity, the ancient injuries, were not yet atoned for, and as if he must not accept the hospitality of

one who represented his hereditary foe. He felt, too, as if there were something unworthy, a certain want of fairness, in entering clandestinely the house, and talking with its occupant under a veil, as it were; and had he seen clearly how to do it, he would perhaps at that moment have fairly told Mr. Eldredge that he brought with him the character of kinsman, and must be received on that grade or none. But it was not easy to do this; and after all, there was no clear reason why he should do it; so he let the matter pass, merely declining to take the refreshment, and keeping himself quiet and retired.

Squire Eldredge seemed to be a good, ordinary sort of gentleman, reasonably well educated, and with few ideas beyond his estate and neighborhood, though he had once held a seat in Parliament for part of a term. Middleton could not but contrast him, with an inward smile, with the shrewd, alert politicians, their faculties all sharpened to the utmost, whom he had known and consorted with in the American Congress. Hammond had slightly informed him that his companion was an American; and Mr. Eldredge immediately gave proof of the extent of his knowledge of that country, by inquiring whether he came from the State of New England, and whether Mr. Webster was still President of the United States; questions to which Middleton returned answers that led to no further conversation. These little preliminaries over, they continued their ramble through the house, going through tortuous passages, up and down little flights of steps, and entering chambers that had all the charm of discoveries of hidden regions; loitering about, in short, in a labyrinth calculated to put the head into a delightful confusion. Some of these rooms contained their time-honored furniture, all in the best possible repair, heavy, dark, polished; beds that had been marriage beds and dying beds over and over again; chairs with carved backs; and all manner of old world curiosities; family pictures, and samplers, and embroidery; fragments of tapestry; an inlaid floor; everything having a story to it, though, to say the truth, the possessor of these curiosities made but a bungling piece of work in telling the legends connected with them. In one or two instances Hammond corrected him.

By and by they came to what had once been the principal bed-room of the house; though its gloom, and some circumstances of family misfortune that had happened long ago, had caused it to fall into disrepute, in latter times; and it was now called the Haunted Chamber, or the Ghost's Chamber. The furniture of this room, however, was particularly rich in its antique magnificence; and one of the principal objects was a great black cabinet of ebony and ivory, such as may often be seen in old English houses, and perhaps often in the palaces of Italy, in which country they perhaps originated. This present cabinet was known to have been in the house as long ago as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and how much longer neither tradition nor record told. Hammond particularly directed Middleton's attention to it.

"There is nothing in this house," said he, "better worth your attention than that cabinet. Consider its plan; it represents a stately mansion, with pillars, an entrance, with a lofty flight of steps, windows, and everything perfect. Examine it well."

There was such an emphasis in the old man's way of speaking that Middleton turned suddenly round from all that he had been looking at, and fixed his whole attention on the cabinet; and strangely enough, it seemed to be the representative, in small, of something that he had seen in a dream. To say the truth, if some cunning workman had been employed to copy his idea of the old family mansion, on a scale of half an inch to a yard, and in ebony and

ivory instead of stone, he could not have produced a closer imitation. Everything was there.

"This is miraculous!" exclaimed he. "I do not understand it."

"Your friend seems to be curious in these matters," said Mr. Eldredge graciously. "Perhaps he is of some trade that makes this sort of manufacture particularly interesting to him. You are quite at liberty, my friend, to open the cabinet and inspect it as minutely as you wish. It is an article that has a good deal to do with an obscure portion of our family history. Look, here is the key, and the mode of opening the outer door of the palace, as we may call it." So saying, he threw open the outer door, and disclosed within the mimic likeness of a stately entrance hall, with a floor chequered of ebony and ivory. There were other doors that seemed to open into apartments in the interior of the palace; but when Mr. Eldredge threw them likewise wide, they proved to be drawers and secret receptacles, where papers, jewels, money, anything that it was desirable to store away secretly, might be kept.

"You said, sir," said Middleton, thoughtfully, "that your family history contained matter of interest in reference to this cabinet. Might I inquire what those legends are?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Eldredge, musing a little. "I see no reason why I should have any idle concealment about the matter, especially to a foreigner and a man whom I am never likely to see again. You must know then, my friend, that there was once a time when this cabinet was known to contain the fate of the estate and its possessors; and if it had held all that it was supposed to hold, I should not now be the lord of Pemberton Manor, nor the claimant of an ancient title. But my father, and his father before him, and his father besides, have held the estate and prospered on it; and I think we may fairly conclude now that the cabinet contains nothing except what we see."

And he rapidly again threw open one after another all the numerous drawers and receptacles of the cabinet.

"It is an interesting object," said Middleton, after looking very closely and with great attention at it, being pressed thereto, indeed, by the owner's good natured satisfaction in possessing this rare article of vertu. "It is admirable work," repeated he, drawing back. "That mosaic floor, especially, is done with an art and skill that I never saw equaled."

There was something strange and altered in Middleton's tones, that attracted the notice of Mr. Eldredge. Looking at him, he saw that he had grown pale, and had a rather bewildered air.

"Is your friend ill?" said he. "He has not our English ruggedness of look. He would have done better to take a sip of the cool tankard, and a slice of the cold beef. He finds no such food and drink as that in his own country, I warrant."

"His color has come back," responded Hammond, briefly. "He does not need any refreshment, I think, except, perhaps, the open air."

In fact, Middleton, recovering himself, apologized to Mr. Hammond [Eldredge?]; and as they had now seen nearly the whole of the house, the two visitants took their leave, with many kindly offers on Mr. Eldredge's part to permit the young man to view the cabinet whenever he wished. As they went out of the house (it was by another door than that which gave them entrance), Hammond laid his hand on Middleton's shoulder and pointed to a stone on the threshold, on which he was about to set his foot. "Take care!" said he. "It is the Bloody Footstep."

Middleton looked down and saw something, indeed, very like the shape of a footprint, with a hue very like that of blood. It was a twilight sort of a

place, beneath a porch, which was much overshadowed by trees and shrubbery. It might have been blood; but he rather thought, in his wicked skepticism, that it was a natural, reddish stain in the stone. He measured his own foot, however, in the Bloody Footstep, and went on.

May 10th, Monday. This is the present aspect of the story: Middleton is the descendant of a family long settled in the United States; his ancestor having emigrated to New England with the Pilgrims; or, perhaps, at a still earlier date, to Virginia with Raleigh's colonists. There had been a family dissension, —a bitter hostility between two brothers in England; on account, probably, of a love affair, the two both being attached to the same lady. By the influence of the family on both sides, the young lady had formed an engagement with the elder brother, although her affections had settled on the younger. The marriage was about to take place when the younger brother and the bride both disappeared, and were never heard of with any certainty afterwards; but it was believed at the time that he had been killed, and in proof of it a bloody footstep remained on the threshold of the ancestral mansion. There were rumors, afterwards, traditionally continued to the present day, that the younger brother and the bride were seen, and together, in England; and that some voyager across the sea had found them living together, husband and wife, on the other side of the Atlantic. But the elder brother became a moody and reserved man, never married, and left the inheritance to the children of a third brother, who then became the representative of the family in England; and the better authenticated story was that the second brother had really been slain, and that the young lady (for all the parties may have been Catholic) had gone to the Continent and taken the veil there. Such was the family history as known or surmised in England, and in the neighborhood of the manor-house, where the Bloody Footstep still remained on the threshold; and the posterity of the third brother still held the estate, and perhaps were claimants of an ancient baronage, long in abeyance.

Now, on the other side of the Atlantic, the second brother and the young lady had really been married, and became the parents of a posterity, still extant, of which the Middleton of the romance is the surviving male. Perhaps he had changed his name, being so much tortured with the evil and wrong that had sprung up in his family, so remorseful, so outraged, that he wished to disconnect himself with all the past, and begin life quite anew in a new world. But both he and his wife, though happy in one another, had been remorsefully and sadly so; and, with such feelings, they had never again communicated with their respective families, nor had given their children the means of doing so. There must, I think, have been something nearly approaching to guilt on the second brother's part, and the bride should have broken a solemnly plighted troth to the elder brother, breaking away from him when almost his wife. The elder brother had been known to have been wounded at the time of the second brother's disappearance; and it had been the surmise that he had received this hurt in the personal conflict in which the latter was slain. But in truth the second brother had stabbed him in the emergency of being discovered in the act of escaping with the bride; and this was what weighed upon his conscience throughout life, in America. The American family had prolonged itself through various fortunes, and all the ups and downs incident to our institutions, until the present day. They had some old family documents, which had been rather carelessly kept; but the present representative, being an educated man, had looked over them, and found one which inter-

ested him strongly. It was — what was it? — perhaps a copy of a letter written by his ancestor on his death-bed, telling his real name, and relating the above incidents. These incidents had come down in a vague, wild way, traditionally, in the American family, forming a wondrous and incredible legend, which Middleton had often laughed at, yet been greatly interested in; and the discovery of this document seemed to give a certain aspect of veracity and reality to the tradition. Perhaps, however, the document only related to the change of name, and made reference to certain evidences by which, if any descendant of the family should deem it expedient, he might prove his hereditary identity. The legend must be accounted for by having been gathered from the talk of the first ancestor and his wife. There must be in existence, in the early records of the colony, an authenticated statement of this change of name, and satisfactory proofs that the American family, long known as Middleton, were really a branch of the English family of Eldredge, or whatever. And in the legend, though not in the written document, there must be an account of a certain magnificent, almost palatial residence, which Middleton shall presume to be the ancestral home; and in this palace there shall be said to be a certain secret chamber, or receptacle, where is reposited a document that shall complete the evidence of the genealogical descent.

Middleton is still a young man, but already a distinguished one in his own country; he has entered early into politics, been sent to Congress, but having met with some disappointments in his ambitious hopes, and being disgusted with the fierceness of political contests in our country, he has come abroad for recreation and rest. His imagination has dwelt much, in his boyhood, on the legendary story of his family; and the discovery of the document has revived these dreams. He determines to search out the family mansion; and thus he arrives, bringing half of a story, being the only part known in America, to join it on to the other half, which is the only part known in England. In an introduction I must do the best I can to state his side of the matter to the reader, he having communicated it to me in a friendly way, at the Consulate; as many people have communicated quite as wild pretensions to English genealogies.

He comes to the midland counties of England, where he conceives his claims to lie, and seeks for his ancestral home; but there are difficulties in the way of finding it, the estates having passed into the female line, though still remaining in the blood. By and by, however, he comes to an old town where there is one of the charitable institutions bearing the name of his family, by whose beneficence it had indeed been founded, in Queen Elizabeth's time. He of course becomes interested in this Hospital; he finds it still going on, precisely as it did in the old days; and all the character and life of the establishment must be picturesquely described. Here he gets acquainted with an old man, an inmate of the Hospital, who (if the uncontrollable fatality of the story will permit) must have an active influence on the ensuing events. I suppose him to have been an American, but to have fled his country and taken refuge in England; he shall have been a man of the Nicholas Biddle stamp, a mighty speculator, the ruin of whose schemes had crushed hundreds of people, and Middleton's father among the rest. Here he had quitted the activity of his mind, as well as he could, becoming a local antiquary, etc., and he has made himself acquainted with the family history of the Eldredges, knowing more about it than the members of the family themselves do. He had known, in America (from Middleton's father, who was his friend), the

legends preserved in this branch of the family, and perhaps had been struck by the way in which they fit into the English legends; at any rate, this strikes him when Middleton tells him his story and shows him the document respecting the change of name. After various conversations together (in which, however, the old man keeps the secret of his own identity, and indeed acts as mysteriously as possible) they go together to visit the ancestral mansion. Perhaps it should not be in their first visit that the cabinet, representing the stately mansion, shall be seen. But the Bloody Footstep way; which shall interest Middleton much, both because Hammond has told him the English tradition respecting it, and because too the legends of the American family made some obscure allusions to his ancestor having left blood — a bloody footstep — on the ancestral threshold. This is the point to which the story has now been sketched out. Middleton finds a commonplace old English country gentleman in possession of the estate, where his forefathers have lived in peace for many generations; but there must be circumstances contrived which shall cause Middleton's conduct to be attended by no end of turmoil and trouble. The old Hospitaller, I suppose, must be the malicious agent in this; and his malice must be motived in some satisfactory way. The more serious question, what shall be the nature of this tragic trouble, and how can it be brought about?

May 11th, Tuesday. How much better would it have been if this secret, which seemed so golden, had remained in the obscurity in which two hundred years had buried it! That deep, old, grass-grown grave being opened, out from it streamed into the sunshine the old fatalities, the old crimes, the old misfortunes, the sorrows, that seemed to have departed from the family forever. But it was too late now to close it up; he must follow out the thread that led him on, — the thread of fate, if you choose to call it so; but rather the impulse of an evil will, a stubborn self-interest, a desire for certain objects of ambition, which were preferred to what yet were recognized as real goods. Thus reasoned, thus raved, Eldredge, as he considered the things that he had done, and still intended to do; nor did these perceptions make the slightest difference in his plans, nor in the activity with which he set about their performance. For this purpose, he sent for his lawyer, and consulted him on the feasibility of the design which he had already communicated to him respecting Middleton. But the man of law shook his head, and, though deferentially, declined to have any active concern with a matter that threatened to lead him beyond the bounds which he allowed himself, into a seductive but perilous region.

"My dear sir," said he, with some earnestness, "you had much better content yourself with such assistance as I can professionally and consistently give you. Believe [me], I am willing to do a lawyer's utmost, and to do more would be as unsafe for the client as for the legal adviser."

Thus left without an agent and an instrument, this unfortunate man had to meditate on what means he would use to gain his ends through his own unassisted efforts. In the struggle with himself through which he had passed, he had exhausted pretty much all the feelings that he had to bestow on this matter; and now he was ready to take hold of almost any temptation that might present itself, so long as it showed a good prospect of success and a plausible chance of impunity. While he was thus musing, he heard a female voice chanting some song, like a bird's among the pleasant foliage of the trees, and soon he saw at the end of a wood-walk Alice, with her basket on her arm, passing on toward the village. She looked towards him as she passed, but made no pause

nor yet hastened her steps, not seeming to think it worth her while to be influenced by him. He hurried forward and overtook her.

So there was this poor old gentleman, his comfort utterly overthrown, decking his white hair and wrinkled brow with the semblance of a coronet, and only hoping that the reality might crown and bless him before he was laid in the ancestral tomb. It was a real calamity; though by no means the greatest that had been fished up out of the pit of domestic discord that had been opened anew by the advent of the American; and by the use which had been made of it by the cantankerous old man of the Hospital. Middleton, as he looked at these evil consequences, sometimes regretted that he had not listened to those forebodings which had warned him back on the eve of his enterprise; yet such was the strange entanglement and interest which had wound about him, that often he rejoiced that for once he was engaged in something that absorbed him fully, and the zeal for the development of which made him careless for the result in respect to its good or evil, but only desirous that it show itself. As for Alice, she seemed to skim lightly through all these matters, whether as a spirit of good or ill he could not satisfactorily judge. He could not think her wicked; yet her actions seemed unaccountable on the plea that she was otherwise. It was another characteristic thread in the wild web of madness that had spun itself about all the prominent characters of our story. And when Middleton thought of these things, he felt as if it might be his duty (supposing he had the power) to shovel the earth again into the pit that he had been the means of opening; but also felt that, whether duty or not, he would never perform it.

For, you see, on the American's arrival he had found the estate in the hands of one of the descendants; but some disclosures consequent on his arrival had thrown it into the hands of another; or at all events, had seemed to make it apparent that justice required that it should be so disposed of. No sooner was the discovery made than the possessor put on a coronet; the new heir had commenced legal proceedings; the sons of the respective branches had come to blows and blood; and the devil knows what other devilish consequences had ensued. Besides this, there was much falling in love at cross-purposes, and a general animosity of everybody against everybody else, in proportion to the closeness of the natural ties and their obligation to love one another.

The moral, if any moral were to be gathered from these petty and wretched circumstances, was, "Let the past alone: do not seek to renew it; press on to higher and better things, — at all events, to other things; and be assured that the right way can never be that which leads you back to the identical shapes that you long ago left behind. Onward, onward, onward!"

"What have you to do here?" said Alice. "Your lot is in another land. You have seen the birthplace of your forefathers, and have gratified your natural yearning for it; now return, and cast in your lot with your own people, let it be what it will. I fully believe that it is such a lot as the world has never yet seen, and that the faults, the weaknesses, the errors, of your countrymen will vanish away like morning mists before the rising sun. You can do nothing better than to go back."

"This is strange advice, Alice," said Middleton, gazing at her and smiling. "Go back, with such a fair prospect before me; that were strange indeed! It is enough to keep me here, that here only I shall see you, — enough to make me rejoice to have come, that I have found you here."

"Do not speak in this foolish way," cried Alice, panting. "I am giving you

the best advice, and speaking in the wisest way I am capable of, — speaking on good grounds too, — and you turn me aside with a silly compliment. I tell you that this is no comedy in which we are performers, but a deep, sad tragedy; and that it depends most upon you whether or no it shall be pressed to a catastrophe. Think well of it."

"I have thought, Alice," responded the young man, "and I must let things take their course; if, indeed, it depends at all upon me, which I see no present reason to suppose. Yet I wish you would explain to me what you mean."

To take up the story from the point where we left it: by the aid of the American's revelations, some light is thrown upon points of family history, which induce the English possessor of the estate to suppose that the time has come for asserting his claim to a title which has long been in abeyance. He therefore sets about it, and engages in great expenses, besides contracting the enmity of many persons, with whose interests he interferes. A further complication is brought about by the secret interference of the old Hospitaller, and Alice goes singing and dancing through the whole, in a way that makes her seem like a beautiful devil, though finally it will be recognized that she is an angel of light. Middleton, half bewildered, can scarcely tell how much of this is due to his own agency; how much is independent of him and would have happened had he stayed on his own side of the water. By and by a further and unexpected development presents the singular fact that he himself is the heir to whatever claims there are, whether of property or rank, — all centring in him as the representative of the eldest brother. On this discovery there ensues a tragedy in the death of the present possessor of the estate, who has staked everything upon the issue; and Middleton, standing amid the ruin and desolation of which he has been the innocent cause, resigns all the claims which he might now assert, and retires, arm in arm with Alice, who has encouraged him to take this course, and to act up to his character. The estate takes a passage into the female line, and the old name becomes extinct, nor does Middleton seek to continue it by resuming it in place of the one long ago assumed by his ancestor. Thus he and his wife become the Adam and Eve of a new epoch, and the fitting missionaries of a new social faith, of which there must be continual hints through the book.

A knot of characters may be introduced as gathering around Middleton, comprising expatriated Americans of all sorts; the wandering printer who came to me so often at the Consulate, who said he was a native of Philadelphia, and could not go home in the thirty years that he had been trying to do so, for lack of the money to pay his passage. The large banker; the consul of Leeds; the woman asserting her claims to half Liverpool; the gifted literary lady, maddened by Shakespeare, &c., &c. The Yankee who had been driven insane by the Queen's notice, slight as it was, of the photographs of his two children which he had sent her. I have not yet struck the true key-note of this Romance, and until I do, and unless I do, I shall write nothing but tediousness and nonsense. I do not wish it to be a picture of life, but a Romance, grim, grotesque, quaint, of which the Hospital might be the fitting scene. It might have so much of the hues of life that the reader should sometimes think it was intended for a picture, yet the atmosphere should be such as to excuse all wildness. In the Introduction, I might disclaim all intention to draw a real picture, but say that the continual meetings I had, with Americans bent on such errands had suggested this wild story. The descriptions of scenery, &c., and of the Hospital, might be correct, but there should be a tinge of the grotesque given

to all the characters and events. The tragic and the gentler pathetic need not be excluded by the tone and treatment. If I could but write one central scene in this vein, all the rest of the Romance would readily arrange itself around that nucleus. The begging-girl would be another American character; the actress too; the caravan people. It must be a humorous work, or nothing.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

A SUMMER PILGRIMAGE.

To kneel before some saintly shrine,
To breathe the health of airs divine,
Or bathe where sacred rivers flow,
The cowled and turbaned pilgrims go.
I too, a palmer, take, as they
With staff and scallop-shell, my way
To feel, from burdening cares and ills,
The strong uplifting of the hills.

The years are many since, at first,
For dreamed-of wonders all athirst,
I saw on Winnepesaukee fall
The shadow of the mountain wall.
Ah! where are they who sailed with me
The beautiful island-studded sea?
And am I he whose keen surprise
Flashed out from such unclouded eyes?

Still, when the sun of summer burns,
My longing for the hills returns;
And northward, leaving at my back
The warm vale of the Merrimac,
I go to meet the winds of morn,
Blown down the hill-gaps, mountain-born,
Breathe scent of pines, and satisfy
The hunger of a lowland eye.

Again I see the day decline
Along a ridged horizon line;
Touching the hill-tops, as a nun
Her beaded rosary, sinks the sun.
One lake lies golden, which shall soon
Be silver in the rising moon;
And one, the crimson of the skies
And mountain purple multiplies.

With the untroubled quiet blends
The distance-softened voice of friends;

The girl's light laugh no discord brings
To the low song the pine-tree sings;
And, not unwelcome, comes the hail
Of boyhood from his nearing sail.
The human presence breaks no spell,
And sunset still is miracle!

Calm as the hour, methinks I feel
A sense of worship o'er me steal;
Not that of satyr-charming Pan,
No cult of Nature shaming man,
Not Beauty's self, but that which lives
And shines through all the veils it weaves, —
Soul of the mountain, lake, and wood,
Their witness to the Eternal Good!

And if, by fond illusion, here
The earth to heaven seems drawing near,
And yon outlying range invites
To other and serener heights,
Scarce hid behind its topmost swell,
The shining Mounts Delectable!
A dream may hint of truth no less
Than the sharp light of wakefulness.

As through her veil of incense smoke
Of old the spell-rapt priestess spoke,
More than her heathen oracle,
May not this trance of sunset tell
That Nature's forms of loveliness
Their heavenly archetypes confess,
Fashioned like Israel's ark alone
From patterns in the Mount made known?

A holier beauty overbroods
These fair and faint similitudes;
Yet not unblest is he who sees
The dreams of God's realities,
And knows beyond this masquerade
Of shape and color, light and shade,
And dawn and set, and wax and wane,
Eternal verities remain.

O gems of sapphire, granite set!
O hills that charmed horizons fret!
I know how fair your morns can break,
In rosy light on isle and lake;
How over wooded slopes can run
The noon-day play of cloud and sun,
And evening droop her oriflamme
Of gold and red in still Asquam.

The summer moons may round again,
And careless feet these hills profane;
These sunsets waste on vacant eyes
The lavish splendor of the skies;
Fashion and folly, misplaced here,
Sigh for their natural atmosphere,
And traveled pride the outlook scorn
Of lesser heights than Matterhorn:

But let me dream that hill and sky
Of unseen beauty prophesy;
And in these tinted lakes behold
The trailing of the raiment fold
Of that which, still eluding gaze,
Allures to upward-tending ways,
Whose footprints make, wherever found,
Our common earth a holy ground.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

AN AFTER-BREAKFAST TALK.

The early readers of The Atlantic Monthly will permit me, as an acquaintance of long standing, to speak freely with them from its pages, and, as it were, face to face. They have met me often: sometimes in my avowed personality; sometimes under a transparent mask, which might be a shield, but could not be a disguise.

Twenty-five years ago I introduced myself to them, in the first number of this magazine, as The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. Twenty-five years before that time, under the same title, in the pages of the New England Magazine, I had asked the public to sit down with me at my morning refection. I should blush to think of the entertainment to which I invited the readers of that earlier periodical, had I not learned charity to myself in noting the errors of taste and judgment of other young writers, often subjecting them to pitiless criticism as the reward of their first efforts. The second board was spread more satisfactorily to the entertainer, and, I have a right to believe, to the guests. This, then, is the silver anniversary year of my wedding with the Muse of the Monthlies, and the golden anniversary year of my betrothal, if I may look upon those earlier papers as a pledge of future alliance.

During the larger part of this long period my time has been in great measure occupied with other duties. I never forgot the advice of Coleridge, that a literary man should have a regular calling. I may say, in passing, that I have often given this advice to others, and too often wished I could supplement it with the words *and confine himself to it.* For authorship, and especially poetical authorship, is one of the commonest signs of mental weakness, for which the best tonic is found in steady occupation, — professional, mechanical, or other, — some daily task, fairly compensated, useful, habitual, and therefore largely automatic, and thus economical of the slender intellectual endowments and limited vital resources which are so

very frequently observed in association with typomania.

The time has come in which I have felt it best to resign to younger hands the duties of the Professorship I have held for more than the years of one generation. I hope, while not forgetting the natural laws, which hint to me and my coevals, as they whispered to Emerson,

> "It is time to be old,
> To take in sail,"

— I hope, I say (for who can promise, at such a stage of life?), to find increased leisure for these pages, to which more than any others I am accustomed. There must be some spare hours, and may be some residual energy, at my disposal, now that the lecture-room, which has known me so long, is to know me no more.

Let me venture to say something of the experiences I have had as a writer since I began a new literary career with the first number of this magazine.

I cannot deny that the kindness with which my contributions to this periodical have been received has proved a great source of gratification to me, — more than I could have expected or was prepared for. When I sat down to write the first paper I sent to The Atlantic Monthly, I felt somewhat as a maiden of more than mature efflorescence may be supposed to feel as she paces down the broad aisle, in her bridal veil and with her wreath of orange-blossoms. I had written little of late years. I was at that time older than Goldsmith was when he died; and Goldsmith, as Dr. Johnson said, was a plant that flowered late. A new generation had grown up since I had written the verses by which, if remembered at all, I was best known. I honestly feared that I might prove the superfluous veteran who has no business behind the footlights. I can as honestly say that it turned out otherwise; I was most kindly welcomed.

And now I am looking back on that far-off time as the period, I will not say of youth, — for I was close upon the five-barred gate of the *cinquantaine*, though I had not yet taken the leap, — but of marrowy and vigorous manhood. Those were the days of unaided vision, of acute hearing, of alert movements, of feelings almost boyish in their vivacity. It is a long cry from the end of the second quarter of a century in a man's life to the end of the third quarter. His companions have fallen all around him, and he finds himself in a newly peopled world. His mental furnishing looks old-fashioned and faded to the generation which is crowding about him, with its new patterns and its fresh colors. Shall he throw open his apartments to visitors, or is it not wiser to live on his memories in a decorous privacy, and not risk himself before the keen young eyes and relentless judgment of the new-comers, who have grown up in strength and self-reliance while he has been losing force and confidence?

If that feeling came over me a quarter of a century ago, it is not strange that it comes back upon me now. Having laid down the burden which for more than thirty-five years I have carried cheerfully, I might naturally seek the quiet of my chimney corner, and purr away the twilight of my life unheard beyond the circle about my own fire-place. But when I see what my living contemporaries are doing, I am shamed out of absolute inertness and silence. The men of my birth-year are so painfully industrious at this very time that one of the same date hardly dares to be idle. I look across the Atlantic, and see Mr. Gladstone, only four months younger than myself, standing erect with Patrick's grievances on one shoulder and Pharaoh's pyramids on the other, — an Atlas whose intervals of repose are paroxysms of learned labor; I listen to Tennyson, another birth of the same year, filling the air with melody long

after the singing months of life's summer are over; I come nearer home, and here is my very dear friend and college classmate, so certain to be in every good movement with voice, or pen, or both, that where two or three are gathered together for useful ends, if James Freeman Clarke is not there, it is because he is busy with a book or a discourse meant for a larger audience; I glance at the placards on the blank wall I am passing, and there I see the colossal head of Barnum, the untiring, inexhaustible, insuperable, ever triumphant and jubilant Barnum, who came to his atmospheric life less than a year after I began breathing the fatal mixture, and still wages Titanic battle with his own past superlatives. How can one dare to sit down inactive, with such examples before him? One must do something, were it nothing more profitable than the work of that dear old Penelope, of almost ninety years, whom I so well remember, hemming over and over again the same piece of linen, her attendant's scissors removing each day's work at evening; herself, meantime, being kindly nursed in the illusion that she was still the useful Martha of the household.

Some of my earlier friends, possibly some of my newer and younger ones, may like to get a lesson or two from the record of a writer who has been fortunate enough to secure a considerably extended circle of readers. The schooling he has had will recall to many brother and sister authors what they themselves have been through, and will show those who are beginning a life of authorship what may come to them by and by.

An author may interest his public by his work, or by his personality, or by both. A great mathematician or metaphysician may be lost sight of in his own intellectual wealth, as a great capitalist becomes at last the mere appendage of his far more important millions. There is, on the other hand, a class of writers whose individuality is the one thing we care about. The world could get along without their help, but it wants their company. We are not so very curious about the details of the life of Gauss, but we do want to know a good deal about Richter. Sir William Rowan Hamilton invented, or developed, the doctrine of quaternions; but we do not care very particularly about his domestic annals, the migrations from the blue bed to the brown, and the rest. But poor, dear Charles Lamb, — we can hardly withhold the pitying epithet, since the rough Scotchman brought up against him, as one of his own kale-pots might have shivered a quaint and precious amphora, — poor, dear Charles, — he did not invent any grand formula, he certainly had not the lever of Archimedes, but he had a personality which was quite apart from that of all average humanity, and he is adopted as one of the pleasantest inmates of memory. It is enough to say of many men that they are interesting. And we are content to say of many others that they are useful, virtuous, praiseworthy, illustrious, even, by what they have achieved, but *un*interesting, and we do not greatly care to hear anything about them apart from their work.

Nobody is interesting to all the world. An author who is spoken of as universally admired will find, if he is foolish enough to inquire, that there are not wanting intelligent persons who are indifferent to him, nor yet those who have a special and emphatic dislike to him. If there were another Homer, there would be another Homeromastix. An author should know that the very characteristics which make him the object of admiration to many, and endear him to some among them, will render him an object of dislike to a certain number of individuals of equal, it may be of superior, intelligence. Doubtless God never made a better berry than the strawberry, yet it is a poison to a considerable num-

ber of persons. There are those who dislike the fragrance of the water-lily, and those in whom the smell of a rose produces a series of those convulsions known as sneezes. He (or she) who ventures into authorship must expect to encounter occasional instances of just such antipathy, of which he and all that he does are the subjects. Let him take it patiently. What is thus out of accord with the temperament or the mood of his critic may not be blamable; nay, it may be excellent. But Zoilus does not like it or the writer, — the reason why he cannot tell, perhaps, but he does not like either; and he is in his rights, and the author must sit still and let the critic play off his idiosyncrasies against his own.

There is a converse to all this, which it is much pleasanter to contemplate and to experience. Let us suppose an author to have some distinguishing personal quality, which shows itself in what he writes, and by which he is known from all other writers. There will be individuals — they may be few, they may be many — who will so instantly recognize, so eagerly accept, so warmly adopt, even so devoutly idolize, the writer in question that self-love itself, dulled as its palate is by the hot spices of praise, draws back overcome by the burning stimulants of adoration. I was told, not long since, by one of our most justly admired authoresses, that a correspondent wrote to her that she had read one of her stories fourteen times in succession.

There is a meaning, and a deep one, in these elective affinities. Most things which we call *odd* are *even* in the economy of nature. Each personality is more or less completely the complement of some other: of some one, perhaps, exactly; of others nearly enough to have a special significance for them. A reader is frequently ignorant of what he wants until he happens to fall in with the writer who has the complementary element of which he is in need. Then he finds the nourishment he wanted in the intellectual or spiritual food before him, or has his failing appetite revived by the stimulus of a mind more highly vitalized than his own. The sailor who has fed on salted provisions until he is half crystallized wreaks his hunger upon a fresh potato as if it were a fruit of the tree of life. The dumb cattle who feel their blood getting watery make for the salt-licks, and season their diluted fluids. So with many readers: they find new life in the essay or poem which the reviewer, treating *de haut en bas*, as is his wont, has condemned from his lofty eminence, in reality only because it was not of the kind that his own need, if he felt any gap in his omniscience, called for. An epicure might as well find fault with the sailor's potato because it was not properly cooked, — in fact, not cooked at all; or order the herds to be driven from the salt-lick, because it was not a succulent pasture.

It should never be forgotten by the critic that every grade of mental development demands a literature of its own; a little above its level, that it may be lifted to a higher grade, but not too much above it, so that it requires too long a stride, — a stairway, not a steep wall to climb. The true critic is not the sharp *captator verborum;* not the brisk epigrammatist, showing off his own cleverness, always trying to outflank the author against whom he has arrayed his wits and his learning. He is a man who knows the real wants of the reading world, and can prize at their just value the writings which meet those wants. I remember, many years ago, happening to speak, before a certain clergyman, of the great convenience I had found in having Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Concordance to the plays of Shakespeare always at hand. He spoke scornfully, *naso adunco*, of the poor creature who could require an index to

such familiar productions. No doubt he remembered every line and every word of the distinguished author, — at least it was fair to presume so, — but there are some who might not feel quite certain about every passage, and would not be ashamed to consult the volume he could dispense with. The organs of criticism swarm with just such prigs and pretenders, and the young author must be prepared to run the gauntlet through a double row of them. Happy for him if he can keep his temper, and profit by their rough handling; satisfy them he never can.

In spite of the positive verdicts of the soundest criticism, we must not forget that each individual has always his right of peremptory challenge, his right to like or dislike, for the simple reason that he is what he is, and none other. The writer who attains a certain measure of popularity, so as to reach a considerable variety of readers, must be ready for a trial more dangerous than that running the gauntlet just spoken of. He will be startled to find himself the object of an embarrassing devotion, and almost appropriation, by some of his parish of readers. He will blush, at his lonely desk, as he reads the extravagances of expression which pour over him like the oil which ran down upon the beard of Aaron, and even down to the skirts of his garments, — an extreme unction which seems hardly desirable. We ought to have his photograph as he reads one of those frequent missives, oftenest traced, we may guess, in the delicate slanting hand which betrays the slender fingers of the sympathetic sisterhood. A slight sense of the ridiculous at being made so much of qualifies the placid tolerance with which the rhymester or the essayist sees himself preferred to the great masters in prose and verse, and reads his name glowing in a halo of epithets which might belong to Bacon or Milton. We need not grudge him such pleasure as he may derive from the illusion of a momentary revery, in which he dreams of himself as clad in royal robes and exalted among the immortals. The next post will very probably bring him some slip from a newspaper or critical journal, which will strip him of his regalia, as Thackeray, in one of his illustrations, has disrobed and denuded the Grand Monarque. He saw himself but a moment ago a colossal figure, in a drapery of rhetorical purple, ample enough for an emperor, as Bernini would clothe him. The image-breaker has passed by, belittling him by comparison, jostling him off his pedestal, levelling his most prominent feature, or even breaking a whole ink-bottle against him, as the indignant moralist did on the figure in the vestibule of the opera-house,— the shortest and most effective satire that ever came from that fountain of approval and condemnation. Such are some of the varied experiences of authorship.

To be known as a writer is to become public property. Every book a writer publishes — say, rather, every line he traces — is an open sesame as good as a latch-key for some one; it may be some score, or hundreds, or thousands. The already recognized author, with whom his affinities may be more or less strong, takes his hand as a brother, — after the public has accepted him, — sometimes before. The unsuccessful authors, whose efforts find their natural habitat in the waste-baskets of the magazines and newspapers, seeing that he is afloat, struggle to the surface through the dark waves of oblivion, and grasp at him, in the vain hope that he can keep their heads, as well as his own, above water. The hitherto undiscovered twentieth cousin starts up in the huckleberry bushes, and claims him as a relative. That citizen of the world, the borrower whose remittances have failed to reach him, is at hand to share the good fortune of his literary friend, whose works, as he says, have been his travel-

ling companions from China to Peru. The poet with his manuscript, the reader with his larynx, invade his premises, and he must read and listen, perhaps to his own verses, until

> He back recoils, he knows not why,
> E'en at the lines himself has made.

Rejoice, O man of many editions! You have sold your books, — yes, and you have sold your time, your privacy, your right hand, if that is the one you hold your pen in, and a slice of your immortal soul with it! For if you do not sooner or later explode in all the maledictions of Ernulphus and Athanasius, you are gifted with a patience that Job the all-enduring might have envied.

There is one more trial which touches the finest sensibilities of an author. The reader who has adopted him as his favorite, or his object of admiration, has formed an ideal of his person, his expression, his voice, his manner. How rarely does an author correspond to this ideal picture! How often is the visitor who has made a pilgrimage to the shrine of his demigod disappointed, disenchanted, and sent off regretting that he has exchanged his false image for the real presence! Let every pilgrim on his way to his idol's temple read Miss Edgeworth's "Angelina, or L'Amie Inconnue."

Now as to all these troubles of authorship, there are two ways of dealing with them. An author has a perfect right to say, "I am not on exhibition, like the fat boy or the double-headed lady. If I were, I should charge the usual price for admission to the show. It is not my profession to write letters to strangers, who consult me on all manner of questions involving their private interests. If it were, I should keep an office and one or more secretaries to help me attend to the wants of applicants, and I should expect the fees of a lawyer or a physician. I will not be 'interviewed' by persons of whom I know nothing. I will not answer letters from all parts of the country and far-off lands, from those who have no personal claim upon me. These people have no right to invade my premises, and appropriate my hours of labor, and I will have my rights, even if I am an author."

This is one way of looking at the question, and I am by no means sure that, hard and almost churlish as it seems, it is not, on the whole, the wisest for all concerned. Sooner or later the burden of correspondence becomes so heavy as to be insupportable, unless some short and easy method can be found of dealing with epistolary aggressions; such, for instance, as a printed formula, or a number of such formulæ, which the author can sign by the dozen, and which will in the large majority of cases answer every purpose. This is the plan Willis adopted and announced, long ago. He had the name of being very kind to his correspondents, but he found their exactions were wearing him out, — an experience which others have had since his time. One of our most recent foreign visitors, a very distinguished person, told me that he made use of a lithographed form of answer to his correspondents.

It must not be forgotten, on the other hand, that all human beings have a certain claim on each other. The writer who has attained success owes something to those who are struggling to attain it. It is perfectly true that the greatest number of young persons who write to noted authors are entirely destitute of any exceptional talent which gives them a claim to be encouraged to devote themselves to literary pursuits. Still, they are fellow-creatures, and if Nature has denied them the gifts which they fondly believe themselves to possess, they are entitled, not to our scorn and ridicule, but to our tender consideration. We never laugh at the idiot, but we are too ready to make sport of the weakling. On the whole, it is bet-

ter to handle a feeble literary aspirant gently, and let him print his little book, — for that is the natural crisis of his complaint. *Let him*, did I say? The powers of the universe could not prevent him from doing it. He asks your advice, and all the time he has his proof sheets in his desk or his pocket. And it must never be forgotten that in the midst of the weeds of vanity and folly, at any time, in some unexpected way, in the place where you never thought of looking for it, may spring up the shoot which will flower by and by as genius. Fortunately, as a general rule, mediocrity betrays itself in the first line or the first sentence of its manifesto. The aspiring author expects his successful elder brother to read a dozen of his poems, or the whole of his story; he does not remember, if he knows, that *ex linea Bavium* is as true as *ex pede Herculem.*

Between the author's just right to his time and the claims which a kind heart makes it impossible not to listen to, many writers who have gained the ear of the public, and who pass for amiable and well-disposed persons, in this country, as doubtless in others, have found themselves not a little perplexed. The late meeting of those interested in the subject, of which many of our readers may not have heard, seems to have adjusted these conflicting interests in a manner which, it may be hoped, will prove satisfactory to all concerned. It only remains to carry out the provisions which, after long deliberation, were unanimously agreed upon as expressing the sense of the meeting. Some extracts from the minutes of the proceedings have been put in my hands by the secretary, and are here reproduced, being now printed for the first time. It is hoped that they will be generally read by the two classes of persons to whom their provisions more especially apply, namely, authors and their visitors and correspondents.

Abstract of the Record of Proceedings of The Association of Authors for Self-Protection, at a Meeting held at Washington, September 31, 1882.

PREAMBLE.

Whereas there is prevalent in the community an opinion that he or she who has written and published a book belongs thenceforward to everybody but himself or herself, and may be called upon by any person for any gratuitous service for which he or she is wanted; and Whereas we believe that some rights do still remain to authors (meaning by that term writers of both sexes), notwithstanding the fact of such writing and publication; and Whereas we have found it impossible to make a stand in our individual capacity against the various forms of tyranny which have grown out of the opinion above mentioned, we do hereby unite and constitute ourselves a joint body for the purpose and by the title above named.

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OF THE PROPERTY OF AUTHORS.

This does not consist, for the most part, of what is called real, or of what is called personal, estate, but lies chiefly in that immaterial and intangible possession known in its general expression as *time*, or in special portions, as days, hours, minutes, and seconds. If the author is fortunate enough to own the piece of mechanism commonly called a clock, his timepiece will be found to mark and measure sixty seconds to the minute, sixty minutes to the hour, and twenty-four hours to the day, and *no more*, like the timepieces of other owners; which fact is contrary to the apparent belief of many of his visitors and correspondents.

OF THE PERSONS OF AUTHORS.

It is not to be considered that authorship entirely changes the author to a being of a different nature. He or she

is entitled to the common kind of consideration which belongs to humanity in general. Bodily defects and infirmities are not fit subjects for public comment, especially in the case of women, to whom the *spretæ injuria formæ* is an unforgivable offence. And so of all the ordinary decencies of life; the author is to be considered as having the same rights as the general public.

OF VISITS OF STRANGERS TO AUTHORS.

Visits of Curiosity or Admiration. These are not always distinguishable from each other, and may be considered together. The stranger should send up his card, if he has one; if he has none, he should, if admitted, at once announce himself and his object, without circumlocution, as thus: "My name is M. or N. from X. or Y. I wish to see and take the hand of a writer whom I have long admired for his," etc., etc. *Here the Author should extend his hand, and reply in substance as follows:* "I am pleased to see you, my dear sir, and very glad that anything I have written has been a source of pleasure or profit to you." The visitor has now had what he says he came for, and, after making a brief polite acknowledgment, should retire, unless, for special reasons, he is urged to stay longer.

Visits of Interviewers. The interviewer is a product of over-civilization, who does for the living what the undertaker does for the dead, taking such liberties as he chooses with the subject of his mental and conversational manipulations, whom he is to arrange for public inspection. The interview system has its legitimate use; is often a convenience to politicians, and may even gratify the vanity and serve the interests of an author. In its abuse it is an infringement of the liberty of the private citizen; to be ranked with the edicts of the Council of Ten, the Decrees of the Star-Chamber, the Lettres de Cachet, and the visits of the Inquisition. The Interviewer, if excluded, becomes an enemy, and has the columns of a newspaper at his service, in which to revenge himself. If admitted, the Interviewed is at the mercy of the Interviewer's memory, if he is the best meaning of men; of his inaccuracy, if he is careless; of his malevolence if he is ill-disposed; of his prejudices, if he has any; and of his sense of propriety, at any rate.

In consideration of the possible abuses arising from the privilege granted to, or rather usurped by, the irresponsible individuals who exercise the function of domiciliary inspection, it is proposed to place the whole business under legal restrictions, in accordance with the plan here sketched for consideration, and about to be submitted to the judgment of all our local governments.

— A licensed corps of Interviewers, to be appointed by the municipal authorities. — Each Interviewer to wear in a conspicuous position a Number and a Badge, for which the following emblems and inscriptions are suggested: Zephyrus with his lips at the ear of Boreas, who holds a speaking-trumpet; signifying that what is said by the Interviewed in a whisper will be shouted to the world by the Interviewer through that brazen instrument. For mottoes, either of the following: *Fœnum habet in cornu; Hunc tu, Romane, caveto.* — No person to be admitted to the Corps of Interviewers without a strict preliminary examination. — The candidate to be proved free from color-blindness and amblyopia, ocular and mental strabismus, double refraction of memory, kleptomania, mendacity of more than average dimensions, and tendency to alcoholic endosmosis. — His moral and religious character to be vouched for by three orthodox clergymen of the same belief, and as many deacons who agree with them and with each other. — All reports to be submitted to the Interviewed, and the proofs thereof to be

corrected and sanctioned by him before being given to the public.

Until the above provisions are carried into effect, no record of an alleged Interview to be considered as anything more than the untrustworthy gossip of an irresponsible impersonality.

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OF UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENTS.

Of *Autograph-Seekers.* The increase in the number of applicants for autographs is so great that it has become necessary to adopt positive regulations to protect the Author from the exorbitant claims of this class of virtuosos. The following propositions were adopted without discussion : —

— No author is under any obligation to answer any letter from an unknown person applying for his autograph. If he sees fit to do so, it is a gratuitous concession on his part.

— No stranger should ask for more than one autograph.

— No stranger should request an author to copy a poem, or even a verse. He should remember that he is one of many thousands; that a thousand fleas are worse than one hornet, and that a mob of mosquitoes will draw more blood than a single horse-leech.

— Every correspondent applying for an autograph should send a *card* or *blank paper*, in a *stamped envelope* directed to himself (or herself). If he will not take the trouble to attend to all this, which he can just as well do as make the author do it, he must not expect the author to make good his deficiencies. [Accepted by acclamation.]

— Sending a stamp does not constitute a claim on an author for an answer. [Received with loud applause.] The stamp may be retained by the author, or, what is better, devoted to the use of some appropriate charity, as, for instance, the Asylum for Idiots and Feeble-Minded Persons.

— No stranger should expect an author to send him or her his photograph. These pictures cost money, and it may not be convenient to an impecunious celebrity to furnish them to the applicants, who are becoming singularly numerous.

— *Albums.* An album of decent external aspect may, without impropriety, be offered to an author, with the request that he will write his name therein. It is not proper, as a general rule, to ask for anything more than the name. The author may, of course, add a quotation from his writings, or a sentiment, if so disposed; but this must be considered as a work of supererogation, and an exceptional manifestation of courtesy.

— *Bed-quilt Autographs.* It should be a source of gratification to an author to contribute to the soundness of his reader's slumbers, if he cannot keep him awake by his writings. He should therefore cheerfully inscribe his name on the scrap of satin or other stuff (provided always that it be sent him *in a stamped and directed envelope*), that it may take its place in the patch-work mosaic for which it is intended.

Letters of Admiration. These may be accepted as genuine, unless they contain specimens of the writer's own composition, upon which a critical opinion is requested, in which case they are to be regarded in the same light as medicated sweetmeats : namely, as meaning more than their looks imply. Genuine letters of admiration, being usually considered by the recipient as proofs of good taste and sound judgment on the part of his unknown correspondent, may be safely left to his decision as to whether they shall be answered or not.

Questioning Letters. These are commonly fraudulent in their nature, their true intent being to obtain an autograph letter in reply. They should be answered, if at all, by a clerk or secretary; which will be satisfactory to the corre-

spondent, if he only wishes for information, and will teach him not to try to obtain anything by false pretences, if his intent was what it is, for the most part, in letters of this kind.

Letters asking Advice. An author is not of necessity a competent adviser on all subjects. He is expected, nevertheless, to advise unknown persons as to their health of body and mind, their religion, their choice of a profession; on matrimony, on education, on courses of reading; and, more especially, to lay down a short and easy method for obtaining brilliant and immediate success in a literary career. These applicants, if replied to at all, should be directed to the several specialists who are competent to answer their questions. Literary aspirants commonly send a specimen of their productions in prose or verse, oftenest the latter. They ask for criticism, but they want praise, which they very rarely deserve. If a sentence can be extracted from any letter written them which can help an advertisement, the publisher of their little volume will get hold of it. They demoralize kind-hearted authors by playing on their good-nature, and leading them to express judgments not in conformity with their own standards. They must be taught the lesson that authors are not the same thing as editors and publishers, whose business it is to examine manuscripts intended for publication, and to whom their applications should be addressed.

— No stranger whose letter has been answered by an Author should consider himself (or herself) as having *opened a correspondence* with the personage addressed. Once replied to, he (or she) should look upon himself (or herself) as done with, unless distinctly requested or encouraged to write again.

Invitations. An Author cannot and must not be expected to accept most of the invitations he is constantly receiving. The fact of noted authorship should be considered equivalent to a perpetual previous engagement. A formal answer to an invitation shall discharge him from further duty, and he shall not be taxed to contribute in prose or verse to occasions in which he has no special interest, or any other, unless so disposed.

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— *Private Letters of Authors.* No private letter of any Author, and no extract from such letter, shall be printed without his permission, or without giving him the opportunity of *correcting the proof*, as in the case of any other publication of what he has written. If any letter, or extract from a letter, of an Author is printed in violation of these obvious rights and duties, the Author shall not be held responsible for any statement such letter or extract may be alleged to contain; and those who publish any such alleged statement as having been made by the Author in question shall be considered as taking part in the original violation of confidence, unless they defend the Author against all unfavorable inferences drawn from said letter or extract.

Of *Books sent to Authors.* An Author is not bound to read any book sent him by a stranger. He is not under any obligation to express his opinion of any book so sent, whether said opinion is to be used as a Publisher's advertisement or not. An acknowledgment, with thanks, is to be reckoned a discharge of all obligations to the sender.

Of *Remembering introduced Strangers.* Strangers who have had an introduction to an Author have no right to expect that their faces will be remembered by him as well as they remember his. This is especially true of persons of the female sex who are youthful and comely, and for this reason have a certain resemblance to each other. If such

youthful and comely individuals identify the Author before he shows, by the usual mark of courtesy, that he recognizes them, they need not think themselves intentionally slighted, but may address him freely, and he will not take offence at being spoken to before speaking.

The above rules are to be considered applicable only to strangers having no special claim upon the author.

The Association may be found fault with for passing these resolves, some of which may sound harshly in the ears of certain readers, who have not acted in accordance with their precepts. But it must be remembered that it is almost a question of life and death with Authors. This cannot be considered too strong an expression, when we remember that Pope was driven to exclaim, a century and a half ago, —

"Fatigued, I said,
Tie up the knocker; say I 'm *sick*, I 'm *dead*."

In obtaining and giving to the public this abstract of the Proceedings of the Association, I have been impelled by the same feelings of humanity which led me to join the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, believing that the sufferings of Authors are as much entitled to sympathy and relief as those of the brute creation.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

WAGNER'S PARSIFAL.

It is the purpose of this paper to give the impression made by the performance of Parsifal at Baireuth, last summer, in view of certain strictures upon the motive of the drama, and without any attempt at musical criticism. In order to do this, I shall have to run over the leading features of the play, already given in the newspapers. Criticism enough, and of an unfavorable sort, there has been, though I heard none of it in Baireuth, nor ever any from those who had been present at the wonderful festival. Perhaps that was because I happened to meet only disciples of Wagner. I fancy that the professional critics, who did publish depreciating comments upon the new opera, and upon Wagner's methods in general, felt more inclined to that course after they had escaped from the powerful immediate impression of the performance, from the atmosphere of Baireuth, and begun to reflect upon the responsibilities of the special critics to the world at large, and what in particular was their duty towards the whole Wagner movement, assumption, presumption, or whatever it is called, than they did while they were surrounded by the influences that Wagner had skillfully brought to bear to effect his purpose on them.

I have read two kinds of criticism. One was written by musical adepts, who had not heard the opera, but who condemned it on perusal of the score and the libretto; declaring the latter to be sacrilegious, and the author to be a false prophet among musicians and a charlatan among managers. The other critics, who also set themselves against Wagnerism, described the performance in such terms that all Europe was more and more eager to see it, but compounded for their reluctant enjoyment by finding unworthy methods in a success they could not deny. Whatever the triumph was, they said it was not a pure musical triumph, but one due to the creation of special conditions and favoring circum-

stances. Fancy Beethoven pushing his music into popular notice by such claptrap means!

It was a great offense, in the first place, that Wagner should build his theatre in the inaccessible Franconian city, — a city with scant accommodations for visitors, and off the regular lines of travel. It was a still greater offense that, after all, he should be able to attract to this remote and provincial place pilgrims and strangers, not only from every country in Europe, but from America, Australia, and India; and that the theatre should be filled three nights in the week for three months by persons willing to incur the expense of a long, wearisome journey, and to pay thirty marks (seven dollars and a half) for a seat, at the end of it. A success of this sort could scarcely be legitimate. It must be due to some managerial legerdemain and to a misdirected enthusiasm.

Perhaps if we knew all the circumstances, the building of the theatre at Baireuth would not appear to be a whim of arbitrariness. Years ago, the king of Bavaria desired to erect a theatre in Munich, on the hill over the Iser. He was so bitterly opposed in the location of the building by the citizens of Munich that he abandoned the purpose, and began the construction of a play-house to suit himself, elsewhere. The new theatre would have been so well adapted to Wagner's purposes that it may be doubted if Wagner would have set up his standard at Baireuth, if the Munich project had been carried out.

Yet it must be owned that the quaint little city, which owes so much of its romantic interest to Frederick's sister, the Margravine, has advantages in its very remotenesses and primitive conditions. The reason why Wagner's operas are enjoyed in Munich, and fail to please in Paris, is not that they are better presented in Munich; nor is the comparative failure in Paris due to the character of the operas, but rather to the atmosphere of Paris and the character of the audiences. Parsifal is scarcely better adapted to the meridian and the operatic traditions of Paris than is the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play.

It is Wagner's well-known theory of the opera that it should be something other than a series of airs, sung by one or two or several persons to the audience, with spaces or wastes of musical declamation between; with an orchestra merely by way of accompaniment, and a background of scenery that would indifferently fit a dozen plays, and a plot incoherent and without any special purpose. Whether Wagner is successful or not in reducing his theories to practice is still in dispute; but he attempts a production which has purpose and unity, and which excludes everything not consistent with the effects he aims at. A story is to be told, a lesson is to be taught, an impression is to be produced on the hearer and spectator; and to this impression the orchestra, the scenery, and the singing are of almost equal importance. Nothing is admitted that does not forward the general purpose, and the unity of the story is not broken by special appeals to the audience. The effort is made to impress and stimulate the imagination, and to engage the attention in the work as a whole rather than in certain lyrical and melodic details. Wagner desires to move in his audiences sentiments, fervors, aspirations, in particular directions. Why is it charlatanism in him to prepare conditions favorable to his purpose Why is it not legitimate that he should bring his audiences into such a state of mind, before the performance begins, that they are predisposed to enjoy the entertainment he offers. We know how much the appreciation of a poem depends upon the surroundings in which we read it or hear it. If Wagner has so contrived it that his audiences, arriving at the quiet and primitive city where he is almost

worshiped, regard themselves as pilgrims at a special festival, and are in a receptive state of mind before they enter the theatre; if the theatre itself and all the environments heighten this impression; and if, finally, the performance itself seems to them more like a spiritual drama than an opera, where is the charlatanism, even if it can be proved that the impression is largely due to the accessories of the music? If it is said that other great composers would not have resorted to such adventitious aids, I can only think that any composer would have liked to command the best conditions for the production of his compositions. It is of course possible that the crowds at Baireuth were victims of a delusion, and of skillful contrivance. I can answer for many of them that they would like to be deluded again in just that way.

When we arrived at the station in Baireuth, it was at once apparent that the town was *en fête*, and that its sole occupation was the Wagner festival. Our train, which had waited at the last junction to bring hundreds of passengers from the east, was an hour late; it was two o'clock in the afternoon, and the performance was to begin at four. The bustle at the station, the ubiquity of committee-men and town officials, the crowd of vehicles, of all the fashions of the present and the last century, the air of expectation and the excitement were evidence of the entire absorption of the town in the great event. An agricultural fair in a New England village, or a *Fiesta de Toros* in Spain, could not more stir a community into feverish and cheerful activity. If the arriving stranger, carpet-bag in hand, had not the freedom of the city, he had all the city to wait on him, answer his inquiries, and take interest in him as an intelligent and profitable pilgrim. We had secured our tickets by telegraph, and found them ready for us at the banker's. We had also applied to the burgomeister for accommodations for the night, and we found that a committee, in permanent session at the station, had already billeted our party at private houses, to which we were promptly dispatched. Everything was so perfectly systematized that the wayfaring man, though a Wagnerite, need not err therein, and our quarters turned out to be exceedingly comfortable, and given at moderate prices. All the private houses of the place appeared to be at the disposal of the committee, and offered without extortion. If the inhabitants were not all devoted to Wagner, they were devoted to his festival, and the master pervaded the town. The musical works of Richard Wagner were everywhere in sight, and in almost all the shop windows were photographs of Wagner, engravings of Wagner, busts of Wagner, statuettes of Wagner. The other chief objects for sale in the town were photographs of the characters in Parsifal. We liked the old town, at once for its quaintness and single-mindedness, and we admitted that there is only one Baireuth, and Wagner is its prophet.

The pilgrim to the shrine of Wagner is treated like a pilgrim. He is expected to be willing to put his devotion to a further test, after reaching the remote town; for the theatre is set on a hill, half a mile from the city, so that a carriage is needed for the majority of visitors, especially if the weather is rainy, as it was the day of our arrival, and as it was all last summer, four days out of five, in the German land. This hill places the spiritual drama one more remove from the bustle of the sinful world, and helps to isolate the performance from ordinary life. The theatre is an ungainly brick building, erected only with reference to the interior accommodations. The great bulk of the stage rises out of it in defiance of all architectural beauty. The auditorium is surrounded by an open corridor, from which there are entrances for every

three rows of seats. Each ticket indicates its entrance, so that the audience assembles and seats itself without confusion, and the house can be perfectly emptied in two minutes, without any danger of a rush or jam. The interior has been so often described that I need not enter into details. There are no proscenium boxes or side seats; the rows of chairs rise from the stage, spread out like a half-open fan, and at the back of the house are a row of private boxes; above them is a shallow gallery. Every part of the stage can be perfectly seen from every seat in the house. A low barrier rises before the front row of seats, separating the auditorium from the stage by a considerable space. In this sunken space, hidden completely from the audience, is the orchestra. The house is almost bare of decoration; only a cool gray color pervades, which is grateful to the senses. All the splendor is reserved for the stage, which is of immense proportions.

At four o'clock the fifteen hundred seats were filled, and a crowd of persons, said to be several hundred, occupied the standing-room in the rear. Most of the audience were standing, and the house was in a buzz of conversation and expectation. Suddenly, at the stroke of a stick behind the scenes, the audience seated itself; the doors were closed, excluding the light; the hall and the people were discernible only in an obscure twilight; a profound silence fell upon the house, indignantly enforced by a hissing "hushzz" directed at a careless whisperer; and at another signal the prelude began. The stillness was phenomenal, and so continued through the entire performance. I had an impression at the time that the audience was in a temper to lay violent hands on any one who should break the silence by any sound.

We sat in the luminous darkness, and the prelude began by the unseen orchestra. From the first note the music was striking; it portended something. It may have been because the players were concealed, but I seemed to hear not instruments, but music. And this music had a supernatural note, an unworldly, not to say a spiritual, suggestion. It rose and fell, more importunate than strident, in pleading, in warning, in entreaty. Whether it was good music or utterly impossible music I cannot say, owing to a constitutional and cultivated ignorance of musical composition; but it affected me now and again like the wind in a vast forest of pines on a summer day. It appealed to the imagination, it excited expectation, it begat an indefinable longing; and now and then a minor strain, full of sadness or of passion, suggested a theme, like the opening of a window into another world, — a theme which was to be renewed again and again in the drama, when it came to us like a reminiscence of some former life. When the prelude had been prolonged until the audience were brought up to the highest pitch of expectation, the great curtains were drawn aside, and the domain of the Knights of the Holy Grail, a peaceful, sunny land of forest, meadow, lake, and mountain, was disclosed.

The composer has made use of one of the earlier legends of the Grail, at the time when the cup was still in possession of the knights appointed to guard it. The cup which had been drained at the Passover feast and had received the holy blood at the cross was still safe; but the sacred spear, the spear of the cross, which the heavenly messenger had also committed to the knights, had been lost. It was in possession of Klingsor, a recreant knight, who inhabited pagan land, and had by magic transformed a waste desert into wonderful gardens, and created an enchanted castle, inhabited by women of charms infernal, who lured the knights to wicked joys and pains eternal. One of the victims was Amfortas, the king

of the knights, who had yielded to the temptations of Kundry, the temptress and the Magdalen of the play, a witch, who was in the power of Klingsor, and forced to do his bidding. When Amfortas fell into the wiles of this bewildering beauty, in one of his expeditions into pagan land, he was overpowered in his weakness, lost the sacred spear, and received a grievous wound in the side. Of this wound of sin he now languished. All the medicines of the world could not heal it; only in one way, by a man without sin, could he be cured. Meantime the spear was lost, and so long as this all-conquering weapon remained in the possession of the enemy, the cup itself was in danger. Klingsor vaunted his purpose to seize it. Kundry, at the opening of the drama, is a sort of impish servant and messenger of the knights, a wild, untrained nature, touched with remorse, but unable to repent or to free herself from the power of Klingsor, and full of unrest and contradictory passions.

The domain of the knights is represented by a charming scene, simulating nature so closely that the leaves are seen to quiver on the forest trees. To the audience, looking at it across an empty space and from a darkened room, it has the delusion of a tableau; but the figures in it seem the real inhabitants of some remote land of myth. Gurnemanz, an aged knight, is attended by two esquires. They are lamenting the sickness and wound of Amfortas, and the danger to the Grail from the loss of the holy spear. To them enters the wild witch Kundry, fantastically clad in a savage garb, with a snake-skin girdle, having a swarthy complexion, piercing black eyes, and black hair flowing in tangled disorder. She comes from the end of the earth, riding on the devil's mare, though, for once, not on the devil's errand. Her self-appointed mission has been to seek some balm for the wounded king, the victim of her wiles. She brings to Gurnemanz a balsam from far Arabia, though well she knows that no balsam can touch his wound. At this moment Amfortas is borne in on a litter, on the way to his bath in the sacred spring, the only alleviation of his suffering. The crystal flask containing the balsam is given to him, and Kundry is bidden to approach. But the wild maid draws away, tortured by a conscience half awakened, and struggling with the wickedness of her unsubdued, animal nature; held by the enchantment of Klingsor, and unable even to repent, but impelled by a blind notion of merit in good deeds to render service to the knights; restless, sleepless, pursued by demons, longing in her fitful despair only to sleep, and to sleep forever, — a lost soul in pitiful helplessness of human succor.

This thrilling scene, interpreted by the wailing and sympathetic orchestra, is at its height, when an interruption occurs that strikes all with new horror. A swan flutters from over a lake, strives to fly further, and sinks to the ground, dying, pierced by an arrow. It is the sacred swan. Who has committed this sacrilege? The murderer appears, a strong, rude hunter, clad in skins, his bow in hand. He is proud of his feat. He is accustomed, in the wilderness, to shoot whatever flies. This is Parsifal, the man of absolute nature, without sin and without virtue, as ignorant as he is innocent. It is with difficulty that he comprehends what he has done, and he slowly understands the woe and horror of the company. As moral sense begins to dawn in his dark mind, he is seized with violent trembling, and falls half fainting. He breaks his bow and casts it from him. Kundry, at sight of him, is as strongly moved as he. On the return of the train of the king from the bath, Gurnemanz asks Parsifal to accompany him to the holy feast. If thou art pure, he says, surely it will feed and refresh thee. What is the Grail? asks Parsifal. The guide cannot

say, but knowledge is not hidden to those who are bid to serve it; yet to it no earthly road leads, and no one not elected can see it. Gurnemanz lays Parsifal's arm on his own neck, and, supporting him with one arm, leads him away.

The two appear to be walking slowly through the forest to the left, pausing here and there in weariness. In fact, the scenery itself is moving to the right. The country changes its character. The forest becomes wilder and denser. The travelers make their way painfully, up steeps and amid rocks and fallen trees. The way is still more rocky and wild. Dark caverns yawn, and the trees are more fantastically savage. The music, ever graver, and ever recurring to the minor sadness, expresses toil, and the weariness of the way, and the difficulty of seeking. For moments, behind some giant rock or cluster of trees, the two are lost to view, and appear again, the red cloak of the knight glowing amid the dark green. As the travelers move on, the scene still changes. Touches of the artificial are seen. The caverns and passages in the rock have been enlarged and worked by man's hand. Here is trace of an arch, of cut stone, of a wall buttress. We are passing into the depths of the mountain, by a way in which nature has plainly been assisted. There is a faint sound of chimes; the orchestra itself is on the impatient point of disclosing the secret; there is a second in which all is obscure, and then, in a burst of light, stands revealed a mighty hall, vast as a giant cathedral. The aisles stretch away in dim perspective; the arches are supported on lofty columns of jasper, of *verde antique*, of alabaster, of all precious marbles; and above is a noble dome, blue and luminous with golden stars. From the dome streams the light; from it floats down the faint and fainter peal of the chiming bells. Beneath the dome stands a long horseshoe curved table, with the ends towards the audience, leaving the centre of the stage free. In the middle of this open background is a high table, like an altar, with steps leading up to it, and behind it is a raised couch, with a canopy. Upon the communion table are set tall silver cups.

From the far distance in the aisle the knights, clad in robes of scarlet, enter in slow and stately procession, moving with reverence and dignity, and chanting as they approach the table and take their places; from the middle height of the hall come the responsive voices of younger knights; and then down from the very summit of the dome float boys' voices. So angels might hail the supper of our Lord, leaning over the gold bars of heaven. Immediately, from the other aisle, enters a procession of equal solemnity and splendor: the bearers of Amfortas on his litter, the servitors of the holy supper, and the angelic boys who carry and sustain, under its covering, the sacred cup. But for the intense solemnity of the scene, one must note the marvelous skill with which every detail of it, in form and color, has been composed. But it is only afterwards that we vividly recall this. The bearers of the cup are less earthly than Raphael's angels, from whom they may have been copied. And it never occurs to you that they are stage angels. The whole scene, so necessarily theatrical in description, does not impress the spectator so; the art of color and grouping is too perfect, the solemnity is too real. Amfortas is borne to the couch behind the altar. The holy vessel is deposited before him. The servitors attend with baskets of bread and tall silver flagons. At one side, near the entrance of the hall, stands Parsifal, clad in sheep-skin, as rigid as a stone, a mute and awe-struck spectator of the scene.

Amfortas, stricken with disease and sin, shrinks from performing the ordinance. At length, urged by the voices

from heaven, by the knights, and by the command of his aged father, he feebly rises. The boys uncover the golden shrine, and take out of it the cup of the Grail, an antique crystal cup. As Amfortas bows over it in silent prayer, a gloom spreads through the room; a ray of light shoots from above upon the cup, which begins to glow with a purple lustre. When Amfortas raises it and holds it high, it burns like a ruby, — it is the Holy Grail. In the dusk the knights are kneeling and worshiping it. When he sets it down the glow fades, the boys replace the cup in the shrine, and the natural light returns to the hall. The goblets are then seen to be filled with wine, and by each is a piece of bread. At intervals in the progress of the supper alternative voices of youths and boys from the heights chant in response to the solemn chorus of the knights, and finally down from the dome comes the benediction, "Blessed believing." During the repast, of which Amfortas has not partaken, he sinks from his momentary exaltation, the wound in his side opens afresh, and he cries out in agony. Hearing the cry, Parsifal clutches his heart, and seems to share his agony, but otherwise he stands motionless. The supper over, Amfortas and the sacred shrine are borne away. The knights rise; and as they pass out, and meet, two and two, at the ends of the table, they tenderly embrace, with the kiss of peace and reconciliation, and slowly depart in the order in which they came. To the last Parsifal gazes in wonder; and when his guide comes to speak to him, he is so dazed that Gurnemanz, losing all patience at his unresponsive stupidity, pushes him out of the door, and spurns him for a fool. The curtains sweep together, and shut us out from the world that had come to seem to us more real than our own.

For a moment we sat in absolute silence, a stillness that had been unbroken during the whole performance. There was not a note of applause, not a sound. The impression was too profound for expression. We felt that we had been in the presence of a great spiritual reality. I have spoken of this as the impression of a scene. Of course it is understood that this would have been all an empty theatrical spectacle but for the music, which raised us to such heights of imagination and vision. For a moment or two, as I say, the audience sat in silence; many of them were in tears. Then the doors were opened; the light streamed in. We all arose, with no bustle and hardly a word spoken, and went out into the pleasant sunshine. It was almost a surprise to find that there was a light of common day. We walked upon the esplanade, and looked off upon the lovely view: upon the old town; upon the Sophienberg and the Volsbach forests in the Franconian Jura; upon the peaceful meadows and the hills, over which the breaking clouds were preparing a golden sunset. We did not care to talk much. The spell was not broken. How long, I asked a lady, do you think we were in there? An hour, nearly, she thought. We had been in the theatre nearly two hours. It was then six o'clock.

On the esplanade are two large and well-appointed restaurants, adjuncts to the theatre, and in a manner necessary to it. Wagner understands how much the emotional enjoyment and the intellectual appreciation depend upon the physical condition, and he has taken pains to guard his audiences against both hunger and weariness. During the half-hour interval that elapsed between the first and the second act, the guests were perfectly refreshed by a leisurely stroll in the open air, by the charming view, by the relaxation of their intense absorption, by a cup of coffee or a drop of amber and perhaps Wagnerian beer, or by a substantial supper. When the notes of a silver

trumpet summoned us back to our seats, we were in a mood to enjoy the play again with all the zest of the first hour.

The second act is of the earth, earthy, and less novel than the first to opera-goers, accustomed to spectacles, ballets, and the stage seductions of the senses. It is the temptation of Parsifal, who has begun his novitiate. The temptation is wholly of the senses and the passions. The scene is the magic castle and the enchanting gardens of the magician Klingsor, — a scene of entrancing but theatrical beauty. The magician is discovered seated in the dungeon keep of his tower, surrounded by the implements of magic. In the background is the mouth of a black pit. Casting something into it, he summons Kundry. A cloud of smoke arises from the pit, growing luminous and warming into rosy color; and suddenly from the chasm rises a most beautiful female form, enveloped in a gauzy tissue, and flushed with rosy light. It is Kundry, no longer in her aspect of witch, but surpassingly lovely; and yet as unhappy as lovely, and responding to the summons of her master with a cry and look of agony. She is bidden to undertake the temptation of Parsifal, who has been seen from the ramparts approaching the castle. She refuses. Her whole nature abhors the office. But yield she must to the power of the charm. Yield she must, and exercise all her power of fascination and seduction, though she knows that it is only by the resistance of her blandishments that salvation can be hers. She knows that only by meeting and being resisted by a sinless one can her own sin be cured, and yet she is forced to put forth all her efforts to secure her own ruin and his.

With a gesture of protest and despair, she vanishes as she came. The tower and the cavern sink away, and in place appear, filling all the vast stage, a tropical garden, and the battlements and terraces of an Arabian castle. Parsifal stands upon the wall, looking down upon the scene in astonishment. From all sides, from the garden and the palace, rush in groups of lovely damsels, arranging themselves in haste, as if waked from sleep. Each one in her dress represents some flower. They are awaiting Parsifal, and as he descends they surround him, and envelop him, and distract him with their voluptuous charms. When their blandishments fail (although the music pleads in all sensuous excitement) to arouse in the pure youth anything more than perplexity and wonder, the maidens leave him in disgust, and with the appearance of the ravishingly beautiful Kundry the dangerous temptation begins.

Gorgeous as is the scene, and opulent as are the female charms of this second act, there is yet something of the cheap and common about it, — tawdry splendors, easily seen to be the stock gorgeousness and the painted temptations of the stage. This seemed to me an ethical mistake in the drama. Such a man as Parsifal should have been approached, to his ruin, with subtler and less gross allurements than these. At least, the guileless nature of Parsifal would have appeared to the audience in more danger of being seduced from his knighthood by the appeals of beauty to his pity, to his sympathy, for an innocent and simple maiden, beset by dangers, and coming to him for aid and comfort; approaching him through his higher qualities, and flattering him into forgetfulness of his mission in the names of virtue and compassionate love. The devil of modern society appears to understand these things better than the traditional devil whom Wagner consulted for this scene. The audience feels from the first that the open solicitations of Kundry must fail, and that Parsifal is in little danger, even when she bends over him and impresses upon his lips a kiss of a duration so long that the spectator is tempted to time it with his watch, like the passage through

a railway tunnel. From this embrace, at any rate, Parsifal starts up in intense terror, clasping his hand to his side, as if he felt the spear-wound of Amfortas. I need not detail the struggle and the passion that follow. Failing in this first appeal, the maiden, too late in his aroused suspicion, pleads for his love, in that it alone can save her; his love alone can redeem and pardon her. He resists also this more subtle temptation. "Eternally should I be damned with thee, if for an hour I forgot my holy mission." In rage at her final failure, when Parsifal spurns her as a detestable wretch, Kundry curses him, and calls for help. The damsels rush in. Klingsor appears upon the battlement, with the holy spear in his hand; he hurls it at Parsifal; but the spear remains floating above the latter's head. Parsifal grasps it with tremulous joy, waves it, and makes with it the sign of the cross. Instantly the enchantment is broken: down tumble towers and castle walls; the garden vanishes; the leaves and branches of the trees strew the earth; the damsels lie on the ground like shriveled flowers; and Kundry falls insensible, and lies amid the ruins and the waste of the original desert.

In the background rises a path up a sunny slope to a snow mountain. Purity and nature have taken the place of the baleful enchantment. Parsifal turns from the top of the broken wall, over which he disappears, to look upon the ruin as the curtain closes.

When the act ended, the audience, still under the spell of the music, which had at the end risen out of its soft and siren strains into a burst of triumph and virile exaltation, sat, as before, silent for a moment. Then it rose *en masse*, and turned to the high box in the rear, where, concealed behind his friends, Wagner sat, and hailed him with a long tempest of applause. The act had lasted less than an hour. It was followed by an intermission of three quarters of an hour, which gave the audience time for supper, and for the refreshment of a stroll and the soothing effects of the charming view in the fading sunlight.

In the third and last act we return to the high themes of the first; the touching minor strains of the prelude recur again and again, soothing the spirit agitated by the period of storm and stress. The conflict is over. We have passed through the regions of tumult and passion; we have escaped out of the hot-house air of temptation. Penitence is possible, and through suffering peace is dawning with forgiveness in the torn and troubled heart. The orchestra declares it, and the scene upon which the curtain rises is the sweet and restful domain of the Grail in the spring-time of the year. On the edge of the forest, built against a rock, is a hermitage; a spring is near it, and beyond stretch flowery meadows. It is the dawn of day, the sky reddening before the coming of the sun, when Gurnemanz, now extremely aged and feeble, emerges from the hut. Attracted by moaning in the thicket, he moves aside the branches, and discovers Kundry, cold and stiff, lying in the hedge of thorns, which is little better than her grave. He drags forth the nearly lifeless form, bears her to a mound, chafes her hands and temples, calls her back to life with the news that the winter has fled and the spring has come. Slowly the maiden revives, gazes at him in wonder, and then adjusts her dress and hair, and without a word goes like a serving-maid to her work.

To Kundry has come a wonderful transformation. The wildness has gone from her mien and from her eyes; into her face has come the soft, indescribable light of penitence, and a transcendent spiritual beauty. She is no longer the fiery witch, full of disordered passion, contempt, and impish malevolence; she is no longer the houri of the enchanted garden, with the charms of the siren and the bewildering allurements of

Venus Aphrodite. Clad in the simple brown garb of the penitent Magdalen, subdued and humble, every movement and gesture and her sad, lovely face proclaim inward purity and longing for forgiveness. When Gurnemanz upbraids her for her silence and thanklessness for her rescue from deathly slumber, she bows her head, as she moves towards the hut, and in a broken voice murmurs, "Service, service!" — her only exclamation in all the act.

Kundry comes from the hut, and goes towards the spring with her water-pot. Looking into the wood, she sees some one approaching, and calls Gurnemanz's attention to the comer. A knight, in complete black armor, weary and worn, bruised with conflict and dusty with travel, slowly and feebly draws near, with closed helmet and lowered spear. It is Parsifal. Gurnemanz, who does not recognize him, hails him with friendly greeting. Parsifal only shakes his head. To all inquiries he is silent, and he is still speechless when Gurnemanz asks him if he does not know what holy day has dawned; that it is the hallowed Good-Friday morn, when he should doff his armor, and trouble no more the Master who has died for us.

After an interval, in which the music of the orchestra pleads as for a lost world, Parsifal rises, thrusts his spear into the ground, places against it his great shield and sword, unbraces and removes his helmet, and then, kneeling, raises his eyes in silent prayer towards the spear's head. Gurnemanz beckons to Kundry, who had gone within the hut. Do you not know him? Kundry assents with a nod. Surely, 't is he, — the fool whom I drove in anger from the hall of the knights. In great emotion Gurnemanz recognizes the holy spear. Kundry turns away her sad and longing face. After his devotions are ended, Parsifal rises, and, gazing calmly around, recognizes Gurnemanz, and knows where he is. The murmur of this forest, falling on his tired senses, gives him hope that he has come to the end of his journey of error and suffering. He has sought the path that would lead him to the wounded Amfortas, to whose healing he believed himself ordained; but hitherto that path has been denied him, and he has wandered at random, driven by a curse, through countless distresses and battles, — wounded in every fight, since he was not fit to use the holy spear which he bore, undefiled, by his side. The ancient knight assures him that he has come to the Grail's domain, where the knightly band awaits him, with great need of the blessing he brings. Amfortas is still struggling with the tortures of his wound; the shrine of the Holy Grail has long remained shrouded; the Holy Supper is no longer celebrated; the strength of the knights is withered, for want of this holy bread; and summoned no more to holy warfare in far countries, they wander pale, dejected, and lacking a leader; and Titurel, the old commander, to whom was first committed the cup and the spear, the father of Amfortas, hopeless of ever beholding again the refulgence of the Grail, has just expired.

Parsifal hears this with intense anguish, and laments that he has brought all this woe, since some heinous guilt must still cling to him that no atonement or expiation can banish, and that he who was selected to save men must wander undirected, and miss the path of safety. He is about to fall, when Gurnemanz supports him, and seats him on a grassy knoll. Kundry, in anxious haste, brings a basin of water; but Gurnemanz waves her off, saying that only the pilgrim's bath can wash away his stains; and they turn him about to the edge of the spring. While Gurnemanz takes off his corselet and the rest of his heavy armor, Kundry, kneeling, removes the greaves from his legs, and bathes his feet in the healing spring. The armor removed, Parsifal appears clad in a soft

white tunic, with a cord about the waist, and his long, light hair, in wavy masses, flows back upon his neck. There is no mistaking the likeness, in this meek and noble face and figure. Shall I straight be guided to Amfortas? asks Parsifal, wearily. Surely, says Gurnemanz, we go at once to the obsequies of the beloved chief. The Grail will be again uncovered, and the long-neglected office be performed. As the knight speaks, Parsifal observes, with wonder, Kundry humbly washing his feet, and gazes on her with a tender compassion. Taking water in the hollow of his hand, Gurnemanz sprinkles his head. Blessed be thou, pure one. Care and sin are driven from thee! Kundry, from a golden flask, pours oil upon Parsifal's feet, and dries them with the long tresses of her black hair, which she has unbound for the purpose. Then Parsifal takes from her the flask, and desires Gurnemanz to anoint his head; for he is that day to be appointed king. Gurnemanz, pouring the oil, declares him their king, and the rescuer from sin. And thus I fulfill my duty, murmurs Parsifal, as he, unperceived, scoops water from the spring, and, stooping to the kneeling and heart-broken Kundry, sprinkles her head. "Be thou baptized, and trust in the Redeemer." Kundry bows her head to the earth, and weeps uncontrollably. As Parsifal raises both hands, the fingers of one extended in blessing, we recognize the figure and very attitude of our Lord in that famous old painting, where he is seated, blessing little children. The Magdalen, shaken with penitence, and yet weeping for joy, is cast at his feet. The aged knight stands in solemn rapture. The scene is inexpressibly touching. The music is full of pathos and solemn sympathy.

How fair the fields and meadows seem to-day! exclaims Parsifal, gazing with gentle enjoyment upon the landscape. This is Good-Friday's spell, my lord! exclaims Gurnemanz. The sad, repentant tears of sinners have besprinkled field and plain with holy dew, and made them glow with beauty. As Gurnemanz discourses of the redemption of man and nature, the transformed Kundry slowly raises her head, and gazes with moist eyes and beseeching look, out of which all earthly passion has completely gone, up to Parsifal. Thou weepest. See! the landscape gloweth, he gently says, and, stooping, softly kisses her brow. Who would recognize in the pure, sweet, spiritual face of this forgiven sinner the temptress of the gardens? I know not how this whole scene may appear in the coldness of description, but I believe that there was no one who witnessed it, and heard the strains of melting music which interpreted it, who was not moved to the depths of his better nature, or for a moment thought that the drama passed the limits of propriety.

The pealing of distant bells is heard growing louder. Gurnemanz brings a coat of mail and the mantle of the Knights of the Holy Grail, with which Parsifal is invested. The landscape changes. The wood gradually disappears, as the three march on in silence; and when they are hidden behind the rocky entrances of the caverns, processions of mourning knights appear in the arched passages. The bells peal ever louder, and soon the great hall is disclosed. From one side the knights bear in the bier of Titurel, and from the other the litter of Amfortas, preceded by the attendants with the covered shrine of the Grail. The effects of color and grouping are marvelous; and to eyes familiar with the sacred paintings of the masters, almost every figure and dress is a reminiscence of some dear association. The angelic loveliness of the bearers of the shrine, however, surpasses any picture, as much as life transcends any counterfeit of it.

At the sight of the body of Titurel there is a cry of distress, in which Am-

fortas joins ; and the knights press upon the latter, urging him to uncover the shrine and do his office. With a cry of despair he disengages himself, tears open his mantle and discloses the wound, and invokes the knights to bury their swords in his breast, and kill at one stroke the sinner and his pain. At this moment, Parsifal, who has entered, with his attendants, unperceived, starts forward, and, stretching out his spear point, touches the wounded side. Only the weapon that struck can staunch thy wounded side. Amfortas, who feels himself instantly healed, can scarcely support himself, for joyful rapture. As Parsifal raises high the spear, the shining point is red as blood, and the whole assembly, falling upon their knees, adore it. Parsifal assumes the kingship, takes his place behind the altar, and commands the cup of the Grail to be uncovered. Taking it in his hand, and raising it on high, the crystal burns again like a ruby ; from the dome a white dove descends, and hovers over him ; Kundry — peace at last, stricken soul ! — falls dying ; the knights are gazing upward in rapture ; and out of the heights come down soft and hardly audible voices in a chant of benediction.

It was nine o'clock when we went out into the still lingering twilight. I, for one, did not feel that I had assisted at an opera, but rather that I had witnessed some sacred drama, perhaps a modern miracle play. There were many things in the performance that separated it by a whole world from the opera, as it is usually understood. The drama had a noble theme ; there was unity of purpose throughout, and unity in the orchestra, the singing, and the scenery. There were no digressions, no personal excursions of singers, exhibiting themselves and their voices, to destroy the illusion. The orchestra was a part of the story, and not a mere accompaniment. The players never played, the singers never sang, to the audience. There was not a solo, duet, or any concerted piece " for effect." No performer came down to the foot-lights and appealed to the audience, expecting an encore. No applause was given, no encores were asked, no singer turned to the spectators. There was no connection or communication between the stage and the audience. Yet I doubt if singers in any opera ever made a more profound impression, or received more real applause. They were satisfied that they were producing the effect intended. And the composer must have been content when he saw the audience so take his design as to pay his creation the homage of rapt appreciation due to a great work of art.

Charles Dudley Warner.

A PARALLEL.

A GRAPE seed, in the new red wine afloat,
Put endless pause to blithe Anacreon's note ;
Thus, antic Death, with light and sportive hand,
The pampered life from out its flower-nook fanned.
But tragic Otway, stung by hunger's thrust,
In breaking fast, was choked upon a crust ;
Still antic Death ! — to make the prop of life
Serve the same end as fatal cord or knife !

Edith M. Thomas.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

XI.

A GEORGIA YANKEE.

We reach the East again at Columbus, Georgia, coming up from the Southwest, and even at Montgomery, Alabama, begin to feel that we are approaching a region very unlike the one we are leaving behind us. There are more trains on the railroads, and they make better time, and many things indicate greater progress and prosperity. As I came into the State I met a man who introduced himself to me as a "Georgia Yankee," and I heard the phrase in various places. It is used to describe native Georgians who are making money in business, — "getting ahead," as this man expressed it, with an unusual precision of pronunciation. He was a partner in a large jewelry firm in an important Northern city, and had often visited New York, Philadelphia, and other places in the North. He was strongly impressed by the fact that so many Northern men have wealth and business ability, who, from their want of intelligence, and their rudeness and vulgarity of speech and manners, would be supposed to belong to the class of "low-down" white people. He had been the means of making a considerable disturbance in the office of the Northern house, one day, during a recent business visit there. He was telling some Southern story to the two or three gentlemen at the desks, who all laughed heartily at its conclusion. But the head clerk or book-keeper, who was also present, remarked, "You need n't think you 're going to stuff us with such stories as that, in this part of the country. That may do to tell down South, but up this way the people know too much to believe it;" whereupon the Georgia man knocked him down. The spectators were startled by the suddenness of the commotion, but it was soon over. "The fellow apologized handsomely; in fact, went all to pieces; said he had no intention of giving offense, he did n't think of my taking it so seriously, and so on; and they all said I must not mind such things, it was only a joke, and much more to the same effect. It may be a good joke in the North to tell a man he lies, but I was not raised that way."

A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN.

After this I had another conversation on the same train. I asked the brakeman something about the country ahead of us, and when he answered that he did not know, but would find out for me, a lady on the next seat gave me the information I had sought; and when I thanked her for her courtesy, she went on to tell me many things about the country and the people, the war, and the old order of things and the new. She was married, just before the beginning of the war, to a young man who afterward became a colonel in the Confederate army. He was wounded at Kenesaw Mountain, and died a few months after the close of the war from the effects of this injury. His property had been chiefly in slaves. There had been some debts, no large ones, and she gave up the plantation and all the property which remained, and so paid them. There was nothing left. She had a little daughter, was in excellent health, and knew "how to do a good many kinds of work;" having learned and practiced them in a mere romping, "tom-boy" spirit when she was a young girl. Taking her child with her, she went to one of the principal cities of Georgia, and called on the leading ladies of society there, asking for advice as to what pur-

suit or employment a young woman in her situation might honorably and without loss of womanly dignity engage in, as a means for her maintenance and the education of her daughter. They advised her to enter a millinery establishment and learn the business, as the first step. She did so, and had now a large store of her own in the same city. She gave her daughter a good education, and had recently had the satisfaction of marrying her to one of the chief merchants of the place.

I was afterward in her store, which she showed to me with due and reasonable pride. There were about a dozen young women at work in it, most of them in a pleasant, airy apartment in the rear of the salesroom. "I employ none but girls who wish to learn the business thoroughly," she said, "and girls that intend to be ladies, and will behave themselves as such. I can recommend these girls for business and for good character, and when they leave me they generally go into business for themselves in some of the country towns." I asked her if they were all of Southern birth; and she said they were, most of them being the children of old and prominent families, which were broken up by the war. There were also many such girls in the dry-goods and other stores as saleswomen, of late. She thought it entirely right and commendable for a young woman to support herself by such employment, but regretted its necessity, which seemed to me a very reasonable view of the matter. She told me that when she reached the city which is now her home, long ago, at the beginning of her efforts to make a living for herself, she had just ten dollars in her pocket, all she possessed in the world. Now, she said, her daughter and son-in-law wished her to give up the store, and she had enough to make her comfortable and independent for the rest of her days; but she preferred to work, for the greater pleasure of it, and for the chance which it gave her to help so many young girls.

She thought that the freedom of her early life had been of great benefit to her. Her father was a wealthy planter, and when she was not in school she was her own mistress. She employed her leisure in riding the wildest colts she could find, and in hunting, "taking a negro boy along to tote the gun." She did not think she ever killed many birds; "but then, neither did the young men who told such stories of their exploits." Relatives and friends remonstrated, insisting that such recreations were not suitable for a young lady; but her father and the family physician always agreed that she should not be interfered with, saying, "She will be worth a dozen of your fine young ladies, who can't get over a fence or off a horse without assistance." She would have liked to join in fox-hunting on a good horse, but her father said it would not be safe; she was too reckless. Her active out-of-door life in her youth had given her great vitality and power of endurance.

She had a number of friends among the Northern people in the city, and said they were not very different from Southerners, "when you get acquainted with them. But they are not so easy to get acquainted with as our people." Northern people were rather restless. "They don't seem so easy, or as if they were so happy, as our folks here." She thought it a good thing for both whites and blacks that slavery was abolished, and that it was "a pity the blacks were ever brought here, in the first place. Most of them will naturally be underlings, and it is not good to have the two races together." In experience, ideas, and spirit this woman was a good representative of many of her sex in the South.

"NO MORE DIXIE IN MINE."

As we ran along through the pine forests in Georgia, one morning, I was

interested in the conversation of three or four gentlemen just across the aisle from where I sat. They were evidently old friends, but one of them had not seen the others, as it appeared, for a year or two. They were talking over "old times" in a merry, cordial mood, with reminiscences of the war, mingled with discussions of the prospects of cotton-planting and of the Cotton Exposition at Atlanta in the autumn, the sales of land in various places, the industrial condition and improvement of the negroes, etc. At a little way-station a group of Italian musicians came in, with harp, violin, and tambourine, and at once began to play. The music was rather loud, and drowned conversation. They gave us several melodies, the young people in the car keeping their feet in motion to the time of the music. Yankee Doodle was played, and then Dixie. When this piece was finished one of the gentlemen opposite exclaimed, "Why, major! Why don't you throw up your hat and cheer? I never knew you to listen to Dixie without making some fuss over it." The major looked grave, and replied, "Well, I've been thinking over all this nonsense a good deal for a year or two back, and I conclude that I've had enough of it. The war 's over, an' I 'm a-makin' money now. If anybody wants to steam up on politics, on one side or the other, let 'em. I don't care a damn who 's in, nor who 's out. No more Dixie in mine!" The others set up a shout of laughter, after which they each gave something to the small musician who came around with the tambourine.

A SOUTHERN EDITOR.

I found one man, an editor, at Meridian, Mississippi, who seemed more "solid" than any one else I saw in the South; and I was somewhat inclined to think that he and a few others like him might constitute the whole of the "solid South," of which I had heard so much. This gentleman was troubled by the "vulgarity" of Northerners, or of the Northern character. He said that if we would only send "gentlemen" to the South he would be glad to welcome them; but so many Northern men were low and sordid, and "were never in a gentleman's house in their lives," and when they came to the South they made people think they were representative Northern men. I told him we could not well afford to send all our best people to the South, as we needed them at home. I admitted that we had not so many gentlemen, or really superior citizens, in the North as we should like to have, and that there are traits in the character of many Northerners which are not wholly admirable; but suggested that my travels had given me the impression that in these matters the North and South were much alike. "Are Southern men all, or generally, gentlemen of the highest character?"

Then followed a long and rambling talk, interesting, but too diffuse to be reproduced here. This man was not a politician, nor was he in any way, I thought, a bad fellow. He had good intentions, and some excellent personal qualities. But he was young, and he cherished an absurd worship and regret for some features of the old *régime* in the South. He would not have slavery back; but he was repelled by the harsh, practical, vulgar features of the advancing new order of things. He had studied "Northern character" (if, as he insisted, there is such a thing, as distinct from Southern character) only from a distance, and he saw only the lower or worse side of our society and civilization. Much that he said about Northern people was true, but was not the whole truth. He and a very few men like him — at least I could find very few — were doing the South ill service, as I suppose they had done for some years before. Every now and then he wrote something which "fired the North-

ern heart" beautifully. He uttered absurdities enough in two hours to supply material for anti-Southern speeches for a whole political campaign in the Northern States. I could not see that such men had any considerable influence in the South, at the time of my visit. Leading Southern men — democrats — everywhere warned me against them, and said they were fools. I found no elderly man among them. They were — those whom I saw — all of them impracticable, romantic young sentimentalists, and all of them were editors.

As I was leaving this gentleman, I said, "I wish you would take hold and help us with the new order of things. I am rather sorry for those who feel as you do." "Thank you," said he, "but the sympathy of our conquerors is galling sometimes." "Oh, no," I laughingly replied, "do not feel conquered. That seems a little absurd under the circumstances, and so long after the fight." He was a rather engaging young fellow, but he somehow reminded me of a young Confederate officer whom I once met on a battle-field in Virginia, a few hours after a hard fight. Our forces had captured the enemy's stores, and I was engaged with a detail of men opening boxes and packages, and taking account of the property, when this officer, a prisoner, who was helping the rebel surgeons in the care of their own wounded in a tent near by, came up, and said, "You have no right to meddle with these things, sir." "Why not, sir?" I asked. "Because they are the property of the Confederate States of America, sir." "Then why don't the Confederate States of America take care of their property?" I inquired. The old order of things in the South has gone the way of the other property of the Confederate States of America.

PIRATICAL MERCHANTS.

One of the worst features of the condition of things in the South I found in the character and methods of a large number of men, who were selling goods in the smaller towns and villages, and at the "cross-roads" and landings almost everywhere. They were mostly foreigners or Northern men, but in some parts of the country a few native Southerners were taking up the same kind of business, as good Southern citizens now and then confessed to me with shame. These merchants, or "store-keepers," were commonly as rapacious as pirates, wholly destitute of principle, conscience, and honesty. I do not mean that all the "small merchants" or dealers in country places in the South are of this character; but the class is a very large one, and has its representatives in every State. These men are growing rich faster than any other class in the Southern States. They sell goods to the negroes and poor whites at two hundred or three hundred per cent. profit, and very often they simply take all that a man has. A large part of their business is conducted in the following way: A dealer of this class makes an agreement during the winter with a negro or white laborer to "run" him for the season. That is, the merchant furnishes the "small planter" with all his provisions and supplies of every kind for the spring, summer, and autumn, agricultural implements, and everything needed, on credit; all these things to be paid for out of the crop, when it is matured and gathered.

Each merchant may thus supply, or "run," a dozen, twenty, or fifty men. During the summer, and all the time the crop is growing, the dealer rides about the country and inspects each man's fields, or sends some competent man to do it, so that he can estimate the probable product. An experienced judge can do this very accurately. When the cotton is ready to be picked, the merchant knows almost exactly how much has been produced by each man that he has "run." All along through the sea-

son he has of course entered on his books each article furnished to the planters; and now he goes over his books, and sets down the price, the amount which the customer is to be required to pay for it; and the prices are so arranged that the aggregate charged for the season's supplies will exactly take the planter's whole crop. The laborer is thus left, at the end of the season, absolutely penniless.

There are often stormy scenes on "settling-day." Such a merchant will submit without resistance to the bitterest cursing a wronged, disappointed, and enraged negro can utter. Often there would be violence, but that the merchant is armed and his dupe is cowed. The end or result of it all is, usually, that the dealer makes the man a cheap, showy present, and arranges to "run" him again the next year. But sometimes, when a negro is concerned, the outcome is different. The merchant buys cotton. In many cases he has a gin of his own, or a cotton-press. This gives the wronged, helpless negro an opportunity for revenge. The gin or press is fired, some dark night; there is a deduction from the dealer's profits for the year; the negroes of the region exult among themselves; and there is a new "political outrage" — or there was, when these were useful — for the newspapers and politicians.

In Norfolk, Virginia, I saw a company of country people bringing into the city the products of their farms, — dressed hogs, fowls, eggs, etc. There were perhaps a dozen or fifteen carts and wagons, several of them driven by women. All appeared to be simple, kindly, shy people, somewhat frightened by the noises and "ways" of the city. One woman had three or four fine fat hogs. Half a dozen hucksters came about her, asking prices and endeavoring to buy. One was a most repulsive-looking young man, who evidently thought to show himself a superior person by being insolent and abusive to these country people. He made an offer, in loud and boisterous tones, of a particular sum for the hogs; and when the woman hesitated, as if making some mental calculation, and evidently a little confused by his violence, he cursed her, telling her that she was a fool not to agree to his offer at once. Then he repeated the amount he had named over and over again; and on her remaining silent, he insisted that she had thereby signified her consent to trade on his terms. This she denied, and then he poured out a flood of most foul and violent abuse, even threatening the woman with arrest and imprisonment for violating a contract, though he had done all the talking himself. The woman's neighbors were evidently afraid of the fellow, but one of them ventured to remonstrate against such treatment of a woman, when the dealer ordered him to shut his mouth if he did not want a good kicking, and the man obeyed. I longed to knock the rascal down, but reflected that I was only an observer, and that, though knocking him down might make the affair more picturesque, it would not add to the real value of my report. This was one of the first things which I encountered at the beginning of my journey through the Southern States, and I afterward saw a great many similar occurrences. The poorer class of white people throughout the South are generally good and kind, with many lovable qualities, but they have so little power of self-assertion, or self-defense, that everybody is insolent to them. They are far more helpless and abject, usually, than the negroes. But they are so human, so domestic; and they are among the few people left, in this modern world of ours, to whom the old-fashioned virtue of humility still belongs. They have for me a pathetic interest, as representatives of a type which is rapidly becoming extinct in our country, and, I suppose, in most or all of the "highly civilized" countries of the world.

AMERICANIZING MEXICO.

I heard much interesting talk among business men in Texas about their interest and plans regarding land and investments in Mexico. They often spoke of the old feeling of men of a certain type in Texas, in favor of the conquest of certain portions of Mexico. They said that all such ideas were out of date; that, while some men would doubtless like to be camp followers of an invading army, the day of the sword had gone by, and money had now become the ruling force in national affairs and relations. "The world now belongs," they said, "not to the soldier, but to the far-seeing business man. Our money will buy anything we want in Mexico. There is some good land there, and we shall buy it. We shall develop the best portions of the country, and by and by we shall own and occupy it. We shall Americanize as much of Mexico as we want, constructing and operating railroads, working mines, establishing manufactures, supplying the markets, and introducing our improved methods of agriculture. There is no law or treaty against such an invasion as that, is there?"

"But what about the rough and disorderly condition of society, and the insecurity of property in that country?" I asked.

"Oh, that will soon settle itself," was the reply. "The people steal because they are poor, and they are lazy because there is nothing to do. Whenever there is property there worth taking care of, it will be secure enough; and the people who will not work will move on into the poorer regions of the country."

Several gentlemen told me that they were disposing of some of their property in Texas, and were investing more and more of their means in Mexico. They said, "The national debt is practically already paid off, and there will be no more bonds at a high rate of interest. Great industrial enterprises will now be the most profitable investments, and business knows nothing about boundary lines."

THE SURVIVAL OF SLAVERY.

I was strongly impressed by the general hardness and unsympathetic feeling of Northern men living in the South regarding the negroes. Native Southerners of character and position do not often appear to feel unkindly toward black men, though of course they often regard them contemptuously, and fail to treat them as they ought. But Northern men who had gone South since the war almost universally (those whom I saw) spoke of the negro with great harshness, — with a kind of cold hatred, and what I should call cruelty. I saw and heard so much of this, that would have before appeared incredible, that it gave me sometimes a kind of nightmare fear that residence in the South might transform the most philanthropic abolitionist into a tyrant of merciless severity. Some interesting questions are suggested here, but I have not time to discuss them.

Near Vicksburg I found a planter from Minnesota, who worked many negroes. I asked him about their quality as laborers, and he replied that they were almost worthless, "unless you whip them well." "How do you mean that you whip them?" I asked. "Do you fight with them, and whip them because you are the best man, as white men fight in Minnesota?" "Oh, no," said he contemptuously; "go at them with a club, or a heavy whip-stock, knock them down, and beat them, as you would a mule." "But I thought the day for that was over, in this country. I should think they would leave you. Why do they not go away, — go to some other man, or out of this region?" "Oh, well, they do go away to the woods for a day or two, sometimes. But what can they do? Their families are here, and they

don't know where to go. Besides, I should n't let 'em go, if I did n't want to. The dogs would soon find 'em." "Then," I said, "I would kill you." At this he laughed sneeringly, and replied, "Mebbe you would, but you ain't a nigger. A nigger 's just in his place when he has a white man to drive him, an' they always need knockin' down occasionally." He went on to say that he had found out that only the harsh slaveholders made money in the old times. "An' that 's the right way now; work 'em to death, an' git more. There 's plenty of 'em." On my expressing my abhorrence, he said, "You would n't be here a year till you would say the same things. All Northern men talk just as you do when they first come down here. I did myself. My father was a red-hot abolitionist; but I tell you a nigger has no affection, no gratitude, no heart. Every one of 'em will steal. They understand nothing but a club."

In Mississippi I found a republican official who hired prisoners from the authorities, and employed them in various kinds of labor. The convicts worked under guard, and occasionally some of them would try to escape. Most of them were negroes. When they ran away, the employer and his guards chased them with dogs, using a pack of hounds to follow by the scent. These will not attack the fugitive, but they are accompanied by a powerful and ferocious "catch-dog," that will tear a man in pieces in a few minutes, if the flying, hunted wretch is unable to ascend a tree before the terrible brute is upon him. Just before I was in that neighborhood a runaway negro convict had played a shrewd trick which enabled him to make good his escape, for that time at least. Hearing the hounds on his trail, he struck across the country for the railroad. When he reached it the dogs were in plain sight across the fields, and were rapidly gaining on him. Half a mile away he saw an express train approaching. He knew the dogs would follow the scent closely, so he ran to meet the train, which, but a moment after he had stepped from the track, ran over the dogs, killing them all.

I must do the people of that region the justice to say that, although many of them saw nothing shocking in the practice of hunting runaway negroes with dogs, their sympathies were all with the fugitive on this occasion. They were glad that he had outwitted his pursuers, and talked much about "the nigger that was too many for Captain So-and-So." This "captain" is a Northern man, and I thought he felt some degree of shame when I expressed my disgust at what I had heard; but he insisted that my sentimental view of the matter was absurd. "How else am I to catch the niggers, then?" he said. Some time afterward, in talking with a prominent democrat of Cuero, Texas, of this incident in Mississippi, when I remarked that I felt the more indignant because the fellow was a Northern man and a republican, my Texas acquaintance politely remonstrated, saying that my feeling seemed to him mere sentiment, "surprising from a gentleman so intelligent as yourself;" and he added, "How else was he to catch the nigger?" Some Northern ladies, in the region where it happened, told me of their inexpressible horror the first time they saw this man, with his dogs, chasing a negro. It was just at dawn, on a beautiful Sabbath morning. They could not at first believe what was told them about "the hunt."

THE FORGERY OF NEWS.

It was in Mississippi, also, that I was told by a number of Northern men of an account sent to the Northern press during the "Hayes campaign," which located an atrocious political outrage at the place which I was then visiting. These persons seemed reputable, and they all affirmed that nothing of the

kind had ever occurred there. I inquired regarding the author of the dispatch, and, learning that he was still living a few miles away, I went to see him. He laughed when I told him my errand, took a fresh chew of tobacco, and, crossing his feet on the top of the table before him, began talking of the affair in an easy, fluent, indifferent style, which seemed to indicate that he was glad to have somebody to talk with, and would as lief talk of that subject as any other. "Then the dispatch was not really true?" I said. "Well," he replied, "it was true as to the spirit of the South generally at that time." "But why did you say that such and such things happened at a particular place, if they did not?" "Well, now, you know, it would not be worth while to say, at such a time, that there was lots o' devilish feeling in the South. But it rather wakes people up to tell them that something 's been done at a place that they 've heard of." "Yet it was not true." But he thought the use of a fable or parable was justifiable, under the circumstances, because it was the only way to give point or effectiveness to any account of the condition of the South at that time. "All writers does pretty much the same thing," he urged; "they have to." "Oh, I hope not," I said. "Well, now, if you lived down here a while, you 'd find out we have to fight the devil with fire." The Northern men who told me of this performance were earnest republicans, and they were specially indignant about the fabrication, because it alarmed some of their Northern friends who had been preparing to remove to that region, but were frightened from their purpose by this story.

WELCOME TO IMMIGRANTS.

I was not able to find any "feeling against the North," or against Northern people, in the regions which I visited; and, so far as that is concerned, I should have no fear or reluctance in going to any part of the South which I have seen, if for any reason I wished to emigrate to that portion of our country. But many people are going South with no adequate forethought, or knowledge of the country. There is a side of Southern character and life with which such persons are very likely to become acquainted. There are many men "in business," nearly everywhere in the South, who are of the same type as the author of the following fraternal utterance. I had heard of him as one of the fiercest fighters against us through the whole war, and went to see him. When I announced myself as a "Yankee invader" he shook hands heartily, and replied, "I 'm a reconstructed rebel. We fought till the fight was all whipped out of us. I rather like the men that whipped us. Tell all your people to come down here. They 're just as welcome as our best friends, *and we 'll cheat the eye-teeth out of 'em.*"

In one of the principal Southern States, I saw a young man from the North, well educated and energetic, who had had this experience: A planter, who owned a large tract of unimproved land, decided to "go into sheep." He said to this young man, "I will furnish money, you furnish labor; we will go into partnership and raise sheep, and share the profits." The young man agreed to this, and worked hard for a year and a half, clearing and fencing land, and putting the new plantation in order. Then the proprietor said that there had been a considerable loss on the sheep, but, as he felt a special interest in the young man, he would not require him to make good any part of the money loss, and he would allow him to work for him long enough to pay for the supplies which he had received from the plantation store during the time of the partnership. When I saw the young fellow he had been at work nearly a year, paying for these supplies. Of course he should have had wages from the first, and should

have made a much more definite agreement regarding unfavorable contingencies; but he "did not think of such things," because he "was to share the profits." The planter sold the sheep, and had a fine new plantation for cotton; and he had had more than two years' labor, which had cost him only the young man's board and clothing. Many Southern men have a feverish desire to make money. They need it, and Northern immigrants who bring them opportunity are especially welcome.

There is, indeed, everywhere in the South, the strongest desire for immigration from the North, and there are real inducements for young people of invulnerable digestion, who are willing to work hard and live roughly, and who can resist the unfavorable influences arising from the changed conditions of life. But I saw many young men from the North who were not strong enough in moral equipment for life in "a region where the poorest man can have a harem of his own, of any desired extent, and almost without cost."

CAMPAIGN PLEASANTRIES.

In some places in the South, when a "political campaign" is in progress, some of the rougher class of young men have a fashion of "sending word" to the opposition speakers that they "cannot speak in this town." Usually no attention is paid to such a menace, and nothing serious is apt to result from disregarding it, though the drinking habits of the people sometimes make it easy to have fights and "personal difficulties" at political meetings. There are many men in the South, too, who enjoy taking part in a "disturbance" at such times, though they would not begin one themselves, and who are always ready to shoot at anybody who is running away and cannot defend himself. A wild rush after somebody who is plainly unarmed, with miscellaneous pistol-firing and a clamorous accompaniment of shouts, oaths, and yells, is a delightful entertainment to many a Southern crowd. Such "affairs" are not usually so murderous in their results as a stranger would expect them to prove; but if a black man happens to be shot, it makes the occasion more interesting to the young fellows, — "the boys that took a hand in the racket," — nearly every one of whom will affirm that he "shot the damn nigger."

Every year there is less of such savagery. Southern white men do not like to be shot at, when there is no good reason for it, any more than other people. I would have willingly undertaken, while there, or at any time since, to make a decided republican speech anywhere in the Southern States of this country; and if I were about to do so, and thought there was a disposition on the part of anybody to interfere with or disturb the meeting, I should be as "bitter and vindictive," to use a politician's phrase, as my conscience would permit. Courage would be far safer than timidity or mildness, under such circumstances, and folly readily leads to trouble everywhere in times of excitement. In passing twice through the entire South, and exploring many of the regions which are accounted the roughest and wildest, I did not see or hear a single altercation. I saw no shooting, except in the case which I have described, of a man's firing his revolver so often from the platform of the car in which I was riding. In all the journey I did not carry a weapon of any kind; nor did I, at any time, feel the slightest apprehension of danger or personal injury.

LEFT IN THE WOODS.

I met with much rough traveling, on account of excessive rains and floods. Once, in the Bayou Pierre country, in Mississippi, as I was crossing from one railroad to another, with a good team, and no load but the driver and myself

and a small trunk, the road was so bad that we were obliged to walk most of the way; and at last we came to a place where a land-slip from the side of a hill had carried the whole breadth of the roadway into the river. The driver said that he had never left a man in the woods; but I told him he had done his best, and must go back. He wished me to return with him, but I thought one passage over such a road enough for me. We put the trunk on a large log; the young fellow sorrowfully said good-by, and wished me luck in getting out; and I walked on through the woods two or three miles, to the nearest settlement. Three men went back with me, and we carried the trunk through. The whole population of the little hamlet, about a hundred persons, came out to meet me, and escorted me to my lodging place, as if I were another Livingstone returning from Central Africa. I rode many hundreds of miles on freight trains, and greatly enjoyed living with the train hands.

The greatest swindle I encountered in the South was the railway eating-house business. It was said to be everywhere under the control of a great corporation. Prices were extravagant, considering the quantity and quality of the food supplied. There appeared to be no effort, usually, to provide food that could be eaten. It was ill cooked, the tables and rooms were hideously dirty, and the men in charge were the most uncivil people I met in all my journey. When travelers would ask the waiters to pass some dish which was beyond reach, the answer was frequently, "It 's on the table; git it, ef ye want it."

A PECULIAR NEW ENGLANDER.

One morning, near the completion of my journey in the South, I left a seaport town for a ride by rail of eighty or one hundred miles into the interior of the State. For most of this distance the railroad runs through a pine-woods region, which is but sparsely settled, and but a small portion of the land is cultivated. The car was full, and before we had fairly cleared the suburbs of the town from which we started general attention was attracted to one man among the passengers. I happened to be near him, but he spoke so loudly that everybody in the car was obliged to hear what he had to say. He at once began to ridicule whatever he saw along the road, — the soil, the houses of the people, their vehicles, clothing, and manners, — and kept up a sarcastic running comment upon such topics during most of the journey. He informed the company that he was "from the North;" that he was the editor of a newspaper in a prominent New England city, which he mentioned; and that he had "never been in the South before." He went on to say that he was very glad that he had "come South," to see for himself what a miserable, God-forsaken country it was; and in loud tones he denounced the Southern people, and everything Southern, as degraded beyond anything that he could ever have imagined, if he had not seen it all for himself. His usual climax, or conclusion, repeated again and again, was, "I would n't give a cuss for the whole thing." He was insolent even to men from whom he asked information regarding the country, and his manners were so rude and his talk so violent that most of the women near him sought places elsewhere.

He said that he should write a series of articles about the South for his paper, and that he should tell his readers "fully about the whole thing." He appeared to think that this short excursion through the pine woods gave him thorough knowledge of the condition and history of the entire South, and of the character of the Southern people, which he found much worse than he had ever suspected. I have never seen the complete exposition of Southern affairs

which this gentleman assured us he should print for the enlightenment of the people of New England. It would probably have told me of some things which I had not observed in months of Southern travel. Everybody answered this man politely. No one contradicted him, or tried to argue with him. After he had talked for some time, the men about him evidently wished to avoid conversation with him; but he still addressed them, now and then, as if he were giving orders to menials.

THE WAR NOT MARKED BY SAVAGE PASSIONS.

I had known before I went to the South that there are two sides to most things about which people dispute seriously, or fight each other. I see no reason why we should not now regard everything connected with our great civil war with the true historic temper. Of course this was not possible while we were fighting, nor for some time afterward. However wrong the South was in that contest, the mass of the Southern people must have sincerely believed theirs a good and righteous cause, or they could not have fought us as they did, or have made such sacrifices to continue the struggle. The soldiers of the Union crushed the wrong which the South upheld, but the men who have made themselves conspicuous within a very few years, by "waving the bloody shirt," were not distinguished for bravery during the war. Denunciations of the South, it has always seemed to me, come with ill grace from the politicians, whose sanguinary spirit has uniformly been exhibited in times of peace, and who, when there was a chance to fight, and to punish the South for the wickedness of secession, were careful to keep at a safe distance from the scene of conflict.

A few such men continued, however, until very recently, to exercise considerable influence in some portions of the North, by means of the pretense that the country was still in danger from "rebel designs," and that the results of the war were not yet secure. It is well to note that the state of things in the South has not greatly changed since these men were filling the air with the clamor of their warnings against the evils that would follow the "withdrawal of the troops" from the Southern States. That seems far back in the past, because we have had so much to think of since then, but it was really only a little while ago. Of course the South is improving in most respects. Perhaps it has improved as rapidly as we could have expected, if we had fully understood the difficulties which were, under the circumstances, inevitable after the war. But the evils which actually existed in the South during several years of political agitation and excitement in the North over accounts of rebel and Bourbon misbehavior exist there to-day, in proportions but slightly changed; and there is about as much need of "troops" in that portion of our country now as there was for some years before they were finally withdrawn. The politicians who were then denouncing traitors with such bitterness did not themselves scruple to imperil the interests of the country by endeavoring to create and perpetuate sectional hostilities and prejudices, for their own personal and partisan aggrandizement. These facts belong to the history of the time.

Of course there was bitter, hostile feeling on both sides, after the war. That could not have been otherwise. I remember that at the time of General Wade Hampton's injury, a few years ago, by an accident which rendered an amputation necessary, I was a guest at a breakfast party in one of our principal Northern cities, where a number of cultivated gentlemen and ladies were assembled. While we were still around the table the daily journal was brought in, and by and by some one read to the

company the news of chief interest. One of the items was a report of General Hampton's condition after the surgical operation had been performed, and it was announced that there was hope of his recovery. Upon this, our hostess expressed, with much emphasis, her regret that the surgeons did not *allow him to bleed to death*, while he was under their hands. There were some clergymen present, but nobody expressed a different sentiment, until I exclaimed that such a deed would have been horrible in the extreme; and then no one appeared to share my feeling, while the lady's view found vehement advocacy. Let us suppose the circumstances to have been reversed, and the same conversation to have occurred in a Southern city regarding some prominent Northern republican politician, who had suffered a similar misfortune. A thousand platforms would have rung with the indignant recital of the story, and it would have had a perceptible effect in a presidential campaign.

It was common, during the struggle, and afterward, to talk of the peculiar horrors and atrocities of civil, fratricidal war. I have given this subject much attention, and I believe that history has not preserved the record of any other great war in which there were so few excesses or barbarities of any kind on either side. I believe that the commanders and the soldiery on both sides were restrained and controlled, in very great measure, throughout the contest, by the reflection that it was a war between brethren. Both parties to the conflict were saddened and solemnized by thoughts of our common history, by memories of the toils and sacrifices that North and South had endured together in the endeavor to lay deep and strong the foundations of a mighty nation; and there was never a great war with so little of vile, malignant passion, of mere devilish hatred or savage cruelty, — so little for anybody to be ashamed of at the end of the fight. The valor of the soldiers on both sides is a national inheritance of which we and our children may well be forever proud.

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

I found that the South had its stories, as well as the North, regarding severities to prisoners, and I remembered that when I once asked an officer of our army, who had been on duty at the camp near Chicago, where rebel prisoners were confined, regarding the treatment of Southern soldiers there, he laughed, and replied, "Well, you would n't expect we 'd pet 'em much, would you?" A Massachusetts officer of the highest character said to me, just after the close of the war, "We are going to hang Captain Wirz, because the poor devil has no friends who can do him any good. The probability is that he simply did his duty, as a soldier should." Another New England officer, who for some time had charge of a large portion of the Union prisoners at Andersonville, under Wirz's authority, has often said in my hearing that he saw nothing bad about the rebel officer as to his personal qualities, and that he appeared to him to be kind-hearted, and to feel deep sadness on account of the terrible suffering of the prisoners in his keeping. I asked several men, in different parts of the South, who occupied important positions in various departments of the Confederate government, what the South had to say regarding the charges of cruelty to Union prisoners. They uniformly replied that it was true that Northern men starved in their prisons, but affirmed that the prisoners had always the same rations as Southern soldiers in the field. "Our men could live on such fare, but yours could not; they could not eat it. The climate, confinement, and homesickness caused the terrible mortality. We could not prevent it. During the last year and a half of the war we could not take care of our own men.

They came near starving, too, sometimes." A friend of mine, who was an officer in General Sherman's command during the famous march to the sea, and who burned many fine houses, said that while most of his men engaged in the work of destruction with a grim quietness of manner, and some spoke of it as "sickening business," there were some who liked to break up costly furniture, and to "smash everything" before the houses were fired; and a young farmer in the West told me, a few years after the war, that he and a comrade were accustomed to open the piano-fortes and dance on the keys, with their heavy army shoes, while "some of the other boys" beat the clocks and mirrors to pieces with the butts of their guns.

I do not speak of these things to revive the accusations or bitter feelings of the past, but to illustrate the view that, while war necessarily involves much that is terrible and cruel, neither party in our great struggle had real reason, probably, for charging the other with special or disgraceful barbarism, or atrocious and unnecessary cruelty, and that in such matters there may have been little difference between them. We should be able, already, to write of the war, and everything connected with it, without heat or bitterness, and without partiality or unfairness.

WILD HONEY.

I.

WHERE hints of racy sap and gum
Out of the old dark forest come;

Where birds their beaks like hammers wield,
And pith is pierced and bark is peeled;

Where the green walnut's outer rind
Gives precious bitterness to the wind,

There lurks the sweet creative power,
As lurks the honey in the flower.

II.

In winter's bud that bursts in spring,
In nut of autumn's ripening,

In acrid bulb beneath the mould,
Sleeps the elixir, strong and old,

That Rosicrucians sought in vain, —
Life that renews itself again!

III.

What bottled perfume is so good
As fragrance of split tulip wood?

What fabled drink of god or muse
Was rich as purple mulberry juice?

And what school-polished gem of thought
Is like the rune from Nature caught?

IV.

He is a poet strong and true
Who loves wild thyme and honey-dew;

And like a brown bee works and sings,
With morning freshness on his wings,

And a gold burden on his thighs, —
The pollen-dust of centuries!

Maurice Thompson.

"A STRANGER, YET AT HOME."

PRUDENCE WARNER stood twisting her brown hair into an irreproachable knot at the back of her head. She looked at herself in the glass, with gray, honest eyes beaming softly under straight pretty brows. Her mouth was sweet but homely, and her nose was delicate. She was thirty-five and a spinster, — a very contented one; but it may have been that her contentment under the limited conditions of her life arose from a somewhat limited nature. She was habitually diligent in the Sunday-school, and devoted to the temperance society. She liked to sew on her gowns, and sometimes found pleasure in very harmless gossip. This last idiosyncrasy was fiercely denounced by her mother, Mrs. Arvilla Warner.

"The idee," said that matron once, "of pesterin' yourself to find out what stuff Mrs. Coggeshall's a-goin' to cover her furniture with, when there 's Emerson — blessed man! — a-layin' on that table, in a figerative sense, jest waitin' to let you get acquainted with *him*."

"But, mother," Prudence faintly answered, gazing deprecatingly at the blue and gold volume indicated, "I can't understand Emerson very well, and what I do understand don't seem quite orthodox to me."

"And what call have you to be orthodox?" retorted Mrs. Warner, who, being herself a staunch Unitarian, felt much aggrieved because her husband had remained a Baptist during all the years of their married life, and Prudence in early girlhood had experienced religion, and been baptized into her father's faith.

"It was all that Lorenzo Haynes's doin'," thought the indignant mother, — "foolin' round her with his soft speeches."

She was about right. Young Haynes, a big-eyed divinity student, had been the hero of Prudence's one love dream; a dream that had vanished many years before Prue, at thirty-five, stood brushing her soft hair in the virginal solitude of her pretty room.

One of the peculiarities of Miss Warner's situation in life was that the members of her family did not really bear to her the relation they nominally did.

Mr. Warner was not her father, but her uncle, and only by marriage at that. His first wife had been the sister of Prudence's mother, and had taken the baby when that mother died. She, also, soon followed the world-accustomed pilgrimage, and passed out of the sight of eager eyes. Then Mr. Warner married Arvilla Gould, who had tenderly cared for the adopted child. All her life, Prue had been well beloved, but tamely, except for the brief period during which her clerical lover had been both true and ardent. On the whole, Prue had nearly succeeded in teaching herself that the moderate certainty of her home affections was worth more than that flickering flame had been, and there was no real trouble now in the eyes that were reflected at her in the mirror.

Her own father, Stanton Dudley, had married a second time, been widowed, and wedded again, and after this threefold experience had himself died, leaving a widow, Prue's unknown step-mother. Somewhere among these marital changes another daughter had been born to him, a fair, slight girl, with cheeks that bore the fatal New England flush. When very young, she had married a man somewhat older than herself. Under his loving eyes, her wild-rose bloom grew into a deeper hectic, then faded and paled in death. Darius Kingman left the country at once, and settled in business in China. Once in a while he acknowledged his connection with Prudence by sending her gifts, which she displayed to her village friends with some pride.

"From my brother," she would say, gently lingering on the words.

"Oh, he 's only a half brother-in-law, at best!" cried Maggie Stafford, on one such occasion; "and yet he 's the only real relative you have in the world."

"I 'm sure," broke in Mrs. Warner, sharply, "Prue's folks think just as much of her as anybody's else's folks do of them."

Maggie was a young married beauty, struggling for an assured position among the good-natured village aristocracy, who were easily induced to open their doors part way for her. They criticised her a good deal, but tolerated and even rather liked her, both women and men feeling the charm of her unusual beauty.

On this afternoon of which we have spoken, when Prudence had at last finished arraying herself, she went downstairs, and met Mr. Warner bustling into the sitting-room.

"Where 's mother?" asked he.

"There she comes, up the street," answered Janet, the pretty handmaid, flinging open the porch door. Prue stepped to the threshold, and saw her mother approaching. She was an elderly woman, tall and spare, with thin, high features, which were shaded by a silk sun-bonnet and a green veil tied over her forehead. Spectacles, also green, garnished her nose. She wore a black silk gown, and with her gloveless hands pushed forward a doll baby-carriage, in which were laid several bundles.

"There!" cried Mrs. Warner, as she came up the steps, a moment later. "Janet never told me till just now we was out of lump sugar, and I up an' bundled off after it; and I thought I might as well lay in some rice and tapioca the same time. I knew, with all my years, I could get it quicker 'n Janet, not being so much interested in the young man in the store. That 's where my years are a real help to me."

Prue, stooping, shook some dust from the black skirt.

"Marm 's all ready in the parlor," said she. "Come and see how nice she looks. But, oh, mother, don't forget that Janet will take the teacups from you to pass!"

"I won't let her forget," pertly quoth the maid.

"Come, come," commented Mr. Warner; "you talk as if mother was a child."

Several ladies were now seen coming to the front door, and the family went into the parlor to receive them. They clustered around "Marm," Mrs. Warner's aged mother, who sat with calmly folded hands.

"Ninety-five to-day," said her son-in-law, "and she don't look a bit over eighty."

"Oh," quavered the old lady, "but I don't feel nigh so spry as when I was on'y ninety. I didn't think I'd live to see this day."

"That 's so," said her daughter. "Mother 's just been bent on dyin' all this spring. Didn't want me to make up this dress for her, for fear she would n't wear it. But I was bound she should have it, anyhow."

"It 'll do beautiful to be laid out in," said Marm, smoothing its shining folds. "Dear, dear me, Arvilly, what a time it is sence I was to a funeral!"

The ladies drew out their fancy work. Maggie Stafford sat down by the last gift Darius Kingman had sent, a lovely cabinet, that Prue had transformed into a writing-desk; not that she wrote much, but it had pleased her fancy to make the pretty, curious structure serve as a sort of shrine for the unused literary implements belonging to the family.

"This is very nice, I 'm sure," said Maggie, passing her fingers over the inlaid surface. "It must be very convenient. I suppose, Mrs. Warner, you 're such an intellectual person, you write and compose a great deal."

"Not I," said the matron, with a toss of her head. "I thank the Lord I can use my measuring tape on myself as true as on anybody else, and I know too much to waste my time a-writing things I would n't take the minutes to read if somebody else had written them."

"How Maggie always does rub mother the wrong way!" mused Prue, with a quiet smile; and then, on some pretext, she stepped to the door and looked out across the road. The level sunbeams shone into her eyes, under the flower-laden boughs of apple-trees. A tiny bird, all brown and yellow, swayed on some frail support among the grasses. The grass itself shimmered in the warm, low light, and pink apple-buds seemed to pale visibly into white blossoms, their blushes dying as they grew used to the kisses of the sun.

How lovely it all was! Prudence turned her eyes, and saw a man walking up the road beside the orchard wall. She gave an amazed little cry, started eagerly forward, checked herself, stood a moment irresolute, then advanced slowly to the gate, and when the stranger came up she put out her hand, and he took it, before either spoke.

"You must be Prudence," he said at last. "Do you know me?"

"Yes, Darius."

They went into the house together.

"Good land!" cried Mrs. Warner. "You don't mean it! Darius Kingman, as I live!"

"Come here, come here," said Marm, in a high tone. "I 'm 'most blind, an' I want to see if it 's really him."

Everybody talked, and laughed, and exclaimed, while Kingman stood looking down at the aged woman, — everybody but Prue, who kept very silent, watching Darius with shy, glad eyes.

Kingman spoke very deferentially to the old lady. He might well have smiled to see her. Around her withered throat she wore a black ribbon, on her head a cap made of cheap laces, both black and white, mixed with lavender ribbon, and round her head was tied, with long ends, a bright green string, which held on her spectacles. Down each of her temples were laid six little locks of gray hair, shaped like button-hooks. After Darius and Prue became intimate, she confided to him the information that those gray locks were cut from Marm's dead husband's brow, more than twenty years before, made up into their present ornamental shape,

and were now bound on to the widow's forehead under her cap.

The husbands of Mrs. Warner's guests arrived a few minutes after Kingman, and then all the questions and welcoming uproar began again, till it became known to everybody that one of the gentlemen, Mr. Coggeshall, who was a cousin of Darius, had had some communication with him, and knew of his intended return. It did not transpire that evening, but in the course of a few days the whole village learned that the traveler had come to help Mr. Coggeshall in the management of a new factory.

Amid the hubbub around Marm's chair, Janet's clear voice was heard saying that supper was ready; and I regret to be obliged to chronicle the fact that, during the progress of that meal, Mrs. Warner became so absorbed in telling Maggie Stafford, what every one else at the table knew, about the china that came into her own family when one of her uncles married "a real, foreign-born French woman," that she forgot to give the cups of tea to Janet, and started them herself on uncertain journeys from hand to hand around the table. The maid pursed up her lips and unpursed them, balanced her waiter irresolutely for a moment, then tapped her mistress on the shoulder, whispered fiercely, "Give it to me, ma'am," and seized a cup from the absent-minded matron, which she bore triumphantly to Mr. Kingman; while Mrs. Coggeshall made some remark about the Russian tea she had drank in Europe, and Maggie Stafford silently wished that she also were a connoisseur in teas.

A few evenings later, as Prudence was weeding her flower bed, Darius came into the garden, and strolled up to her. She flushed slightly, holding out her soiled hands with an apologetic gesture of exhibition.

"Never mind," said he. "I saw a pump in the field as I came through. I am sure you can find water enough to make them clean."

"Oh, yes," she answered, feeling a little confused, — "in the meadow. That's where they water the cows."

He laughed, threw himself on the grass, and stared up at the apple blossoms.

"How unlike China!" he said at last.

"It must all seem strange to you," she ventured, rather timidly.

"Strange," he echoed, "yet so familiar. It 's coming back to first principles with a vengeance, to take up life in a New England village, after going round the globe in search of a destiny."

She did not half understand him, but she smiled, and he felt encouraged to go on.

"I feel the spell of old associations already. I am sure I have made my circuit. I have traveled far, but all my paths lead me back to the starting place."

He plucked the blades of grass under his idle fingers, and played with them for some moments; then broke the silence suddenly: —

"Prudence, will you go with me to the Quaker meeting on Sunday? — First day, I suppose I should say."

She glanced up, surprised. "Yes," he continued dreamily, "the old faith knocks within my heart, where it has always lain hidden, and demands to come out and rule my life again."

She was really a little frightened, as well as much puzzled, at the turn Darius' remarks had taken; but as she knelt there by her flowers, with raised face and perplexed eyes, something in her sympathetic though uncomprehending womanhood stimulated him to reveal his thought more fully to her.

"Do you not know," he said, "that I was born and bred a Friend, but was disowned when I married your sister?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I had forgotten it."

"I was in love," he went on, "and what I did I would do again under the same circumstances; but those can never be. And so it has come to pass that I feel the longing of a homesick child to be again received into membership."

"You do not look like a Quaker," said she.

"Perhaps not; nor do I talk like one," he added, with a smile. "Old-fashioned Quakers never discuss religious matters. May be I shall feel no need of speech when I sit among them again."

"It seems odd," murmured the bewildered Prue.

"I suppose it does," he admitted. "But truly, Prue, you can never know how deep the dye of Quakerism is to those whose souls are steeped in it, as an hereditary religion. It is only a veneer of the world I wear upon me. My garments are un-Quakerish in cut, but my thoughts are shaped after the old pattern."

"And will you wear a drab coat?"

He sprang to his feet with a hearty laugh. "I don't know whether the inward impulse will extend so far outward."

He started towards the house, and she followed. The path was more familiar to her, and yet it seemed as if he were guiding her, under the cherry-trees and apple blossoms, to the door of her home.

It chanced that two or three weeks elapsed before Prudence was able to accompany her brother-in-law to the Quaker meeting. Meanwhile, Darius was very busy, thinking and doing. His business arrangements proceeded rapidly towards completion. He plunged headlong into details, of which some bewildered and some surprised him. In his character, practical energy was united with dreamy speculativeness. He possessed good abilities as a business man, joined to the mental furnishing for a religious enthusiast. Remarkable in neither department of his mind, his thinking was still of an honest, truthful sort, and through all his life he had kept sight of a horizon line beyond the sordid cares or tempting passions of every-day existence. During the years spent in China, his longing for an ideal life had become intensified into what was almost a passion for a religious life. A homesick feeling mingled with the sentiment, and, uniting itself to the ineradicable impulse that a Quaker breeding gives to the soul, turned his thoughts towards the renewal of his fellowship with the church of his forefathers. Across the drift of this current came the circumstance of his entrance into a manufacturing business, involving, as it seemed to him, some complexity in his relations with many of his fellow-beings.

Darius Kingman, sickening with disgust at Asiatic life, whose conditions tried his faith in the unity of the human race, had idealized his own country, and he therefore found many things to perplex him, when he came suddenly into contact with American industrial forces, and with laborers on American soil. At first he was delighted; then shocked by some occurrences which left him uncertain whether these painful phenomena were normal or exceptional.

It was a perfect June morning on which Darius drove with Prudence through the sleepy heat to the old Quaker meeting-house. The roads were lined with blackberry and barberry bushes. Locust-trees grew by the stone walls on either side, and were in full bloom, making the air heavy with their sweetness. Wild-grape vines clasped trees, stones, and shrubbery in an abandoned embrace.

Prudence sat erect by Kingman's side, and looked about her with an unwonted brightness in her eyes. He drove on in dreamy silence. The languid air, the wild fragrance, stole into his soul, exciting there a sort of sensuous fervor

of religious emotion. When they reached their destination, he lifted Prue out before the worn old meeting-house, and idly suffered his eyes to rest upon her figure as she mounted the steps. She did not look unfit to take her place among Quaker women. Her bonnet was simple, and she was clad in a muslin whose prevailing tint was gray. He fastened his horse in the shed, whose yawning alcoves had sheltered the teams of more than one sober generation of meeting-goers, and then made his way into the little assembly. The memories of his boyhood came over him, as he took his seat apart from Prue, on the "men's side" of the room. He fixed his eyes on the elders, sitting on the "facing seats." Softly came the sound of summer noises through the windows. The moments went by like solemn heart-beats. The faces of the congregation were settled into stolid calm, but Darius felt as if he were waiting for something to happen. A woman rose, at last, and laid her bonnet on the bench beside her. She began to speak in a low voice, which soon soared into the well-known Quaker chant. Her sentences were disconnected, ungrammatical, and uncertain of significance; but Darius could not judge this utterance as he would have judged it if delivered in another tone and place. Religious feeling and truth were linked too closely with such sounds, through all the experience of early life.

A small, sharp-featured man arose next. Plain as his face was, it had a look of tenderness, and his homely eyes were very earnest. His words, uttered simply, and with but little intonation, were direct. He spoke of God as if he were sure of him. "Men are slow," he said, "really to believe there is a God in this world. They believe in many other powers, but not in his. They are slow to think he is working right here. Yet he made men so that they need him. Man is higher than all the other creatures God has made, but he needs God more than these lower ones do. If we are not in unity with God, we cannot live right lives, so it behooves us all to watch carefully what passes within us, to see that we be in unity with him. For thus much he has left it to us to do, that we should not be mere puppets; we must try to put ourselves into communion with him, if we want his help. If there be any who say they cannot see God, or understand him, amid the sore provings of trouble and sorrow and pain that are laid upon them, verily, it is because they have themselves closed their eyes and darkened their minds to perceive him not."

Thus spoke the old man, in an every-day accent of voice, and it seemed to Darius that this was what he had waited for, — the speech of a man who really believed in God.

Some days after this Sunday, Darius, walking home in the late afternoon, saw Prue coming out of one of the factory tenements, where he knew some consumptive invalids lived. She carried a little covered basket on her arm, and wore her gray muslin.

"You have been to see poor Andrews," he said, joining her. "He tells me you have been there before."

"Oh, yes."

"You look like a sister of charity."

"Do I? But I do not make a business of doing good."

"Perhaps you are good enough without making a business of it. Some of us have to treat it as a very serious occupation indeed, in order to succeed much in it," he said, slowly, as they walked, treading the flickering shadows of the willow boughs that drooped above their heads.

"How came you to take up visiting the poor?" he added.

"I didn't take it up," she said, somewhat confusedly. "I never knew anything about such people, till Mr. Coggeshall built these houses by the river; and then we had a washer-woman from

one of the families, and I went there once when the cellar was flooded; and so I kept on going, they were so near."

"These people were your neighbors, in short," said he, looking at her gently, "and so you treated them with neighborly kindness. Well, my dear, I am not sure that searching through all the universe will find me a better gospel than that of neighborliness, — if we do not narrow our neighborhood too closely."

He fell to wondering what would be the efficacy of the Golden Rule as an economic principle; but she, still walking by his side, scarcely heard the happy chirping of the birds above them, her heart was throbbing so because he had called her his dear.

Maggie Stafford met them thus, and glanced curiously at their faces.

"At her age!" thought the young married beauty.

A few minutes later, she was sitting on Mrs. Coggeshall's portico, saying, "Upon my word, I do think the English way is better. Then a girl in Prudence's position would know at once there could be no love-making between her and her brother-in-law, and so would n't get her mind set in that direction."

Mrs. Coggeshall looked blandly at her visitor. "Oh, indeed," she said. "Have you leanings towards the English church? Well, I always did like the service very much, and I have read a good deal about the Anglican division from Rome with great interest. If you are thinking about these things, I should be delighted to lend you several theological works which I possess. Mr. Coggeshall always laughs at what he calls my 'pious library.' I confess, however, I never could quite make up my mind to turn Episcopalian. It was the fault of the English people. They are responsible themselves for my remaining outside their communion. I always doted on everything English till the war came, and then they were so nasty, as they say, I never could abide them afterwards. Do you remember much about the war?"

"Yes, though I was quite young then," said Maggie; and bent on returning to the charge, she added, "I think it very odd Mr. Kingman did not come back from China to go into the army."

"Brought up a Quaker, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Coggeshall, thoroughly aware of Maggie's purpose, and equally resolved to frustrate it. "You know Quakers don't fight; and though many of the young men in the Society did go into the army, they were those who were in the very heat of the martial spirit of the North, and caught the war fever without stopping to think of the principles of their religion. But Darius was way off in China, and only echoes reached his ear; positively, only echoes of the strife. It was n't exactly 'distance lending enchantment to the view,' but something analogous to it. The excitement did not overcome the effect of a lifelong training. He sympathized, and all that, but could not take the bloody sword in hand. Oh, I respect his devotion to principle just as much as I honor the courage of our soldiers! I knew several of those Quaker officers from Philadelphia. Splendid fellows! Come into the house, Maggie, and let me show you a photograph of one of them. Such a gentleman and soldier as he was! And to think he is dead! Yet I 've got to that age that sometimes it seems to me as if half the world were dead, and it was n't natural for me to have any friends alive."

So she talked the young woman's gossip down, but she understood it very well, and began herself to fear that Prue might be laying up trouble for her poor little heart.

Maggie, meanwhile, rushed into the game, and began to invite Darius to visit her. She had no special desire to assume the *rôle* of married flirt. Her ambition was to have a popular house,

and to move about in it with impartial smiles. Darius took Prudence there a few times. She sat in the corner, very composed and very quiet. He did not quite like the style of society they met there, and it relieved an occasional feeling of annoyance for him to see Prue on her low seat by the window.

"Am I not glad that is over!" he said one night, as they started for home. "I would not go there so much if Mrs. Stafford did n't manage it so that I seem obliged to. I don't think it is consistent with my Quaker principles to frequent such gay assemblies."

"I can't quite make out," said Prue, "how much in earnest you are about your Quakerism."

"I am very much in earnest," answered he. "Do you not think a simple style of living, on the part of the rich, might have a tendency to bring about a keener sense of the brotherhood of men?"

There was no reply to this remark, because just then a turn in the road brought them out of the dense shadow of trees, and there, displayed before them, was the sky all in a pallid flame with dancing Northern Lights.

After this evening, Darius generally succeeded in escaping or refusing Maggie's invitations. That pretty lady pouted, pretended to be grieved, and finally gave a little revengeful thrust: —

"I suppose a poor married woman like me must give up your friendship, now you are so much interested in another quarter. Oh, I know: I ought to retire to my kitchen, and leave the parlor for the 'young folks,' or only come there to sit by the wall and watch them enjoy themselves. But I don't like to do that very well," she added, demurely folding her hands and dropping her lovely eyes, "when the only reason I am not one of the 'young folks' myself is that I am married, not that I am old. I am really not near so old as some people I know. And truly, I don't see why I can't like fun and my friends just as well as if I did n't — like somebody ever so much better, and belong to him, — in a general way. And why can't you, Mr. Kingman? Is she jealous?"

"I don't know what you mean," said he stoutly.

"Oh, but she does," retorted Maggie, looking prettier than ever, for audacity was becoming to her. "Or is it only a case of somebody liking you best? Then surely you might come to my little parties. Oh, there 's my good man! Tom, dear, don't you see me? Here I am, quarreling with Mr. Kingman. Come over and walk home with me, for, truly, he won't."

That evening there was a temperance meeting in the village, and all the aristocracy of the place were there, by way of setting a good example to the lower classes. Mrs. Coggeshall, looking across the aisle, saw Prue's eyes resting for an instant on Darius.

"Ah," thought the matron, "Providence evidently intends this to be a case for me. Prudence has no flesh-and-blood mother, and the best make-believe one don't thrill through every nerve on behalf of a child, as a real one does. I have n't an idea Mrs. Warner sees a thing of what 's going on under her respectably spectacled nose. To be sure, Prue is old enough to take care of herself; only women, unless they are married, will be women to the end of the chapter, poor creatures! Gracious, how time goes! It must be full fifteen years since Prue followed that Lorenzo somebody down to the river. She thought she was doing it to please the Lord, but I guess the Lord knew very well it was done to please Lorenzo. And now she 's on the road to another trouble!"

That night Darius Kingman sat, for an hour, alone on his boarding-house piazza. The moon shone solemnly down out of a clear, dark sky. There

seemed to be no barrier between the man's soul and heaven, — only immeasurable distance. All the passions of his life passed in review before him, like a great host marshaled under that awful sky. Events were of little moment to him compared with emotions. It seemed to him of no account what special circumstance had fired the train of feeling laid ready in his heart, or had turned his thoughts along a pathway already open before him. If it had not been one incident, it would have been another. Only one thing in all his life appeared now to have been of itself of controlling import, — his early love and loss. Apart from this single monumental experience, all his story was the story of a man's longing after God, and all that longing had brought him back to the faith of his youth. Amid the fluctuations of modern thought, with its materialistic tendency, this alone offered a solid assurance to his mind, — the dear old Quaker doctrine, that in the soul of every man that cometh into the world is a light that lighteth all his footsteps. A thousand lesser impulses, also, drew him back to his old religion. For the sake of his love he had once defied the Quaker discipline, which forbade marriage with an outsider; but did he wish to do that again? Prudence, sweet as she was to him, aroused no such passionate love as had been given to her sister. He knew very well that old customs had so far relaxed among the Friends in that section of the country that he could be admitted to fellowship with them, though it were known that he purposed marrying one of the women of the world a week later. He had no principle himself against such marriages, and yet, whether from the effect of early training or hereditary prejudice, he shrank in some undefined way from entertaining at the same time the project of joining the Society and of making such a marriage as the Society had deliberately condemned as "disorderly."

It also touched what small share of humor this serious-minded man possessed to find himself, in this religious crisis of his life, tempted to commit again the very same offense which had made him a religious outlaw, so many years before. But when he had reached this stage of his meditations, he told himself that he was not at all tempted to marry Prue. Why, then, was he thinking about it? Why did her face rise before him in the moonlight, beside the radiant image of that dead girl, whose remembered beauty even made the living Prudence seem the ghost to him?

The truth was, Maggie Stafford's hints had rankled in Darius' mind, and, moreover, Mrs. Coggeshall had claimed his escort on the way home that evening, and had plainly told him that if he did not mean to marry Prue he would do well not to dangle around her any more. Mrs. Coggeshall could be very direct of speech when she chose, and she had left no doubt as to her meaning in his mind.

"I do not believe it," he soliloquized. "Prue is not the girl to fall in love with any man; nor am I exactly a charming creature. I will not go there to make talk, but there is surely no need for me to think of marrying her on her own account! What an idea! As for myself, I like her. I really do not know why I like her so much. Sometimes, I wonder if she has any intellect, or only that sweet, sympathetic smile, which always leads me on to talk. She never says a noticeable thing, yet I always want to tell her all I think. But I surely do not love her, or I could not analyze her thus."

It did not occur to the man that he was not analyzing her very successfully just then, — that he was simply confessing there was some quality in her which defied his analysis; so he went bravely on to his resolve, that he would shield her from gossip, and visit her only when compelled to do so. He rose at last to leave the silent porch. Pausing at the

house door, he looked up at the moon, which now rode majestic in the mid-heavens. Back over his soul came a religious feeling, like the swelling of a great tide.

"O God, my God," he murmured, "in all this aching, groaning world, in all this living, loving world, there is no room for any passion but the desire of thee!"

So evening after evening passed, and Darius did not come to Prue's sitting-room. At first she wondered openly at his absence, playfully making little vexed speeches about it to her father and mother. Then she ceased to refer to her brother-in-law, and drooped a little in her manner; but there was nobody to notice that.

One afternoon she sat at the window, and saw Darius go by, on the other side of the road, with Maggie Stafford and her younger sister, Tessy, — a girl more golden-haired, more beautifully blonde even, than Maggie. Tessy was laughing as they passed. The laugh sounded like the note of a bobolink, Prue thought; and, thinking this, saw Darius smile kindly in answer. How well she knew that kind smile!

She rose at once, and went to her room. She saw herself in her mirror, as the door closed behind her, and seated herself mechanically in a low chair. How old and pale she looked!

"Old!" she said to herself mockingly. "I feel as if I were dead!"

For a full half hour she sat there, scarcely moving; then she went calmly down the stairs, took up her sewing, and listened, without understanding, while her mother read something from Darwin aloud to her.

That same evening, Darius stood once more on Maggie's piazza, while the music of young voices floated gayly through the open windows; and she herself, a white, graceful figure, came to him, laying a hand lightly on his arm.

"It is lovely to have you back," said she; "and I knew you would like Tessy."

"She is charming," said the man. "But I do not feel in my element among these bright young girls. I fancy I lived too long in China to be at home in this sort of society. I spoke pigeon English too many years to find my tongue apt at compliments now. You are very kind to want to introduce me to your girl friends, but it is too late for me to make myself their comrade."

After this, he did manage very nearly to seclude himself and, being very much occupied by his business during the fall months, Prue was not the only one of his friends who missed the sight of him.

Of course he was obliged to call occasionally at Mr. Warner's, but it was at least three weeks after that evening at Maggie's when Prue met him first. She came into the house from a botanizing walk, carrying in her hand a spray of early red leaves. On her way home she had been thinking of him. She was always thinking of him at this time. She never left the house without the thought that she might see him. She never came back without the hope that he had entered her home in her absence. She never approached a window without wondering if she might not catch a glimpse of him through the revealing glass, that seemed a loop-hole in her prison walls. She never saw a figure coming towards her from the distance without the prayer that it might be his. It was not a sharp pain she felt, but a deadly suspense of the mind, a slow-creeping faintness of the heart, like the on-coming of disease or of old age.

In this mood with his name trembling on her unconscious lips, she came into the room on that September afternoon, and saw him standing beside her grandmother, — her grandmother only by adoption, like all her other relatives, poor Prue!

He was saying gentle parting words to the old lady, who peered up at him, nodding her head, till the little false curls bobbed in a manner quite unbecoming their melancholy origin.

"Yes, yes, Darius Kingman," said the shrill voice; "we old folks expect you young ones to forget us. I ain't ben a mite surprised you did n't come, but it did seem ruther more lonesomer. I set here an' think an' think, an' your Mary's pretty face rises right up afore me like a picter! She come here a-visitin' oncet or twicet, when she was a tiny tot; an' I declare for 't, though Prue was a better gal, I did like your Mary best. I set a sight by Prue, but my heart kinder hankered after Mary. She was like my little gal that died; an' when you come it brings the thought of them both to me, — pretty little gals, your Mary, as has been dead only thirteen year, an' my Arabella, as died sixty year ago. Wal, wal, I allus see 'em together now, an' pretty soon I 'm goin' where they be. I think I can find 'em somewheres, — I *think* I can."

As the old lady's voice died away in an unearthly whisper, Darius turned, and saw Prue, very pale, standing before him, holding the spray of red leaves against her gray gown. He felt a sort of nervous shock, but he only bowed, touched her fingers, stooped again over Marm's withered hand, murmured a few incoherent words, and left the house.

A few days later, the grandmother died, and Darius came again frequently to the Warners'. He was kind and helpful, but he kept out of Prue's way, and when the necessity for visiting there passed he came no more.

The Warners did not put on mourning. "It 's a sinful waste of time an' money," said Mrs. Arvilla. "It makes the world dismaler than it need be, an' there 's nothin' Christian in doin' that. The sorrow that has to be coddled to keep it alive had better die. If anybody thinks I ain't sorry my mother 's dead, let 'em come an' ask me! That 's all."

So Prue still wore her soft grays and browns; but when she selected her modest winter wardrobe, that year, she chose even plainer shapes and duller tints than ever before; feeling that thus she did some slight honor to the aged woman's memory, but further impelled by a sense that in this way it behooved one to dress whose girlhood had passed. She did not want to be old, but she had felt that she was old ever since the afternoon when she had heard that clear laugh of Tessy Martin's ring out for girlish joy at being in Darius Kingman's company. A man's fate, thought Prue, was different from a woman's. He was her own senior by several years, but he was not old in the sense that she was. He was still a welcome associate for young and beautiful maidens, while she! — alas, what handsome boy of eighteen would laugh like *that* because Prudence Warner smiled on him? She had missed not only Darius Kingman's love, but all the blessed chances of youth. She bade herself accept her lot quietly, nor trick herself out in unbefitting clothes, but to look what she was, — a middle-aged single woman, who had been passed by.

The first time she wore her new garments to church, Maggie came up to her after the service, laughing. "Really, Prudence, you look just like a Quaker. Have you caught Darius Kingman's craze?"

Prue flushed, and turned angrily away.

"Oh, I did n't mean anything," called out Maggie; but the other would not answer, and walked rapidly homeward.

Prue was tempted, after this, to crown her bonnet with gay flowers, but she would not show Maggie that she felt the sting of what had been said.

Towards spring, the hands in Mr. Coggeshall's mill struck. They paraded and held meetings. There was much gathering of people on the streets. All

sorts of stories were told about everybody concerned in the business. Mr. Coggeshall, irritated by many false reports, shut himself in his house in sullen silence. Deputations of spinners and weavers besieged his door in vain. He would see none of them. Mrs. Coggeshall rattled on good-humoredly about the whole affair, and rallied her husband unceasingly at what she termed the constantly increasing evidences of his popularity with the people he employed. She treated it all as a joke, but he took the strike as a personal offense.

It was a new experience to Kingman, and impressed him deeply. He talked with everybody on all sides. By turns he grew indignant in behalf of both parties. Sometimes he was heart-sick and dismayed by the difficulties in this and many kindred situations which he investigated; but whatever financial theories he adopted or dropped, more and more his sympathies went out to those men, women, and children to whom "labor troubles" meant something worse than the pecuniary embarrassment which threatened their employers.

Prudence saw him now frequently, as business consultations were often held with Mr. Warner at their house.

She did not understand political economy, and perhaps would not have been much impressed by the talk that constantly went on between her father and Mr. Coggeshall about "competition" if she had understood it; but she noted Darius' serious aspect, felt that he was not quite in sympathy with the others, and her heart yearned over him.

"He seems to mind people's troubles as if they were his own," she thought. "I suppose we all ought to," she added, with the simple comment of a conscience unversed in the *laissez-faire* doctrines of trade.

One Sunday in March, Mr. and Mrs. Coggeshall came to Mr. Warner's, soon after the dinner which it was the village Sabbath custom to have in the middle of the afternoon. The talk turned on Kingman's character.

"Now," said Mrs. Coggeshall, "you may say what you will, but *I* say there 's something very fine about that man. With all his Quaker stiffness, if I wanted to draw an ideal picture of a gentleman, I 'd just make his portrait."

"A good fellow, a good fellow," commented her husband sagely, "but very erratic, very erratic;" and he puckered his lips, as if he did not like the taste of that word.

"Yes," said she undauntedly, "awfully so; that 's one thing I like about him."

"I don't see," spoke up Mrs. Warner, "as the thing you call so erratic in Darius is anything but the New Testament fanaticism put in action; an' for my part, I don't think it 's respectful to the Lord, the way Mr. Coggeshall and Mr. Warner are always talkin', as if the Almighty did n't know nothin' about business, when he settled his system of morality."

"My dear, my dear," softly interposed Mr. Warner, "you be a woman, and don't understand business."

"The Lord an' I together!" ejaculated Mrs. Arvilla.

At that moment came a low tap at the back door, and Prudence softly glided out of the room. She soon came back, and spoke with some nervousness:

"Father, Darius wants to know if he may borrow the horse and buggy to drive to Lexville. His horse is lame. He 's got a sudden call to go, and as he may be detained he 's asked me to go with him, so I can bring the horse back."

"Oh, to be sure, to be sure," bustled Mr. Warner, rising. "I 'll go and see to the harnessing."

"No, you need n't," said she hastily. "I guess Darius understands a horse as well as you do, — the times he 's harnessed Spin! Sit still, do! You know you 've got a lame back, and, besides,

Mr. Coggeshall wants to talk business with you."

"That 's so," said the manufacturer, as Prue, despite herself, turned an appealing look to him. "Sit down, Jacob. I guess Darius is equal to the occasion."

But Mrs. Coggeshall noticed Prue's excited manner, and felt a great disapproval of the proposed drive. She wanted to go straight out to the barn, and talk to Kingman again about his sister-in-law's affections. She ached to tell Mrs. Warner how stupidly blind she was. But as she could do neither of these things, she tried to content herself by attacking Prudence's unsuspicious mother on a point of theology.

When Prue, all bonneted and cloaked, went out to the barn, she found Darius standing beside the mare, his face very white and his lips compressed.

"I 'll harness her," said she, "and I 've made it all right in the house."

"Poor little Prue," said he. "What a diplomat you must be, and I should never have suspected it of you!"

She put the mare in the traces, backed the buggy out of the barn, and even helped Darius in. He submitted with a protest, but when both were seated he gathered up the reins with his left hand.

"You 'd better let me drive," said she.

"Not till we have passed the house," he answered.

They leaned forward and bowed as they went by the sitting-room windows, and then Darius laughed a little, as Mrs. Coggeshall darted at him a wrathful look, the purport of which he suspected.

When they were on the road Prue firmly took possession of the reins, saying, "Now tell me all about it."

"I have told you all there is, — just a row with Tom Murphy and Peter McNamara, as I came across the fields, looking for trailing arbutus. It was nothing. They would n't have touched me, but they were drunk, and took it into their muddled heads to class me among their oppressors. There 's no real ill-blood among the strikers. They 've behaved very well, I think," he added, with an attempt at a smile, "considering they 've had to do without the refining influences of higher education."

"Oh, but are you hurt very much?"

"Not seriously; only, as I said, my arm must be broken. I think Peter did it with that big club. It did look so big, coming down on me, and I put up my arm. But I got off in decently honorable shape, I flatter myself, — Quaker as I am. I want to get to Lexville without any one hearing of it. I would n't have Mr. Coggeshall know it to-night for the world, because — it can do no harm to tell you — he has agreed to give notice to-morrow that he will accede to some of the demands of the strikers. It is right he should do so; but if he were to hear of this affair first, he would certainly misinterpret it, and jump to the conclusion that it was an act of deliberate hostility, and I am afraid he would refuse to do what he has promised to do."

Kingman spoke slowly, and leaned heavily against the side of the buggy, looking faint. Prudence drove steadily, keeping her eyes fixed on the mare. The sky was darkly overcast, except around the horizon, where bits of blue showed between fleecy drifts, and in the west a glory of many colors, soft yet bright, spread itself above the distant hills. Here and there the sun behind the clouds poured its rays down, straight and luminous, across this western belt of opaline tints, causing gold to melt into a dream of rose-color, and lower still dissolving all elements into an enchanting haze, that lay upon those wonderful hills of mysterious blue.

Prue drove directly to Dr. Salisbury's house, when they reached Lexville. The doctor received them in his office.

He knew Prue slightly, and held out to her a thin brown hand, working his features very much, while he made a speech of formal welcome. She briefly explained her presence, and he cried out delightedly, —

"And you want to make a conspirator of me, and let me secrete Kingman for twenty-four hours, till the affair has blown over! I see, I see. He shall stay here. I 'll keep him in my own house, and doctor him privately. I like it! It carries me back to my youth, and reminds me of the fugitive slaves my father hid in his cellar."

While he talked and ogled, the doctor placed his patient on the sofa, and prepared to examine his injuries. Then said Prudence, still standing in the middle of the floor, —

"Now I will leave you, Darius."

Kingman feebly smiled, holding up to her his left hand. As she took it she saw her sister's wedding ring on his finger.

"You have been very good," he said. "Some day, I 'll try to thank you."

She made him no answer, but bade the doctor good-by, and went out.

"She 's a woman, now," said the surgeon, as he threw a puckered glance after her. Darius raised himself slightly, stared at the doctor, but uttered no word.

The secret was kept till Mr. Coggeshall was too deeply pledged to conciliation to permit of his drawing back. When the story did leak out it enhanced Kingman's popularity very considerably. Murphy disappeared from town, but McNamara made a pilgrimage to Lexville, procured an interview with Darius, and behaved after such a fashion of sincere regret that the wounded man became the young fellow's staunch friend.

Kingman was, however, quite ill for several days. Dr. Salisbury consequently formed a habit of going to Mr. Warner's to report the daily fluctuations in the condition of his "sequestered hero," as he called the patient.

"He 'd be tol'ably good-looking," said Mrs. Warner one day, as she watched the physician carefully tying his horse at the gate, "if he 'd only let his face alone, an' not try to keep his features promenading round his countenance. He ain't so very old, neither. They say his hair turned white when his wife died. I don't believe he 's a day over fifty. I say, Prue," with a prolonged but feminine whisper, "*that 's* why he 's so fond of comin' here."

"What 's why?" asked Prue, incoherently; but her mother only snorted out a laugh, and retreated to the kitchen, unkindly leaving Prue alone to receive the doctor. The matron sat down by the stove, and tittered over the boiling cabbage and corned beef.

"To think," murmured she, "of anybody's wantin' our Prue!"

Prudence met the doctor with flaming cheeks, which made her almost handsome, so that his ardor was fired; and although he did not actually make love to her, something in his manner left her convinced, when he finally bowed himself out, that under all the play of his hands, and the twisting and screwing of his eyes and mouth, lurked a definite intention towards herself.

When alone, she laughed, like her mother, and echoed her thought, saying, "The idea of his wanting me! Why, it 's ten years since any one wanted me. He 's a smart man, too, and the last one was such a fool."

But after she had stood still a minute, laughing in a helpless, hysterical fashion, she suddenly fled to her room, as she had done the afternoon she had seen Darius walking with Maggie and Tessy. This time she threw herself on the floor, and cried, and cried.

Nevertheless, the knowledge that she had or could have a suitor proved in many ways a balm to Prue's heart; and finally, rising from the floor, she took

out a spring hat, and deliberately garnished it with a modest spray of flowers, which she had laid aside, in her self-crucifying mood, the season before. She had no idea of trying to be a girl again, or of marrying any man, but she did not feel half so much like an irredeemable old maid as she had for many months.

Dr. Salisbury reported to his patient the visits he made to the Warners, and Darius responded that he was glad to hear they were well.

He grew very restless in his confinement, and made attempts to vary the monotony of his life in ways that retarded his recovery. The doctor fretted at him.

"I told Mrs. Warner, this morning, that you were worse than a whole circus to manage."

"How do you know? Did you ever try to manage a circus?"

"Kingman, why don't you say *thee* to me?"

"I don't want to."

The doctor laughed at Darius' slight irritation. "I guess I'll have you all right soon," he said; "but you must be patient, and not do such abominably rash things. Have prudence, Kingman, — have prudence."

Darius rose to his feet, and looked at the physician a moment, before he said quietly, "I have been a fool, doctor, and I *will* have prudence."

The buds upon the trees were just enough swollen to blue the outline of the branches against the sky, and the air felt warm to Kingman's cheek, as he made his way to the side door of Mr. Warner's house, when he went there for his first call after his accident. The grass was pushing up its elf-like blades, sheathed in green, and the voices of children came calling through the distance with a shrill sweetness. The world looked happy, and Darius felt so as Prudence came through the yard to meet him, with welcoming eyes. She had been feeding some pet pigeons, and a dove was perched upon her shoulder, — a young bird, pure white and exquisitely slender. It looked not like a creature, but like the soul of some being.

Darius bent over the woman's hand, and the dove took flight, its wings whirring close above his head. When he raised his eyes he saw Dr. Salisbury standing in a familiar attitude in the doorway. It seemed to Darius that a shadow had fallen across the sky.

They all went round to the front porch, where they seated themselves, and chatted lightly about the wonderful warmth of the afternoon. The doctor was fluent. Kingman grew silent. Prudence sat quietly between the two men.

"I 'm like Gertrude," she thought: "after getting one sweetheart, *they swarm.*"

But she did not really think that Darius had come a-wooing. She only felt very glad to see him, and very content, also, that her womanly attractions should be vindicated in his presence by the doctor's attentive manner.

"I want a glass of water!" cried Kingman, at last, springing to his feet in helpless impatience.

Prudence rose. "No," said he, "I am going to the well."

"You can't draw the bucket."

"I 'll help you," said the doctor.

"I can do it myself," retorted he. They followed him, nevertheless, and the doctor applied himself to the well-rope, while Darius stood by, fuming. Prue went into the house for a glass. As she came out again, the white dove flew down and hovered about her. The doctor was hauling up the bucket. Darius went forward and met Prue. He looked her straight in the eyes, and said in a low tone, —

"Choose between that man and me."

"Where 's your tumbler?" cried the doctor, as he landed the dripping bucket. Prue filled the glass, and handed it to

Darius. The doctor stood only a yard away, whisking some drops of water off his clothes, but his back was turned.

"Which is it?" asked Kingman, over the glass.

"Why, you, Darius, of course," said she.

Moreover, in due time he also joined the Society of Friends.

L. C. Wyman.

CHANCE DAYS IN OREGON.

The best things in life seem always snatched on chances. The longer one lives and looks back, the more he realizes this, and the harder he finds it to "make option which of two," in the perpetually recurring cases when "there 's not enough for this and that," and he must choose which he will do or take. Chancing right in a decision, and seeing clearly what a blunder any other decision would have been, only makes the next such decision harder, and contributes to increased vacillation of purpose and infirmity of will; until one comes to have serious doubts whether there be not a truer philosophy in the "toss up" test than in any other method. "Heads we go, tails we stay," will prove right as many times out of ten as the most painstaking pros and cons, weighing, consulting, and slow deciding.

It was not exactly by "heads and tails" that we won our glimpse of Oregon; but it came so nearly to the same thing that our recollections of the journey are still mingled with that sort of exultant sense of delight with which the human mind always regards a purely fortuitous possession.

Three days and two nights on the Pacific Ocean is a round price to pay for a thing, even for Oregon, with the Columbia River thrown in. There is not so misnamed a piece of water on the globe as the Pacific Ocean, nor so unexplainable a delusion as the almost universal impression that it is smooth sailing there. It is British Channel and North Sea and off the Hebrides combined, — as many different twists and chops and swells as there are waves. People who have crossed the Atlantic again and again without so much as a qualm are desperately ill between San Francisco and Portland. There is but one comparison for the motion: it is as if one's stomach were being treated as double teeth are handled, when country doctors are forced to officiate as dentists, and know no better way to get a four-pronged tooth out of its socket than to turn it round and round till it is torn loose.

Three days and two nights! I spent no inconsiderable portion of the time in speculations as to Monsieur Antoine Crozat's probable reasons for giving back to King Louis his magnificent grant of Pacific coast country. He kept it five years, I believe. In that time he probably voyaged up and down its shores thoroughly. Having been an adventurous trader in the Indies, he must have been well wonted to seas; and being worth forty millions of livres, he could afford to make himself as comfortable in the matter of a ship as was possible a century and a half ago. His grant was a princely domain: an empire five times larger than France itself. What could he have been thinking of, to hand it back to King Louis like a worthless bauble of which he had grown tired? Nothing but the terrors of sea-sickness can explain it. If he could have foreseen the steam-engine, and have had a vision of it fly-

ing on iron roads across continents and mountains, how differently would he have conducted! The heirs of Monsieur Antoine, if any such there be to-day, must chafe when they read the terms of our Louisiana Purchase.

Three days and two nights — from Thursday morning till Saturday afternoon — between San Francisco and the mouth of the Columbia, and then we had to lie at Astoria the greater part of Sunday night before the tide would let us go on up the river. It was not waste time, however. Astoria is a place curious to behold. Seen from the water, it seems a tidy little white town nestled on the shore, and well topped off by wooded hills. Landing, one finds that it must be ranked as amphibious, being literally half on land and half on water. From Astoria proper, the old Astoria, which Mr. Astor founded, and Washington Irving described, up to the new town, or upper Astoria, is a mile and a half, two thirds bridges and piers. Long wooden wharves, more streets than wharves, resting on hundreds of piles, are built out to deep water. They fairly fringe the shore; and the street nearest the water is little more than a succession of bridges from wharf to wharf. Frequent bays and inlets make up, leaving unsightly muddy wastes when the tide goes out. To see family washing hung out on lines over these tidal flats, and the family infants drawing their go-carts in the mud below, was a droll sight. At least every other building on these strange wharf streets is a salmon cannery, and acres of the wharf surfaces were covered with salmon nets spread out to dry. The streets were crowded with wild-looking men, sailor-like, and yet not sailor-like, all wearing india-rubber boots reaching far above the knee, with queer wing-like flaps projecting all around at top. These were the fishers of salmon, two thousand of them, Russians, Finns, Germans, Italians, — "every kind on the earth," an old restaurant keeper, said in speaking of them; "every kind on the earth, they pour in here, for four months, from May to September. They 're a wild set; clear out with the salmon, 'n' don't mind any more 'n the fish do what they leave behind 'em."

All day long they kill time in the saloons. The nights they spend on the water, flinging and trolling and drawing in their nets, which often burst with the weight of the captured salmon. It is a strange life, and one sure to foster a man's worst traits rather than his best ones. The fishermen who have homes and families, and are loyal to them, industrious and thrifty, are the exception.

The site of Mr. Astor's original fort is now the terraced yard of a spruce new house on the corner of one of the pleasantest streets in the old town. These streets are little more than narrow terraces, rising one above the other on jutting and jagged levels of the river bank. They command superb off-looks across and up and down the majestic river, which is here far more a bay than a river. The Astoria people must be strangely indifferent to these views, for the majority of the finest houses face away from the water, looking straight into the rough, wooded hillside.

Uncouth and quaint vehicles are perpetually plying between the old and the new towns; they jolt along fast over the narrow wooden roads, and the foot passengers, who have no other place to walk, are perpetually scrambling from under the horses' heels. It is a unique highway: pebbly beaches, marshes, and salt ponds, alder-grown cliffs, hemlock and spruce copses on its inland side; on the water-side, bustling wharves, canneries, fishermen's boarding-houses, great spaces filled in with bare piles waiting to be floored; at every turn shore and sea seem to change sides, and clumps of brakes, fresh-hewn stumps, maple and madrone trees, shift places with canneries and wharves; the sea swashes un-

der the planks of the road at one minute, and the next is an eighth of a mile away, at the end of a close-built lane. Even in the thickest settled business part of the town, blocks of water alternate with blocks of brick and stone.

The statistics of the salmon-canning business almost pass belief. In 1881, six hundred thousand cases of canned salmon were shipped from Astoria. We ourselves saw seventy-five hundred cases put on board one steamer. There were forty eight-pound cans in each case; it took five hours' steady work, of forty "long-shore men," to load them. These long-shore men are another shifting and turbulent element in the populations of the river towns. They work day and night, get big wages, go from place to place, and spend money recklessly; a sort of commercial Bohemian, difficult to handle and often dangerous. They sometimes elect to take fifty cents an hour and all the beer they can drink, rather than a dollar an hour and no beer. At the time we saw them, they were on beer wages. The foaming beer casks stood at short intervals along the wharf, — a pitcher, pail, and mug at each cask. The scene was a lively one: four cases loaded at a time on each truck, run swiftly to the wharf edge, and slid down the hold; trucks rattling, turning sharp corners; men laughing, wheeling to right and left of each other, tossing off mugs of beer, wiping their mouths with their hands, and flinging the drops in the air with jests, — one half forgave them for taking part wages in the beer, it made it so much merrier.

On Sunday morning we waked up to find ourselves at sea in the Columbia River. A good part of Oregon and Washington Territory seemed also to be at sea there. When a river of the size of the Columbia gets thirty feet above low-water mark, towns and townships go to sea unexpectedly. All the way up the Columbia to the Willamette, and down the Willamette to Portland, we sailed in and on a freshet, and saw at once more and less of the country than could be seen at any other time. At the town of Kalama, facetiously announced as "the water terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad," the hotel, the railroad station, and its warehouses were entirely surrounded by water, and we sailed, in seemingly deep water, directly over the wharf where landings were usually made. At other towns on the way we ran well up into the fields, and landed passengers or freight on stray sand spits, or hillocks, from which they could get off again on the other side by small boats. We passed scores of deserted houses, their windows open, the water swashing over their door-sills; gardens, with only tops of bushes in sight, one with red roses swaying back and forth, limp and helpless on the tide. It seemed strange that men would build houses and make farms in a place where they are each year liable to be driven out by such freshets. When I expressed this wonder, an Oregonian replied lightly, "Oh, the river always gives them plenty of time. They 've all got boats, and they wait till the last minute always, hoping the water 'll go down." "But it must be unwholesome to the last degree to live on such overflowed lands. When the water recedes, they must get fevers." "Oh, they get used to it. After they 've taken about a barrel of quinine, they 're pretty well acclimated."

Other inhabitants of the country asserted roundly that no fevers followed these freshets; that the trade-winds swept away all malarial influences; that the water did no injury whatever to the farms, — on the contrary, made the crops better; and that these farmers along the river bottoms "could n't be hired to live anywhere else in Oregon."

The higher shore lines were wooded almost without a break; only at long intervals an oasis of clearing, high up, an emerald spot of barley or wheat, and

a tiny farm-house. These were said to be usually lumbermen's homes; it was warmer up there than in the bottom, and crops thrived. In the not far-off day when these kingdoms of forests are overthrown, and the Columbia runs unshaded to the sea, these hill shores will be one vast granary.

The city of Portland is on the Willamette River, fourteen miles south of the junction of that river with the Columbia. Seen from its water approach, Portland is a picturesque city, with a near surrounding of hills, wooded with pines and firs, that make a superb sky-line setting to the town, and to the five grand snow peaks, of which clear days give a sight. These dark forests and spear-top fringes are a more distinctive feature in the beauty of Portland's site than even its fine waters and islands. It is to be hoped that the Portland people will appreciate their value, and never let their near hills be shorn of trees. Not one tree more should be cut. Already there are breaks in the forest horizons, which mar the picture greatly, and it would take but a few days of ruthless woodchoppers' work to rob the city forever of its backgrounds, turning them into unsightly barrens. The city is on both sides of the river, and is called East and West Portland. With the usual perversity in such cases, the higher ground and the sunny eastern frontage belong to the less popular part of the city, the west town having most of the business and all of the fine houses. Yet in times of freshet, its lower streets are always under water; and the setting-up of back-water into drains, cellars, and empty lots is a yearly source of much illness. When we arrived, two of the principal hotels were surrounded by water; from one of them there was no going out or coming in, except by planks laid on trestle-work in the piazzas, and the air in the lower part of the town was foul with bad smells from the stagnant water.

Portland is only thirty years old, and its population is not over twenty-five thousand. Yet it is said to have more wealth per head than any other city in the United States, except New Haven. Wheat and lumber and salmon have made it rich. Oregon wheat brings such prices in England that ships can afford to cross the ocean to get it, and last year a hundred and thirty-four vessels sailed out of Portland harbor, loaded solely with wheat or flour.

The city reminds one strongly of some of the rural towns in New England. The houses are unpretentious, wooden, either white or of light colors, and uniformly surrounded by pleasant grounds, in which trees, shrubs, and flowers grow freely, without any attempt at formal or decorative culture. One of the most delightful things about the town is its surrounding of wild and wooded country. In an hour, driving up on the hills to the west, one finds himself in wildernesses of woods: spruce, maple, cedar, and pine; dogwood, wild syringa, honeysuckle, ferns and brakes fitting in for undergrowth, and below all white clover matting the ground. By the roadsides are linnea, red clover, yarrow, may-weed, and dandelion, looking to New England eyes strangely familiar and unfamiliar at once. Never in New England woods and roadsides do they have such a luxurious diet of water and rich soil, and such comfortable warm winters. The white clover especially has an air of spendthrifty indulgence about it, which is delicious. It riots through the woods, even in their densest, darkest depths, making luxuriant pasturage where one would least look for it. On these wooded heights are scores of dairy farms, which have no clearings except of the space needful for the house and outbuildings. The cows, each with a bell at her neck, go roaming and browsing all day in the forests. Out of thickets scarcely penetrable to the eye come everywhere

along the road the contented notes of these bells' slow tinkling at the cows' leisure. The milk, cream, and butter from these dairy farms are of the excellent quality to be expected, and we wondered at not seeing "white clover butter" advertised as well as "white clover honey." Land in these wooded wilds brings from forty to eighty dollars an acre; cleared, it is admirable farm land. Here and there we saw orchards of cherry and apple trees, which were loaded with fruit; the cherry-trees so full that they showed red at a distance.

The alternation of these farms with long tracts of forest, where spruces and pines stand a hundred and fifty feet high, and myriads of wild things have grown in generations of tangle, gives to the country around Portland a charm and flavor peculiarly its own; even into the city itself extends something of the same charm of contrast and antithesis; meandering footpaths, or narrow plank sidewalks with grassy rims, running within stone's throw of solid brick blocks and business thoroughfares. One of the most interesting places in the town is the Bureau of Immigration of the Northern Pacific Railroad. In the centre of the room stands a tall case, made of the native Oregon woods. It journeyed to the Paris and the Philadelphia Expositions, but nowhere can it have given eloquent mute answer to so many questions as it does in its present place. It now holds jars of all the grains raised in Oregon and Washington Territory; also sheaves of superb stalks of the same grains, arranged in circles, — wheat six feet high, oats ten, red clover over six, and timothy grass eight. To see Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, Irish, come in, stand wonderingly before this case, and then begin to ask their jargon of questions, was an experience which did more in an hour to make one realize what the present tide of immigration to the New Northwest really is than reading of statistics could do in a year. These immigrants are pouring in, it is estimated, at the rate of at least a hundred and fifty a day: one hundred by way of San Francisco and Portland; twenty-five by the Puget Sound ports; and another twenty-five overland by wagons. No two with the same aim; no two alike in quality or capacity. To listen to their inquiries, their narratives, to give them advice and help, requires almost preternatural patience and sagacity. It might be doubted, perhaps, whether this requisite combination could be found in an American; certainly no one of any nationality could fill the office better than it is filled by the tireless Norwegian who occupies the post at present. It was touching to see the brightened faces of his countrymen, as their broken English was answered by him in the familiar words of their own tongue. He could tell well which parts of the new country would best suit the Hardanger men, and the men from Eide. It must have been hard for them to believe his statements, even when indorsed by the home speech. To the ordinary Scandinavian peasant, accustomed to measuring cultivable ground by handbreadths, and making gardens in pockets in rocks, tales of hundreds of unbroken miles of wheat country, where crops average from thirty-five to forty-five bushels an acre, must sound incredible; and spite of their faith in their countryman, they are no doubt surprised when their first harvest in the Willamette or Umpqua valley proves that his statements were under, rather than over, the truth.

The Columbia River steamers set off from Portland at dawn, or thereabouts. Wise travelers go on board the night before, and their first morning consciousness is a wonder at finding themselves afloat, — afloat on a sea; for it hardly seems like river voyaging when shores are miles apart, and, in many broad vistas, water is all that can be seen. These vistas, in times of high water, when the

Columbia may be said to be fairly "seas over," are grand. They shine and flicker for miles, right and left, with green feathery fringes of tree-tops, and queer brown stippled points and ridges, which are house gables and roof-trees, not quite gone under. One almost forgets, in the interest of the spectacle, what misery it means to the owners of the gables and roof-trees.

At Washougal Landing, on the morning when we went up the river, all that was to be seen of the warehouse on the wharf at which we should have made landing was the narrow ridge line of its roof; and this was at least a third of a mile out from shore. The boat stopped, and the passengers were rowed out in boats and canoes, steering around among tree-tops and houses as best they might.

The true shore line of the river we never once saw, but it cannot be so beautiful as was the freshet's shore of upper banks and terraces: dark forests at top, shifting shades of blue in every rift between the hills, iridescent rainbow colors on the slopes, and gray clouds, white edged, piled up in masses above them, all floating apace with us, and changing tone and tint oftener than we changed course.

As we approached the Cascade Mountains, the scenery grew grander with every mile. The river cuts through this range in a winding cañon, whose sides for a space of four or five miles are from three to four thousand feet high. But the charm of this pass is not so much in the height and grandeur as in the beauty of its walls. They vary in color and angle, and light and shadow, each second: perpendicular rock fronts, mossy brown; shelves of velvety greenness and ledges of glistening red or black stone thrown across; great basaltic columns fluted as by a chisel; jutting tables of rock carpeted with yellow and brown lichen; turrets standing out with firs growing on them; bosky points of cottonwood-trees; yellow and white blossoms and curtains of ferns, waving out, hanging over; and towering above all these, peaks and summits wrapped in fleecy clouds. Looking ahead, we could see sometimes only castellated mountain lines, meeting across the river, like walls; as we advanced they retreated, and opened, with new vistas at each opening. Shining threads of water spun down in the highest places, sometimes falling sheer to the river, sometimes sinking out of sight in forest depths midway down, like the famed fosses of the Norway fjords. Long sky-lines of pines and firs, which we knew to be from one hundred to three hundred feet tall, looked in the aerial perspective no more than a mossy border along the wall. A little girl, looking up at them, gave by one artless exclamation a true idea of this effect. "Oh," she cried, "they look just as if you could pick a little bunch of them!" At intervals along the right-hand shore were to be seen the white-tented encampments of the Chinese laborers on the road which the Northern Pacific Railroad Company is building to link Saint Paul with Puget Sound. A force of three thousand Chinamen and two thousand whites is at work on this river division, and the road is being pushed forward with great rapidity. The track looked in places as if it were not one inch out of the water, though it was twenty feet; and tunnels which were a hundred and thirty feet high looked only like oven mouths. It has been a hard road to build, costing in some parts sixty-five thousand dollars a mile. One spot was pointed out to us where twenty tons of powder had been put in, in seven drifts, and one hundred and forty cubic yards of rock and soil blown at one blast into the river. It is an odd thing that huge blasts like this make little noise, only a slight puff; whereas small blasts make the hills ring and echo with their racket.

Between the lower cascades and the

upper cascades is a portage of six miles, past fierce waters, in which a boat could scarcely live. Here we took cars; they were over-full, and we felt ourselves much aggrieved at being obliged to make the short journey standing on one of the crowded platforms. It proved to be only another instance of the good things caught on chances. Next me stood an old couple, the man's neck so burnt and wrinkled it looked like fiery red alligator's skin; his clothes, evidently his best, donned for a journey, were of a fashion so long gone by that they had a quaint dignity. The woman wore a checked calico sun-bonnet, and a green merino gown of as quaint a fashion as her husband's coat. With them was a veritable Leather Stocking: an old farmer, whose flannel shirt, tied loosely at the throat with a bit of twine, fell open, and showed a broad hairy breast of which a gladiator might have been proud.

The cars jolted heavily, making it hard to keep one's footing; and the old man came near being shaken off the step. Recovering himself, he said, laughing, to his friend, —

"Anyhow, it 's easier 'n a buckin' Cayuse horse."

"Yes," assented the other. "'T ain't much like '49, is it?"

"Were you here in '49?" I asked eagerly.

"'49!" he repeated scornfully. "I was here in '47. I was seven months comin' across from Iowa to Oregon City in an ox team; an' we 're livin' on that same section we took up then; an' I reckon there hain't nobody got a lien on to it yet. We 've raised nine children, an' the youngest on em 's twenty-one. My woman 's been sick for two or three years; this is the first time I 've got her out. Thought we 'd go down to Columbus, an' get a little pleasure, if we can. We used to come up to this portage in boats, an' then pack everything on horses an' ride across."

"We wore buckskin clo'es in those days," interrupted Leather Stocking, "and spurs with bells; need n't do more 'n jingle the bells, 'n' the horse 'd start. I 'd like to see them times back agen, too. I vow I 'm put to 't now to know where to go. This civilyzation," with an indescribably sarcastic emphasis on the third syllable, "is too much for me. I don't want to live where I can't go out 'n' kill a deer before breakfast any mornin' I take a notion to."

"Were there many Indians here in those days?" I asked.

"Many Injuns?" he retorted; "why, 't was all Injuns. All this country long here was jest full on 'em."

"How did you find them?"

"Jest 's civil 's any people in the world; never had no trouble with 'em. Nobody never did have any thet treated 'em fair. I tell ye, it 's jest with them 's 't is with cattle. Now there 'll be one man raise cattle, an' be real mean with 'em; an' they 'll all hook, an' kick, an' break fences, an' run away. An' there 'll be another, an' his cattle 'll all be kind, an' come ter yer when you call 'em. I don't never want to know anythin' more about a man than the way his stock acts. I hain't got a critter that won't come up by its name an' lick my hand. An' it 's jest so with folks. Ef a man 's mean to you, yer goin' to be mean to him, every time. The great thing with Injuns is, never to tell 'em a yarn. If yer deceive 'em once, they won't ever trust yer again, 's long 's yer live, an' you can't trust them either. Oh, I know Injuns, I tell you. I 've been among 'em here more 'n thirty year, an' I never had the first trouble yet. There 's been troubles, but I wa'n't in 'em. It 's been the white people's fault every time."

"Did you ever know Chief Joseph?" I asked.

"What, old Jo! You bet I knew him. He 's an A No. 1 Injun, he is. He 's real honorable. Why, I got lost once, an' I came right on his camp be-

fore I knowed it, an' the Injuns they grabbed me ; 't was night, 'n' I was kind o' creepin' along cautious, an' the first thing I knew there was an Injun had me on each side, an' they jest marched me up to Jo's tent, to know what they should do with me. I wa'n't a mite afraid ; I jest looked him right square in the eye. That's another thing with Injuns ; you've got to look 'em in the eye, or they won't trust ye. Well, Jo, he took up a torch, a pine knot he had burnin', and he held it close't up to my face, and looked me up an' down, an' down an' up ; an' I never flinched ; I jest looked him up an' down 's good 's he did me ; 'n' then he set the knot down, 'n' told the men it was all right, — I was 'tum tum ;' that meant I was good heart ; 'n' they gave me all I could eat, 'n' a guide to show me my way, next day, 'n' I could n't make Jo nor any of 'em take one cent. I had a kind o' comforter o' red yarn, I wore round my neck ; an' at last I got Jo to take that, jest as a kind o' momento."

The old man was greatly indignant to hear that Chief Joseph was in Indian Territory. He had been out of the State at the time of the Nez Percé war, and had not heard of Joseph's fate.

"Well, that was a dirty mean trick!" he exclaimed, — "a dirty mean trick! I don't care who done it."

Then he told me of another Indian chief he had known well, — "Ercutch" by name. This chief was always a warm friend of the whites ; again and again he had warned them of danger from hostile Indians. "Why, when he died, there wa'n't a white woman in all this country that did n't mourn 's if she 'd lost a friend ; they felt safe 's long 's he was round. When he knew he was dyin' he jest bade all his friends good-by. Said he, 'Good-by. I 'm goin' to the Great Spirit ;' an' then he named over each friend he had, Injuns an' whites, each one by name, and said good-by after each name."

It was a strange half hour, rocking and jolting on this crowded car platform: the splendid tossing and foaming river with its rocks and islands on one hand, high cliffs and fir forests on the other; these three weather-beaten, eager, aged faces by my side, with their shrewd old voices telling such reminiscences, and rising shrill above the din of the cars.

From the upper cascades to the Dalles, by boat again ; a splendid forty miles run, through the mountain pass, its walls now gradually lowering, and, on the Washington Territory side of the river, terraces and slopes of cleared lands and occasional settlements. Great numbers of drift logs passed us here, coming down apace, from the rush of the Dalles above. Every now and then one would get tangled in the bushes and roots on the shore, swing in, and lodge tight to await the next freshet.

The "log" of one of these driftwood voyages would be interesting ; a tree trunk may be ten years getting down to the sea, or it may swirl down in a week. It is one of the businesses along the river to catch them, and pull them in to shore, and much money is made at it. One lucky fisher of logs, on the Snake River Fork, once drew ashore six hundred cords in a single year. Sometimes a whole boom gets loose from its moorings, and comes down stream, without breaking up. This is a godsend to anybody who can head it off and tow it in shore ; for by the law of the river he is entitled to one half the value of the logs.

At the Dalles is another short portage of twelve miles, past a portion of the river which, though less grand than its plunge through the Cascade Mountains, is far more unique and wonderful. The waters here are stripped and shred into countless zigzagging torrents, boiling along through labyrinths of black lava rocks and slabs. There is nothing in all nature so gloomy, so weird, as vol-

canic slag, and the piles, ridges, walls, palisades of it thrown up at this point look like the roof-trees, chimneys, turrets of a half-engulfed Pandemonium. Dark slaty and gray tints spread over the whole shore, also; it is all volcanic matter, oozed or boiled over, and hardened into rigid shapes of death and destruction. The place is terrible to see. Fitting in well with the desolateness of the region was a group of half-naked Indians crouching on the rocks, gaunt and wretched, fishing for salmon; the hollows in the rocks about them filled with the bright vermilion-colored salmon spawn, spread out to dry. The twilight was nearly over as we sped by, and the deepening darkness added momently to the gloom of the scene.

At Celilo, just above the Dalles, we took boat again for Umatilla, one hundred miles farther up the river.

Next morning we were still among lava beds: on the Washington Territory side, low, rolling shores, or slanting slopes with terraces, and tufty brown surfaces broken by ridges and points of the black slag; on the Oregon side, high brown cliffs mottled with red and yellow lichens, and great beaches and dunes of sand, which had blown into windrows and curving hillock lines as on the sea-shore. This sand is a terrible enemy for a railroad to fight. In a few hours, sometimes, rods of the track are buried by it as deep as by snow in the fiercest winter storms.

The first picture I saw from my state-room windows, this morning, was an Indian standing on a narrow plank shelf that was let down by ropes over a perpendicular rock front, some fifty feet high. There he stood, as composed as if he were on *terra firma*, bending over towards the water, and flinging in his salmon net. On the rocks above him sat the women of his family, spreading the salmon to dry. We were within so short a distance of the banks that friendly smiles could be distinctly seen; and one of the younger squaws, laughing back at the lookers-on on deck, picked up a salmon, and waving it in her right hand ran swiftly along towards an outjutting point. She was a gay creature, with scarlet fringed leggins, a pale green blanket, and on her head a twisted handkerchief of a fine old Dürer red. As she poised herself, and braced backwards to throw the salmon on deck, she was a superb figure against the sky; she did not throw straight, and the fish fell a few inches short of reaching the boat. As it struck the water she made a petulant little gesture of disappointment, like a child, threw up her hands, turned, and ran back to her work.

At Umatilla, being forced again to "make option which of two," we reluctantly turned back, leaving the beautiful Walla Walla region unvisited, for the sake of seeing Puget Sound. The Walla Walla region is said to be the finest stretch of wheat country in the world. Lava slag, when decomposed, makes the richest of soil, — deep and seemingly of inexhaustible fertility. A failure of harvests is said never to have been known in that country; the average yield of wheat is thirty-five to forty bushels an acre, and oats have yielded a hundred bushels. Apples and peaches thrive, and are of a superior quality. The country is well watered, and has fine rolling plateaus from fifteen hundred to three thousand feet high, giving a climate neither too cold in winter nor too hot in summer, and of a bracing quality not found nearer the sea. Hearing all the unquestionable tributes to the beauty and value of this Walla Walla region, I could not but recall some of Chief Joseph's pleas that a small share of it should be left in their possession who once owned it all.

From our pilot, on the way down, I heard an Indian story, too touching to be forgotten, though too long to tell here except in briefest outline. As we were passing a little village, half under

water, he exclaimed, looking earnestly at a small building to whose window-sills the water nearly reached, —

"Well, I declare, Lucy 's been driven out of her house this time. I was wondering why I did n't see her handkerchief a-waving. She always waves to me when I go by." Then he told me Lucy's story.

She was a California Indian, probably of the Tulares, and migrated to Oregon with her family thirty years ago. She was then a young girl, and said to be the handsomest squaw ever seen in Oregon. In those days white men in wildernesses thought it small shame, if any, to take Indian women to live with them as wives, and Lucy was much sought and wooed. But she seems to have had uncommon virtue or coldness, for she resisted all such approaches for a long time.

Finally, a man named Pomeroy appeared, and, as Lucy said afterward, as soon as she looked at him, she knew he was her "tum tum man," and she must go with him. He had a small sloop, and Lucy became its mate. They two alone ran it for several years up and down the river. He established a little trading-post, and Lucy always took charge of that when he went to buy goods. When gold was discovered at Ringgold Bar, Lucy went there, worked with a rocker like a man, and washed out hundreds of dollars' worth of gold, all which she gave to Pomeroy. With it he built a fine schooner and enlarged his business, the faithful Lucy working always at his side and bidding. At last, after eight or ten years, he grew weary of her and of the country, and made up his mind to go to California. But he had not the heart to tell Lucy he meant to leave her. The pilot who told me this story was at that time captain of a schooner on the river. Pomeroy came to him one day, and asked him to move Lucy and her effects down to Columbus. He said he had told her that she must go and live there with her relatives, while he went to California and looked about, and then he would send for her. The poor creature, who had no idea of treachery, came on board cheerfully and willingly, and he set her off at Columbus. This was in the early spring. Week after week, month after month, whenever his schooner stopped there, Lucy was on the shore, asking if he had heard from Pomeroy. For a long time, he said, he could n't bear to tell her. At last he did; but she would not believe him. Winter came on. She had got a few boards together and built herself a sort of hut, near a house where lived an eccentric old bachelor, who finally took compassion on her, and to save her from freezing let her come into his shanty to sleep. He was a mysterious old man, a recluse, with a morbid aversion to women, and at the outset it was a great struggle for him to let even an Indian woman cross his threshold. But little by little Lucy won her way: first she washed the dishes; then she would timidly help at the cooking. Faithful, patient, unpresuming, at last she grew to be really the old man's housekeeper, as well as servant. He lost his health, and became blind. Lucy took care of him till he died, and followed him to the grave, his only mourner, the only human being in the country with whom he had any tie. He left her his little house and a few hundred dollars, — all he had; and there she is still, alone, making out to live by doing whatever work she can find in the neighborhood. Everybody respects her; she is known as "Lucy" up and down the river. "I did my best to hire her to come and keep house for my wife, last year," said the pilot. "I 'd rather have her for nurse or cook than any white woman in Oregon. But she would n't come. I don't know as she 's done looking for Pomeroy to come back yet, and she 's going to stay just where he left her. She never misses a

time, waving to me, when she knows what boat I 'm on, and there is n't much going on on the river she don't know."

It was dusk when the pilot finished telling Lucy's story. We were shooting along through wild passages of water called Hell Gate, just above the Dalles. In the dim light the basaltic columnar cliffs looked like grooved ebony. One of the pinnacles has a strange resemblance to the figure of an Indian. It is called the Chief, and the semblance is startling: a colossal figure, with a plume-crowned head, turned as if gazing backward over the shoulder; the attitude stately, the drapery graceful, and the whole expression one of profound and dignified sorrow. It seemed a strangely fitting emphasis to the story of the faithful Indian woman.

It was near midnight when we passed the Dalles. Our train was late, and dashed on at its swiftest. Fitful light came from a wisp of a new moon and one star; they seemed tossing in a tumultuous sea of dark clouds. In this glimmering darkness the lava walls and ridges stood up, inky black; the foaming water looked like molten steel, the whole region more ghastly and terrible than before.

There is a village of three thousand inhabitants at the Dalles. The houses are set among lava hillocks and ridges. The fields seem bubbled with lava, their blackened surfaces stippled in with yellow and brown. High up above are wheat fields in clearings, reaching to the sky-line of the hills. Great slopes of crumbling and disintegrating lava rock spread superb purple and slate colors between the greens of forests and wheat fields. It is one of the memorable pictures on the Columbia.

To go both up and down a river is a good deal like spending a summer and a winter in a place, so great difference does it make when right hand and left shift sides, and everything is seen from a new stand-point.

The Columbia River scenery is taken at its best going up, especially the gradual crescendo of the Cascade Mountain region, which is far tamer entered from above. But we had a compensation in the clearer sky and lifted clouds, which gave us the more distant snow peaks in all their glory, and our run down from the Dalles to Portland was the best day of our three on the river. Our steamer was steered by hydraulic pressure, and it was a wonderful thing to sit in the pilot house and see the slight touch of a finger on the shining lever sway the great boat in a second. A baby's hand is strong enough to steer the largest steamboat by this instrument. It could turn the boat, the captain said, in a maelstrom, where four men together could not budge the rudder-wheel.

The history of the Columbia River navigation would make by itself an interesting chapter. It dates back to 1792, when a Boston ship and Boston captain first sailed up the river. A curious bit of history in regard to that ship is to be found in the archives of the old Spanish government in California. Whenever a royal decree was issued in Madrid in regard to the Indies or New Spain, a copy of it was sent to every viceroy in the Spanish Dominions; he communicated it to his next subordinate, who in turn sent it to all the governors, and so on, till the decree reached every corner of the king's provinces. In 1789 there was sent from Madrid, by ship to Mexico, and thence by courier to California, and by Fages, the California governor, to every port in California, the following order:

"Whenever there may arrive at the port of San Francisco a ship named the Columbia, said to belong to General Washington of the American States, commanded by John Kendrick, which sailed from Boston in 1787, bound on a voyage of discovery to the Russian settlements on the northern coast of the

peninsula, you will cause said vessel to be examined with caution and delicacy, using for this purpose a small boat which you have in your possession."

Two months after this order was promulgated in the Santa Barbara presidio, Captain Gray, of the ship Washington, and Captain Kendrick, of the ship Columbia, changed ships in Wickmanish harbor. Captain Gray took the Columbia to China, and did not sail into San Francisco harbor at all, whereby he escaped being examined with caution and delicacy by the small boat in possession of the San Francisco garrison. Not till the 11th of May, 1792, did he return and sail up the Columbia River, then called the Oregon. He renamed it for his ship, "Columbia's River," but the possessive was soon dropped.

When one looks at the crowded rows of steamboats at the Portland wharves now, it is hard to realize that it is only thirty-two years since the first one was launched there. Two were built and launched in one year, the Columbia and the Lot Whitcomb. The Lot Whitcomb was launched on Christmas Day; there were three days' feasting and dancing, and people gathered from all parts of the Territory to celebrate the occasion.

It is also hard to realize, when standing on the Portland wharves, that it is less than fifty years since there were angry discussions in the United States Congress as to whether or not it were worth while to obtain Oregon as a possession, and in the Eastern States manuals were being freely distributed, bearing such titles as this: "A general circular to all persons of good character wishing to emigrate to the Oregon Territory." Even those statesmen who were most earnest in favor of the securing of Oregon did not perceive the true nature of its value. One of Benton's most enthusiastic predictions was that an "emporium of Asiatic commerce" would be situated at the mouth of the Columbia, and that "a stream of Asiatic trade would pour into the valley of the Mississippi through the channel of Oregon." But the future of Oregon and Washington rests not on any transmission of the riches of other countries, however important an element in their prosperity that may ultimately become. Their true riches are their own and inalienable. They are to be among the great feeders of the earth. Gold and silver values are unsteady and capricious; intrigues can overthrow them; markets can be glutted, and mines fail. But bread the nations of the earth must have. The bread yielder controls the situation always. Given a soil which can grow wheat year after year with no apparent fatigue or exhaustion, a climate where rains never fail and seed-time and harvest are uniformly certain, and conditions are created under which the future success and wealth of a country may be predicted just as surely as the movements of the planets in the heavens.

There are three great valleys in Western Oregon, the Willamette, the Umpqua, and the Rogue River. The Willamette is the largest, being sixty miles long by one hundred and fifty wide. The Umpqua and Rogue River together contain over a million of acres. These valleys are natural gardens; fertile to luxuriance, and watered by all the westward drainage of the great Cascade Range, the Andes of North America, a continuation of the Sierra Nevada. The Coast Range Mountains lie west of these valleys, breaking, but not shutting out, the influence of the sea air and fogs. This valley region between these two ranges contains less than a third of the area of Washington and Oregon. The country east of the Cascade Mountains is no less fertile, but has a drier climate, colder winters, and hotter summers. Its elevation is from two to four thousand feet, — probably the very best elevations for health. A comparison of statistics of

yearly death-rates cannot be made with absolute fairness between old and thick-settled and new and sparsely-settled countries. Allowance must be made for the probably superior health and strength of the men and women who have had the youth and energy to go forward as pioneers. But, making all due allowance for these, there still remains difference enough to startle one between the death-rates in some of the Atlantic States and in these infant empires of the New Northwest. The yearly death-rate in Massachusetts is one out of fifty-seven; in Vermont one out of ninety-seven; in Oregon one out of one hundred and seventy-two; and in Washington Territory one out of two hundred and twenty-eight.

As we glided slowly to anchorage in Portland harbor, five dazzling snow-white peaks were in sight on the horizon: Mount Hood, of peerless shape, strong as if it were a bulwark of the very heavens themselves, yet graceful and sharp-cut as Egypt's pyramids: Saint Helen's, a little lower, yet looking higher, with the marvelous curves of its slender shining cone, bent on and seemingly into the sky, like an intaglio of ice cut in the blue; miles away, in the farthest north and east horizons, Mounts Tacoma and Adams and Baker, all gleaming white, and all seeming to uphold the skies.

These eternal, unalterable snow peaks will be as eternal and unalterable factors in the history of the country as in its beauty to the eye. Their value will not come under any head of things reckonable by census, statistics, or computation, but it will be none the less real for that; it will be an element in the nature and character of every man and woman born within sight of the radiant splendor, and it will be strange if it does not ultimately develop, in the empire of this New Northwest, a local patriotism and passionate loyalty to soil as strong and lasting as that which has made generations of Swiss mountaineers ready to brave death for a sight of their mountains.

H. H.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON'S STORIES.

The Björnson who recently visited America, and who has written Magnhild and Dust, differs from the Björnson whose Arne delighted English and American readers sixteen years ago. That was an exquisite pastoral, in which the restlessness of youth was given a poetic form of rare beauty. In Magnhild, the latest of the series of volumes[1] which now presents Björnson's tales in uniform English dress, there is a restlessness of thought, which springs not from wondering ignorance of life, as in Arne, but from discontent at evils which have been discovered from long and hard experience of the world.

We find a spiritual chronology in this remarkable series. The earliest stories were the short sketches, Thrond, A Dangerous Wooing, and The Bear Hunter, which immediately preceded the publication of Synnöve Solbakken. Thrond is a curious piece of fantastic writing, in which a boy's mind, bred among Northern myths, peers out into the world; everything is seen in a mirage, and the commonest circumstances of life are lifted into the supernatural. A

[1] *Synnöve Solbakken: Arne: A Happy Boy: The Fisher Maiden: The Bridal March, and other Stories: Captain Mansana, and other stories: Magnhild.* By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated by Rasmus B. Anderson. Seven volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881, 1882.

Dangerous Wooing, more realistic in form, suggests the physical vigor and adventure of youth; while The Bear Hunter, with its droll, half-teasing properties, turns the inventions of the braggart boy into the facts of actual observation. So far, these tentative stories were the ventures of a mind in which fancy, imagination, and a childish curiosity were mingled. Then Synnöve Solbakken appeared. This, the first of Björnson's longer tales, and the most famous in his own country, is the picture of stormy youth touched and refined by the sunshine of pure love. An English version of the story takes the title of Love and Life in Norway, and this may serve as a matter-of-fact statement of the theme, if we are to regard the story as one seeking classification. Mr. Anderson very properly retains Björnson's title, which is that of the heroine; but the English-speaking reader misses the happy significance of Solbakken, which may be rendered Sunny Hill. The scenes of the story lie chiefly in two farms, — one in the shade, where the hero labors; one in the sunshine of a hill slope, from which the heroine looks across, — and the strength of the story is in the presentation of a noble passion under the conditions of rude peasant life. Upon a smaller scale, and with a different motif, the little sketch called The Father depends for its power upon the masterly treatment of a broad human theme within the lines of the very simplest experience.

Arne and A Happy Boy are somewhat complementary tales, and in these a new phase of Björnson's genius and his spiritual growth are seen. In Arne, as we have intimated, there is disclosed a restlessness which fills the mind of the hero, and makes the burden of his life to be in the lyric which he sings: —

> "What shall I see if I ever go
> Over the mountains high?"

The fullness of a mother's love, expressed in silence, yet deep as life, holds the boy fast till a finer, stronger chain has bound him to the valley. His restlessness is transmuted into a longing for the completion of his human love, and an exquisite touch makes two other human lives, which have been separated, find a reunion through the fruition of Arne and Eli. A Happy Boy takes up this note of sweet content with which Arne ceases, and carries it forward in a light, happy, serene strain. There is no unrest in the book; only the smiles and frowns of a checkered life, which never loses sight of its aim, and does not miss its goal.

A single short story of this period, The Eagle's Nest, gives a hint of that daring which appeared in A Dangerous Wooing, but by its close reminds one of the failure which awaits adventure; it is antithetical to the earlier story, and prelusive of notes to be struck later. One other tale, of full proportions, but limited in compass, belongs to this group, the Railroad and the Churchyard, in which the author discovers his strong interest in a struggle between two typical natures. Nevertheless, he appears to stand quite outside of the circle in which the conflict goes on, and to find his pleasure in the noble reconciliation which rounds the tale.

All of the stories which we have enumerated belong to the first period of Björnson's activity. They appeared between the years 1856 and 1860; that is, when the author was from twenty-four to twenty-eight years of age, and while he was struggling for a position as journalist and manager. Seven or eight years later came another group, of which the most important was The Fisher Maiden; and the minor ones were Blakken, Fidelity, and A Problem of Life. Now The Fisher Maiden is indicative of transition. The problem which stirs the soul of Petra and of Ödegaard is that which comes sooner or later to every earnest person, — the problem of vocation. The story continues to be of

peasant and of country life, but the horizon has widened. Ödegaard is a man who was destined for the priesthood, but has found his education in other lands, and has come back to Norway, still searching for his vocation. Petra does not ask herself the questions which Ödegaard is constantly struggling with, but her woman's instinct guides her as unerringly as his man's reason. The priest, with whom Petra makes her home, has had his experience, and thinks continentally within his mountain parish. The reader feels that the book is one of discussion, of question and answer. He perceives that the author, since his last book, has seen the world, has been possessed by it, and comes back to this peasant life as one who looks at it now from the outside. The characters are more firmly outlined than in the previous books, yet, artistically, The Fisher Maiden suffers in contrast, for the motif is not from within the story; it must be sought for in the author's mind. He is working at problems, and is less an artist. He has something to do with his book; it is a means, and not an end.

Of the minor pieces, Blakken is merely a breezy sketch of a dun-colored horse, which Björnson's father owned, and gives occasion for some lively reminiscences. Fidelity is a striking illustration of Norwegian peasant life, and is also a reminiscence. In both of these slight examples, one can see Björnson's free hand and a masculine manner quite different from that earlier shown. He is, in these, quite plainly, a man who has returned to his parish; not one who has never left it. A Problem of Life appears to be a study in tragedy; built, very possibly, upon some incident in real life, but having a violent character, which separates it somewhat from the reader's sympathy.

After an interval of three or four years two more stories appeared, The Bridal March and Captain Mansana; the latter rather a sketch for a story than a carefully developed novel. The Bridal March is more deliberately wrought. It takes a Norse family, over which a fate seemed to hang, and shows by what power of resolute youth the spell was broken. The scenes are still Norwegian, the characters are Norse, but the artist who deals with the material is one who has studied literature, and has observed men and women elsewhere; so that he has, as it were, constructed a Romeo and Juliet out of Scandinavian material. The passion of the story is powerful; there is a pent-up energy felt through all the earlier part, and when the storm of love bursts the reader is swept along by it. Again we are reminded how far we have strayed from Arne. There was *naïveté* and the artless art. Here is a man's work, vigorous and effective, showing confidence in self, yet touched also by a half-pitying tone, as of one who compassionates the narrow lives of his characters.

Captain Mansana was the result of study and travel in Italy. Björnson asserts that the figure is taken directly from life. One may well believe this; but he will also believe that the Italian was a Berserker in disguise, and that Italian passion was translated into Northern might. Andersen came from the North, and wrote The Improvisatore. There was a rich flowering forth of a root which was transplanted just in time. Björnson, when he went to Italy, was too solidly formed in his own mind to be irresistibly affected by Italian art and nature.

When Björnson returned from Italy he wrote another Northern story, Magnhild, which was not published until 1877, three years later; and if we may trust very common rumor, it closes the author's larger work in the field of fiction. So far as his own professions are to be regarded, we may not look for further Norse tales from him. It does not need his word to show that another

Arne, or Synnöve Solbakken, or A Happy Boy is impossible. In this last important novel, one may readily see how little there is left of the earlier Björnson, — how little, and yet how much. That keen insight which is the eye of truth, that revealing touch which is the hand of a creator, are in Magnhild as in Arne. The landscape, the cold life, which is rather lighted than warmed, the sturdy, repressed natures, the deep stirrings of the soul, — all these reappear in this latest novel, and remind one of the mastery of the author. There is also in each case the marvelous power to make the reader feel the interpretation of a look, a gesture, and to carry him across chasms of incident and conversation, which Björnson has even more finely than Turgenef. But how entirely has the author's attitude toward his subject changed! With what different emotions is he concerned! Into the dull peasant life he shoots a flame from the feverish world outside, and the character whom he chooses to lift out of the surroundings is no longer a wondering boy, but a suffering woman. He portrays the landscape and figures, so far as these are Norwegian, as if he found in these, not the hidden poetry which charmed his early years, but a dull background from which to project life of another sort. He takes a girl who has been saved from physical destruction for some indefinite destiny, and first binds her to a Caliban of a fellow, a beast whom no power can transform into a beautiful young prince; then, when she is fast bound, introduces into her life the opportunity for artistic expression through associations which are perilous to her nature. It is not altogether clear what Mr. Björnson was working out in this tale. His hints and side-glances are sometimes enigmatical, but he permits the reader to see a pure-minded woman, conscious in a dumb way of higher possibilities of life, disappointed, turned back upon herself, and almost in despair, yet all the while unconsciously making herself a touch-stone to all the natures with whom she comes in contact.

The problem of the book, translated into the baldest phrase, may be said to be, What shall such a woman do with her husband? and the answer here apparently is, Leave him. It will not do, however, to dismiss Magnhild as a mere contribution to the question of the subjection of women. We may guess that Björnson the philosopher and philanthropist was perplexed in his mind on this subject, but Björnson the artist was still too potent a force to be set aside. Magnhild has the marks of great power; it has also the signs of a most restless spirit. We venture the conjecture that the fine woman is Norway, mated, but not married, to a royal *régime* in the person of Skarlie; and that Björnson's advice to this woman, longing for the higher air, is to leave her husband, to free herself from debasing conditions. Be this as it may, there is not here the repose of a strong artist, who has overcome, but the searchings, the explorations, the deep discouragements, of a spirit stormy and passionate, moved by noble impulses, but driven from without by forces not yet subdued to its high will.

We have left but one short story, the latest from Björnson's pen, the story of Dust, which is one of the saddest of tales, and indeed is no tale, but a fragment of human life. It is dreary in its portraiture of people who have lost all the clews to life and immortality, and go sobbing through the woods. The two lost children of the pitiful story are no more wandering than the father and mother and maid; and the friend who visits them seems to have no power to set them on the right road. It is the last word of Björnson; no, it is the latest word.

We have been so much interested in the spiritual chronology of these re-

markable books that we find it difficult to come back to other considerations which are suggested. There is much that might be said concerning the relation which this Norse story-telling bears to the old sagas, for Björnson is a legitimate successor of the saga-men. Much, too, might be said of the power with which Norse mountains cast their shadows over, and Norse fjords send their inlets into, this literature. However we may consider these stories, and whatever speculations they may lead us into respecting the author, we cannot escape from the most impressive fact, — that in this group of stories we have a distinct addition to the world's literature. That the novels of Björnson should have been gathered into one uniform English dress is a slight tribute to his genius. It is of much more importance that every American student of pure literature should study these books as the exponents of a high and noble genius. It is worth while to master the Norse language just to read Björnson's writings; the reader of these translations will be the first to admit this.

ANDREW JACKSON AND JOHN RANDOLPH.

Among all the political leaders of modern times who have risen to be the chiefs of great states there is not one so absolutely devoid of every quality proper to a statesman, and at the same time so picturesque and dramatic, as Andrew Jackson. In his own day Jackson was a mighty political force. In history he is a deeply interesting problem, which involves in its solution much that bears on the intellectual and moral character of the society and politics of a great people. Professor Sumner, Jackson's latest biographer,[1] has the misfortune of coming after Mr. Parton, whose Life of Jackson, whatever its defects, is on the whole the most brilliant and entertaining of American biographies. Mr. Parton dealt with Jackson, the individual, as a great personal force, which he was. Professor Sumner has treated him as a statesman, which he was not. The questions of state and the political questions of Jackson's administration, although vitally affected in their decision by the president's overshadowing personality, did not originate with him, were not raised by him, and were not dealt with by him on any settled system of policy. The fact was that Jackson had no policy on any subject. He had violent prejudices, uncurbed and stormy passions, fierce love or hatred for men and women; and he took part in great public questions in accordance with his prejudices, and governed by his feelings towards the individuals who were interested on one side or the other. The result of discussing the political questions of Jackson's administration, as Professor Sumner does, is that we obtain a very good history of these questions, and we see how Jackson, when they came within his ken, swept down upon them like a *deus ex machina*, and hurled them to decision in one direction or another; but as to the man Jackson, and the nature and causes of his influence, we are no wiser than before. In a word, Professor Sumner has given us a careful, thoughtful, and learned history of Jackson's administration, rather than a life of Andrew Jackson himself.

Professor Sumner deserves all praise for his research, his industry, and his

[1] *Andrew Jackson.* By William Graham Sumner. [American Statesmen Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

thorough and able discussion of the political questions of the Jackson administration, especially those which relate to finance and economy. He has undoubtedly made a valuable and scholarly contribution to our knowledge of that period, but he has not helped us to a much better understanding of Jackson. The hero of New Orleans was preëminently picturesque, but the political issues of his administration, as a rule, were not, except when he was engaged in them. The result of confining his attention to these questions of policy has made Professor Sumner's book dry reading, and this is enhanced by the form and style of the biography. One chapter suffices for the first forty-five years, and two pages for the last eight years, of Jackson's life, while ten chapters are given to the affairs of his administration. This is not the way to treat the life of a man who was an incarnate will and mastering personal force in the events of his day and generation. The defects of style are similar to those of form. Professor Sumner's style is rigidly and conscientiously correct and exact in point of grammar and construction, but the sentences are too uniformly short and abrupt, and, as a whole, it is fatiguing and discouraging to the reader. It gives the sensation of climbing a slippery hill, where you fall back one step for every two you take forward. Professor Sumner, in fact, has made the mistake of treating Jackson, who was a very remarkable man, brimming over with the strongest passions of human nature, and who was the very embodiment of a violent and despotic will, too much as if he were merely a factor in a question of political science, or in a problem of political economy. We are not prepared to say, looking at Jackson solely from the point of view of his absolute effect upon the political events of his time, that this is not a legitimate method of writing his life, or one portion of it, at least. But it is certainly a limited and rather narrow method, and not the one, in our judgment, which is suited to this collection. Professor Sumner's rather elaborate title is comprehensive enough, but the trouble is that he does not live up to it. This series of biographies, if we apprehend its purpose aright, is intended to present studies of certain public men as individuals, and of their personal influence upon the history of the United States; showing the meaning and extent of that influence, and what the subjects of the various biographies represented to the world they lived in, and represent now to us. For such treatment Andrew Jackson is peculiarly well fitted. There is a sort of barbarian picturesqueness and wild dramatic effect about his character and career, and its many varied incidents, which appeal strongly to the imagination, and are the best material for effective description and analysis. Considered merely as a story, the biographer could ask nothing better than the narrative of Jackson's career. But all this, striking as it is, is overshadowed by the historical problem presented by the popular adoration of "Old Hickory." In all our history, no man, with the exception of Washington, has ever possessed one tithe of the popularity and influence of Jackson. His enormous popularity and the hold which he had upon the people of the United States enabled him to enforce his will, and to practice an amount of personal despotism such as this country has never known before or since. This vast power for good or evil was exercised by a man who, throughout his civil career, may be described, without exaggeration, as an almost unmitigated curse to the politics and the political morality of the United States. He must have been in sympathy with the masses of the people and with the political and social forces of his time, or else he simply blinded and bewitched the nation by the force of his personality. In any event, the gigantic popularity of

Jackson is one of the most interesting facts in our history, and a study of his life should show the sources and causes of his power. The elucidation of this matter would throw a flood of light upon our condition as a people at that time, and, as a necessary consequence, upon our subsequent growth and history. Mr. Parton, with much force and acuteness, has pointed out the problem and its conditions, and Professor Sumner fully appreciates its existence; but neither has solved the riddle, or offered the explanation, which, when it comes, will be a great contribution to the history of the United States.

It is always desirable to be able to teach by example; and if, as we venture to think, Professor Sumner's book does not quite fulfill the purpose of such a series as this, in Mr. Adams's Randolph[1] we have a biography which seems to us to meet every condition. If we except Jackson, John Randolph of Roanoke is perhaps the best figure in our history for a vivid and artistic picture. The danger, indeed, in the case of Randolph, with his unlimited eccentricities, his venomous eloquence, his queer politics, and still queerer beliefs and prejudices, is of overdoing the picturesque, and degenerating into simple grotesqueness. As he said of himself, Randolph was the man upon whom all the bastard wit of the country was fathered, and his memory is enshrouded in a perfect mist of anecdotes, good, bad, and indifferent. With such a subject it is very easy to go too far, and fall into scenic effects and mere piquant story-telling. It is therefore quite as high praise to say that Mr. Adams has avoided the perils of his subject as that he has made the most of it, and he deserves great credit for both. The biography is in every way admirable, and if we were compelled to describe it in one word we should say that it was one of the most effective books in the whole range of our historical literature. The men among whom Randolph lived and the events in which he took part are carefully subordinated to the central figure. The history of the times, illuminated enough to be readily understood, is used as a dusky background, upon which the figure of Randolph is projected with the pitiless brilliancy of the whitest and most intense light. It is impossible to pick out this passage or that as a peculiarly favorable specimen of the treatment employed. Mr. Adams has followed the philosophy of the One-Hoss Shay: —

> "'Fur,' said the Deacon, ''t 's mighty plain
> Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
> 'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
> Is only jest
> T' make that place uz strong uz the rest.'"

In other words, the execution is very even and very strong. We have a series of vivid pictures without any break in the continuity of the story. We see Randolph in childhood and boyhood, growing up in the midst of the grandeur and the absurdity of the most extreme Virginian aristocracy, and absorbing at every pore all that was good or bad, and all the prejudices and passions of that vigorous but narrow society. Then he appears facing with consummate audacity the dying eloquence of Patrick Henry. Then comes his political career, his "old republican principles," his leadership of the house, and his fall from power. An aimless, ineffectual period, a species of interregnum, ensues, which may be called the guerrilla period of Randolph's strange life; and then, when the war of 1812 had cleared the way for new issues, he appears again as a living force in American politics. It is in this last stage of his career that Mr. Adams has put Randolph in a wholly new and very striking light. It was John Randolph who first sketched, in bold, strong outline, that scheme for the union of state rights and slavery which

[1] *John Randolph.* By Henry Adams. [American Statesmen Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

was afterwards filled out in every detail, and was preached as the true political gospel, by John C. Calhoun. Randolph was the author of the first outline of that Southern slave-holding policy which, subsequently adopted and extended, became of such vast importance and strength that it was only crushed by the four years of awful civil war, of which it was itself the cause. When Randolph was engaged in formulating this evil doctrine, and screaming it in the ears of every one, in season and out of season, he was an isolated man, feared and wondered at, and almost as much of a political Ishmael as he was in the years before the war with England. His jarring appeals went straight home to the nervous centre of the South; but no one loved him for it, even there, however much he stirred their passions and was in accord with their bitterest fears and prejudices. It is owing to this isolation, probably, that the part which Randolph played at the beginning of the slavery struggle in shaping the Southern policy has never until now been fully understood and appreciated, even if it was known at all. Mr. Adams has thus given us what is practically an entirely new conception of Randolph in his last years, or in the third period of his life, — a contribution of great importance in the study of a question on which the history of the United States turned for forty years, and which it took four years of desperate fighting to finally settle. Mr. Adams has done more than this, however, in carrying out the purpose of the series to which this biography belongs. He has shown us just what John Randolph was, what he meant, what he represented, and what his influence was; and above all he has made clear the effect which Randolph had upon the history of the republic.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

HAS any one ever noted that there is a far greater fondness in England for French words and phrases than there is in America? Whether I am the discoverer or not, the fact seems to me to be beyond question. In the new grand hotel in London, which is supposed to be managed on the American plan, — more or less, — but which has a name borrowed from Paris, the very gorgeous dining-room is labeled "*Salle à Manger.*" In another English hotel, I saw a sign on what we call the "elevator," and the English, with greater simplicity, term a "lift," declaring it to be an *ascenseur*. The portable fire-extinguisher familiar to all Americans as a "Babcock" is in England called an *extincteur*. On the programmes of the itinerant opera company managed by Mr. Mapleson, and called, comically enough, "Her Majesty's Opera," the wig-maker and costumer appear as the *perruquier* and the *costumier*. But on the stage, or rather in writings for and of and about the stage, there is an enormous consumption of French phrases, or of phrases fondly supposed to be French. The dramatic critic is wont to refer to the *rentrée* of an old favorite when he means his or her reappearance; and he comments on the skillful way in which M. Sardou brings about his *dénoûment*, — and for this there is perhaps some excuse, as there is no English word which is the exact technical equivalent of dénoûment. But he condemns the dramatist for the use of *double entendre*, not knowing that there is no such phrase in French, and that its apparent progenitor,

double entente, means only a double meaning; and he speaks of an *artiste* attempting a new *rôle* with the view of enlarging her *répertoire*, when he means that the artist (for an actress or a singer is an artist, and not an artiste) will add a new part to her repertory. The musical critic is not content with artiste, which he seemingly takes for the French feminine of artist, but he must needs talk of the new *pianiste* from the Paris *Conservatoire*, when he means a pianist from the Paris Conservatory. Pianiste is also supposed to be a French feminine for pianist, although this last summer, at Saratoga, I saw an advertisement of a strolling concert company, which declared a certain performer to be "the greatest living lady pianiste in the world"! But nothing surpasses the following advertisement, cut from one of the theatrical trade-journals a year or two ago. I give it here as it stood, changing only the proper names: —

ANNIE BLACK,

The popular favorite and Leading Lady of —— Theatre Comique, will be at liberty after June to engage for the season of '81–82, as Leading Lady with first-class comb. Also

E. J. BLACK,

(*Née* Edward Brown,)

CHARACTER ACTOR.

Please read this carefully, and note the delightfully inappropriate use of *née*, and the purely professional cutting short into "comb." of the word "combination," technically applied to strolling companies. Above all, pray remark the fact that the gray mare is the better horse, and that the man has given up his own name for his wife's.

— That that new penmanship method can be depended upon, every time, to take the character all out of the student's handwriting is a thing which the printed fac-simile specimens have long ago proved, to the satisfaction of the very last doubter. But what I want to know is, Does it take the character out of the student himself, at the same time? I should think it must be so; but here we have only a sort of inferential, circumstantial evidence, not proof: to wit, the published portraits of the successful students are characterless, every time. But were they so before they meddled with that penmanship method? That, you see, is the vital question. For, if these poor people were characterless before, my suspicion falls to the ground; but if they were not, my suspicion is confirmed. So, what I am coming at is this: to ask, in the interest of science, that whenever, hereafter, the "Compendium" people print their usual monthly batch of fac-simile signatures, labeled, "Before practicing the system" and "After practicing the system," they put, along with the portrait of the successful student, another portrait, showing what he was like "before practicing the system."

— I took a drive one October afternoon, which I remember not only for the beauty of the landscape, but for the changes it underwent in the space of a couple of hours. The road was an ordinary turnpike, running along past homely, pleasant farms, with white dwelling-houses — comfortable, if not specially picturesque — and old-fashioned, spacious, red-painted barns and out-houses. The air was mild, but deliciously fresh, the sky one clear sapphire, and a brisk breeze went rustling through the yellow maples, and dropping the leaves lightly on the piles of red fruit under the apple-trees. Golden-rod and purple aster were almost gone, but the flame of the Virginia creeper ran over the stone walls and climbed to the tops of the dark spruces and cedars, and even the little common weeds by the way seemed turned by the rich light into things of beauty. There was a wonderful sense of cheer in the look of the world that afternoon; her year's work was done, and the earth was enjoying her ease, at rest, yet full of hopeful life. By and by I turned off from this highroad at a

right angle, left the upland country behind, and dipped down through a cross-track facing toward the river, where the light only dimly filtered through the close shade. For nearly a mile the road continues to plunge down through a piece of genuine woodland, full of the scent of moist mosses and ferns and other thick-growing greenery. Then it emerges from this cool, dusk region, and passes the old place known as the Danskammer, the name in full being Teufel's Tanz-kammer. I don't know whether beautiful spots like this were given over to the devil as a sort of propitiatory offering, in old times, when people were more afraid of him than they are now, or whether he was supposed to have selected them for himself; if so, he had very good taste. The house, invisible through the trees, stands right above the river, on a broad, level plateau, where no doubt the witches danced when the nights were fine, — or did they prefer them dark? If the devil was present, did he play partner, turn and turn about, with the witches, or did he only look on in a superior fashion at their festive performances? When once fairly out of the woods, you find yourself down on the river-level, with nothing to intercept the view. Some five or six miles below, the stream expands into a broad bay, so closed in by a bend in the river's course and by the hills at the south as to have the appearance of a lake. This afternoon that I am telling of, river and hills retreated to indefinite distances in the pearly haze; the familiar hills lay sleeping, miles away, while below it was not the river-bay I saw, but some vague, far-off, unknown sea. It was one of Nature's pleasant little wiles; she has a wonderful way of managing her materials to produce her infinitely varied effects. Even when one has learned not to be surprised by them, one enjoys them all the same. I was not at the end of them that afternoon, for after a time, while driving on, quietly admiring this soft and tranquil scene, a big dark cloud rose suddenly, as it seemed, out of the west, and where I had not been looking; almost in a moment the whole picture changed: the dim sea disappeared, and the shadow on the water turned it dark and cold; the haze vanished from the dreamy distant hills, and they came forward to the river-bank, erect and bold, and closed the view up with a frowning wall. I think I never saw a more curious transformation scene. The storm-cloud after all was only an empty threat, for early in the evening the moon came up over the hills into a perfectly clear heaven, and flooded the whole night world with light.

— Any one ambitious of producing a work of fiction has only to read the newspapers to find in their columns the most thrilling plots, which, with due expansion, can be developed into novels quite as good as those of Miss Braddon or Mr. Wilkie Collins. This, at least, is what one is given to understand by the newspapers themselves, in which it is no rare thing to see a quarter of a column, or so, headed "A Ready-Made Novel" or "Stranger than Fiction," which we are assured is as wonderful as anything the ingenious authors before named have done in devising strange complications of human affairs.

When I was young, and my first great work of fiction was in view, — a point at which it has persistently remained, — I made an extensive collection of clippings of this sort, believing that they would at least stimulate a laggard imagination. I must confess that I have found this method of writing fiction a failure. I have tried the excerpts for novels and for plays, but have never got a satisfactory plot out of them. They have retained, through all processes of literary treatment, a certain inherent journalistic stamp, which somehow has been fatal to my story. I have thus come to disbelieve in the "ready-made novels" of the newspa-

pers, and to think that a narrative of fact, however curious it may be, is of little help, except for the germ it may contain, unless it is translated and reshaped by the imagination. Miss Braddon and Mr. Collins do not owe their success to the reporter; and no one can think for a moment that newspaper clippings have substantially helped the author of The Cloister and the Hearth. Nevertheless, it is Mr. Charles Reade's hobby to preach the utility of the hard, unrounded fact as a potent ingredient of fiction; and it is his delight to confound the critics of any seeming improbability in his stories with a reference to some occurrence in "real life," of which he has an account, carefully preserved with clove-scented gum tragacanth in a scrap-book.

A newspaper correspondent has recently forced the door of Mr. Reade's study, and we are shown a wonderful collection of scrap-books, indexed and cross-indexed, which contain clippings from hundreds of journals, and which have cost no end of trouble. Mr. Reade, the correspondent tells us, looks at this part of his library rather sadly, and has misgivings as to whether he will ever be repaid for the pains he has been at in forming it. But has he not been repaid for it already? Has he not discomfited many a critic by citations from these chronicles of the hour? Has he not often found Fact a muscular defender of the maid Imagination? He certainly has no occasion to repine, and his very latest story is a vindication of the utility of scrap-books. Singleheart and Doubleface is a charming story, told in the simple Anglo-Saxon way, of which Mr. Reade is almost as great a master as Fielding and Thackeray. It has a special attraction for Americans, as some of the scenes are in America. Mr. Reade has not been in this country, we believe, though an affectionate welcome awaits him, should he ever come; but he has so many friends here, and the large circulation of his books has brought him into such intimate relations with American publishers, that he ought to have a pretty good idea of how we look and what we are. It is evident, however, that, instead of trusting to himself for the local color of his American scenes, he has been to his scrap-books for it; and on this supposition alone can we account for the remarkable verisimilitude with which he describes New York. The heroine of the narrative is forsaken by her besotted husband, who robs her of all the money she has, and leaves her with their child as soon as they land from a Liverpool steamer. She stores her trunks in the custom-house, that institution evidently being, according to Mr. Reade's scrap-books, on one of the North River piers; and from it she walks to One Hundred and Fourth Street, which we are led to imagine is in the same neighborhood. On the way her child becomes hungry, and she instantly feeds it with pie; for of what other nutriment could she think, what other nutriment could she readily find in New York than that indigestible article of national diet? The forlorn stranger in the streets of the metropolis is overcome by hunger, and, looking for succor, immediately discovers a pie-shop, with its stock of "apple, mince, and custard." She also makes the acquaintance of a custom-house officer, "a tall, gaunt citizen of Illinois," named Solomon B. Grace; and the portraiture of this official is so natural that any one who has landed from a foreign steamer in New York will instantly recognize it. Mr. Grace talks like Sam Slick. "Wa'al," he says to his lady-love, — and he also says "wa'al" every time he opens his mouth, — "wa'al, ye see, I don't want no fuss. Now, there 's somebody in that house that riles me. He 's got a good thing, and he does n't vally it." This, it will be noticed, is eminently characteristic of the speech of the gentlemen who take account of dutiable articles on the in-

coming steamers, as also is the use of that very common American expletive, "I swan!" "I'm pacific," says Mr. Grace, when he is satisfied; and when his heart is touched, he uses the racy and familiar idiom, "You'll make me cry enough to wash a palace car."

The heroine recovers her money from her thriftless husband, and starts from One Hundred and Fourth Street to the custom-house, which, "to her surprise" (and to ours), "is very near." There she once more meets Solomon B., and when she informs him that she is about to return to England he orders "his mate" to stow her things away in the cabin of the steamer, which is moored to the custom-house steps in Wall Street.

Mr. Reade has stated that he reads one hundred books to write one, and it is not surprising that, with the aid of his scrap-books, he should be accurate. But will he kindly take our word for it when we assure him that the city hall is not at Corlear's Hook, that the establishment of Messrs. Harper and Brothers is not at Gowanus, and that Bowling Green is not in Central Park?

— Mr. Matthew Arnold not long ago, and Mr. Edward A. Freeman more recently, have been freeing their minds about America, or rather about these United States. They have joined themselves to the noble army of Englishmen who have already said their say about this unfortunate country, and its still more unfortunate inhabitants. Englishmen who have crossed the Atlantic, and "stopped" in America over night, and Englishmen who have stayed at home snugly by their sea-coal fire, are alike ready to set forth their condescending opinions of American manners, American customs, American food, American horses, American books, American men, American women, and American children. American civilization, such as it is, has been talked about by numberless English critics, such as they are. And yet, in spite of this enormous expenditure of ink, it seems to me that one easy and accurate standard of comparison between the two countries has not yet received the attention it deserves. This standard is the relative frequency and excellence of the index. As a test of the highest civilization the index is unsurpassed. The country in which the most and best indexes are provided to aid the special student and the general reader is the country in which the play of intellect is the freest and most active; it is the country in which there is the highest civilization. Accept this test for a moment, and let us apply it to Great Britain and the United States. The leading American magazines publish elaborate indexes to the wealth of literary and historical matter contained in their files, and these indexes are revised and enlarged at intervals, as the magazine grows in years, and has a greater number of "back numbers" behind it. On the other hand, no English magazine or review has published an index for years. The original attempt to cover all contemporary periodical literature was made many years ago by an American; and the later and more elaborate Poole's Index of to-day is an American undertaking. It is true that there is an Index Society in England, and that there is none in America; but the English society owes much of its support to Americans, who form a goodly portion of its members, and do a very considerable proportion of its work. Then, the Index Society, admirable as it is in intention, is not so admirable in its management. Actually, it wasted its time and its money in putting forth an index to Mr. Trevelyan's Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, — a task which belonged to the author and the publisher, and which it was simply shameful in them to neglect. This brings us to note the infrequency of indexes in English books, even in books which cry aloud for them. Carlyle's Reminiscences, for instance, with

its mass of personal allusions and reflections, was issued in England without an index. The American publishers added one at once. Mrs. Kemble's Old Woman's Gossip, with its fund of delightful anecdote, appeared in England as Records of a Girlhood, and with no clew whatever to the proper names which filled its entertaining pages; the American publisher supplied an index. Not only are English indexes few in number, but they are often inferior in merit. So poor was the English index of an English book, of which a New York publisher had purchased the plates a year or two ago, that he was compelled to recall the edition he had printed from these plates, and to make an index less ludicrous.

It is from England that we have taken the present fancy for series of books on kindred subjects. A set of English Men of Letters has called forth a set of American Men of Letters. Now in the books of none of the important English series is there an index: in no one of the volumes of Ancient Classics for English Readers (the original of all the series, if I mistake not), nor in Foreign Classics for English Readers, nor in Classical Writers, nor in English Men of Letters, will you find any sign of an index. Turn to the various American series, and see the difference. Every volume of Mr. Laurence Hutton's American Actor series has an index, containing, often, information not in the book itself, and made only at the cost of much toil. Every volume of the Scribners' Campaigns of the Civil War has an ample index. Every volume but one of American Men of Letters is superior to its English namesake in this final test of a more active reading public. If we leave indexes in books to consider the books which are indexes, I think the advantage is still with these States. The Dickens Dictionary — an index to the characters of an English novelist — is an American work; so is the Waverley Dictionary; so, of course, is the Hawthorne Index. In general, American books of reference are better than English; they are at once simpler, fuller, and more exact. Errors enough have been pointed out in Mr. Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, and in the forty mismade indexes appended to it; but it remains a monument to American industry, and to the American demand for a guide through the labyrinths of literature.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Literary History and Criticism. Studies in Early English Literature, by Emelyn W. Washburn, (Putnams), is a somewhat discursive and narrative treatment of the theme. It represents an enthusiasm which is conscientiously occupied with the details of the subject, and yet runs frequently into generalizations which are not strained, but sensible and reasonable. — Heine's writings, The Romantic School, the Suabian Mirror, and Introduction to Don Quixote have been translated by S. L. Fleishman, and published in a single volume. (Holt.) The Romantic School was written originally for the illumination of the French, and thus serves singularly well as an introduction to the study for the use of American students. The translation has scarcely the grace of Heine, but it preserves his caustic wit and his keen insight. — Mr. John Addington Symonds's Renaissance in Italy (Holt) is now complete by the publication of Italian Literature, in two octavo volumes. — The Subjection of Hamlet, by William Leighton (Lippincott), is further explained on the title-page as an essay toward an explanation of the motives of thought and action of Shakespeare's Prince of Denmark. The essay is a very thoughtful one. It is more than ingenious, and is worthy the attention of every student of Shakespeare. It would not be just to state Mr. Leighton's conclusions in a sentence. — A Study, with critical and explanatory notes, of Alfred Tennyson's Poem The Princess, by S. E. Dawson (Dawson Brothers, Montreal), is a modest little work, which undertakes to illuminate the poem by a running commentary, and to furnish notes, as if it had given the text

entire. — Emerson at Home and Abroad, by Moncure D. Conway (Osgood), is a study of Emerson's genius, freely illustrated by personal reminiscences. — The death of the Hon. George P. Marsh has led to a fresh issue of his two volumes of Lectures on the English Language. (Scribners.) The first is devoted rather to the structure of the language, the second to its historical monuments. The judicious character of Mr. Marsh's mind and his wide learning keep these books valuable, though twenty years have elapsed since the first edition.

Poetry and the Drama. Webster, an Ode (Scribners) is a dignified-looking volume, containing forty pages of ode and eighty of notes, all by W. C. Wilkinson. Notes also occur occasionally at the foot or top of the page. Mr. Wilkinson's ode and the statue in front of the Boston State House are both modeled after Webster. — Agamemnon, La Saisiaz, The Two Poets of Croisic, Pauline, and the first and second series of Dramatic Idylls are the contents of a new volume of Browning's, Poems (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) which gathers thus all the acknowledged work not hitherto collected in the American edition. — The Wisdom of the Brahmin, a Didactic Poem, translated from the German of Rückert by Charles T. Brooks (Roberts Bros.), is, as Mr. Brooks says, "mainly an original work, composed by the author in the character of a Brahmin, spiritually born in the East, but located in the West, — one who has by long and deep study and sympathy caught the spirit of Oriental thought and the style of Oriental expression, and now reproduces the essence of the best Oriental wisdom in forms created by the most accomplished European culture." The first six books are given as an experiment. Mr. Brooks's venture seems to have been encouraged by the success of the Light of Asia. — Lethe, and other Poems, by David Morgan Jones (Lippincott), is sufficiently accounted for by the author when he calls them, in his dedication, ephemeral verses. — The Legend of St. Telemachus and the Legend of All Souls' Day make a little ribbon-tied book, published in Pittsfield, Mass., by J. B. Harrison. The author is Rev. W. W. Newton, and the poetry is fervent. — Rare Poems of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries (Roberts Bros.) is Mr. W. J. Linton's gleanings after the fuller harvest which has been garnered in the anthologies. He has furnished the book with notes, and has removed some of the obstructions which antique forms present. Mr. Linton has rightly chosen the most musical and lyrical period of English verse for his delightful material. — Poems, by James Avis Bartley, A. B. (The Jeffersonian Book and Job Printing Office, Charlottesville, Va.), is an octavo pamphlet of ninety-six pages. — Mr. J. Brander Matthews has collected a volume of Poems of American Patriotism (Scribners), and those unacquainted with the subject will be agreeably surprised at the intrinsic worth of the poetry. As an accompaniment to school work, the book ought to have a positive value, and the editor has made it more serviceable by furnishing it with notes, and by adopting a chronological order for the selections. — Helen of Troy, by A. Lang (Scribners), is the Greek lady done in a modern English dado; and with a nice sense of propriety, the old Helen, who sits and walks as if she were a model for Mr. Leighton, has left the troublesome part of her character for antiquity to take care of. The poem has much of the sweetness of Mr. Morris, not quite so long drawn out, and one may be pardoned for carrying some of the lines and images about with him till they are worn. We must compliment the American publishers on the good taste of their reproduction. — Idyls of Norway and other Poems (Scribners) is the title which Mr. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen gives to an agreeable little collection of his poetry, some of which had already appeared in the pages of his novels. The romancer is the poet in both instances, and one may read Mr. Boyesen's poems with something of the same kind of pleasure with which he reads his prose. — The Fire-Worshippers and Dermot McMurrough are the titles of two dramas published in a paper volume by the Prospector print, Del Norte, Colorado. Blue fire appears to be the light by which they were written, and all the speeches read as if they were delivered at the top of one's voice. — Mother Goose for Grown Folks, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a new revised and enlarged edition of a book published a dozen years ago, and brought now into range with the author's other writings. Mrs. Whitney has not only exercised her ingenuity on the old jingles; she has made a capital suggestion for others to do the same. A game might well be tried by wits of seeing what various interpretations any one of the ditties might receive. — Mr. Robert Bell has edited a collection of Songs from the Dramatists (Dodd, Mead & Co.), which is fully annotated, and is made, besides, more accessible by a uniform use of current spelling. — Poems of the Household, by Margaret E. Sangster (Osgood), is a volume of short poems, conceived in a simple, reverent spirit and melodiously delivered. — Paphus and other Poems, by Ella Sharpe Youngs (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London), is a small volume of verse, by a cultivated and sensitive woman.

Art and Decoration. Art and Nature in Italy, by Eugene Benson (Roberts Bros.), will repay the reader who wishes to hear what a painter has to say about a few Italian topics, which he has selected from the abundance of the material plainly in possession of one who writes so freely and easily. There is a generosity and honesty about the criticism in the book which we commend to the querulous dilettanti of the day. — In the series of Appletons' Home Books two new ones have appeared: Home Occupations, by Janet E. Runtz-Rees, and The Home Needle, by Ella Rodman Church. The former gives abundant suggestions for all sorts of home-made bricabrac, out of leather, paper, straw, wax, and card-board, and in some cases is minute in its directions; the latter confines itself to the humbler occupations of plain sewing and useful needle-work. — The Lady's Book of Knitting and Crochet, containing over one hundred new and easy patterns of useful and ornamental work, is published by N. D. Whitney & Co., Boston, the dealers in worsteds.

The author is described as "a lady expert, who has conscientiously tested all of them." The condition of her brain is not stated. — Mr. William Tirebuck has written a little volume on Dante Gabriel Rossetti, his Work and Influence (Elliot Stock, London), in which he includes also a brief survey of recent art tendencies. There is no biography except in the last paragraph of the book, but there are some suggestive criticisms, as where he compares Mr. Henry Irving to E. Burne Jones. — Travels in South Kensington, with Notes on Decorative Art and Architecture in England, by Moncure D. Conway (Harpers), is a collection of three papers which appeared originally in Harper's Monthly, and gives a readable account of the material out of which a more artistic England is forming, together with some sketches of what has already been done, chiefly by artists, in rendering their houses beautiful. Such a book is of more use, we think, to Americans ambitious of decorated homes than books of principles and designs, since the thing done is more instructive than the thing that ought to be done. — The old Masters of Belgium and Holland, by Eugène Fromentin, has been translated by Mrs. Mary C. Robbins (Osgood), and furnished with heliotype illustrations after Rubens, Paul Potter, and Rembrandt. It is a pleasure to read such thoughtful criticism, given in such delightful style. — Parisian Art and Artists, by Henry Bacon (Osgood), is substantially a reprint of the author's contributions to Scribner's, and is an agreeable, light introduction to contemporary French art, with sketchy accounts of the men and women whose names may be heard in Paris studios.

Holiday Books. That Glorious Song of Old is the title given to a thin, square volume containing Dr. E. H. Sears's Christmas hymn, "It came upon the midnight clear," with illustrations by Alfred Fredericks. (Lee & Shepard.) The pictures, which are allusive in their subjects, are not always conducive to a reverent spirit. The artist has employed melodramatic treatment on a diminutive scale, and the effect is to diminish astonishment, which is the first product of the melodrama and its chief justification. — Curfew must not Ring To-Night, by Rosa Hartwick Thorpe (Lee & Shepard), is another of the square illustrated books, the illustrations being by F. T. Merrill and E. H. Garrett. The artists have in some cases worked together on the same picture. The series is of greater worth than that of the previous book, the subjects being treated with more simplicity and dignity. We can praise also the omission to illustrate the central fact of the poem, — a fact which may safely be left with the author of the poem. — Ring Out, Wild Bells, from the same publishers, has the same general plan. The illustrations are from designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey. The artist seems to us to have aimed at vigor rather than to be vigorous by nature. — Macmillan & Co. have issued the Old Christmas and Bracebridge Hall of Washington Irving, with Caldecott's illustrations, both which appeared in elegant form last season, as sixpenny pamphlets now. The illustrations suffer in printing, yet Mr. Caldecott's style permits cheap printing better than more refined work does. — The Charles Dickens Birthday Book (T. Whittaker, New York) comes with the recommendation that the selection is the work of Dickens's eldest daughter; the illustrations, five outline sketches, by his youngest. It is not hard to find the necessary number of sentiments in Dickens. — Chimes and Rhymes for Holiday Times, edited by Almira L. Hayward (Osgood), is a collection of verses upon a somewhat novel plan, the poems being grouped under the heads of New Year's, Washington's Birthday, Easter, Fast Day, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. The selections are mainly from American authors, though Herrick is called into service for Fast Day. — Three Great Poems, by W. C. Bryant (Putnams), is a work combining three separate illustrated books, Thanatopsis and the Flood of Years, of which the designs were furnished by Linton, and Among the Trees, illustrated by McEntee. The unity of the book is in the poetry. McEntee's illustrations have a humorous look by the side of Linton's. In one picture there is a boy climbing a tree, and the width of the boy is truly remarkable. — College Cuts, chosen from the Columbia Spectator, 1880, 1881, 1882 (White & Stokes, New York), shows a good deal of cleverness both in text and cuts, but the college element is singularly absent. — Wayside Flowers, original and contributed poems, arranged by Ellen E. Dickinson, illustrated by Julia C. Emmet (White & Stokes), is an awkwardly disposed collection of leaves, tied together by a ribbon, the illustrations in chromo-lithography. — Grandma's Garden, with many original poems, suggested and arranged by Kate Sanborn, illustrated by Walter Satterlee (Osgood), is a little collection of leaves tied together, with a design in colors on the cover. The selection looks to a kindly revival of interest in old-fashioned gardens. — Mr. T. Buchanan Read's Christine is dignified by a number of engravings from designs by F. Dielman, yet we must think that Mr. Dielman has sometimes adapted himself too closely to Mr. Read's verse. — New England Bygones, by E. H. Rollins (Lippincott), is a new edition of a quiet and graceful book, enriched by a number of engravings of more than ordinary value, and somewhat impoverished by a preliminary biographical sketch, by Gail Hamilton, which is unpleasantly private in its tenor.

Philosophy and Religion. Dr. James Martineau's A Study of Spinoza (Macmillan) was originally designed for the series of Philosophical Classics, but, refusing to come within the necessary limits of the volumes included in that series, is published by itself. It is upon the same general plan of a separate discussion of life and philosophy, and will be welcomed by readers who regret the infrequent publication of Dr. Martineau's work. — Mrs. Oliphant's (?) A Little Pilgrim (Roberts) may perhaps be included here. It is an imaginative picture of a soul awaking upon the other side of death. There is a sweetness about it which will very likely be cloying to many. — American Hero-Myths, by D. G. Brinton (H. C. Watts & Co., Philadelphia), is a study in the native religions of the Western continent. It is an

endeavor to present in a critically correct light some of the fundamental conceptions which are found in the native beliefs of the tribes of America. We think Mr. Brinton does not sufficiently regard the influence of the Spanish papists, and that we have not yet got to the bottom facts upon which to base philosophizing. — Moravian Missions is a course of twelve lectures, by Augustus C. Thompson (Scribners), upon a subject which has a romantic interest for Christians. Dr. Thompson is almost a pioneer in this interesting field so far as a comprehensive statement in English is concerned, and his volume will be found to have caught some of the glow of this faithful company.

Fiction. A new edition, at a lower price, has been published of Miss Keary's A Doubting Heart. (Macmillan.) There are few writers in fiction who had obtained so strong a hold upon the affection of their readers as Miss Keary, whose death is deplored. — In the Round Robin series (Osgood), Rachel's Share of the Road is more of a sermon than a song; but the sermon is a practical one, which does not deal with ancient Jews, but with modern Christians. — Towhead, the Story of a Girl, by Sally Pratt McLean (Williams), is as callow a piece of work as the author's previous Cape Cod Folks. If the mixed colleges are going to give us novels like this, we shall sigh for monasteries and nunneries. — Aubert Dubayet, or the Two Sister Republics, by Charles Gayarré (Osgood), must be placed here, in spite of the author's protest that it is not romance, but history. The characters and scenes are historical, the two sister republics are France and America, but the author has undertaken to fuse his material into a semi-romantic tale. We fear he underrates the interest of a perfectly clear and orderly historical narrative. — New Arabian Nights, by Robert Louis Stevenson (Holt), is a new volume of the Leisure Hour series, and one intended to be full of entertaining invention. The likeness to the Arabian Nights is merely in a little travesty of form, but Mr. Stevenson acts upon his own canons as laid down in his article in Longman's magazine, and really tells stories. That the stories require the patience of the East may also be said. — In the Franklin Square Library (Harpers), the latest numbers are Allerton Towers, by Annie Thomas; Rachel's Inheritance, by Margaret Veley; Daisies and Butterflies, by Mrs. J. H. Riddell; and Of High Degree, by Charles Gibbon. — Norodom, King of Cambodia, a romance of the East, by Frank McGloin (Appletons), enables the reader, weary of the sharp definitions of Western life and history, to surround himself by the fictitious gloom and monstrous shapes of Indo-China.

History and Biography. — In English Men of Letters series, (Harpers), Sterne is undertaken by H. D. Traill, who shows himself a trustee of the reading public by treating his subject with singular honesty. We can hardly think of a more trying book to read than a life of Sterne in Sterne's manner; but a book like this, which takes a cool interest, and detaches that which is of permanent value from the decaying mass of Sterne's writing, may be read with profit and pleasure. — Detailed Minutiæ of Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Virginia, by Carlton McCarthy (Carlton McCarthy & Co., Richmond), is a volume of reminiscences, which proves beyond a doubt the moral, physical, and spiritual superiority of the Confederate soldier, — beyond Mr. McCarthy's doubt, that is. — A Study of Maria Edgeworth, by Grace A. Oliver (Williams) has the additional words on the title-page, With notices of her father and friends; and the reader finds, if he is already familiar with the work, that Mrs. Oliver has drawn the first part of her book very largely from the memoirs of Mr. Edgeworth, and the latter part from the privately printed volume of Miss Edgeworth's letters, since the book could scarcely have been compiled except for these resources. We think a more distinct reference to them by the author would have been more courteous. Mrs. Oliver has, however, gleaned from a variety of sources, and has made her book an encyclopædic life of her heroine. — In American Statesmen (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), John Randolph, by Henry Adams, is the latest volume, and the author has apparently regarded his subject with dispassionate interest, but with picturesque power. — The Early Days of Christianity (Cassell) is a work by that florid writer, F. W. Farrar, intended to cover the period embraced by the New Testament after the death of Christ, and is thus a companion to his Life of Christ and Life of St. Paul. It is very largely expository of the epistles. — The Life and Letters of Francis Lieber, edited by Thomas Sergeant Perry (Osgood), should have a great interest for all students of our political history. Lieber's life was a romantic one, and his letters illustrate the power of fascination which public affairs have for a man whose personal experience has been a part of historic movements. The liveliness of the book may win some readers; its worth should hold more. — John Greenleaf Whittier, his life, genius, and writings, by W. Sloane Kennedy (S. E. Cassino, Boston), is one of those preliminary biographies which have an uncomfortable effect upon the friends of the subject. However carefully and accurately the work may be done, one can scarcely avoid the feeling that a monument has been erected, with a blank space only left for the day of the death. The living have some rights, and the right of burial is not one which should be most strenuously defended. — The Beginnings of History according to the Bible and the Traditions of Oriental Peoples, from the Creation of Man to the Deluge, is the title of a work by François Lenormant, which has been translated by an American (Scribners), and introduced by Professor Francis Brown. Mr. Lenormant possibly protests a little too much that he is a Christian, but that is natural when the audience for whom he writes is considered. To the rationalist he says, "This is a scientific book; read it, and find a single point where my Christian convictions have embarrassed me, and proved an obstacle to the liberty of my research as a scholar, or where they may have prevented me from adopting the well-ascertained results of criticism." — The eighth of the Campaigns of the Civil War (Scribners) is The Mississippi, by Lieut. F. V. Greene, who is a trained writer on military topics, but a student, and not a participant in the scenes

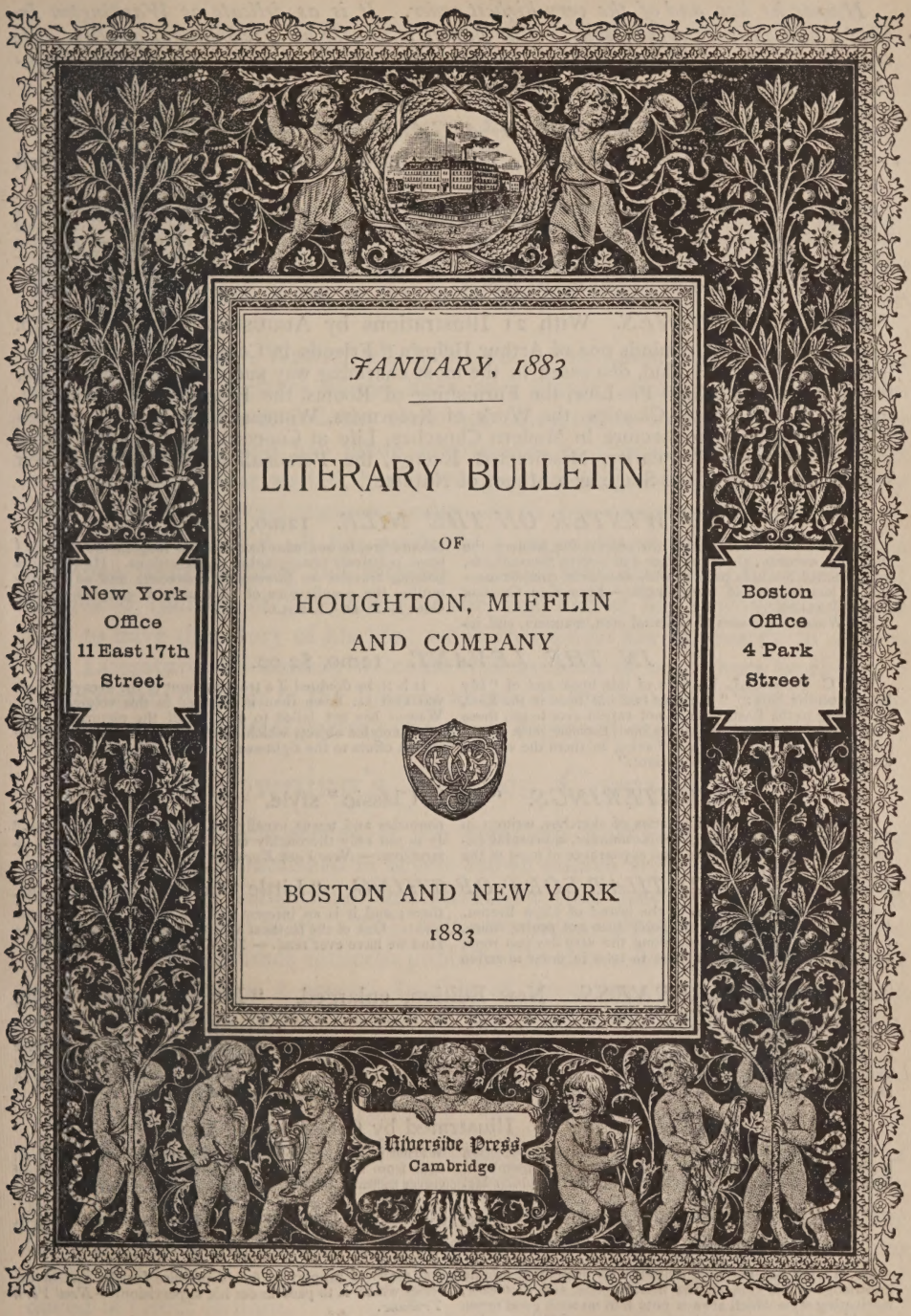
which he presents. It almost startles one to find military critics of a second generation. It will be well if those who are to come are as scholarly as Lieut. Greene. — The Life of James Clerk Maxwell, the brilliant yet modest scientist, has been worthily presented by Professor Lewis Campbell and William Garnett. (Macmillan.) It contains a selection from his correspondence and occasional writings, and a sketch of his contributions to science, and is illustrated by portraits and colored plates. The nature was a noble one, and it is a positive gift when such a person is suddenly brought to the knowledge of a world which might only have known his scientific work. His *jeux d'esprit* are capital. — The London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has lately entered upon a remarkable career of publication, boldly assuming the task of furnishing a great body of literature, chiefly in history and science, but also in fiction, which shall bear the impress of a generous and not narrow Christian thought. It has enlisted the interest of sound scholars, and even its compilations have the appearance of thoroughness. Whatever may be said of the relation which such a society bears to the general publishing business, there is little doubt that the new vigor is well directed, and the public is getting the benefit of the enterprise. The New York agents are E. & J. B. Young & Co. Among the recent books sent to us are The Church in Roman Gaul, by Richard Travers Smith; Judæa and her Rulers, by M. Bramston, a work which bridges over the history of Israel from Nebuchadnezzar to Vespasian; and John Hus, by A. H. Wratislaw, who makes an historical biography detailing the commencement of resistance to papal authority on the part of the inferior clergy. The Diocesan Histories, to which we have before referred, are continued, and include York, by George Ormsby, and Oxford, by Rev. Edward Marshall. None of these books profess to be based upon original investigation, but they are not the work of mere hacks; men have undertaken them who could do original work if that were their purpose. Still another volume is a biographical one, devoted to Heroes of Science, by Professor P. M. Duncan, in which Ray, Linnæus, De Candolle, Buffon, Pennant, Lamarck, Cuvier, Murchison, Lyell, and others are treated. — In the Nature series (Macmillan) a little volume has been issued, devoted to memorial notices of Darwin by Huxley Geikie, Dyer, and others. The varied attainments of Mr. Darwin are well illustrated by the fact that specialists in geology, botany, zoölogy, and psychology take up those separate parts of his work.

Books for Young People. Christmas Rhymes and New Year's Chimes, by Mary D. Brine (Harlan), is a large oblong book in boards, with verses and illustrations. The verses are generally objective and free from offensive sentimentality, but we object to such a poem as Two Small Maids. The pictures have the merit of not being too nice. — Elfin Land (Harlan) is another oblong book, with designs by Walter Satterlee and poems by Josephine Pollard. The pictures are better than the verses, which are doggerel. It is curious how the æsthetic nonsense, with its amiable slang, has worked into books for children. — The Young People of Shakespeare's Dramas, for Youthful Readers, by Amelia E. Barr (Appleton), is a singular commentary upon the fallacy which possesses people that children are necessarily more interested in children than in older people. The assumption in this book is that, by giving young people a glimpse at the exceedingly small number of children in Shakespeare, one may allure them to an interest in the literature itself. The book is really a study of Shakespeare's youthful characters, and as such can have little value for children; nor is it especially acute in its criticism, if it is to be read by older people. — The Talking Leaves, an Indian Story, by William O. Stoddard (Harpers), is to be enjoyed chiefly by boys and girls who have taken the Indian under their care, and accept him with all his grunts and imperfect speech as an important actor, without whom modern life would not be worth living. — Pussy Willow, and other Child Songs, has words by Henriette Cushing, music by S. E. Farrar, and illustrations by Gertrude Clement. (White & Stokes.) The poetry has the appearance of being made to order, and the pictures, which affect a rude charm, are not well drawn. — Little Folk in Green, new Fairy Stories, by Henrietta Christian Wright, with illustrations in color by Lydia Emmet (White & Stokes), is pleasantly devoid of too much moral, but lacks something also of story. The illustrations, in color, have a somewhat amateurish look. — The Story of Siegfried, by James Baldwin, illustrated by Howard Pyle (Scribners), is not a simple transcript from the Eddas, but an attempt on the part of the author to weave the material into an imaginative whole. He seems to have entered heartily into the spirit of the Northern mythology, and we are glad that boys should have a chance at reading a tale which uses all the violent passions without any realism. — Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie's Norse Stories, retold from the Eddas (Roberts), is more directly drawn from the original sources; that is to say, he has rendered the stories into story-telling English, while he has retained, as writers in love of this literature can scarcely help doing, something of the sternness of the early form. He has not, however, lost himself so completely in his theme as Mr. Baldwin. — Six Girls, by Fannie Belle Irving (Estes & Lauriat), is written by a disciple of Miss Alcott. — In the Young Folks' Heroes of History, by George M. Towle (Lee & Shepard), the latest volume is devoted to Sir Francis Drake, one of the most admirable of all the subjects included in the series. — The American Boy's Handy Book, by D. C. Beard (Scribners), besides giving practical directions for doing things which ordinarily pass from one boy's intelligence to another in a traditionary way, contains also a great many hints of uncommon sports and playthings, and is so minute in detail and particular in its diagrams that it may safely be recommended to boys who are not book-lovers; it is a great advance on the old-fashioned boys' own books. — The Wonderful City of Tokio, or Further Adventures of the Jewett Family and their Friend Oto Nambo, by Edward Greey (Lee & Shepard), is substantially a continuation of the author's previous book, Young Americans in Japan, and is an

animated account of sights in Tokio as seen by the inevitable family, which forms the substructure of all books for children nowadays. There is a plentiful supply of pictures, mixed Japanese and Western. — Paul and Persis, or the Revolutionary Struggle in the Mohawk Valley, by Mary E. Brush (Lee & Shepard), is an historical story for boys, and one does not need to exact the closest imitation of old-time talk to find the book interesting and worthy. Would that more of our writers for the young set themselves Miss Brush's task, and worked at it as faithfully! — The Jolly Rover, by J. T. Trowbridge (Lee & Shepard), is intended to illustrate the evils following from a too close study of a cheap boy's paper called The Boy's Own. Will the book prove an awful example? Or will it increase the circulation of The Boy's Own? We are inclined to think that this redoubtable paper would have accepted the book for serial publication, and found its account in it. — The Prize for Girls and Boys, 1882 (Estes & Lauriat), is one of the English magazines for the young, which, bound in boards, does duty at the end of the year as a holiday book. It has objectionable stories and weak religion. — Diddie, Dumps, and Tot, or Plantation Child-Life, by Louise Clarke Pyrnelle (Harpers), was written primarily for the preservation of many of the old stories, legends, traditions, games, hymns, and superstitions of the Southern slaves. The extreme care with which the vernacular is darkened to the color of the chief speakers will prevent the book from free use by children, which is an advantage, if it compels older persons to read it aloud with judicious oral editing.— Our Little Ones is the title of a monthly magazine conducted by Wm. T. Adams, of which the bound volume (Lee & Shepard) comes as an annual, with very slight reminder of the monthly parts. It is prettily illustrated and bound, and the reading is of an ordinary, unliterary character, unpretentious, and on the whole, unobjectionable. — Chatterbox for 1882 (Estes & Lauriat) is another of these books, but the type is small and blurred, the pictures are of an inferior order, and the literature is made to order. — Our Young Folks in Africa, the Adventures of a Party of Young Americans in Algeria and in South Central Africa, by James D. McCabe (Lippincott), is an adaptation of older books on Africa to the use of the young by the introduction of the customary machinery. The author does not appear to have had any personal acquaintance with the country traversed; certainly, the dull style of the book could not have been invented by a real explorer. — The Boy Travellers in the Far East, by Thomas W. Knox (Harpers), has reached its fourth part, which covers Egypt and the Holy Land. Mr. Knox is a *bona fide* traveler, but he is not a story-teller nor a dramatist; he is an encyclopædist, and his book is of a kind which an ostrich boy can digest. — In the Franklin Square Series, the Harpers have included William Black's An Adventure in Thule. — The bound volume of Harper's Young People for the year 1882 is vastly more valuable, from an art point of view, and a great deal more entertaining in its letterpress, than a majority of the books prepared especially for holiday readers. Indeed, the best book in this kind for the passing season is scarcely to be compared with these fifty-two numbers of Harper's Young People, in their tasteful binding. — Among the books which do not need to have been just born, Miss Lucretia P. Hale's The Peterkin Papers (Osgood) holds a high place. The ingenuity of the book, with its many changes rung upon a single theme, is surprising, and the drollery, the wit, the uncommon sense of the Peterkin family are enough to stock ordinary families with a winter supply of by-words.

Literary Guides. The second series of The Best Reading, edited by L. E. Jones (Putnams), has been issued, and, following the first series after a lapse of five years, includes in its classified lists the most important English and American publications during that time. The arrangement is a clear one, and the book will be very useful to readers who do not care to trouble themselves with elaborate and detailed bibliographies. The selection seems judicious, and the ranking of the several books cautious. — Short Sayings of Great Men, with historical and explanatory notes, by Samuel Arthur Bent (Osgood), is a comprehensive dictionary of familiar quotations, literally annotated, arranged under brief biographies of their authors, and well indexed. The book is a good addition to the library of reference which is lightening the labors of students and editors.

Science. Zoölogical Sketches, by Felix L. Oswald (Lippincott), is called by the author a contribution to the out-door study of natural history, and contains, besides his own observations, many curious facts which he has drawn from others. The book is anecdotical and vivacious, and the author's radical evolutionism crops out only occasionally. — The Earth as Modified by Human Action is the revised title of the revised edition of G. P. Marsh's important work, Man and Nature, first issued ten years ago. (Scribners.) It is hard to say whether the scientific or the historical student would find most worth in the book. It cannot be overlooked by any student in either department. — The Solution of the Pyramid Problem, or Pyramid Discoveries, with a new theory as to their ancient use, by Robert Ballard (Wiley), is a thesis, carefully worked out, and intended to demonstrate that these works were in effect vast theodolites for use in the survey of Egypt. — Easy Star Lessons, by Richard A. Proctor (Putnams), is a readable book, wretchedly printed, by which one is made acquainted in a familiar way with the stars as they may be seen from month to month. It is well furnished with cuts and maps. — Text-Book of Geology, by Archibald Geikie (Macmillan), is intended primarily for students, and the plan comprises a tolerably full reference to special memoirs; In doing this Dr. Geikie has kept American researches especially in mind. — The Great Diamonds of the World, their history and romance, by Edwin W. Streeter, in the Franklin Square Library (Harpers), may be placed under Fiction, so far as the impression made upon the plain reader's mind is concerned.



JANUARY, 1883

LITERARY BULLETIN

OF

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

1883

Writings of Charles Dudley Warner.

Humor he has, and of the very highest order. It is as delicate as Washington Irving's, and quite as spontaneous. But humor is hardly his predominant quality. He has all the wit of Holmes, and all the tenderness of Ik Marvel. He is often charmingly thoughtful, earnest, and suggestive. — San Francisco Bulletin.

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In the wisdom and wit of the thoughts, and the grace of the style, this book is so good as to bring to the reader's mind, now Holmes, then Curtis, and again Mitchell, and finally to leave the conviction that Mr. Warner is neither the one nor the other, but quite the peer of either. — *Springfield Republican.*

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LITERARY BULLETIN.

J. Fenimore Cooper.

O adequate life of Cooper has ever been written, although his name is one of the most famous in the roll of American authors.

Mr. Warner wisely included him among the American Men of Letters whose lives and literary influence should be described, and the work was intrusted to Prof. T. R. Lounsbury of Yale College, who has made pilgrimages to almost every place in this country that Cooper visited, has thoroughly studied not only all that Cooper wrote, but the circumstances under which his various productions were written, and out of it all has produced a biography which cannot fail to be of much positive value and interest. Those who have read Cooper's vivid stories of Indians, of the Prairie, of the Sea, and of the Revolution, will be glad to have this story of his life; while those who are interested in American Literature will heartily welcome this account of one whose works form so important a factor in the literary annals of the country. The book contains an excellent steel portrait of Cooper engraved expressly for this series.

Browning's Works Complete.

The promised new edition of the complete works of Robert Browning has recently been published in seven crown octavo volumes, which in external form are so substantial and attractive that they will be welcomed in every well-ordered library. This edition contains all that has been included in the fourteen volumes hitherto published in this country, and one need not be an enthusiast, or a special disciple of Browning, to recognize the fact that these books contain some of the most comprehensive, far-seeing, thoughtful, and beautiful poetry which this century has produced.

A Library of Poetry.

Of all the compilations of recent years, none is more valuable than "The Family Library of British Poetry," edited by Mr. James T. Fields and Mr. E. P. Whipple. The critical skill and literary judgment of the editors very few will question, — certainly not after examining this large octavo volume, which culls out of thousands of volumes the noblest and best poems yet produced in Great Britain.

It is arranged in the chronological order of the poets, so that it forms a panorama of British poets from Chaucer to Rossetti, showing at his best each of the more or less famous writers who have contributed to the variety and enrichment of British poetry. It is peculiarly well suited for the care-

ful study of the literature of Great Britain, while it is as good a book as could be desired for occasional reading. It has twelve fine steel portraits of illustrious authors.

Letters of Lydia Maria Child.

This book has already attracted marked attention as combining in quite a rare degree the charms of biography, of correspondence, and of the portrayal, unconsciously, of a character of unusual strength, beauty, and cheer. The New York *Tribune* remarks :

> This volume of letters covers the period of the last two generations, during which occurred some of the most exciting movements and events in our intellectual and political history. . . . One feels, in reading these letters, that they come from a being in harmony with itself; all whose manifestations from girlhood to old age, as story-writer, editor, historian, pamphleteer, philanthropist, wife, neighbor and friend, have an extraordinary consistency and resemblance. In these letters we are admitted to her inner and more private life, which is even more encouraging and inspiring than her outward history. She was always at work, yet never complained of being weary; she was often very poor, but seldom depressed or repining; she appears never to have had any personal grievances. Her activities were all noble, all for the public good, and few of them failed of success. . . . She and her husband continued to be lovers to the end. The letters to him are the most precious in the volume, showing the central fire that warmed her whole being. . . . Her personality is one of the pleasantest to contemplate in our times.

Beautiful Calendars.

Under this title the New Bedford *Mercury* says, while writing of the Longfellow and Emerson Calendars :

> Artistic calendars are comparatively recent. It is only within a few years that the publishers have commenced to ornament them with all the arts of the designer and the colorist. The happy idea of arranging the successive dates in a block so that a slip should be torn off each day is not new, but it has been turned to good account by printing on each day's slip not only the day of the week and month, but some happy quotation, which the compiler has deemed appropriate. Thus each day's calendar has something new and unexpected, — something perhaps in the way of kindly advice, of helpful suggestion, of appropriateness to the season, of sharp or genial wit. It is a daily and constant succession of pleasant greetings.
>
> Within a year or two it has been common to construct these calendars from the quotations of some one favorite author. Several, we believe, have been selected from Shakespeare, and the Bible has been found an excellent treasury for that purpose.
>
> But this season two calendars have already appeared for the coming year, which surpass in beauty of appearance any that have ever been published. They come from the well-known house of Houghton, Mifflin & Company, of Boston, a fact which alone makes certain their attractiveness and worth.

American Statesmen.

Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, writing of Mr. Henry Adams's "John Randolph," the latest volume issued in the series of American Statesmen, says : "The book has been to me intensely interesting. I have been especially struck by the literary and historical merit of the first two chapters ; they are terse ; full of picture, suggestion, life ; with fine strokes of satire and humor. The book is rich in new facts, and side lights, and is worthy of its place in the already brilliant series of monographs on American Statesmen. I heartily congratulate you and Mr. Morse over the solid success the series has already won."

Life of Ole Bull.

The multitudes who have been charmed by the witchery of Ole Bull's wonderful violin will gladly welcome the story of his life. This has been

told by Mrs. Bull, who during her recent visit to Norway gained important material for making the biography full, especially in characteristic details of Mr. Bull's early life. The narrative is simple, and gives an altogether attractive account of the romantic career of a man who has delighted hundreds of thousands both by his musical skill, and by his fine personal enthusiasm. The book is embellished not only with an excellent steel portrait of Ole Bull, but with many cuts illustrating his attitudes while performing.

A Story of Modern New York.

Mr. Bishop's novel, "The House of a Merchant Prince," which during its appearance in the *Atlantic Monthly* has attracted no little attention, has just appeared in book form. It is a quite noteworthy story, inasmuch as it does not deal in the "glittering generalities" of romance, but with the actual life of modern New York, and this not in its lowest or in its highest aspects, but with those circles of society which perhaps attract more notice and claim more attention than any others in that city. It is thoroughly realistic, yet is free from a certain grossness and hardness which usually are considered inseparable from realism in literature. It holds the mirror up to nature, and to certain manifestations of human nature as developed by the rivalries and wealth and appliances of our modern civilization, and makes a picture which, if not altogether pleasant to look at, it is altogether salutary to consider, and fortunately Mr. Bishop's literary skill is sufficient to lend to the story a very positive interest.

Magnhild.

This story completes the American edition of Björnson's famous novels, which have been put within the reach of American readers by Prof. Anderson of the University of Wisconsin, with the express sanction of Mr. Björnson himself. These seven volumes represent with remarkable accuracy, force, and simplicity nearly every aspect of Norwegian life, depicting the peculiar customs, habits, modes of thought, in a word, the civilization of Norway to-day; so that, aside from their marked interest as stories, they serve the admirable purpose of giving a clear and satisfactory insight into the life and character of the people of Norway.

A Humorous Book.

The collection of chapters from the works of representative Southern writers, who have described the humorous aspects and features of Southern life, into a book entitled "Oddities in Southern Life and Character," which Mr. Henry Watterson of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* has edited, brings within a single volume humorous sketches which have heretofore been scattered through several books; and though it gives us but a taste of each, it yet represents so adequately the spirit and genius of the works from which they are taken, that this single book may be regarded as a library of Southern humor. It gathers from many sources, — from the writings of Davy Crockett, J. Proctor Knott, Bill Arp, Uncle Remus, Sut Lovingood, from

Judge Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes," Hooper's "Simon Suggs," Baldwin's "Flush Times in Mississippi," Thompson's "Major Jones's Courtship," and others. The book is rendered yet more attractive by illustrations from F. S. Church, and W. L. Sheppard, perhaps the most eminent of Southern artists.

Sumner's "Andrew Jackson"

Is recognized as not only an admirable member of the series of "American Statesmen," but as a book of remarkable and immediate interest. *The Independent* says:

> It is a marvelous exhibition of intellectual energy, and holds the reader under a perpetual cannonade of facts. They are shot at him, on him, and around him, from single-bore ordnance, double-bores, and Gatling guns. They are solid, well-shaped, and well-ordered facts, collected carefully, tested with deliberate precision, and put together with a kind of enthusiastic love of justice and right-thinking. The stock and substance of the book have been prepared on the strictest historic method; but the style in which it is written is not that of history at all. It is really a powerful address to the country, and has in it, from end to end, the ring of the public questions and controversies of the times. Professor Sumner is more than at home in his subject. He dilates and exults in it, and wields it with easy strength, as a weapon to smite, hip and thigh, bad government and bad thinking.

Tyndall on Emerson.

In his speech when unveiling the statue of Mr. Carlyle, Professor Tyndall expressed the wish that somewhere near this might be raised a companion memorial to Mr. Emerson, whom he pronounced the "loftiest, purest, and most penetrating spirit that has ever shone in American literature."

Apropos of this the London *Telegraph* points out certain marked dissimilarities between Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Emerson. Referring to the aggressiveness and "trip-hammer" energy of the former it observes:—

> Emerson, on the other hand, was satisfied to proclaim the truth. It was not in his nature to be denunciatory, and he never prefaced his teachings with a triple "Woe." If he warred actively against darkness it was because his mission lay in the creation of light. He showed the way, and left others the whipping back to it of those who had strayed. . . . In doing homage to that sweet nature, we do it to the highest type of our common humanity. Emerson was a splendid manifestation of reason in its most comprehensive form, and with all its most god-like aspirations.

Life of George Ripley.

This admirable biography, by Mr. O. B. Frothingham, has been welcomed with great cordiality as an exceedingly interesting account of a character and career eminently worthy to be commemorated. The *Christian Register* of Boston says of it:—

> He has done simple justice to Mr. Ripley, no more and no less. He has held the balance evenly. There is no extravagant eulogy. To a considerable extent, he has allowed Mr. Ripley to speak for himself. A biographer never suppressed himself more carefully. The net result is a biography of engrossing interest, whose only fault is that it is so brief. Nothing is surer than that a biography ten times as full might have been written by Mr. Frothingham, which would not have seemed a page too long. But for what we have we are not ungrateful. It is a clear-cut, straightforward piece of work, well worthy of a place in the series of which it is the fourth installment, by the side of Mr. Warner's "Irving."

The *American* of Philadelphia observes: "For what it pleasantly tells us of and for what it subtly teaches, this memoir of George Ripley is a valuable contribution to American biography."

Miss Jewett's Books.

"Deephaven," "Old Friends and New," and "Country By-Ways," have found their way into thousands of households, and would speedily win a hearty welcome to hundreds of thousands more if their simplicity, rare fidelity to nature and the facts of life, and charming humor were generally known. It would be difficult to name three books better suited for reading aloud winter evenings, the stories and sketches being short and entertaining, and, what is still better, always producing a kindly sympathy which leads to kindly deeds and to lenient judgment of others. "Play Days" is a book of stories for children, and is so engaging and so wholesome that it should go into every family in the land where there are any boys and girls.

Winter Books.

All good books are good Winter books, but there are some which, on account of their subject, are peculiarly suited for reading in the frigid zone of the year. Of these one of the pleasantest is Mr. Burroughs's "Winter Sunshine," which describes with singular accuracy and felicity some characteristic aspects, sounds, and enjoyments of winter. Mr. Lowell's delightful essay, "A Good Word for Winter," is so charming that one feels grateful for the season that inspired it, though not winter alone is in the essay, but the aroma of much good literature as well, and the peculiar fascination of Mr. Lowell's blended humor and thoughtfulness.

Whittier's "Snow Bound" is *the* book to read while the air is filled with the falling or the wind-driven flakes, when the windows are penciled with frost-pictures, and sleigh-bells and the glee of youth cheer the arctic air.

Warner's "Backlog Studies" are intended for winter reading, though they are so deliciously humorous that summer readers are by no means willing to give them up; and his excellent book of travel, "My Winter on the Nile," is of course to be read now.

It is useless to attempt to mention all the books that should be mentioned, but Thoreau must not be forgotten. Perhaps the best way to select additional books for the season is to look carefully through Houghton, Mifflin & Company's Portrait Catalogue, which is full of books good for winter and all other seasons, and has portraits of more than twenty famous authors, whose writings transform the winter of discontent into glorious summer.

Fiske's "Cosmic Philosophy."

Mr. Darwin, after reading this work, wrote as follows to Mr. Fiske:

> You must allow me to thank you for the very great interest with which I have at last slowly read the whole of your work. I have long wished to read something about the views of the many great men whose doctrines you give. I never in my life read so lucid an expositor (and therefore thinker) as you are; and I think that I understand nearly the whole, though perhaps less clearly about cosmic theism and causation than other parts. It is hopeless to attempt out of so much to specify what has interested me most, and probably you would not care to hear. It pleased me to find that here and there I had arrived, from my own crude thoughts, at some of the same conclusions with you, though I could seldom or never have given my reasons for such conclusions.

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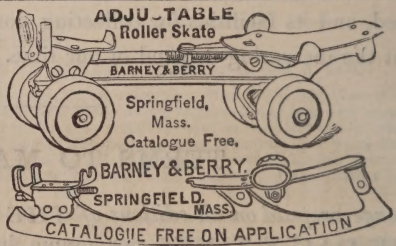

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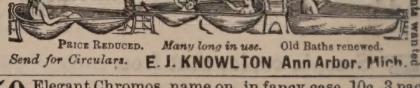

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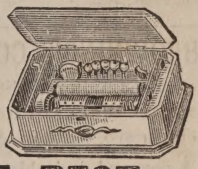

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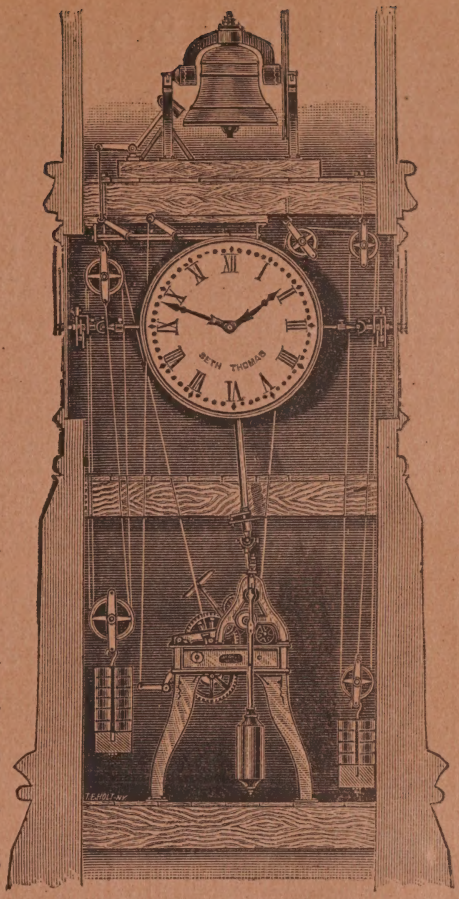

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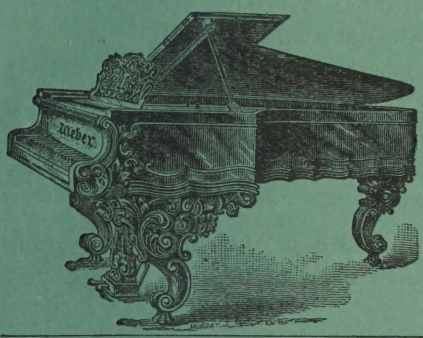

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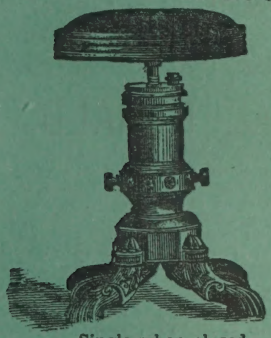

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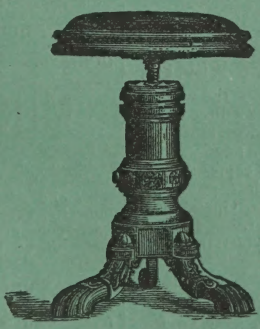

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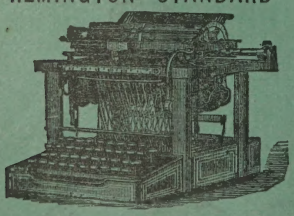

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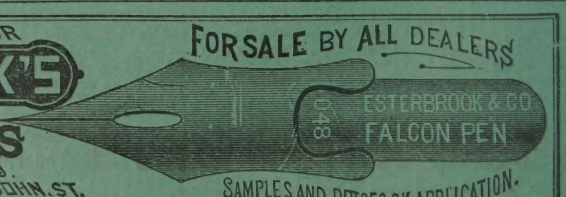

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1883.

THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

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MICHAEL ANGELO.

PART SECOND.

I.

MONOLOGUE.

A room in Michael Angelo's *house.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Fled to Viterbo, the old Papal city
Where once an Emperor, humbled in his pride,
Held the Pope's stirrup, as his Holiness
Alighted from his mule! A fugitive
From Cardinal Caraffa's hate, who hurls
His thunders at the house of the Colonna,
With endless bitterness! — Among the nuns
In Santa Catarina's convent hidden,
Herself in soul a nun! And now she chides me
For my too frequent letters, that disturb
Her meditations, and that hinder me
And keep me from my work; now graciously
She thanks me for the crucifix I sent her,
And says that she will keep it: with one hand
Inflicts a wound, and with the other heals it. [*Reading.*

"Profoundly I believed that God would grant you
A supernatural faith to paint this Christ;
I wished for that which now I see fulfilled
So marvellously, exceeding all my wishes.
Nor more could be desired, or even so much.
And greatly I rejoice that you have made
The angel on the right so beautiful;
For the Archangel Michael will place you,
You, Michael Angelo, on that new day,
Upon the Lord's right hand! And waiting that,
How can I better serve you than to pray

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To this sweet Christ for you, and to beseech you
To hold me altogether yours in all things."

Well, I will write less often, or no more,
But wait her coming. No one born in Rome
Can live elsewhere; but he must pine for Rome,
And must return to it. I, who am born
And bred a Tuscan and a Florentine,
Feel the attraction, and I linger here
As if I were a pebble in the pavement
Trodden by priestly feet. This I endure,
Because I breathe in Rome an atmosphere
Heavy with odors of the laurel leaves
That crowned great heroes of the sword and pen,
In ages past. I feel myself exalted
To walk the streets in which a Virgil walked,
Or Trajan rode in triumph; but far more,
And most of all, because the great Colonna
Breathes the same air I breathe, and is to me
An inspiration. Now that she is gone,
Rome is no longer Rome till she return.
This feeling overmasters me. I know not
If it be love, this strong desire to be
Forever in her presence; but I know
That I, who was the friend of solitude,
And ever was best pleased when most alone,
Now weary grow of my own company.
For the first time old age seems lonely to me.

[*Opening the Divina Commedia.*

I turn for consolation to the leaves
Of the great master of our Tuscan tongue,
Whose words, like colored garnet-shirls in lava,
Betray the heat in which they were engendered.
A mendicant, he ate the bitter bread
Of others, but repaid their meagre gifts
With immortality. In courts of princes
He was a by-word, and in streets of towns
Was mocked by children, like the Hebrew prophet,
Himself a prophet. I too know the cry,
Go up, thou bald head! from a generation
That, wanting reverence, wanteth the best food
The soul can feed on. There's not room enough
For age and youth upon this little planet.
Age must give way. There was not room enough
Even for this great poet. In his song
I hear reverberate the gates of Florence,
Closing upon him, never more to open;
But mingled with the sound are melodies
Celestial from the gates of paradise.
He came, and he is gone. The people knew not

What manner of man was passing by their doors,
Until he passed no more; but in his vision
He saw the torments and beatitudes
Of souls condemned or pardoned, and hath left
Behind him this sublime Apocalypse.

I strive in vain to draw here on the margin
The face of Beatrice. It is not hers,
But the Colonna's. Each hath his ideal,
The image of some woman excellent,
That is his guide. No Grecian art, nor Roman,
Hath yet revealed such loveliness as hers.

II.

VITERBO.

VITTORIA COLONNA *at the convent window.*

VITTORIA.

Parting with friends is temporary death,
As all death is. We see no more their faces,
Nor hear their voices, save in memory;
But messages of love give us assurance
That we are not forgotten. Who shall say
That from the world of spirits comes no greeting,
No message of remembrance? It may be
The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,
Sudden as inspiration, are the whispers
Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us
As friends, who wait outside a prison wall,
Through the barred windows speak to those within. [*A pause.*

As quiet as the lake that lies beneath me,
As quiet as the tranquil sky above me,
As quiet as a heart that beats no more,
This convent seems. Above, below, all peace!
Silence and solitude, the soul's best friends,
Are with me here, and the tumultuous world
Makes no more noise than the remotest planet.
O gentle spirit, unto the third circle
Of heaven among the blessed souls ascended,
Who, living in the faith and dying for it,
Have gone to their reward, I do not sigh
For thee as being dead, but for myself
That I am still alive. Turn those dear eyes,
Once so benignant to me, upon mine,
That open to their tears such uncontrolled

And such continual issue. Still awhile
Have patience; I will come to thee at last.
A few more goings in and out these doors,
A few more chimings of these convent bells,
A few more prayers, a few more sighs and tears,
And the long agony of this life will end,
And I shall be with thee. If I am wanting
To thy well-being, as thou art to mine,
Have patience; I will come to thee at last.
Ye minds that loiter in these cloister gardens,
Or wander far above the city walls,
Bear unto him this message, that I ever
Or speak or think of him, or weep for him.

By unseen hands uplifted in the light
Of sunset, yonder solitary cloud
Floats, with its white apparel blown abroad,
And wafted up to heaven. It fades away,
And melts into the air. Ah, would that I
Could thus be wafted unto thee, Francesco,
A cloud of white, an incorporeal spirit!

III.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND BENVENUTO CELLINI.

MICHAEL ANGELO, BENVENUTO CELLINI *in gay attire.*

BENVENUTO.

A good day and good year to the divine
Maestro Michael Angelo, the sculptor!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Welcome, my Benvenuto.

BENVENUTO.

That is what
My father said, the first time he beheld
This handsome face. But say farewell, not welcome.
I come to take my leave. I start for Florence
As fast as horse can carry me. I long
To set once more upon its level flags
These feet, made sore by your vile Roman pavements.
Come with me; you are wanted there in Florence.
The Sacristy is not finished.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Speak not of it!

How damp and cold it was! How my bones ached
And my head reeled, when I was working there!
I am too old. I will stay here in Rome,
Where all is old and crumbling, like myself,
To hopeless ruin. All roads lead to Rome.

BENVENUTO.

And all lead out of it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There is a charm,
A certain something in the atmosphere,
That all men feel, and no man can describe.

BENVENUTO.

Malaria?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes, malaria of the mind,
Out of this tomb of the majestic Past;
The fever to accomplish some great work
That will not let us sleep. I must go on
Until I die.

BENVENUTO.

Do you ne'er think of Florence?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes; whenever
I think of anything beside my work,
I think of Florence. I remember, too,
The bitter days I passed among the quarries
Of Seravezza and Pietrasanta;
Road-building in the marshes; stupid people,
And cold and rain incessant, and mad gusts
Of mountain wind, like howling dervishes,
That spun and whirled the eddying snow about them
As if it were a garment; aye, vexations
And troubles of all kinds, that ended only
In loss of time and money.

BENVENUTO.

True, Maestro;
But that was not in Florence. You should leave
Such work to others. Sweeter memories
Cluster about you, in the pleasant city
Upon the Arno.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

In my waking dreams

I see the marvellous dome of Brunelleschi,
Ghiberti's gates of bronze, and Giotto's tower;
And Ghirlandajo's lovely Benci glides
With folded hands amid my troubled thoughts,
A splendid vision! Time rides with the old
At a great pace. As travellers on swift steeds
See the near landscape fly and flow behind them,
While the remoter fields and dim horizons
Go with them, and seem wheeling round to meet them,
So in old age things near us slip away,
And distant things go with us. Pleasantly
Come back to me the days when, as a youth,
I walked with Ghirlandajo in the gardens
Of Medici, and saw the antique statues,
The forms august of gods and godlike men,
And the great world of art revealed itself
To my young eyes. Then all that man hath done
Seemed possible to me. Alas! how little
Of all I dreamed of has my hand achieved!

BENVENUTO.

Nay, let the Night and Morning, let Lorenzo
And Julian in the Sacristy at Florence,
Prophets and Sibyls in the Sistine Chapel,
And the Last Judgment answer. Is it finished?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The work is nearly done. But this Last Judgment
Has been the cause of more vexation to me
Than it will be of honor. Ser Biagio,
Master of ceremonies at the Papal court,
A man punctilious and over nice,
Calls it improper; says that those nude forms,
Showing their nakedness in such shameless fashion,
Are better suited to a common bagnio,
Or wayside wine-shop, than a Papal Chapel.
To punish him I painted him as Minos
And leave him there as master of ceremonies
In the Infernal Regions. What would you
Have done to such a man?

BENVENUTO.

I would have killed him.
When any one insults me, if I can
I kill him, kill him.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Oh, you gentlemen,
Who dress in silks and velvets, and wear swords,

Are ready with your weapons, and have all
A taste for homicide.

BENVENUTO.

I learned that lesson
Under Pope Clement at the siege of Rome,
Some twenty years ago. As I was standing
Upon the ramparts of the Campo Santo
With Alessandro Bene, I beheld
A sea of fog, that covered all the plain,
And hid from us the foe; when suddenly,
A misty figure, like an apparition,
Rose up above the fog, as if on horseback.
At this I aimed my arquebus, and fired.
The figure vanished; and there rose a cry
Out of the darkness, long and fierce and loud,
With imprecations in all languages.
It was the Constable of France, the Bourbon,
That I had slain.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rome should be grateful to you.

BENVENUTO.

But has not been; you shall hear presently.
During the siege I served as bombardier,
There in St. Angelo. His Holiness,
One day, was walking with his Cardinals
On the round bastion, while I stood above
Among my falconets. All thought and feeling,
All skill in art and all desire of fame,
Were swallowed up in the delightful music
Of that artillery. I saw far off,
Within the enemy's trenches on the Prati,
A Spanish cavalier in scarlet cloak;
And firing at him with due aim and range,
I cut the gay Hidalgo in two pieces.
The eyes are dry that wept for him in Spain.
His Holiness, delighted beyond measure
With such display of gunnery, and amazed
To see the man in scarlet cut in two,
Gave me his benediction, and absolved me
From all the homicides I had committed
In service of the Apostolic Church,
Or should commit thereafter. From that day
I have not held in very high esteem
The life of man.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And who absolved Pope Clement?
Now let us speak of Art.

BENVENUTO.

Of what you will.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Say, have you seen our friend Fra Bastian lately,
Since by a turn of fortune he became
Friar of the Signet?

BENVENUTO.

Faith, a pretty artist
To pass his days in stamping leaden seals
On Papal bulls!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

He has grown fat and lazy,
As if the lead clung to him like a sinker.
He paints no more, since he was sent to Fondi
By Cardinal Ippolito to paint
The fair Gonzaga. Ah, you should have seen him
As I did, riding through the city gate,
In his brown hood, attended by four horsemen,
Completely armed, to frighten the banditti.
I think he would have frightened them alone,
For he was rounder than the O of Giotto.

BENVENUTO.

He must have looked more like a sack of meal
Than a great painter.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, he is not great,
But still I like him greatly. Benvenuto,
Have faith in nothing but in industry.
Be at it late and early; persevere,
And work right on through censure and applause,
Or else abandon Art.

BENVENUTO.

No man works harder
Than I do. I am not a moment idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And what have you to show me?

BENVENUTO.

This gold ring,
Made for his Holiness, — my latest work,
And I am proud of it. A single diamond,
Presented by the Emperor to the Pope.
Targhetta of Venice set and tinted it;

I have reset it, and retinted it
Divinely, as you see. The jewellers
Say I've surpassed Targhetta.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Let me see it.
A pretty jewel.

BENVENUTO.

That is not the expression.
Pretty is not a very pretty word
To be applied to such a precious stone,
Given by an Emperor to a Pope, and set
By Benvenuto!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Messer Benvenuto,
I lose all patience with you; for the gifts
That God hath given you are of such a kind,
They should be put to far more noble uses
Than setting diamonds for the Pope of Rome.
You can do greater things.

BENVENUTO.

The God who made me
Knows why he made me what I am, — a goldsmith,
A mere artificer.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Oh no; an artist,
Richly endowed by nature, but who wraps
His talent in a napkin, and consumes
His life in vanities.

BENVENUTO.

Michael Angelo
May say what Benvenuto would not bear
From any other man. He speaks the truth.
I know my life is wasted and consumed
In vanities; but I have better hours
And higher aspirations than you think.
Once, when a prisoner at St. Angelo,
Fasting and praying in the midnight darkness,
In a celestial vision I beheld
A crucifix in the sun, of the same substance
As is the sun itself. And since that hour
There is a splendor round about my head,
That may be seen at sunrise and at sunset
Above my shadow on the grass. And now

I know that I am in the grace of God,
And none henceforth can harm me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

None but one,—
None but yourself, who are your greatest foe.
He that respects himself is safe from others;
He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.

BENVENUTO.

I always wear one.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O incorrigible!
At least, forget not the celestial vision.
Man must have something higher than himself
To think of.

BENVENUTO.

That I know full well. Now listen.
I have been sent for into France, where grow
The Lilies that illumine heaven and earth,
And carry in mine equipage the model
Of a most marvellous golden salt-cellar
For the king's table; and here in my brain
A statue of Mars Armipotent for the fountain
Of Fontainebleau, colossal, wonderful.
I go a goldsmith, to return a sculptor.
And so farewell, great Master. Think of me
As one who, in the midst of all his follies,
Had also his ambition, and aspired
To better things.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Do not forget the vision.

[*Sitting down again to the Divina Commedia.*

Now in what circle of his poem sacred
Would the great Florentine have placed this man?
Whether in Phlegethon, the river of blood,
Or in the fiery belt of Purgatory,
I know not, but most surely not with those
Who walk in leaden cloaks. Though he is one
Whose passions, like a potent alkahest,
Dissolve his better nature, he is not
That despicable thing, a hypocrite;
He doth not cloak his vices, nor deny them.
Come back, my thoughts, from him to Paradise.

IV.

FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO.

MICHAEL ANGELO; FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *not turning round.*

Who is it?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Wait, for I am out of breath
In climbing your steep stairs.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, my Bastiano,
If you went up and down as many stairs
As I do still, and climbed as many ladders,
It would be better for you. Pray sit down.
Your idle and luxurious way of living
Will one day take your breath away entirely,
And you will never find it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Well, what then?
That would be better, in my apprehension,
Than falling from a scaffold.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That was nothing.
It did not kill me; only lamed me slightly;
I am quite well again.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But why, dear Master,
Why do you live so high up in your house,
When you could live below and have a garden,
As I do?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

From this window I can look
On many gardens; o'er the city roofs
See the Campagna and the Alban hills:
And all are mine.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Can you sit down in them,
On summer afternoons, and play the lute,
Or sing, or sleep the time away?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I never
Sleep in the day-time; scarcely sleep at night.
I have not time. Did you meet Benvenuto
As you came up the stair?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

He ran against me
On the first landing, going at full speed;
Dressed like the Spanish captain in a play,
With his long rapier and his short red cloak.
Why hurry through the world at such a pace?
Life will not be too long.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is his nature, —
A restless spirit, that consumes itself
With useless agitations. He o'erleaps
The goal he aims at. Patience is a plant
That grows not in all gardens. You are made
Of quite another clay.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And thank God for it.
And now, being somewhat rested, I will tell you
Why I have climbed these formidable stairs.
I have a friend, Francesco Berni, here,
A very charming poet and companion,
Who greatly honors you and all your doings,
And you must sup with us.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not I, indeed.
I know too well what artists' suppers are.
You must excuse me.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will not excuse you.
You need repose from your incessant work;
Some recreation, some bright hours of pleasure.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

To me, what you and other men call pleasure
Is only pain. Work is my recreation,
The play of faculty; a delight like that
Which a bird feels in flying, or a fish
In darting through the water, — nothing more.
I cannot go. The Sibylline leaves of life
Grow precious now, when only few remain.
I cannot go.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Berni, perhaps, will read
A canto of the Orlando Inamorato.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That is another reason for not going.
If aught is tedious and intolerable,
It is a poet reading his own verses.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Berni thinks somewhat better of your verses
Than you of his. He says that you speak things,
And other poets words. So, pray you, come.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If it were now the Improvisatore,
Luigi Pulci, whom I used to hear
With Benvenuto, in the streets of Florence,
I might be tempted. I was younger then,
And singing in the open air was pleasant.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

There is a Frenchman here, named Rabelais,
Once a Franciscan friar, and now a doctor,
And secretary to the embassy:
A learned man, who speaks all languages,
And wittiest of men; who wrote a book
Of the Adventures of Gargantua,
So full of strange conceits one roars with laughter
At every page; a jovial boon-companion
And lover of much wine. He too is coming.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then you will not want me, who am not witty,
And have no sense of mirth, and love not wine.
I should be like a dead man at your banquet.
Why should I seek this Frenchman, Rabelais?
And wherefore go to hear Francesco Berni,
When I have Dante Alighieri here,
The greatest of all poets?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And the dullest;
And only to be read in episodes.
His day is past. Petrarca is our poet.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Petrarca is for women and for lovers,
And for those soft Abati, who delight

To wander down long garden walks in summer,
Tinkling their little sonnets all day long,
As lap-dogs do their bells.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I love Petrarca.
How sweetly of his absent love he sings,
When journeying in the forest of Ardennes!
I seem to hear her, hearing the boughs and breezes
And leaves and birds lamenting, and the waters
Murmuring flee along the verdant herbage."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Enough. It is all seeming, and no being.
If you would know how a man speaks in earnest,
Read here this passage, where St. Peter thunders
In Paradise against degenerate Popes
And the corruptions of the church, till all
The heaven about him blushes like a sunset.
I beg you to take note of what he says
About the Papal seals, for that concerns
Your office and yourself.

FRA SEBASTIANO, *reading.*

Is this the passage?
"Nor I be made the figure of a seal
To privileges venal and mendacious;
Whereat I often redden and flash with fire!"—
That is not poetry.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What is it, then?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Vituperation; gall that might have spirted
From Aretino's pen.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Name not that man!
A profligate, whom your Francesco Berni
Describes as having one foot in the brothel
And the other in the hospital; who lives
By flattering or maligning, as best serves
His purpose at the time. He writes to me
With easy arrogance of my Last Judgment,
In such familiar tone that one would say
The great event already had occurred,
And he was present, and from observation
Informed me how the picture should be painted.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

What unassuming, unobtrusive men
These critics are! Now, to have Aretino
Aiming his shafts at you brings back to mind
The Gascon archers in the square of Milan,
Shooting their arrows at Duke Sforza's statue,
By Leonardo, and the foolish rabble
Of envious Florentines, that at your David
Threw stones at night. But Aretino praised you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

His praises were ironical. He knows
How to use words as weapons, and to wound
While seeming to defend. But look, Bastiano,
See how the setting sun lights up that picture!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

My portrait of Vittoria Colonna.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It makes her look as she will look hereafter,
When she becomes a saint!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A noble woman!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, these old hands can fashion fairer shapes
In marble, and can paint diviner pictures,
Since I have known her.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And you like this picture;
And yet it is in oils, which you detest.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When that barbarian Jan Van Eyck discovered
The use of oil in painting, he degraded
His art into a handicraft, and made it
Sign-painting, merely, for a country inn
Or wayside wine-shop. 'T is an art for women,
Or for such leisurely and idle people
As you, Fra Bastiano. Nature paints not
In oils, but frescoes the great dome of heaven
With sunsets, and the lovely forms of clouds
And flying vapors.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And how soon they fade!
Behold yon line of roofs and belfries painted

Upon the golden background of the sky,
Like a Byzantine picture, or a portrait
Of Cimabue. See how hard the outline,
Sharp-cut and clear, not rounded into shadow.
Yet that is nature.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

She is always right.
The picture that approaches sculpture nearest
Is the best picture.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Leonardo thinks
The open air too bright. We ought to paint
As if the sun were shining through a mist.
'T is easier done in oil than in distemper.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Do not revive again the old dispute;
I have an excellent memory for forgetting,
But I still feel the hurt. Wounds are not healed
By the unbending of the bow that made them.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

So say Petrarca and the ancient proverb.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But that is past. Now I am angry with you,
Not that you paint in oils, but that, grown fat
And indolent, you do not paint at all.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Why should I paint? Why should I toil and sweat,
Who now am rich enough to live at ease,
And take my pleasure?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When Pope Leo died,
He who had been so lavish of the wealth
His predecessors left him, who received
A basket of gold-pieces every morning,
Which every night was empty, left behind
Hardly enough to pay his funeral.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I care for banquets, not for funerals,
As did his Holiness. I have forbidden
All tapers at my burial, and procession
Of priests and friars and monks; and have provided
The cost thereof be given to the poor!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have done wisely, but of that I speak not.
Ghiberti left behind him wealth and children;
But who to-day would know that he had lived,
If he had never made those gates of bronze
In the old Baptistery, — those gates of bronze,
Worthy to be the gates of Paradise.
His worth is scattered to the winds; his children
Are long since dead; but those celestial gates
Survive, and keep his name and memory green.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But why should I fatigue myself? I think
That all things it is possible to paint
Have been already painted; and if not,
Why, there are painters in the world at present
Who can accomplish more in two short months
Than I could in two years; so it is well
That some one is contented to do nothing,
And leave the field to others.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O blasphemer!
Not without reason do the people call you
Sebastian del Piombo, for the lead
Of all the Papal bulls is heavy upon you,
And wraps you like a shroud.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Misericordia!
Sharp is the vinegar of sweet wine, and sharp
The words you speak, because the heart within you
Is sweet unto the core.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How changed you are
From the Sebastiano I once knew,
When poor, laborious, emulous to excel,
You strove in rivalry with Badassare
And Raphael Sanzio.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Raphael is dead;
He is but dust and ashes in his grave,
While I am living and enjoying life,
And so am victor. One live Pope is worth
A dozen dead ones.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Raphael is not dead;

He doth but sleep; for how can he be dead
Who lives immortal in the hearts of men?
He only drank the precious wine of youth,
The outbreak of the grapes, before the vintage
Was trodden to bitterness by the feet of men.
The gods have given him sleep. We never were
Nor could be foes, although our followers,
Who are distorted shadows of ourselves,
Have striven to make us so; but each one worked
Unconsciously upon the other's thoughts,
Both giving and receiving. He perchance
Caught strength from me, and I some greater sweetness
And tenderness from his more gentle nature.
I have but words of praise and admiration
For his great genius; and the world is fairer
That he lived in it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

We at least are friends;
So come with me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

No, no; I am best pleased
When I 'm not asked to banquets. I have reached
A time of life when daily walks are shortened,
And even the houses of our dearest friends,
That used to be so near, seem far away.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Then we must sup without you. We shall laugh
At those who toil for fame, and make their lives
A tedious martyrdom, that they may live
A little longer in the mouths of men!
And so, good-night.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Good-night, my Fra Bastiano.

[*Returning to his work.*

How will men speak of me when I am gone,
When all this colorless, sad life is ended,
And I am dust? They will remember only
The wrinkled forehead, the marred countenance,
The rudeness of my speech, and my rough manners,
And never dream that underneath them all
There was a woman's heart of tenderness.
They will not know the secret of my life,
Locked up in silence, or but vaguely hinted
In uncouth rhymes, that may perchance survive
Some little space in memories of men!
Each one performs his life-work, and then leaves it;
Those that come after him will estimate
His influence on the age in which he lived.

V.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND TITIAN: PALAZZO BELVEDERE.

TITIAN'S *studio. A painting of Danaë with a curtain before it.* TITIAN, MICHAEL ANGELO, *and* GIORGIO VASARI.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So you have left at last your still lagoons,
Your City of Silence floating in the sea,
And come to us in Rome.

TITIAN.

I come to learn,
But I have come too late. I should have seen
Rome in my youth, when all my mind was open
To new impressions. Our Vasari here
Leads me about, a blind man, groping darkly
Among the marvels of the past. I touch them,
But do not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There are things in Rome
That one might walk bare-footed here from Venice
But to see once, and then to die content.

TITIAN.

I must confess that these majestic ruins
Oppress me with their gloom. I feel as one
Who in the twilight stumbles among tombs,
And cannot read the inscriptions carved upon them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I felt so once; but I have grown familiar
With desolation, and it has become
No more a pain to me, but a delight.

TITIAN.

I could not live here. I must have the sea,
And the sea-mist, with sunshine interwoven
Like cloth of gold; must have beneath my windows
The laughter of the waves, and at my door
Their pattering footsteps, or I am not happy.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then tell me of your city in the sea,
Paved with red basalt of the Paduan hills.
Tell me of art in Venice. Three great names
Giorgione, Titian, and the Tintoretto,

Illustrate your Venetian school, and send
A challenge to the world. The first is dead,
But Tintoretto lives.

TITIAN.

And paints with fire,
Sudden and splendid, as the lightning paints
The cloudy vault of heaven.

GIORGIO.

Does he still keep
Above his door the arrogant inscription
That once was painted there, — "The color of Titian,
With the design of Michael Angelo"?

TITIAN.

Indeed, I know not. 'T was a foolish boast,
And does no harm to any but himself.
Perhaps he has grown wiser.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When you two
Are gone, who is there that remains behind
To seize the pencil falling from your fingers?

GIORGIO.

Oh there are many hands upraised already
To clutch at such a prize, which hardly wait
For death to loose your grasp, — a hundred of them:
Schiavone, Bonifazio, Campagnola,
Moretto, and Moroni; who can count them,
Or measure their ambition?

TITIAN.

When we are gone,
The generation that comes after us
Will have far other thoughts than ours. Our ruins
Will serve to build their palaces or tombs.
They will possess the world that we think ours,
And fashion it far otherwise.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I hear
Your son Orazio and your nephew Marco
Mentioned with honor.

TITIAN.

Ay, brave lads, brave lads.
But time will show. There is a youth in Venice,

One Paul Cagliari, called the Veronese,
Still a mere stripling, but of such rare promise
That we must guard our laurels, or may lose them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

These are good tidings; for I sometimes fear
That, when we die, with us all art will die.
'T is but a fancy. Nature will provide
Others to take our places. I rejoice
To see the young spring forward in the race,
Eager as we were, and as full of hope
And the sublime audacity of youth.

TITIAN.

Men die and are forgotten. The great world
Goes on the same. Among the myriads
Of men that live, or have lived, or shall live,
What is a single life, or thine or mine,
That we should think all nature would stand still
If we were gone? We must make room for others.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now, Maestro, pray unveil your picture
Of Danaë, of which I hear such praise.

TITIAN, *drawing back the curtain.*

What think you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That Acrisius did well
To lock such beauty in a brazen tower,
And hide it from all eyes.

TITIAN.

The model truly
Was beautiful.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And more, that you were present,
And saw the showery Jove from high Olympus
Descend in all his splendor.

TITIAN.

From your lips
Such words are full of sweetness.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have caught
These golden hues from your Venetian sunsets.

TITIAN.

Possibly.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Or from sunshine through a shower
On the lagoons, or the broad Adriatic.
Nature reveals herself in all our arts.
The pavements and the palaces of cities
Hint at the nature of the neighboring hills.
Red lavas from the Euganean quarries
Of Padua pave your streets; your palaces
Are the white stones of Istria, and gleam
Reflected in your waters and your pictures.
And thus the works of every artist show
Something of his surroundings and his habits.
The uttermost that can be reached by color
Is here accomplished. Warmth and light and softness
Mingle together. Never yet was flesh
Painted by hand of artist, dead or living,
With such divine perfection.

TITIAN.

I am grateful
For so much praise from you, who are a master;
While mostly those who praise and those who blame
Know nothing of the matter, so that mainly
Their censure sounds like praise, their praise like censure.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Wonderful! wonderful! The charm of color
Fascinates me the more that in myself
The gift is wanting. I am not a painter.

GIORGIO.

Messer Michele, all the arts are yours,
Not one alone; and therefore I may venture
To put a question to you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, speak on.

GIORGIO.

Two nephews of the Cardinal Farnese
Have made me umpire in dispute between them
Which is the greater of the sister arts,
Painting or sculpture. Solve for me the doubt.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Sculpture and painting have a common goal,
And whosoever would attain to it,

Whichever path he take, will find that goal
Equally hard to reach.

GIORGIO.

No doubt, no doubt;
But you evade the question.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When I stand
In presence of this picture, I concede
That painting has attained its uttermost;
But in the presence of my sculptured figures
I feel that my conception soars beyond
All limit I have reached.

GIORGIO.

You still evade me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Giorgio Vasari, I have often said
That I account that painting as the best
Which most resembles sculpture. Here before us
We have the proof. Behold those rounded limbs!
How from the canvas they detach themselves,
Till they deceive the eye, and one would say,
It is a statue with a screen behind it!

TITIAN.

Signori, pardon me; but all such questions
Seem to me idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Idle as the wind.
And now, Maestro, I will say once more
How admirable I esteem your work,
And leave you, without further interruption.

TITIAN.

Your friendly visit hath much honored me.

GIORGIO.

Farewell.

MICHAEL ANGELO *to* GIORGIO, *going out.*

If the Venetian painters knew
But half as much of drawing as of color,
They would indeed work miracles in art,
And the world see what it hath never seen.

VI.

PALAZZO CESARINI.

VITTORIA COLONNA, *seated in an arm-chair;* JULIA GONZAGA, *standing near her.*

JULIA.

It grieves me that I find you still so weak
And suffering.

VITTORIA.

No, not suffering; only dying.
Death is the chillness that precedes the dawn;
We shudder for a moment, then awake
In the broad sunshine of the other life.
I am a shadow, merely, and these hands,
These cheeks, these eyes, these tresses that my husband
Once thought so beautiful, and I was proud of
Because he thought them so, are faded quite, —
All beauty gone from them.

JULIA.

Ah, no, not that.
Paler you are, but not less beautiful.

VITTORIA.

Hand me the mirror. I would fain behold
What change comes o'er our features when we die.
Thank you. And now sit down beside me here.
How glad I am that you have come to-day,
Above all other days, and at the hour
When most I need you!

JULIA.

Do you ever need me?

VITTORIA.

Always, and most of all to-day and now.
Do you remember, Julia, when we walked,
One afternoon, upon the castle terrace
At Ischia, on the day before you left me?

JULIA.

Well I remember; but it seems to me
Something unreal, that has never been, —
Something that I have read of in a book,
Or heard of some one else.

VITTORIA.

Ten years and more
Have passed since then; and many things have happened

In those ten years, and many friends have died:
Marco Flaminio, whom we all admired
And loved as our Catullus; dear Valdesso,
The noble champion of free thought and speech;
And Cardinal Ippolito, your friend.

JULIA.

Oh, do not speak of him! His sudden death
O'ercomes me now, as it o'ercame me then.
Let me forget it; for my memory
Serves me too often as an unkind friend,
And I remember things I would forget,
While I forget the things I would remember.

VITTORIA.

Forgive me; I will speak of him no more.
The good Fra Bernardino has departed,
Has fled from Italy, and crossed the Alps,
Fearing Caraffa's wrath, because he taught
That He who made us all without our help
Could also save us without aid of ours.
Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara,
That Lily of the Loire, is bowed by winds
That blow from Rome; Olympia Morata
Banished from court because of this new doctrine.
Therefore be cautious. Keep your secret thought
Locked in your breast.

JULIA.

I will be very prudent.
But speak no more, I pray; it wearies you.

VITTORIA.

Yes, I am very weary. Read to me.

JULIA.

Most willingly. What shall I read?

VITTORIA.

Petrarca's
Triumph of Death. The book lies on the table;
Beside the casket there. Read where you find
The leaf turned down. 'T was there I left off reading.

JULIA, *reads.*

"Not as a flame that by some force is spent,
But one that of itself consumeth quite,
Departed hence in peace the soul content,
In fashion of a soft and lucent light
Whose nutriment by slow gradation goes,
Keeping until the end its lustre bright.

Not pale, but whiter than the sheet of snows
That without wind on some fair hill-top lies,
Her weary body seemed to find repose.
Like a sweet slumber in her lovely eyes,
When now the spirit was no longer there,
Was what is dying called by the unwise.
E'en Death itself in her fair face seemed fair." —

Is it of Laura that he here is speaking? —
She doth not answer, yet is not asleep;
Her eyes are full of light and fixed on something
Above her in the air. I can see naught
Except the painted angels on the ceiling.
Vittoria! speak! What is it? Answer me! —
She only smiles, and stretches out her hands.
[*The mirror falls and breaks.*

VITTORIA.

Not disobedient to the heavenly vision!
Pescara! my Pescara! [*Dies.*

JULIA.

Holy Virgin!
Her body sinks together, — she is dead!
[*Kneels, and hides her face in Vittoria's lap.*

Enter MICHAEL ANGELO.

JULIA.

Hush! make no noise.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How is she?

JULIA.

Never better.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then she is dead!

JULIA.

Alas! yes, she is dead!
Even death itself in her fair face seems fair.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How wonderful! The light upon her face
Shines from the windows of another world.
Saints only have such faces. Holy Angels!
Bear her like sainted Catherine to her rest! [*Kisses Vittoria's hand.*

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

HERBERT SPENCER'S THEORY OF EDUCATION.[1]

Mr. Spencer's treatise on education consists of four essays, originally contributed to English reviews, and first collected and published in this country in 1860. The first essay discusses the question, "What knowledge is of most worth?" The other three treat successively of intellectual, moral, and physical education. It is with the subject of the first essay that we have to do at present, the question of the relative worths of different knowledges. The succeeding three essays only carry out in more detail the theory advanced in the first, though they include by the way many most valuable common-sense suggestions on the general subject of education, and especially on that of young children.

"What knowledge is of most worth?" Mr. Spencer's attitude in answering this question is different from that in his other works in that it is the attitude of a reformer; and this must be taken to account for a certain lack of that calm breadth of view which characterizes his other writings. He is here for once the ardent advocate, rather than the cool and dispassionate judge. He seems to have written with a sort of righteous indignation at the evil which he finds in society, and which he conceives to be largely due to our systems of education. It is to be feared that the evil is deeper seated; and certainly there is little reason to expect that the particular change proposed, apparently in a hasty and impulsive search for remedies, by our author, would do anything but aggravate the evil.

The great fault of modern education, Mr. Spencer asserts, is its wrong choice of subjects for study. His main proposition is, in a nutshell, that "science" ought to supersede the classics, the modern languages, history, art, and literature. His main argument in defense of this proposition is, in brief, that the activities in life which are subserved by science are more important than those which are subserved by the ordinary school and college studies.

Of course Mr. Spencer had in mind, when this treatise was written (more than twenty years ago), the curriculum of the English universities and the schools preparatory thereto. So far as these went to an extreme, in past times, by entirely excluding the natural sciences, in their adherence to the traditional course in Latin, Greek, and mathematics, the claims of this treatise had a certain justice, and very likely were productive of good. The misfortune is that in the effort to create a reaction, and to swing the pendulum back from one extreme, our author has made exaggerated claims for natural science, and has indulged in exaggerated denunciations of literary studies. So that now, when the reaction has long ago set in, and the pendulum has swung far to the opposite extreme, this one-sided and partisan statement of the case is not only productive of no further good, but is doing, in this country especially, positive mischief. There has hardly been a rash and ill-considered educational notion uttered by the thousand and one uneducated "educators" throughout the United States, for the last fifteen years, that has not based itself on Mr. Spencer's theory of education. It has been

[1] As there is always an advantage to a reader in understanding at the outset the point of view from which a paper is written, the writer begs leave to say that he feels the greatest obligation to Mr. Spencer for intellectual help in many directions; and that in several years of college teaching (not believing with him that the natural sciences should altogether supplant literature in courses of liberal study) he has aimed to bring students to the thorough comprehension of Mr. Spencer's works, as a part of our modern English literature, and has considered this to be one of the highest services he could render them.

and still is the Law and the Prophets for all the devotees of educational isms in this country, from those who would turn our schools and colleges into bakeries and blacksmith shops to those who would abolish them altogether. This has come about especially because isolated statements from Mr. Spencer's treatise are constantly being quoted by the weaker brethren among educational men in such a way as to convey a very different impression from that which must have been intended by the author himself. For certainly his constant claim, everywhere else in his writings, is for broad thinking and complete living; whereas his words are constantly quoted from this treatise so as to advocate the narrowest thought and the most meagre intellectual life. From the tone of many of those who quote with delight his utterances on education, one would suppose that of all things in the world Mr. Spencer despised and hated books of any sort whatsoever; when in fact he is devoting a most laborious and useful life exclusively to the production of them for the service of the world. And very little service would they do, certainly, unless the study of them as a valuable part of our literature — as a part of that which is the most important outgrowth of our planet thus far in its evolution, namely, the accumulation of man's thought and feeling concerning human life and affairs — were considered to be worthy of time and effort, even to the exclusion or the postponement of some attention to vegetable growths, the rocky strata, and other curious points of the planet itself.

It is not, however, wholly on account of misquotation and misunderstanding by his readers that Mr. Spencer's treatise on education is productive of harm. The views themselves are not sound. The main argument is based on a fundamental error, which ought long ago to have been thoroughly exposed. That it has had so long a vogue simply shows how strong a hold the author has gained, and deservedly gained for the most part, upon the confidence of thinking people, as an accurate observer and sound reasoner. Before considering this main proposition, let us glance briefly at his introduction to it.

Mr. Spencer sets out with the assertion that there has been hitherto no rational selection of subjects for study, nor, indeed, any discussion whatever of the relative worth of knowledges. The classical and mathematical curriculum has been adhered to, he thinks, merely through the force of a superstitious public opinion. How this public opinion grew up he does not attempt to explain, unless we are to take as an attempt at an explanation his statement that a desire for ornament precedes a desire for dress, and are to consider his brilliant attack on the pursuit of ornamental accomplishments as directed against all courses of liberal study. But this would surely be a very superficial view of the origin of our colleges and universities. They did not spring up by accident, — that is certain; nor were they built by the instinct of the peacock and the bower-bird. The strong public opinion among the educated classes in favor of liberal studies is by no means based upon any such flimsy foundation as the mere fancy for ornament. The truth is, there is a permanent aspiration in man for spiritual enlargement, for higher and richer planes of intellectual being. This aspiration has in every age reached out, no doubt more or less blindly, after whatever was greatest and best in preceding human attainment. Latin and Greek have been studied, not alone, as our author almost seems to suppose, as words and for words' sake, but for the vital contact they give with the living men who thought in Latin and Greek. From many desires and motives, no doubt, but most of all from this permanent hunger for intellectual illumination and spiritual enlargement, have grown

up our universities and our systems of liberal culture.

But we should be greatly mistaken if we supposed that this had been a wholly blind aspiration. In our exclusive attention to the wonderful material advancement of this age we are too apt to forget that there have been thinking men in the world even before our remarkable century. There have even been two or three who supposed, at least, that they understood the need of rational discussion of educational theories. There was, for example, an honest Greek gentleman, one Plato by name; and there were certain well-meaning persons in England, such as John Milton and John Locke, not to mention others, whose ideas on these subjects may be found in libraries. Almost as well, indeed, might a Grahamite assert that there had been no rational views on the subject of food till his own favorite theory was advanced; and that the strong public opinion in favor of beef and bread over husks and water had grown up by mere accident, and been perpetuated through unreasoning prejudice.

Mr. Spencer alleges that boys are given a classical course of study merely in order that when grown up they may not be disgraced by being found ignorant of those things which are considered essential to the "education of a gentleman." It certainly has some significance, one might reply, that this liberal culture has become so associated in the minds of the intelligent class with being an educated gentleman. This association, surely, has not come about by mere chance. May there not have been some relation of cause and effect in it? One thing is certain: if all men could, by training, be carried to the point of fulfilling our idea of the educated English gentleman, there would be something to be said in favor of the system of education that had brought about such a consummation.

Not but that Mr. Spencer is perfectly right in maintaining that there is need of more attention to the question of the relative worth of knowledges. He is no doubt right, also, in saying that it is important to fix upon a test or measure of value. And no one can hesitate to agree with the test which he goes on to propose: namely, the bearing of different studies on the preparation for "complete living." "To prepare us for complete living," he says, "is the function which education has to discharge; and the only rational mode of judging of any educational course is to judge in what degree it discharges this function." We should be mistaken, however, if we supposed this to be a new test. It is merely the new statement of what has been all along the underlying thought of all the great thinkers in the world on this subject. It is, in fact, hardly more than a paraphrase of what Milton affirmed more than two hundred years ago: "I call, therefore, a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." Nor has this been merely the thought of a few great thinkers. It has been the essence, whether formulated or not, of that fundamental instinct of which we have spoken, the aspiration for a higher and wider life, out of which has grown up, slowly and steadily, our present system of liberal education. There is this to be said for Mr. Spencer: that no writer has ever stated so clearly and fully and convincingly the claims of this paramount motive, the aspiration for complete living. It is only the more unfortunate that, in an impulse of vexation with certain evils of our present arrangements, he should hastily have flung this treatise straight in the teeth of all his own liberal doctrines.

For this is the theory of Mr. Spencer's treatise. He first lays down a classification of the activities of life, in

the order of what he calls their relative "importance." It is in his use of this word, and his inferences from it, that we shall find the unsound spot in his whole theory. He arranges the activities of life in the order of their importance as follows: —

"1. Those activities which directly minister to self-preservation.

"2. Those which secure the necessaries of life, and so indirectly minister to self-preservation.

"3. Those which have for their end the rearing and discipline of offspring.

"4. Those involved in the maintenance of proper social and political relations.

"5. Those miscellaneous activities which make up the leisure part of life, devoted to the gratification of the tastes and feelings."

Having thus rated the activities of life by their "importance," he now proceeds to rank the different subjects of study by their bearing on these divisions. The first division of activities has to do with the direct maintenance of life: for this, he affirms, the sciences of physiology and hygiene are the best educational studies; so that here, to begin with, science is the only proper thing. The second division relates to what we call "getting a living:" for this the sciences of mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, and sociology are the needed studies; so that here, too, science is what is needed. The third division deals with the care of offspring: for this the essential education consists, he says, of physiology and psychology; so that here, too, science is the thing. The fourth division is concerned with the maintenance of social and political relations: here we require biology, psychology, and sociology; so that here, also, science gives the requisite training. The fifth and last division includes the gratification of the tastes and feelings. For this class of activities the author had apparently expected to find that literature, the classics, and so forth were desirable, and begins to make some such concessions; but in the very midst of them he seems to discover with satisfaction that here, also, we can find all that we want in science. So that for all these various activities a purely scientific training is the proper and only necessary preparation. Perceiving now that he has still left exposed to the enemy one whole flank of the subject, namely, that of education considered as discipline, our author goes on to affirm, that for this purpose also, whether in the region of intellectual, moral, or religious discipline, the sciences are all that we need. Both for guidance and for discipline, therefore, a narrowly scientific training is concluded to be all that could be desired.

Let us now examine a few of these points in detail, and first of all that on which the whole argument rests: the classification of life-activities according to their relative importance.

In what sense can it be considered true, as Mr. Spencer asserts, that the activities which protect the physical life are more important than intellectual and social activities? His argument, to be sure, is at first sight a plausible one. He affirms that the thing which is made possible is less important, and must be postponed to that which makes it possible. That is to say, since the intellectual operations and social activities could not go on without a body, while the bodily life could go on without intellectual or social activities, the body is more important than the mind, or than society. Is it not obvious that, using the term "important" in any ordinary sense, this is exactly the reverse of the truth? For what value has the body except as a means to that higher end? And is it not the importance of that higher end that gives the means whatever importance it possesses? To arrange the activities of life in the order of their dependence on one another, therefore, is to arrange

them in precisely the reverse order of their intrinsic importance. It is upon the meaning of the word "important" that the whole fallacy turns; so that our author, after allowing himself to indulge in sarcasms upon the useless study of language, seems for once to be caught by a mere juggle of words, and founds a whole theory upon a confusion of meanings.

But the only meaning of the word "important" which can have any fitness in a discussion of the relative importance of different subjects of study is — "demanding attention in school and college education." And in this meaning of the word, the relative importance of life-activities is again just the reverse of Mr. Spencer's estimate; since nature looks out for the "necessary condition," the body, and leaves it for art, for education, to attend to "that which is made possible," the mind.

It seems to be one peculiar danger attending our absorption in these fascinating sciences of our day, and in their for the most part admirable methods, that we are tempted to imagine, when we have made an elaborate classification, and thrown a theory into an exact tabular form, that we have thereby systematized a great truth. May it not sometimes happen that we have only systematized a great error? And another danger, that can perhaps hardly be laid to the charge of our scientific studies, so all but universal does it appear to be, is the liability to be led astray by an apparent analogy between something in nature and something in human affairs, so that a captivating illustration will seem an argument. So clear-sighted a man as our author, for example, compares the relation of the florist to the plant with the relation of the teacher to the child. The florist, he says, knows that the root and leaves are more important than the flower, since it is the root and leaves that make the flower possible: so the teacher knows that the body is more important than the mind. But plainly that depends on the sense which we attach to the word "important." In the ordinary sense of the word, the flower is to the florist the only thing which has any importance at all. Except for the flower which is to follow, he would care nothing for the root and leaves of a plant. And if we use the word, as before, to mean "demanding attention," then it becomes evident that there is only the most superficial resemblance between the two cases, and no real analogy. For in the case of the plant, man's art has only to nourish the root and leaves, and wild nature will invariably see to the production of the perfect flower. But in the case of the human being precisely the opposite is true: wild nature looks to the body, and utterly refuses, in the savage state (that is to say, without education) to produce a cultivated mind; so that man's art has to see to it, by a careful course of education, that the higher intellectual life comes forth from this natural body. The savage has a very sufficient body; nay, the wild animal is well equipped in that respect. But this admirable body might go on existing and propagating its kind for ages, without any flower and fruit of spiritual development, unless our systems of education fortunately realized the supreme importance of that, and saw to its production.

There is the same error in Mr. Spencer's estimate of his second division of life-activities, — the activities indirectly ministering to self-preservation, or the getting of a livelihood. These activities he rates as higher in importance than intellectual and social life, because they are a necessary condition to it. But here, again, it is evident that their importance in the sense of their requiring attention in our school and college education should be rated in just the reverse order. The ordinary man, unenlightened by education, manages

pretty well this matter of getting a living for his body; which is, no doubt, a necessary condition to any intellectual life, but is intrinsically of considerably less importance than that higher end, which alone, indeed, gives it any value whatever. It is the precise function of education to see to it that men's lives shall be so "lifted up and strengthened" that they shall be worth sustaining by a livelihood. Not what sort of a living they get, but what sort of a life they get, is the question of real importance.

If by "education" we were to understand the whole sum total of forces and influences that go to produce a man, it would, no doubt, be true that we must begin at the body to build him up. Indeed, under that supposition, our education would have to begin farther back still: we should have to make a planet for him to live on, or beyond that a solar system, or beyond that the nebula out of which such a system should be made; for each of these would in turn be more "important," as being the necessary condition to what should follow. But in education, fortunately, we have no such tremendous task. Solar system and planet have been with reasonable success evolved, and finally the human body and the rudiments of a mind, and we have now to make that mind by education a more complete and perfect one. We are not to harm the body or hinder it, any more than we are to go back and destroy the planet; these necessary conditions are not to be interfered with; but we are to leave to wild nature whatever she does decently well, and do by our art of education that which she will not do at all, or will do very badly, and which we shall not get too well done, though we concentrate all our force, during the brief period of school and college training, on that alone. The plain fact is that the one thing which wild nature never yet did, and never can be depended on to do, is to make intellectual, or even decently rational, men and women out of the common stuff of humanity. While, as to the body, and as to the getting of a living for it, and even as to the care of offspring, something may be left to nature and natural instinct; just as the instinct of the love of life and the instinct of the desire for offspring hardly need to be cultivated in our college curriculums. Yet they, too, are a part of the sum total of essential conditions of life, and our author might well have gone back, therefore, and put them first of all in his scheme of so-called "importance."

It must be kept clearly in mind that in any discussion regarding education the relative importance of certain activities can only mean their relative need of attention in our curriculums of study. The whole question is confused by confounding this with their relative dependence in nature. The practical problem for the teacher, we must remember, is this: given, the average boy, of good enough physical basis, of ordinary tendencies to lead a healthy animal life, of average inclination to defend himself and push his way in the world so far as material advantages go, — given such a boy, to bring him through a course of intellectual and moral education that shall make the highest order of man out of this crude material furnished by nature. What this course is we must try our best to discover. It will certainly not be wise to assume that the previous experience of mankind is utterly worthless to us in this attempt; nor shall we be furthered much by any new and fanciful theory, based on an entire confusion as to what are the most important things to be attended to in education.

It is taken for granted that Mr. Spencer means to include in his fifth division all those activities of the mind which we sometimes speak of as constituting "the intellectual life." He is commonly understood to mean that. If he does, however, he uses strangely inaccurate phraseology; for these intellectual ac-

tivities can with no propriety be called the mere gratification of the tastes and feelings. They belong, he says, to the leisure part of life, and so should occupy only the leisure part of education. If he has in mind mere superficial accomplishments, wax-work and the guitar, no doubt he is right. But if he means the higher intellectual processes, they are precisely the most important of all activities, and the preparation for them should accordingly occupy the chief part of education. They are the activities of life, too, as we have said, that cannot by any possibility come except by education, while the others — the necessary conditions to these — are likely to come very well without it.

If he does not mean to include the intellectual life in this fifth division of activities, then he has made the strange mistake of classifying life-activities in a discussion of education, and leaving entirely out of his classification those very activities for the sake of which our systems of education were established and have been maintained. How was it possible to do this, after setting out with such attractive aphorisms as to "complete living"? He has, in fact, oddly enough, left no place in his scheme for our activity in studying his works, nor for his own activity in writing them.

Everywhere in this treatise Mr. Spencer appears to assume that the chief purpose of education is to furnish the mind with a certain set of convenient facts. He seems never to rise to the conception of education as a process of mind development, with power to determine not merely what the man shall know, but what he shall be. Apparently, he thinks of every man as being by nature of a fixed and predetermined type, and then as receiving from education only a certain outfit of handy information. The truth is, on the contrary, that the very question of *what* type of man the boy shall become is the chief question that is constantly being determined by education. With regard to the preparation for the rearing of offspring, for example, Mr. Spencer affirms that the essential training will be found in the sciences of physiology and psychology. This is all very well, but it overlooks the point that the main question concerning offspring is the question what manner of men and women the parents themselves *are;* and what they shall be it is precisely the effort of a liberal course of education to determine. There are no scientific facts whatever that can compare in importance to parents, as parents, with their being themselves richly endowed and highly developed persons, in mind as well as in body. What they are, more than what they know, is of determining force on their offspring, from the earliest moment on through the whole period of their relations with them.

The same hastiness of statement is apparent with regard to the preparation for earning a livelihood. Mr. Spencer seems to ignore the fact that the thing, after all, that is of most service to a man in making his way in the world is to *be*, first of all, an intelligent man; and this intelligence it is precisely the purpose of education to give him. He will be able to get his handy information for himself afterward, in one direction or another, as happens to be most useful to him. The ability to read, in the largest and highest sense, that is to say, the ability to get the full benefit of other men's minds and experience from their written words, and the ability to think, — these are gifts bestowed by a liberal education, that are worth any amount of a particular set of facts. If Aristotle and Bacon were to enter the company, we should hardly fail to recognize them as rather well-educated men, although their minds would be empty of all these facts of modern science that are asserted by Mr. Spencer to be the essential conditions of any sound education.

Mr. Spencer does, it is true, briefly

indicate in his treatise, almost as if by an after-thought, that studies are partly for the sake of discipline. But "we may be quite sure," he says, "that the acquirement of those facts which are most useful for regulating conduct involves a mental exercise best fitted for strengthening the faculties. It would be utterly contrary to the beautiful economy of Nature if one kind of culture were needed for the gaining of information, and another kind were needed as a mental gymnastic." "The education of most value for guidance must at the same time be the education of most value for discipline."

It was best to lay down this statement as an axiom; for if it were taken as a proposition to be proved, the proof would be found very difficult indeed. It is fine to talk of the "beautiful economy of Nature," but the economy of man is not without its beauty, also: the economy, namely, of time and of force that results from exercises devised by man for gaining strength and skill far faster and more agreeably than by the haphazard opportunities of ordinary life. "Everywhere throughout creation," says Mr. Spencer, "we find faculties developed through the performance of those functions which it is their office to perform; not through the performance of artificial exercises devised to fit them for those functions." Everywhere, to be sure, is the obvious reply, except in the arrangements of that rather important part of "creation," man; since he is the only animal that does not rest contented with the savage state of wild nature, but is so happy as to be endowed with aspirations that lead him to educate himself and his offspring. This he ventures to do by means of plans and systems of training not found, it must be confessed, anywhere in the lower grades of creation. There would be no athletes, for example, were it not for skillfully devised and persistently followed exercises. There would be no mastery of music without laborious training by means of "artificial" exercises. But the proposition is too absurd to need refutation by instances. Would Mr. Spencer have the boy put off all exercise in penmanship till he entered on the "performance of those functions" in the counting-room or the editorial chair? One might as well object to the interference with Nature in arranging her phenomena, in experiments, for better observation as to object to our interference in arranging exercises for better discipline.

For what is this "Nature" (with a capital N) which figures so largely as a final arbiter in the enthusiastic eulogies of Science (with a capital S)? Does this Nature include man and his operations, or does it not? If it does, then these very interferences are also a part of Nature. And certainly the human part of Nature has as good a claim to be the arbiter as any other part. But if it does not include man, and is merely a name for the forces and processes of the world outside of the human world, then we may safely assert our right to come down upon this Nature, and mould and control it according to our needs. Or if, to take a third supposition, this capital-lettered Nature is meant to include man only in his so-called "natural" condition, — the wild man, the savage, the animal, — then surely the very effort of all civilization, and of education as its chief instrument, is to oppose, and whip in, and convert, and take command of these untamed forces of Nature, that we may develop the crude savage into the higher human being.

Probably nine tenths of the popular sophistries on the subject of education would be cleared away by clarifying the conception of this word Nature. We hear the "natural method" eulogized, and the "natural man" is appealed to from morbid and unnatural conditions of living. But what is the natural method? It is of little value as an

arbiter, unless it means that method which the sanest sense and the ripest experience of man has approved. And who is the natural man? Plainly, not the savage, not the undeveloped brute, but the man as he was meant by Nature to be: completely equipped in mind as well as in body; equipped, moreover, with the highest social and political arrangements, including a wise system of education. That is in the truest sense, the only rational sense for the purposes of such a discussion, the natural method, the natural order of studies, the natural course of exercises, which the foremost Englishman — not which the lowest Fijian — would approve and adopt.

There is space to notice but one or two instances in which the false conception of Nature leads to error in this treatise: and first in the objection to abstract studies. Mr. Spencer asserts that since the natural activities of the mind in early youth are concrete, therefore the whole education of this period should be concrete. Certainly, that is the method of wild nature, and wild nature never gets beyond that point. The uneducated man remains always, in this respect, a child, incapable of abstract thought. What we wish to do is to develop out of this crude, unnatural Nature the truly natural man, — the man as Nature meant him to be, with the power and the habit of abstract conception and reasoning. Though we follow the order, we need not follow the pace, of wild nature. The sooner the boy can be brought to read intellectual books, and to grasp complex subjects, easily and quietly, without strain or precocity or hindrance to the physical development, the more of a man will he make.

So, again, Mr. Spencer's words are often quoted in support of the attractive doctrine that education shall give boys to do only that which they choose to do. Their diet, according to this theory, would be plum-cake and jam, and their reading would likewise be whatever was spiciest to the mental palate and easiest of mastication. Every parent and teacher knows something of what evils would follow this system, from his observation of the effects of the dime novel and of our juvenile literature in general. A young person had much better read Shakespeare and Mr. Spencer. Every teacher, at least, knows also how this theory has run into an absurd extreme in "oral teaching" and the "object-lesson." A boy does not need to be fed forever with a spoon. The time comes when he must learn to get his knowledge in the way that every educated man must always get it, — from the written page, and from self-controlled, persistent, laborious thought.

Of course one easily overstates any single aspect of such a vast subject as this of education. It is not surprising that even so profound and careful a thinker as Mr. Spencer has done so in this early treatise of his. Nor need it shake our faith in his candor nor in his general breadth of view; for it was probably meant only as an extreme statement of one side of the subject, intended to correct what seemed to him an extreme practice in the opposite direction. It is to be hoped that he will yet revise the treatise, or withdraw it altogether and substitute a more mature treatment of the subject, whenever he comes to realize that his reaction has already gone much too far, and when he comes to see that his work is not taken by his disciples for the reactionary and one-sided statement that it is, but for a deliberate and complete view, — a character which the author himself would probably be the last person to claim for it.

E. R. Sill.

THE ANCESTRAL FOOTSTEP:[1]

OUTLINES OF AN ENGLISH ROMANCE.

III.

MAY 12th, Wednesday. Middleton found his abode here becoming daily more interesting; and he sometimes thought that it was the sympathies with the place and people, buried under the supergrowth of so many ages, but now coming forth with the life and vigor of a fountain, that, long hidden beneath earth and ruins, gushes out singing into the sunshine, as soon as these are removed. He wandered about the neighborhood with insatiable interest; sometimes, and often, lying on a hillside and gazing at the gray tower of the church; sometimes coming into the village clustered round that same church, and looking at the old timber and plaster houses, the same, except that the thatch had probably been often renewed, that they used to be in his ancestor's days. In those old cottages still dwelt the families, the ——s, the Prices, the Hopnorts, the Copleys, that had dwelt there when America was a scattered progeny of infant colonies; and in the churchyard were the graves of all the generations since — including the dust of those who had seen his ancestor's face before his departure.

The graves, outside the church walls indeed, bore no marks of this antiquity; for it seems not to have been an early practice in England to put stones over such graves; and where it has been done, the climate causes the inscriptions soon to become obliterated and unintelligible. But, within the church, there were rich words of the personages and times, with whom Middleton's musings held so much converse.

But one of his greatest employments and pastimes was to ramble through the grounds of Smithells, making himself as well acquainted with its wood paths, its glens, its woods, its venerable trees, as if he had been bred up there from infancy. Some of those old oaks his ancestor might have been acquainted with, while they were already sturdy and well-grown trees; might have climbed them in boyhood; might have mused beneath them as a lover; might have flung himself at full length on the turf beneath them, in the bitter anguish that must have preceded his departure forever from the home of his forefathers. In order to secure an uninterrupted enjoyment of his rambles here, Middleton had secured the good-will of the game-keepers and other underlings whom he was likely to meet about the grounds, by giving them a shilling or a half-crown; and he was now free to wander where he would, with only the advice rather than the caution, to keep out of the way of their old master, — for there might be trouble, if he should meet a stranger on the grounds, in any of his tantrums. But, in fact, Mr. Eldredge was not much in the habit of walking about the grounds; and there were hours of every day, during which it was altogether improbable that he would have emerged from his own apartments in the manor-house. These were the hours, therefore, when Middleton most frequented the estate; although, to say the truth, he would gladly have so timed his visits as to meet and form an acquaintance with the lonely lord of this beautiful property, his own kinsman, though with so many ages of dark

[1] Copyright, 1882, by ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP. For a clearer understanding of this sketch, the reader is referred to the Prefatory Note in the Atlantic Monthly for December, 1882, page 823.

oblivion between. For Middleton had not that feeling of infinite distance in the relationship, which he would have had if his branch of the family had continued in England, and had not intermarried with the other branch, through such a long waste of years; he rather felt as if he were the original emigrant who, long resident on a foreign shore, had now returned, with a heart brimful of tenderness, to revisit the scenes of his youth, and renew his tender relations with those who shared his own blood.

There was not, however, much in what he heard of the character of the present possessor of the estate — or indeed in the strong family characteristic that had become hereditary — to encourage him to attempt any advances. It is very probable that the religion of Mr. Eldredge, as a Catholic, may have excited a prejudice against him, as it certainly had insulated the family, in a great degree, from the sympathies of the neighborhood. Mr. Eldredge, moreover, had resided long on the Continent; long in Italy; and had come back with habits that little accorded with those of the gentry of the neighborhood; so that, in fact, he was almost as much of a stranger, and perhaps quite as little of a real Englishman, as Middleton himself. Be that as it might, Middleton, when he sought to learn something about him, heard the strangest stories of his habits of life, of his temper, and of his employments, from the people with whom he conversed. The old legend, turning upon the monomania of the family, was revived in full force in reference to this poor gentleman; and many a time Middleton's interlocutors shook their wise heads, saying with a knowing look and under their breath that the old gentleman was looking for the track of the Bloody Footstep. They fabled — or said, for it might not have been a false story — that every descendant of this house had a certain portion of his life, during which he sought the track of that footstep which was left on the threshold of the mansion; that he sought it far and wide, over every foot of the estate; not only on the estate, but throughout the neighborhood; not only in the neighborhood but all over England; not only throughout England but all about the world. It was the belief of the neighborhood — at least of some old men and women in it — that the long period of Mr. Eldredge's absence from England had been spent in the search for some trace of those departing footsteps that had never returned. It is very possible — probable, indeed — that there may have been some ground for this remarkable legend; not that it is to be credited that the family of Eldredge, being reckoned among sane men, would seriously have sought, years and generations after the fact, for the first track of those bloody footsteps which the first rain of drippy England must have washed away; to say nothing of the leaves that had fallen and the growth and decay of so many seasons, that covered all traces of them since. But nothing is more probable than that the continual recurrence to the family genealogy, which had been necessitated by the matter of the dormant peerage, had caused the Eldredges, from father to son, to keep alive an interest in that ancestor who had disappeared, and who had been supposed to carry some of the most important family papers with him. But yet it gave Middleton a strange thrill of pleasure, that had something fearful in it, to think that all through these ages he had been waited for, sought for, anxiously expected, as it were; it seemed as if the very ghosts of his kindred, a long shadowy line, held forth their dim arms to welcome him; a line stretching back to the ghosts of those who had flourished in the old, old times; the doubletted and beruffled knightly shades of Queen Elizabeth's time; a long line, stretching from the mediæval ages, and their duski-

ness, downward, downward, with only one vacant space, that of him who had left the Bloody Footstep. There was an inexpressible pleasure (airy and evanescent, gone in a moment if he dwelt upon it too thoughtfully, but very sweet) to Middleton's imagination, in this idea. When he reflected, however, that his revelations, if they had any effect at all, might serve only to quench the hopes of these long expectants, it of course made him hesitate to declare himself.

One afternoon, when he was in the midst of musings such as this, he saw at a distance through the park, in the direction of the manor-house, a person who seemed to be walking slowly and seeking for something upon the ground. He was a long way off when Middleton first perceived him; and there were two clumps of trees and underbrush, with interspersed tracts of sunny lawn, between them. The person, whoever he was, kept on, and plunged into the first clump of shrubbery, still keeping his eyes on the ground, as if intensely searching for something. When he emerged from the concealment of the first clump of shrubbery, Middleton saw that he was a tall, thin person, in a dark dress; and this was the chief observation that the distance enabled him to make, as the figure kept slowly onward, in a somewhat wavering line, and plunged into the second clump of shrubbery. From that, too, he emerged; and soon appeared to be a thin elderly figure, of a dark man with gray hair, bent, as it seemed to Middleton, with infirmity, for his figure still stooped even in the intervals when he did not appear to be tracking the ground. But Middleton could not but be surprised at the singular appearance the figure had of setting its foot, at every step, just where a previous footstep had been made, as if he wanted to measure his whole pathway in the track of somebody who had recently gone over the ground in advance of him. Middleton was sitting at the foot of an oak; and he began to feel some awkwardness in the consideration of what he would do if Mr. Eldredge — for he could not doubt that it was he — were to be led just to this spot, in pursuit of his singular occupation. And even so it proved.

Middleton could not feel it manly to fly and hide himself, like a guilty thing; and indeed the hospitality of the English country gentleman in many cases gives the neighborhood and the stranger a certain degree of freedom in the use of the broad expanse of ground in which they and their forefathers have loved to sequester their residences. The figure kept on, showing more and more distinctly the tall, meagre, not unvenerable features of a gentleman in the decline of life, apparently in ill-health; with a dark face, that might once have been full of energy, but now seemed enfeebled by time, passion and perhaps sorrow. But it was strange to see the earnestness with which he looked on the ground, and the accuracy with which he at last set his foot, apparently adjusting it exactly to some footprint before him; and Middleton doubted not that, having studied and re-studied the family records and the judicial examinations which described exactly the track that was seen the day after the memorable disappearance of his ancestor, Mr. Eldredge was now, in some freak, or for some purpose best known to himself, practically following it out. And follow it out he did, until at last, he lifted up his eyes, muttering to himself: "At this point the footsteps wholly disappear."

Lifting his eyes, as we have said, while thus regretfully and despairingly muttering these words, he saw Middleton against the oak, within three paces of him.

May 13th, Thursday. Mr. Eldredge (for it was he) first kept his eyes fixed full on Middleton's face, with an expression as if he saw him not; but gradually — slowly, at first — he seemed

to become aware of his presence; then, with a sudden flush, he took in the idea that he was encountered by a stranger in his secret mood. A flash of anger or shame, perhaps both, reddened over his face; his eyes gleamed; and he spoke hastily and roughly.

"Who are you?" he said. "How came you here? I allow no intruders in my park. Begone, fellow!"

"Really, sir, I did not mean to intrude upon you," said Middleton blandly. "I am aware that I owe you an apology; but the beauties of your park must plead my excuse; and the constant kindness of [the] English gentleman, which admits a stranger to the privilege of enjoying so much of the beauty in which he himself dwells as the stranger's taste permits him to enjoy."

"An artist, perhaps," said Mr. Eldredge, somewhat less uncourteously. "I am told that they love to come here and sketch these old oaks and their vistas, and the old mansion yonder. But you are an intrusive set, you artists, and think that a pencil and a sheet of paper may be your passport anywhere. You are mistaken, sir. My park is not open to strangers."

"I am sorry, then, to have intruded upon you," said Middleton, still in good humor; for in truth he felt a sort of kindness, a sentiment, ridiculous as it may appear, of kindred towards the old gentleman, and besides was not unwilling in any way to prolong a conversation in which he found a singular interest. "I am sorry, especially as I have not even the excuse you kindly suggest for me. I am not an artist, only an American, who have strayed hither to enjoy this gentle, cultivated, tamed nature which I find in English parks, so contrasting with the wild, rugged nature of my native land. I beg your pardon, and will retire."

"An American," repeated Mr. Eldredge, looking curiously at him. "Ah, you are wild men in that country, I suppose, and cannot conceive that an English gentleman encloses his grounds — or that his ancestors have done so before him — for his own pleasure and convenience, and does not calculate on having it infringed upon by everybody, like your own forests, as you say. It is a curious country, that of yours; and in Italy I have seen curious people from it."

"True, sir," said Middleton, smiling. "We send queer specimens abroad; but Englishmen should consider that we spring from them, and that we present after all only a picture of their own characteristics, a little varied by climate and in situation."

Mr. Eldredge looked at him with a certain kind of interest, and it seemed to Middleton that he was not unwilling to continue the conversation, if a fair way to do so could only be offered to him. A secluded man often grasps at any opportunity of communicating with his kind, when it is casually offered to him, and for the nonce is surprisingly familiar, running out towards his chance-companion with the gush of a dammed-up torrent, suddenly unlocked. As Middleton made a motion to retire, he put out his hand with an air of authority to restrain him.

"Stay," said he. "Now that you are here, the mischief is done, and you cannot repair it by hastening away. You have interrupted me in my mood of thought, and must pay the penalty by suggesting other thoughts. I am a lonely man here, having spent most of my life abroad, and am separated from my neighbors by various circumstances. You seem to be an intelligent man. I should like to ask you a few questions about your country."

He looked at Middleton as he spoke, and seemed to be considering in what rank of life he should place him; his dress being such as suited a humble rank. He seemed not to have come to any very certain decision on this point.

"I remember," said he, "you have no distinctions of rank in your country; a convenient thing enough, in some respects. When there are no gentlemen, all are gentlemen. So let it be. You speak of being Englishmen; and it has often occurred to me that Englishmen have left this country and been much missed and sought after, who might perhaps be sought there successfully."

"It is certainly so, Mr. Eldredge," said Middleton, lifting his eyes to his face as he spoke, and then turning them aside. "Many footsteps, the track of which is lost in England, might be found reappearing on the other side of the Atlantic; ay, though it be hundreds of years since the track was lost here."

Middleton, though he had refrained from looking full at Mr. Eldredge as he spoke, was conscious that he gave a great start; and he remained silent for a moment or two, and when he spoke there was the tremor in his voice of a nerve that had been struck and still vibrated.

"That is a singular idea of yours," he at length said; "not singular in itself, but strangely coincident with something that happened to be occupying my mind. Have you ever heard any such instances as you speak of?"

"Yes," replied Middleton, "I have had pointed out to me the rightful heir to a Scottish earldom, in the person of an American farmer, in his shirt-sleeves. There are many Americans who believe themselves to hold similar claims. And I have known one family, at least, who had in their possession, and had had for two centuries, a secret that might have been worth wealth and honors if known in England. Indeed, being kindred as we are, it cannot but be the case."

Mr. Eldredge appeared to be much struck by these last words, and gazed wistfully, almost wildly, at Middleton, as if debating with himself whether to say more. He made a step or two aside; then returned abruptly, and spoke.

"Can you tell me the name of the family in which this secret was kept?" said he; "and the nature of the secret?"

"The nature of the secret," said Middleton, smiling, "was not likely to be extended to any one out of the family. The name borne by the family was Middleton. There is no member of it, so far as I am aware, at this moment remaining in America."

"And has the secret died with them?" asked Mr. Eldredge.

"They communicated it to none," said Middleton.

"It is a pity! It was a villainous wrong," said Mr. Eldredge. "And so, it may be, some ancient line, in the old country, is defrauded of its rights for want of what might have been obtained from this Yankee, whose democracy has demoralized them to the perception of what is due to the antiquity of descent, and of the bounden duty that there is, in all ranks, to keep up the honor of a family that has had potency enough to preserve itself in distinction for a thousand years."

"Yes," said Middleton, quietly, "we have sympathy with what is strong and vivacious to-day; none with what was so yesterday."

The remark seemed not to please Mr. Eldredge; he frowned, and muttered something to himself; but recovering himself, addressed Middleton with more courtesy than at the commencement of their interview; and, with this graciousness, his face and manner grew very agreeable, almost fascinating: he [was] still haughty, however.

"Well, sir," said he, "I am not sorry to have met you. I am a solitary man, as I have said, and a little communication with a stranger is a refreshment, which I enjoy seldom enough to be sensible of it. Pray, are you staying hereabouts?"

Middleton signified to him that he might probably spend some little time in the village.

"Then, during your stay," said Mr. Eldredge, "make free use of the walks in these grounds; and though it is not probable that you will meet me in them again, you need apprehend no second questioning of your right to be here. My house has many points of curiosity that may be of interest to a stranger from a new country. Perhaps you have heard of some of them."

"I have heard some wild legend about a Bloody Footstep," answered Middleton; "indeed, I think I remember hearing something about it in my own country; and having a fanciful sort of interest in such things, I took advantage of the hospitable custom which opens the doors of curious old houses to strangers, to go to see it. It seemed to me, I confess, only a natural stain in the old stone that forms the doorstep."

"There, sir," said Mr. Eldredge, "let me say that you came to a very foolish conclusion; and so, good-by, sir."

And without further ceremony, he cast an angry glance at Middleton, who perceived that the old gentleman reckoned the Bloody Footstep among his ancestral honors, and would probably have parted with his claim to the peerage almost as soon as have given up the legend.

Present aspect of the story: Middleton on his arrival becomes acquainted with the old Hospitaller, and is familiarized at the Hospital. He pays a visit in his company to the manor-house, but merely glimpses at its remarkable things, at this visit, among others at the old cabinet, which does not, at first view, strike him very strongly. But, on musing about his visit afterwards, he finds the recollection of the cabinet strangely identifying itself with his previous imaginary picture of the palatial mansion; so that at last he begins to conceive the mistake he has made. At this first [visit], he does not have a personal interview with the possessor of the estate; but, as the Hospitaller and himself go from room to room, he finds that the owner is preceding them, shyly flitting like a ghost, so as to avoid them. Then there is a chapter about the character of the Eldredge of the day, a Catholic, a morbid, shy man, representing all the peculiarities of an old family, and generally thought to be insane. And then comes the interview between him and Middleton, where the latter excites such an interest that he dwells upon the old man's mind, and the latter probably takes pains to obtain further intercourse with him, and perhaps invites him to dinner, and [to] spend a night in his house. If so, this second meeting must lead to the examination of the cabinet, and the discovery of some family documents in it. Perhaps the cabinet may be in Middleton's sleeping-chamber, and he examines it by himself, before going to bed; and finds out a secret which will perplex him how to deal with it.

May 14th, Friday. We have spoken several times already of a young girl, who was seen at this period about the little antiquated village of Smithells; a girl in manners and in aspect unlike those of the cottages amid which she dwelt. Middleton had now so often met her, and in solitary places, that an acquaintance had inevitably established itself between them. He had ascertained that she had lodgings at a farmhouse near by, and that she was connected in some way with the old Hospitaller, whose acquaintance had proved of such interest to him; but more than this he could not learn either from her or others. But he was greatly attracted and interested by the free spirit and fearlessness of this young woman; nor could he conceive where, in staid and formal England, she had grown up to be such as she was, so without manner, so without art, yet so capable of doing and thinking for herself. She had no reserve, apparently, yet never seemed

to sin against decorum; it never appeared to restrain her that anything she might wish to do was contrary to custom; she had nothing of what could be called shyness in her intercourse with him; and yet he was conscious of an unapproachableness in Alice. Often, in the old man's presence, she mingled in the conversation that went on between him and Middleton, and with an acuteness that betokened a sphere of thought much beyond what could be customary with young English maidens; and Middleton was often reminded of the theories of those in our own country, who believe that the amelioration of society depends greatly on the part that women shall hereafter take, according to their individual capacity, in all the various pursuits of life. These deeper thoughts, these higher qualities, surprised him as they showed themselves, whenever occasion called them forth, under the light, gay, and frivolous exterior which she had at first seemed to present. Middleton often amused himself with surmises in what rank of life Alice could have been bred, being so free of all conventional rule, yet so nice and delicate in her perception of the true proprieties that she never shocked him.

One morning, when they had met in one of Middleton's rambles about the neighborhood, they began to talk of America; and Middleton described to Alice the stir that was being made in behalf of women's rights; and he said that whatever cause was generous and disinterested always, in that country, derived much of its power from the sympathy of women, and that the advocates of every such cause were in favor of yielding the whole field of human effort to be shared with women.

"I have been surprised," said he, "in the little I have seen and heard of English women, to discover what a difference there is between them and my own countrywomen."

"I have heard," said Alice, with a smile, "that your countrywomen are a far more delicate and fragile race than Englishwomen; pale, feeble hot-house plants, unfit for the wear and tear of life, without energy of character, or any slightest degree of physical strength to base it upon. If, now, you had these large-framed Englishwomen, you might, I should imagine, with better hopes, set about changing the system of society, so as to allow them to struggle in the strife of politics, or any other strife, hand to hand, or side by side with men."

"If any countryman of mine has said this of our women," exclaimed Middleton, indignantly, "he is a slanderous villain, unworthy to have been borne by an American mother; if an Englishman has said it — as I know many of them have and do — let it pass as one of the many prejudices only half believed, with which they strive to console themselves for the inevitable sense that the American race is destined to higher purposes than their own. But pardon me; I forgot that I was speaking to an Englishwoman, for indeed you do not remind me of them. But, I assure you, the world has not seen such women as make up, I had almost said the mass of womanhood in my own country; slight in aspect, slender in frame, as you suggest, but yet capable of bringing forth stalwart men; they themselves being of inexhaustible courage, patience, energy; soft and tender, deep of heart, but high of purpose. Gentle, refined, but bold in every good cause."

"Oh, you have said quite enough," replied Alice, who had seemed ready to laugh outright, during this encomium. "I think I see one of these paragons now, in a Bloomer, I think you call it, swaggering along with a Bowie knife at her girdle, smoking a cigar, no doubt, and tippling sherry-cobblers and mint-juleps. It must be a pleasant life."

"I should think you, at least, might form a more just idea of what women become," said Middleton, considerably

piqued, "in a country where the rules of conventionalism are somewhat relaxed; where woman, whatever you may think, is far more profoundly educated than in England, where a few ill-taught accomplishments, a little geography, a catechism of science make up the sum, under the superintendence of a governess; the mind being kept entirely inert as to any capacity for thought. They are cowards, except within certain rules and forms; they spend a life of old proprieties, and die, and if their souls do not die with them, it is Heaven's mercy."

Alice did not appear in the least moved to anger, though considerably to mirth, by this description of the character of English females. She laughed as she replied, "I see there is little danger of your leaving your heart in England." She added more seriously, "And permit me to say, I trust, Mr. Middleton, that you remain as much American in other respects as in your preference of your own race of women. The American who comes hither and persuades himself that he is one with Englishmen, it seems to me, makes a great mistake; at least, if he is correct in such an idea he is not worthy of his own country, and the high development that awaits it. There is much that is seductive in our life, but I think it is not upon the higher impulses of our nature that such seductions act. I should think ill of the American who, for any causes of ambition, — any hope of wealth or rank, — or even for the sake of any of those old, delightful ideas of the past, the associations of ancestry, the loveliness of an age-long home, — the old poetry and romance that haunt these ancient villages and estates of England, — would give up the chance of acting upon the unmoulded future of America."

"And you, an Englishwoman, speak thus!" exclaimed Middleton. "You perhaps speak truly; and it may be that your words go to a point where they are especially applicable at this moment. But where have you learned these ideas? And how is it that you know how to awake these sympathies, that have slept perhaps too long?"

"Think only if what I have said be truth," replied Alice. "It is no matter who or what I am that speak it."

"Do you speak," asked Middleton, from a sudden impulse, "with any secret knowledge affecting a matter now in my mind?"

Alice shook her head, as she turned away; but Middleton could not determine whether the gesture was meant as a negative to his question, or merely as declining to answer it. She left him; and he found himself strangely disturbed with thoughts of his own country, of the life that he ought to be leading there, the struggles in which he ought to be taking part; and, with these motives in his impressible mind, the motives that had hitherto kept him in England seemed unworthy to influence him.

May 15th, Saturday. It was not long after Middleton's meeting with Mr. Eldredge in the park of Smithells, that he received — what it is precisely the most common thing to receive — an invitation to dine at the manor-house and spend the night. The note was written with much appearance of cordiality, as well as in a respectful style; and Middleton could not but perceive that Mr. Eldredge must have been making some inquiries as to his social status, in order to feel him justified in putting him on this footing of equality. He had no hesitation in accepting the invitation, and on the appointed day was received in the old house of his forefathers as a guest. The owner met him, not quite on the frank and friendly footing expressed in his note, but still with a perfect and polished courtesy, which however could not hide from the sensitive Middleton a certain coldness, a something that seemed to him Italian rather than English; a symbol of a

condition of things between them, undecided, suspicious, doubtful very likely. Middleton's own manner corresponded to that of his host, and they made few advances towards more intimate acquaintance. Middleton was however recompensed for his host's unapproachableness by the society of his daughter, a young lady born indeed in Italy, but who had been educated in a Catholic family in England; so that here was another relation — the first female one — to whom he had been introduced. She was a quiet, shy, undemonstrative young woman, with a fine bloom and other charms which she kept as much in the background as possible, with maiden reserve. (There is a Catholic priest at table.)

Mr. Eldredge talked chiefly, during dinner, of art, with which his long residence in Italy had made him thoroughly acquainted, and for which he seemed to have a genuine taste and enjoyment. It was a subject on which Middleton knew little; but he felt the interest in it which appears to be not uncharacteristic of Americans, among the earliest of their developments of cultivation; nor had he failed to use such few opportunities as the English public or private galleries offered him to acquire the rudiments of a taste. He was surprised at the depth of some of Mr. Eldredge's remarks on the topics thus brought up, and at the sensibility which appeared to be disclosed by his delicate appreciation of some of the excellences of those great masters who wrote their epics, their tender sonnets, or their simple ballads, upon canvas; and Middleton conceived a respect for him which he had not hitherto felt, and which possibly Mr. Eldredge did not quite deserve. Taste seems to be a department of moral sense; and yet it is so little identical with it, and so little implies conscience, that some of the worst men in the world have been the most refined.

After Miss Eldredge had retired, the host appeared to desire to make the dinner a little more social than it had hitherto been; he called for a peculiar species of wine from Southern Italy, which he said was the most delicious production of the grape, and had very seldom, if ever before been imported pure into England. A delicious perfume came from the cradled bottle, and bore an ethereal, evanescent testimony to the truth of what he said: and the taste, though too delicate for wine quaffed in England, was nevertheless delicious, when minutely dwelt upon.

"It gives me pleasure to drink your health, Mr. Middleton," said the host. "We might well meet as friends in England, for I am hardly more an Englishman than yourself; bred up, as I have been, in Italy, and coming back hither at my age, unaccustomed to the manners of the country, with few friends, and insulated from society by a faith which makes most people regard me as an enemy. I seldom welcome people here, Mr. Middleton; but you are welcome."

"I thank you, Mr. Eldredge, and may fairly say that the circumstances to which you allude make me accept your hospitality with a warmer feeling than I otherwise might. Strangers, meeting in a strange land, have a sort of tie in their foreignness to those around them, though there be no positive relation between themselves."

"We are friends, then?" said Mr. Eldredge, looking keenly at Middleton, as if to discover exactly how much was meant by the compact. He continued, "You know, I suppose, Mr. Middleton, the situation in which I find myself on returning to my hereditary estate, which has devolved to me somewhat unexpectedly by the death of a younger man than myself. There is an old flaw here as perhaps you have been told, which keeps me out of a property long kept in the guardianship of the crown, and of a barony, one of the oldest in England.

There is an idea — a tradition — a legend, founded, however, on evidence of some weight, that there is still in existence the possibility of finding the proof which we need, to confirm our cause."

"I am most happy to hear it, Mr. Eldredge," said Middleton.

"But," continued his host, "I am bound to remember and to consider that for several generations there seems to have been the same idea, and the same expectation; whereas nothing has ever come of it. Now, among other suppositions — perhaps wild ones — it has occurred to me that this testimony, the desirable proof, may exist on your side of the Atlantic; for it has long enough been sought here in vain."

"As I said in our meeting in your park, Mr. Eldredge," replied Middleton, "such a suggestion may very possibly be true; yet let me point out that the long lapse of years, and the continual melting and dissolving of family institutions — the consequent scattering of family documents, and the annihilation of traditions from memory, all conspire against its probability."

"And yet, Mr. Middleton," said his host, "when we talked together at our first singular interview, you made use of an expression — of one remarkable phrase — which dwelt upon my memory and now recurs to it."

"And what was that, Mr. Eldredge?" asked Middleton.

"You spoke," replied his host, "of the Bloody Footstep reappearing on the threshold of the old palace of S——. Now where, let me ask you, did you ever hear this strange name, which you then spoke, and which I have since spoken?"

"From my father's lips, when a child, in America," responded Middleton.

"It is very strange," said Mr. Eldredge, in a hasty, dissatisfied tone. "I do not see my way through this."

May 16th, Sunday. Middleton had been put into a chamber in the oldest part of the house, the furniture of which was of antique splendor, well befitting to have come down for ages, well befitting the hospitality shown to noble and even royal guests. It was the same room in which, at his first visit to the house, Middleton's attention had been drawn to the cabinet, which he had subsequently remembered as the palatial residence in which he had harbored so many dreams. It still stood in the chamber, making the principal object in it, indeed; and when Middleton was left alone, he contemplated it not without a certain awe, which at the same time he felt to be ridiculous. He advanced towards it, and stood contemplating the mimic façade, wondering at the singular fact of this piece of furniture having been preserved in traditionary history, when so much had been forgotten, — when even the features and architectural characteristics of the mansion in which it was merely a piece of furniture had been forgotten. And, as he gazed at it, he half thought himself an actor in a fairy portal [tale?]; and would not have been surprised — at least, he would have taken it with the composure of a dream — if the mimic portal had unclosed, and a form of pigmy majesty had appeared within, beckoning him to enter and find the revelation of what had so long perplexed him. The key of the cabinet was in the lock, and knowing that it was not now the receptacle of anything in the shape of family papers, he threw it open; and there appeared the mosaic floor, the representation of a stately, pillared hall, with the doors on either side, opening, as would seem, into various apartments. And here should have stood the visionary figures of his ancestry, waiting to welcome the descendant of their race, who had so long delayed his coming. After looking and musing a considerable time, — even till the old clock from the turret of the house told twelve, he turned away with a sigh, and

went to bed. The wind moaned through the ancestral trees; the old house creaked as with ghostly footsteps; the curtains of his bed seemed to waver. He was now at home; yes, he had found his home, and was sheltered at last under the ancestral roof, after all those long, long wanderings, — after the little log-built hut of the early settlement, after the straight roof of the American house, after all the many roofs of two hundred years, here he was at last under the one which he had left, on that fatal night, when the Bloody Footstep was so mysteriously impressed on the threshold. As he drew nearer and nearer towards sleep, it seemed more and more to him as if he were the very individual — the self-same one throughout the whole — who had done, seen, suffered, all these long toils and vicissitudes, and were now come back to rest, and found his weariness so great that there could be no rest.

Nevertheless, he did sleep; and it may be that his dreams went on, and grew vivid, and perhaps became truer in proportion to their vividness. When he awoke he had a perception, an intuition, that he had been dreaming about the cabinet, which, in his sleeping imagination, had again assumed the magnitude and proportions of a stately mansion, even as he had seen it afar from the other side of the Atlantic. Some dim associations remained lingering behind, the dying shadows of very vivid ones which had just filled his mind; but as he looked at the cabinet, there was some idea that still seemed to come so near his consciousness that, every moment, he felt on the point of grasping it. During the process of dressing, he still kept his eyes turned involuntarily towards the cabinet, and at last he approached it, and looked within the mimic portal, still endeavoring to recollect what it was that he had heard or dreamed about it, — what half obliterated remembrance from childhood, what fragmentary last night's dream it was, that thus haunted him. It must have been some association of one or the other nature that led him to press his finger on one particular square of the mosaic pavement; and as he did so, the thin plate of polished marble slipt aside. It disclosed, indeed, no hollow receptacle, but only another leaf of marble, in the midst of which appeared to be a key-hole: to this Middleton applied the little antique key to which we have several times alluded, and found it fit precisely. The instant it was turned, the whole mimic floor of the hall rose, by the action of a secret spring, and discovered a shallow recess beneath. Middleton looked eagerly in, and saw that it contained documents, with antique seals of wax appended; he took but one glance at them, and closed the receptacle as it was before.

Why did he do so? He felt that there would be a meanness and wrong in inspecting these family papers, coming to the knowledge of them, as he had, through the opportunities offered by the hospitality of the owner of the estate; nor, on the other hand, did he feel such confidence in his host, as to make him willing to trust these papers in his hands, with any certainty that they would be put to an honorable use. The case was one demanding consideration, and he put a strong curb upon his impatient curiosity, conscious that, at all events, his first impulsive feeling was that he ought not to examine these papers without the presence of his host or some other authorized witness. Had he exercised any casuistry about the point, however, he might have argued that these papers, according to all appearance, dated from a period to which his own hereditary claims ascended, and to circumstances in which his own rightful interest was as strong as that of Mr. Eldredge. But he had acted on his first impulse, closed the secret receptacle, and hastening his toilet descended

from his room; and, it being still too early for breakfast, resolved to ramble about the immediate vicinity of the house. As he passed the little chapel, he heard within the voice of the priest performing mass, and felt how strange was this sign of mediæval religion and foreign manners in homely England.

As the story looks now: Eldredge, bred, and perhaps born, in Italy, and a Catholic, with views to the church before he inherited the estate, has not the English moral sense and simple honor; can scarcely be called an Englishman at all. Dark suspicions of past crime, and of the possibility of future crime, may be thrown around him; an atmosphere of doubt shall envelop him, though, as regards manners, he may be highly refined. Middleton shall find in the house a priest; and at his first visit he shall have seen a small chapel, adorned with the richness, as to marbles, pictures, and frescoes, of those that we see in the churches at Rome; and here the Catholic forms of worship shall be kept up. Eldredge shall have had an Italian mother, and shall have the personal characteristics of an Italian. There shall be something sinister about him, the more apparent when Middleton's visit draws to a conclusion; and the latter shall feel convinced that they part in enmity, so far as Eldredge is concerned. He shall not speak of his discovery in the cabinet.

May 17th, Monday. Unquestionably, the appointment of Middleton as minister to one of the minor Continental courts must take place in the interval between Eldredge's meeting him in the park, and his inviting him to his house. After Middleton's appointment, the two encounter each other at the Mayor's dinner in St. Mary's Hall, and Eldredge, startled at meeting the vagrant, as he deemed him, under such a character, remembers the hints of some secret knowledge of the family history, which Middleton had thrown out. He endeavors, both in person and by the priest, to make out what Middleton really is, and what he knows, and what he intends; but Middleton is on his guard, yet cannot help arousing Eldredge's suspicions that he has views upon the estate and title. It is possible, too, that Middleton may have come to the knowledge — may have had some knowledge of — some shameful or criminal fact connected with Mr. Eldredge's life on the Continent; the old Hospitaller, possibly, may have told him this, from some secret malignity hereafter to be accounted for. Supposing Eldredge to attempt his murder, by poison for instance, bringing back into modern life his old hereditary Italian plots; and into English life a sort of crime which does not belong to it, — which did not, at least, although at this very period there have been fresh and numerous instances of it. There might be a scene in which Middleton and Eldredge come to a fierce and bitter explanation; for in Eldredge's character there must be the English surly boldness as well as the Italian subtlety; and here, Middleton shall tell him what he knows of his past character and life, and also what he knows of his own hereditary claims. Eldredge might have committed a murder in Italy; might have been a patriot, and betrayed his friends to death for a bribe, bearing another name than his own in Italy; indeed, he might have joined them only as an informer. All this he had tried to sink, when he came to England in the character of a gentleman of ancient name and large estate. But this infamy of his previous character must be foreboded from the first by the manner in which Eldredge is introduced; and it must make his evil designs on Middleton appear natural and probable. It may be, that Middleton has learned Eldredge's previous character, through some Italian patriot who had taken refuge in America, and there become intimate with him; and it should be a piece of secret history,

not known to the world in general, so that Middleton might seem to Eldredge the sole depository of the secret then in England. He feels a necessity of getting rid of him; and thenceforth Middleton's path lies always among pitfalls; indeed, the first attempt should follow promptly and immediately on his rupture with Eldredge. The utmost pains must be taken with this incident to give it an air of reality; or else it must be quite removed out of the sphere of reality by an intensified atmosphere of romance. I think the old Hospitaller must interfere to prevent the success of this attempt, perhaps through the means of Alice.

The result of Eldredge's criminal and treacherous designs is, somehow or other, that he comes to his death; and Middleton and Alice are left to administer on the remains of the story; perhaps, the Mayor being his friend, he may be brought into play here. The foreign ecclesiastic shall likewise come forward, and he shall prove to be a man of subtile policy perhaps, yet a man of religion and honor; with a Jesuit's principles, but a Jesuit's devotion and self-sacrifice. The old Hospitaller must die in his bed, or some other how; or perhaps not — we shall see. He may just as well be left in the Hospital. Eldredge's attempt on Middleton must be in some way peculiar to Italy, and which he shall have learned there; and, by the way, at his dinner-table there shall be a Venice glass, one of the kind that were supposed to be shattered when poison was put into them. When Eldredge produces his rare wine, he shall pour it into this, with a jesting allusion to the legend. Perhaps the mode of Eldredge's attempt on Middleton's life shall be a reproduction of the attempt made two hundred years before; and Middleton's knowledge of that incident shall be the means of his salvation. That would be a good idea; in fact, I think it must be done so and no otherwise. It is not to be forgotten that there is a taint of insanity in Eldredge's blood, accounting for much that is wild and absurd, at the same time that it must be subtile, in his conduct; one of those perplexing mad people, whose lunacy you are continually mistaking for wickedness or *vice versa*. This shall be the priest's explanation and apology for him, after his death. I wish I could get hold of the Newgate calendar, the older volumes, or any other book of murders — the Causes Célèbres, for instance. The legendary murder, or attempt at it, will bring its own imaginative probability with it, when repeated by Eldredge; and at the same time it will have a dreamlike effect; so that Middleton shall hardly know whether he is awake or not. This incident is very essential towards bringing together the past time and the present, and the two ends of the story.

May 18th, Tuesday. All down through the ages since Edward had disappeared from home, leaving that bloody footstep on the threshold, there had been legends and strange stories of the murder and the manner of it. These legends differed very much among themselves. According to some, his brother had awaited him there, and stabbed him on the threshold. According to others, he had been murdered in his chamber, and dragged out. A third story told, that he was escaping with his lady love, when they were overtaken on the threshold, and the young man slain. It was impossible at this distance of time to ascertain which of these legends was the true one, or whether either of them had any portion of truth, further than that the young man had actually disappeared from that night, and that it never was certainly known to the public that any intelligence had ever afterwards been received from him. Now, Middleton may have communicated to Eldredge the truth in regard to the matter; as, for instance, that he had stabbed him

with a certain dagger that was still kept among the curiosities of the manor-house. Of course, that will not do. It must be some very ingenious and artificially natural thing, an artistic affair in its way, that should strike the fancy of such a man as Eldredge, and appear to him altogether fit, mutatis mutandis, to be applied to his own requirements and purposes. I do not at present see in the least how this is to be wrought out. There shall be everything to make Eldredge look with the utmost horror and alarm at any chance that he may be superseded and ousted from his possession of the estate; for he shall only recently have established his claim to it, tracing out his pedigree, when the family was supposed to be extinct. And he is come to these comfortable quarters after a life of poverty, uncertainty, difficulty, hanging loose on society; and therefore he shall be willing to risk soul and body both, rather than return to his former state. Perhaps his daughter shall be introduced as a young Italian girl, to whom Middleton shall decide to leave the estate.

On the failure of his design, Eldredge may commit suicide, and be found dead in the wood; at any rate, some suitable end shall be contrived, adapted to his wants. This character must not be so represented as to shut him out completely from the reader's sympathies; he shall have taste, sentiment, even a capacity for affection, nor, I think, ought he to have any hatred or bitter feeling against the man whom he resolves to murder. In the closing scenes, when he thinks the fate of Middleton approaching, there might even be a certain tenderness towards him, a desire to make the last drops of life delightful; if well done, this would produce a certain sort of horror, that I do not remember to have seen effected in literature. Possibly the ancient emigrant might be supposed to have fallen into an ancient mine, down a precipice, into some pitfall; no, not so. Into a river; into a moat. As Middleton's pretensions to birth are not publicly known, there will be no reason why, at his sudden death, suspicion should fix on Eldredge as the murderer; and it shall be his object so to contrive his death as that it shall appear the result of accident. Having failed in effecting Middleton's death by this excellent way, he shall perhaps think that he cannot do better than to make his own exit in precisely the same manner. It might be easy, and as delightful as any death could be; no ugliness in it, no blood; for the Bloody Footstep of old times might be the result of the failure of the old plot, not of its success. Poison seems to be the only elegant method; but poison is vulgar, and in many respects unfit for my purpose. It won't do. Whatever it may be, it must not come upon the reader as a sudden and new thing, but as one that might have been foreseen from afar, though he shall not actually have foreseen it until it is about to happen. It must be prevented through the agency of Alice. Alice may have been an artist in Rome, and there have known Eldredge and his daughter, and thus she may have become their guest in England; or he may be patronizing her now — at all events she shall be the friend of the daughter, and shall have a just appreciation of the father's character. It shall be partly due to her high counsel that Middleton foregoes his claim to the estate, and prefers the life of an American, with its lofty possibilities for himself and his race, to the position of an Englishman of property and title; and she, for her part, shall choose the condition and prospects of woman in America, to the emptiness of the life of a woman of rank in England. So they shall depart, lofty and poor, out of the home which might be their own, if they would stoop to make it so. Possibly the daughter of Eldredge may be a girl not yet in

her teens, for whom Alice has the affection of an elder sister.

It should be a very carefully and highly wrought scene, occurring just before Eldredge's actual attempt on Middleton's life, in which all the brilliancy of his character — which shall before have gleamed upon the reader — shall come out, with pathos, with wit, with insight, with knowledge of life. Middleton shall be inspired by this, and shall vie with him in exhilaration of spirits; but the ecclesiastic shall look on with singular attention, and some appearance of alarm; and the suspicion of Alice shall likewise be aroused. The old Hospitaller may have gained his situation partly by proving himself a man of the neighborhood, by right of descent; so that he, too, shall have a hereditary claim to be in the Romance.

Eldredge's own position as a foreigner in the midst of English home life, insulated and dreary, shall represent to Middleton, in some degree, what his own would be, were he to accept the estate. But Middleton shall not come to the decision to resign it, without having to repress a deep yearning for that sense of long, long rest in an age-consecrated home, which he had felt so deeply to be the happy lot of Englishmen. But this ought to be rejected, as not belonging to his country, nor to the age, nor any longer possible.

May 19th, Wednesday. The connection of the old Hospitaller with the story is not at all clear. He is an American by birth, but deriving his English origin from the neighborhood of the Hospital, where he has finally established himself. Some one of his ancestors may have been somehow connected with the ancient portion of the story. He has been a friend of Middleton's father, who reposed entire confidence in him, trusting him with all his fortune, which the Hospitaller risked in his enormous speculations, and lost it all. His fame had been great in the financial world. There were circumstances that made it dangerous for his whereabouts to be known, and so he had come hither and found refuge in this institution, where Middleton finds him, but does not know who he is. In the vacancy of a mind formerly so active, he has taken to the study of local antiquities; and from his former intimacy with Middleton's father, he has a knowledge of the American part of the story, which he connects with the English portion, disclosed by his researches here; so that he is quite aware that Middleton has claims to the estate, which might be urged successfully against the present possessor. He is kindly disposed towards the son of his friend, whom he had so greatly injured; but he is now very old, and ——. Middleton has been directed to this old man by a friend in America, as one likely to afford him all possible assistance in his researches; and so he seeks him out and forms an acquaintance with him, which the old man encourages to a certain extent, taking an evident interest in him, but does not disclose himself; nor does Middleton suspect him to be an American. The characteristic life of the Hospital is brought out and the individual character of this old man, vegetating here after an active career, melancholy and miserable; sometimes torpid with the slow approach of utmost age; sometimes feeble, peevish, wavering; sometimes shining out with a wisdom resulting from originally bright faculties, ripened by experience. The character must not be allowed to get vague, but, with gleams of romance, must yet be kept homely and natural by little touches of his daily life.

As for Alice, I see no necessity for her being anywise related to or connected with the old Hospitaller. As originally conceived, I think she may be an artist — a sculptress — whom Eldredge had known in Rome. No; she might be a grand-daughter of the old

Hospitaller, born and bred in America, but who had resided two or three years in Rome in the study of her art, and have there acquired a knowledge of the Eldredges and have become fond of the little Italian girl his daughter. She has lodgings in the village, and of course is often at the Hospital, and often at the Hall; she makes busts and little statues, and is free, wild, tender, proud, domestic, strange, natural, artistic; and has at bottom the characteristics of the American woman, with the principles of the strong-minded sect; and Middleton shall be continually puzzled at meeting such a phenomenon in England. By and by, the internal influence [evidence?] of her sentiments (though there shall be nothing to confirm it in her manner) shall lead him to charge her with being an American.

Now, as to the arrangement of the Romance; — it begins as an integral and essential part, with my introduction, giving a pleasant and familiar summary of my life in the Consulate at Liverpool; the strange species of Americans, with strange purposes, in England, whom I used to meet there; and, especially, how my countrymen used to be put out of their senses by the idea of inheritances of English property. Then I shall particularly instance one gentleman who called on me on first coming over; a description of him must be given, with touches that shall puzzle the reader to decide whether it is not an actual portrait. And then this Romance shall be offered, half seriously, as the account of the fortunes that he met with in his search for his hereditary home. Enough of his ancestral story may be given to explain what is to follow in the Romance; or perhaps this may be left to the scenes of his intercourse with the old Hospitaller.

The Romance proper opens with Middleton's arrival at what he has reason to think is the neighborhood of his ancestral home, and here he makes application to the old Hospitaller. Middleton shall be described as approaching the Hospital, which shall be pretty literally copied after Leicester's, although the surrounding village must be on a much smaller scale of course. Much elaborateness may be given to this portion of the book. Middleton shall have assumed a plain dress, and shall seek to make no acquaintances except that of the old Hospitaller; the acquaintance of Alice naturally following. The old Hospitaller and he go together to the old Hall, where, as they pass through the rooms, they find that the proprietor is flitting like a ghost before them from chamber to chamber; they catch his reflection in a glass &c., &c. When these have been wrought up sufficiently, shall come the scene in the wood, where Eldredge is seen yielding to the superstition that he has inherited, respecting the old secret of the family, on the discovery of which depends the enforcement of his claim to a title. All this while, Middleton has appeared in the character of a man of no note; and now, through some political change, not necessarily told, he receives a packet addressed to him as an ambassador, and containing a notice of his appointment to that dignity. A paragraph in the Times confirms the fact, and makes it known in the neighborhood. Middleton immediately becomes an object of attention; the gentry call upon him; the Mayor of the neighboring county-town invites him to dinner, which shall be described with all its antique formalities. Here he meets Eldredge, who is surprised, remembering the encounter in the wood; but passes it all off, like a man of the world, makes his acquaintance, and invites him to the Hall. Perhaps he may make a visit of some time here, and become intimate, to a certain degree, with all parties; and here things shall ripen themselves for Eldredge's attempt upon his life.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

LITYERSES AND THE REAPERS.

"Lityerses, the king of Phrygia, used to make strangers try a contest with him in reaping corn, and to put them to death if he overcame them."

'T is the field of Lityerses: ripe and high the harvest stands;
Sickles gleam, like summer lightnings, all about the sunny lands.
'T is the field of Lityerses: he, a harvest-lord austere,
Gathers whom he will for reapers, bringing them from far and near;
Though it be the chief of legions, or descent of princes great,
Wealthy merchant, speeding herald, none shall pass his palace gate.
Forth he comes, with churlish greeting, bids the traveler haste afield;
Though his hand be strange and skilless, he a reaping-hook must wield,
From the morn until the shadow thrusting in the swarthy grain,
Where the keen cicada, whirring, stings with sound his dizzy brain.
Hears he not, above the clamor, what the hollow south wind saith?
Strive no longer, yield the contest, — this swift sickleman is Death!

Reapers, what shall be the anthem, as the swath before us falls,
While in air the vision beckons of our native towers and halls?
Reapers, what shall be the banquet, where no harvest-home is spread?
We shall feed on endless slumber, with this alien ground our bed!
Through the sickle falls the poppy, — glowing flower and drooping bud
Fall, and scatter down the furrow, like the spilth of crimson blood:
So shall life be shorn and scattered ere the star that crowns the eve;
They shall shudder at the harvest who shall come to bind and sheave,
One by one our faces scanning by the gleams of western sky;
Each, in passing, payeth tribute from a moist and piteous eye. . . .
Know ye not who reaps beside us? Feel ye not his panting breath?
Brother reapers, vain our toiling, — this swift sickleman is Death!

Lately, came Sicilian Daphnis, leaving flock and fold behind;
Shepherd of the sheltered valley, — he to dare the wave and wind!
Love and wrong his heart have girded with a strength unknown before;
On the robber's track he follows, hither, to this fateful shore;
Comes he to the robber's fastness, where the maiden lies in thrall;
Vain the gifts he bears for ransom, vain on praying knees to fall!
Lityerses brings a sickle: Reap, O guest, with me, to-day;
If thou conquer, take the maiden; if thou'rt conquered, thee I slay! . . .
Never, thou poor, cheated Daphnis, never shalt thou set her free;
Never, with thy prize, beat homeward through the high exultant sea.
Even now the sun is sinking, now the shadow lengtheneth;
Woe to us and thee, O Shepherd, — this swift sickleman is Death!

Edith M. Thomas

THE STORY OF JOSEPH LESURQUES.

In the cemetery of Père La Chaise, not far from the tomb of Abelard and Héloïse, stands a plain white marble monument *à perpetuité*, bearing an inscription calculated to arrest the attention of the most careless observer.

It runs as follows: —

À LA MÉMOIRE DE
JOSEPH LESURQUES,
VICTIME DE LA PLUS DÉPLORABLE
DES ERREURS HUMAINS,
31 Octobre, 1796,
SA VEUVE ET SES ENFANTS.
MARTYRS TOUS DEUX SUR LA TERRE
TOUS DEUX SONT RÉUNIS AU CIEL.

The judicial blunder which sent Lesurques to the scaffold grew out of his fatal resemblance to a villain named Dubosc. It is famous in the annals of French jurisprudence, and is celebrated in one of the most popular, powerful, and exciting dramas on the French stage.

Joseph Lesurques was born at Douai, of respectable parents. He entered the army at an early age, and served in the Auvergne regiment until 1789, when he was honorably discharged, and soon after married and settled in Douai.

He acquired a small fortune during the Revolution by lucky speculations, and removed with his family to Paris late in 1795, where he took up his abode with his cousin, André Lesurques, pending repairs on the house that he had hired. He was still living with this André when the crime was committed for which he suffered.

On the morning of the 9th *Floréal, an IV.* (28th April, 1796), some peasants found the mail-coach that ran between Paris and Lyons abandoned in the woods, near the hamlet of Lieursaint, a few leagues distant from Paris. One of the horses was missing; the other was still harnessed to the vehicle. Near by, among a mass of papers smeared with blood, lay the dead body of the postilion, and a little further on that of the courier; both disfigured by dreadful wounds, that, together with the trampled grass, gave evidence of a desperate struggle. The peasants immediately alarmed the neighborhood, and summoned the proper officers, who proceeded to an investigation.

A few steps from the victims they found several articles that had evidently belonged to the murderers, namely, a great-coat with a narrow dark-blue border, a broken sabre with its sheath, the sheath of a large knife, another sabre sheath, and a plated spur with chain attached, which had been broken, and mended by means of a bit of large cord. The blade of the sabre was red with blood, and bore the legend,

"L'honneur me conduit,
Pour le salut de ma patrie,"

a strange sentiment for a highwayman to carry about him.

The time of the murder, as nearly as could be ascertained, was nine o'clock of the night before. The courier's papers showed that on setting out he had had in his possession ten thousand francs in coin and several millions in assignats, all of which were missing.

An inquest was next held, when it appeared, from the testimony of several witnesses, that four men on horseback had been along the road, on the afternoon of the 27th of April, as far as Lieursaint, but not beyond; and that these same men, in company with a fifth horseman, had returned towards Paris in the night. It also appeared that the coach had carried but one passenger, a man wrapped in "a great-coat with a narrow dark border," who had taken his seat beside the courier at Paris. This man was nowhere to be found. He was clearly an accomplice, who had made good his

escape on the missing horse, and was the "fifth horseman" of the witnesses. A bloody sabre was produced that had been picked up on the road near Melun. It fitted exactly the odd sheath found at the scene of the murder. Finally, the volunteer who had mounted guard in Paris at the Barrière de Rambouillet, between four and five o'clock, on the morning of the 28th of April, testified to the entrance into the city, at about that time, of five horsemen, riding at full speed, upon horses reeking with sweat and almost spent.

The police now took the matter in hand. After securing the missing post-horse, which was found astray in Paris, near the Place Royale, they proceeded to look up the other four. They soon discovered that at about five o'clock, on the morning of the 28th of April, a man named Courriol had left at a certain tavern in Paris four foaming horses, which he and another man had taken away again at seven o'clock; that this Courriol had lodged in the Rue de Petit Reposoir before the 27th of April, but had not slept in his lodgings on the night of the murder, or returned to them since; that from the 28th of April to the 6th of May he had lodged with his mistress in the Rue de la Boucherie, at the house of one Richard; and, in fine, that on the 6th of May the two had taken out passports for Troyes, and left the city together in a post-chaise. The fugitives were traced to the house of a man named Golier, in Château Thierry. The police found there also a citizen of Douai, named Guesno, who had arrived a few hours previously from Paris, where he too had lodged with Richard. This Richard, it should be remarked, had formerly resided in Douai. Guesno and Golier were arrested, as well as Courriol and his mistress, and all four were taken to the capital.

As about one fifth of the stolen property was recovered from Courriol, he was at once committed for trial; but Guesno and Golier easily convinced the magistrate, Daubanton, of their innocence, and were discharged from custody. Guesno was told to call the next day and get his papers, which had been seized in his room at Richard's.

Now Guesno was well acquainted with Joseph Lesurques, and happening to fall in with him the morning after his release, while on the way to Daubanton's office, he very naturally regaled his friend with the story of his late unpleasant experience. Lesurques no less naturally evinced great interest in Guesno's recital, accompanied him to his place of destination, and readily consented to go in with him and see the end of the matter. They accordingly passed into the magistrate's office, and seated themselves in the ante-room, which was full of country people, witnesses in Courriol's case. Two of the women present eyed them curiously and closely, and kept up a brisk whispered conversation until summoned to Daubanton. Guesno and Lesurques little thought what was the tenor of that conversation, although they perceived that it had reference to them.

The door of the magistrate's private room had scarcely closed upon the women when it suddenly opened again, and an officer appeared on the threshold and called the two friends in. On their entrance, Daubanton bade them be seated, and asked them a few trivial questions in presence of the two women, who now scrutinized them even more attentively than before. They were then requested to withdraw, but had hardly recovered from their astonishment at this strange proceeding ere they were again summoned, and informed that they were positively identified by the women as two of the four horsemen who had been seen hanging about the neighborhood of Lieursaint on the day of the robbery of the Lyons mail, and must consider themselves under arrest. They were next ordered to produce their papers. Le-

surques, unluckily, had never taken the trouble to provide himself with a *carte de sûreté*, and, more unluckily still he had in his pocket two *cartes*, one bearing the name of his cousin André and the other blank.

The case was set for trial at Melun, early in July; but just as it was about to begin, the accused exercised their right of removal, and it was referred to the criminal court at Paris, presided over by Jerome Gohier, conspicuous, three years later, as a member of the Directory. The accused were now six in number; namely, Courriol, Richard, Guesno, Lesurques, Bernard, and Bruer. Richard had been arrested before the memorable visit of Lesurques and Guesno to Daubanton's office.

The trial began on the 2d of August. Ten witnesses living on the Lyons road testified against Lesurques, and swore that they recognized in him a tall, light-complexioned man, who had been a notable figure in the little cavalcade of the 28th of April. Seven of these ten positively and unhesitatingly recognized Lesurques; the other three qualified their recognition somewhat, and said that they *believed* him to be the man whom they had seen in the party. Two, an innkeeper and his wife, swore that Lesurques had mended his spur at their house with a piece of cord, which they identified as the spur and string found near the dead bodies of the courier and postilion. A third declared that he had dined at Montgeron in the same room with the four highwaymen, and that Lesurques was one of the four, and wore long boots, with spurs like the one shown in court.

The examination of Lesurques is interesting as showing the theory of the prosecution. Much abbreviated, it is in substance as follows: —

Q. Where did you sleep on the night of the 8th Floréal?

R. At home; that is to say, at my cousin's, André Lesurques's.

Q. Are you sure? It seems to be pretty well ascertained that you did not.

R. I am sure. I had not slept out of the house a single night for several months.

Q. Why did you go with Guesno to M. Daubanton's office?

R. Simply to accompany my friend, M. Guesno.

Q. Did you not go in behalf of Richard and Courriol?

R. No, I did not go in anybody's behalf, and I have no acquaintance with Courriol.

. . . . . .

Q. How do you account for the fact that these witnesses identify you as one of the four horsemen?

R. Granting their testimony to be honest, I can only account for it on the ground that I bear a strong resemblance to one of the four.

Q. How does it happen that you have no carte de sûreté, but carry your cousin's and a blank one?

R. I have never provided myself with a carte de sûreté, because I am a peaceable and law-abiding citizen, with plenty of friends, and have not had particular occasion to use one. Any man of decent reputation can get one at any time. My cousin's carte happened to be lying on my mantel-piece, and when I went out I picked it up and put it in my pocket, for safe-keeping. The blank carte was one of several odd scraps of paper that I happened to have about me, and as it bears no seal is worthless for any criminal purpose. Of course, if I were guilty, I should not lack plausible papers.

Q. What kind of spurs are you in the habit of using?

R. I have not used any spurs for more than a year. Those that I own are old-fashioned ones, and not like the spurs used nowadays.

. . . . . .

Lesurques's defense outside of testi-

mony to his good reputation, with which he was well provided, was of course an *alibi*. He brought fifteen witnesses to prove his presence in Paris on the 8th Floréal.

Eight of these were persons with whom he had had dealings on the day in question; four, Legrand, Aldenhof, Ledru, and Baudard, were personal friends; and his own wife and his cousin André and wife complete the list. Legrand and Aldenhof were jewelers; Ledru and Baudard, artists. All four were well acquainted with each other, as well as with Lesurques. Aldenhof and Ledru were both from Douai, and acquainted with Guesno. By these last seven witnesses alone Lesurques very reasonably expected to prove his case to the court beyond the shadow of a doubt. His doings on the 8th Floréal, as gathered from their evidence, were briefly as follows: —

He passed a part of the morning at Legrand's shop, in the Palais Royal, where he met Aldenhof, and took him home to dine with him. Arrived at the house, they found Ledru. All three dined together, and then went out to walk. Met Guesno on the Boulevard des Italiens at about half past six and returned to the house at about half past seven. Soon thereafter Baudard appeared. Then they separated, and Lesurques passed the evening and the night at home.

Legrand was the first witness called for the defense. He testified that Lesurques had passed part of the morning of the 8th Floréal in his shop. When asked what made him remember this fact so distinctly he replied that while Lesurques was there, Aldenhof had come in, and had bought a soup ladle and sold him a pair of ear-rings; and that he was confident that this transaction took place on the 8th Floréal. In proof of the correctness of this statement he appealed to his books, and unfortunately laid great stress upon the entry made at the time. He was told to produce the book containing the original entry, and accordingly passed it up to Gohier. On looking at the page indicated, the latter started with surprise, and exclaimed, "This is a gross attempt to defeat the ends of justice! This date has been tampered with. Arrest the witness."

Guinier, Lesurques's counsel, and Legrand were thunderstruck. They seized the book, when it was handed back to them, and eagerly examined the date. Unquestionably there were two figures there, one over the other, but, as Guinier afterwards argued, so clearly manifest as to disprove at once all probability of criminal intent.

Legrand, still under arrest, continued his testimony; but the court, proceeding after the French fashion, inspired him with such terror that he became very much confused, and contradicted himself in such a way as hopelessly to damage Lesurques in the eyes of the court.

Gohier henceforth conducted the trial as if he were assured of his guilt, intimidating the witnesses, and sparing no pains to create an unfavorable opinion of them and of their testimony in the minds of the jury. His efforts were completely successful.

Courriol, Bernard, and Lesurques were pronounced guilty of highway robbery and murder. Richard was found guilty of receiving stolen property. Guesno and Bruer were acquitted.

Lesurques turned pale with horror when he heard the unexpected verdict, and raised his hands as if in deprecation. Then, conquering his emotion, he stood up, and with the calmness and dignity that characterized his bearing to the end said, "Unquestionably the crime of which I am accused is a terrible one, and deserves to be punished with death; but if murder on the highway is a crime, the abuse of law to strike an innocent man is no less criminal. The day will come when my innocence shall

be established; then my blood be on the heads of the jurors who have convicted me without due reflection, and on the judge who has influenced them to do so."

Courriol now made his first effort to save Lesurques. He rose from his seat, and cried out, "Lesurques and Bernard are innocent! Bernard only lent the horses. Lesurques had nothing to do with the matter." These remonstrances of course, availed nothing. Lesurques, Courriol, and Bernard were condemned to death; Richard to twenty-four years' imprisonment. The property, real and personal, of all four was confiscated.

Courriol had two interviews with the authorities, in the hope of saving Lesurques. He gave the names of his accomplices as Durochat, Vidal, Dubosc, and Roussy. He said that Durochat, under an assumed name, had taken his place on the coach beside the courier, and that the rest of them had met at the Barrière de Charenton, and proceeded on horseback to Lieursaint, dining on the way at Montgeron; and declared that the spur found on the ground belonged to Dubosc, who resembled Lesurques, and was confounded with him by the witnesses. He appealed to his mistress in corroboration of his statements as to the resemblance between Dubosc and Lesurques.

She affirmed that there was a strong likeness between them, which was much heightened by a blond wig worn by Dubosc on the day of the murder, and confirmed all the other particulars given by Courriol, so far as she was acquainted with them.

These developments incited Lesurques and his friends to renewed exertions, and they succeeded in bringing the case to the notice of the Directory. The Directory referred it to the Council of Five Hundred, and the Council referred it to a committee.

But all was in vain. The committee reported adversely to Lesurques, and nothing now was left for him to do but to prepare for death. He took leave of his wife and children the day before his execution, and on the evening of the same day cut off his hair with his own hands, and inclosed it in a packet for his wife, which he touchingly addressed, "A la citoyenne *Veuve* Lesurques." At the same time, he again bade her farewell in the following pathetic lines: —

"When you read this letter I shall be no more; the cruel knife will have cut short my days, — days so happily consecrated to you. I am to be judicially murdered. It is my fate, and there is no escape from it. I have endured my lot with all the constancy and courage of which human nature is capable. May I hope that you will imitate my example? Your life is not yours; it belongs to your children and to your husband, if he was dear to you.

"This is all I have to ask.

"A little packet of my hair will be handed to you. Keep it carefully, and when my children are grown share it with them. It is all that I have to leave them for inheritance.

"Farewell forever. My last sigh shall be for you and my unfortunate children."

He wrote, also, to his friends in these words: —

"The truth could not manifest itself, and I am about to perish, the victim of a mistake.

"May I hope that you will entertain for my wife and children the same friendly feelings that you have always shown for me, and aid them under all circumstances? I thank M. Guinier, my defender, for the pains that he has taken in my behalf.

"Now receive, one and all, my last farewell."

Lastly, he addressed an open letter to Dubosc, for insertion in the newspapers:

"You, in whose stead I am about to die, rest content with the sacrifice of my life. If ever you fall into the hands

of justice, think of my three children, covered with infamy, and of their mother, a prey to despair, and do not prolong the misfortunes caused by the fatal likeness that I bear to you."[1]

Lesurques, Courriol, and Bernard were executed on the 30th of October, 1796.

As soon as Lesurques mounted the cart that was to carry them to the place of execution, Courriol pointed him out to the crowd, and cried in a loud voice, "I am guilty, but Lesurques is innocent!" and he continued so doing until they reached the foot of the guillotine.

Lesurques, clad all in white, in token of his innocence, never for a moment lost his self-command. When his turn came, he ascended the scaffold with a firm step, and uttered a few words of forgiveness for his judges, then he laid his head upon the block, and so passed into the presence of the never-erring Judge.

Four months after these events, the police succeeded in arresting Durochat. He was fully recognized as the pretended traveler on the Lyons coach, and eventually made a full confession, sustaining in every particular the account given by Courriol. He declared that Bernard not only lent the horses, but had a share of the plunder. With reference to Lesurques he said, "I have heard that a man named Lesurques was condemned for complicity with us. Truth compels me to say that I never knew the man, neither when we planned the job nor when we did it. I did not know him, and I never saw him."

Vidal and Dubosc were captured before Durochat was executed, and he identified them both; but they escaped from prison before they could be brought to trial. Vidal was soon recaptured, tried, condemned, and executed. Dubosc remained at large for some time, but at length he was retaken, and confronted with the ten witnesses who had sworn against Lesurques. One of the ten maintained and one retracted his evidence given at the first trial; the remaining eight declared that they could not say whether Dubosc or Lesurques was the man whom they had seen. Dubosc, for his part, denied everything, as Vidal had done before him, and seized every advantage offered by his resemblance to Lesurques, and the latter's conviction and execution; but all in vain. He was guillotined on the 25th of December, 1800.

Roussy, the last of the five assassins, was arrested in Madrid, toward the close of the year 1803, and executed the following June. He acknowledged the justice of his sentence with his latest breath, and left a paper with the priest who shrived him, enjoining the priest not to open it until six months had elapsed.

When opened it was found to contain these words: "I declare the man Lesurques to be innocent; but my confessor, to whom I give this declaration, must not deliver it to the authorities until six months after my death."

The play founded upon Lesurques's story is the joint production of MM. Moreau, Siraudin, and Delacour, and is entitled Le Courrier de Lyon. The descendants of Lesurques empowered the authors to use his name, and Dubosc, Courriol, Guesno, and Daubanton also figure in the drama. It was brought out in Paris on the 16th of March, 1850, at the Théâtre de la Gaieté, and was from the first a pronounced success. The distinguished Lacressonière took the double part of Lesurques and Dubosc, with which he henceforth became thoroughly identified.

The English version of the play is much altered from the original, and

[1] "Vous, au lieu duquel je vais mourir, contentez-vous du sacrifice de ma vie. Si jamais vous êtes traduit en justice, souvenez-vous de mes trois enfants couverts d'opprobre, de leur mère au désespoir, et ne prolongez pas tant d'infortunes causées par la plus funeste resemblance." — *Mémoires des Sanson.*

every way inferior to it; but, nevertheless, it had a great run in London in the season of 1854, appearing simultaneously at the Adelphi, the Victoria, and the Princess'. At the Princess' Charles Kean took the parts of Lesurques and Dubosc. Mr. Henry Irving has recently adopted the *rôle*, with his usual excellent fortune.

The Courier of Lyons was played in New York a few years ago, but met with little or no success; not enough, at all events, to familiarize the public with the sad story of Joseph Lesurques.

S. E. Turner.

WITH THE BIRDS ON BOSTON COMMON.

It is often said that there are no longer any birds on the Common; that the "English sparrows" have driven them all away. I make no apology for the sparrows, but they have not yet obtained exclusive possession of our grounds; for during the last five years I have myself seen there thousands of our native birds, representing at least sixty-five species. Of course the principal part of these were visitors for a few days only, during the spring and autumn migrations. As a rule, all such travelers come and go in the night. The bluebirds, I think, form an exception. I have frequently watched them rise into the air, and disappear almost immediately after I became aware of their presence. I have once or twice seen robins do the same, and also a chance golden-winged woodpecker or two. But the great majority of birds will not take their departure in the day-time, no matter how much they may be disturbed. I have never witnessed an arrival except once. I was in the Public Garden one morning, when I heard loud calls in the air overhead, and, looking up, saw a flock of robins just at that moment descending into the Garden. They perched in the trees for a few minutes, and then, with much screaming, mounted into the air again, and were off. That most of our small birds travel by night is now so well established that it does not require to be argued; but, if any one wishes to satisfy himself of the fact at first hand, he may easily do so by one season's observations on the Common, or, I suppose, in any similar inclosure. In the spring and fall it is nothing unusual, on going out in the morning, to find scores, or even hundreds, of birds, not one of which was present on the afternoon before. And, on the other hand, I have over and over again noticed that birds who were there in the afternoon were not there on the following morning. It may be mentioned also that on cloudy nights, during the height of the migration, you may sometimes hear the calls of the little wanderers as they fly over the city.

As a general thing our visitors remain two or three days; at least, I have observed that to be true in many cases where the numbers, or size, or rarity of the birds made it possible to be reasonably sure when the arrival and departure occurred. It is one of the chief compensations connected with observations made in a small inclosed area like the Common that, as I have already said, if you startle a bird he does not fly off into trackless woods or across wide fields, as he might do in the open country, but is sure to be found again not many rods away; and thus you are able to watch the same individual for several days, and, so to speak, become acquainted with him. I remember with interest several such acquaintanceships.

One was with a yellow-bellied woodpecker, the first I had ever seen. He made his appearance one morning in October, along with a company of chickadees and other birds, and, when I first saw him, was on a maple-tree near the Ether monument. I watched him for some time, and at noon, happening to be in the same place again, found him still there. And there he remained four days. I went to see him several times daily, and almost invariably discovered him either on the maple, or on a tulip-tree, a few yards distant. Without doubt, the sweetness of maple sap was known to *Sphyrapicus varius* long before our human ancestors discovered it, and I conclude that this particular bird must have been a connoisseur; at any rate, he seemed to know that this tree was of a sort not to be met with every day. He was extremely industrious, as woodpeckers are accustomed to be, and paid no attention to the children who were playing about, or to the men who sat under his tree, with the back of their seat resting against the trunk. As for the children's noise, it is likely that he enjoyed it; for he is a noisy fellow himself, and famous as a drummer. An aged clergyman in Washington told me that sometimes he could hardly read his Bible on Sunday morning, because of the racket which this woodpecker made drumming on the tin roof overhead.

Another of my acquaintances was a bird of quite a different sort, a female Maryland yellow-throat. She was a most exquisite, dainty bit of bird flesh, and was in the Garden all by herself on the 6th of October, long after the rest of her species had departed for the sunny South. She was perfectly contented, and allowed me to watch her closely, although she scolded mildly now and then when I became too inquisitive. How I did admire her bravery and peace of mind, feeding so quietly, with that long, lonesome journey before her, and the cold weather coming on! No wonder, I said to myself, that the Great Teacher pointed his lesson of trust with the injunction, "Behold the fowls of the air"!

A passenger even more belated than this warbler was a chipping sparrow that was hopping about on the edge of the Beacon Street Mall on the 6th of December, seven or eight weeks after all chippers were supposed to be south of Mason and Dixon's line. Some accident had detained him, doubtless, but he showed no signs of worry or haste, as I walked around him, to make quite sure that he was not a tree sparrow in disguise.

There is not much to attract birds to the Common in the winter. I said to one of the gardeners that I thought it a pity some of the plants, especially the zinnias and marigolds, were not left to go to seed, as they would be sure to attract flocks of winter birds, who are quick to discover such feeding-places after the deep snows come. He said it would be of no use; there were no birds on the Common, and there would n't be any so long as the English sparrows were here to drive them away. It would be of use, notwithstanding; and certainly it would be a pleasure to many people to see flocks of goldfinches, red-poll linnets, tree sparrows, and possibly of the beautiful snow buntings, feeding in the Garden in midwinter. Even as things are, the winter is pretty sure to bring us a few butcher-birds. They come for sparrows, and are now regarded as public benefactors, although formerly our wise municipal authorities used to shoot them. They travel singly, as a rule, and sometimes the same bird will be here for several weeks together. Then you will have no trouble in finding here and there, in the hawthorn-trees, the headless bodies of sparrows spitted upon thorns. In appearance the shrike resembles the mocking-bird. Indeed, a policeman whom I found staring at one would not believe but that

he was a mocking-bird. "Don't you *see* he is? And he 's been singing, too." I did not doubt the singing, for the shrike will often twitter by the half hour in the very coldest weather. But further discussion concerning the bird's identity was soon rendered needless; for, while we were talking, along came a sparrow, and alighted in a hawthorn bush, right under the shrike's perch. The latter was all attention instantly, and, after waiting till the sparrow had moved a little out of the thick of the bush, down he pounced. He missed his aim, or the sparrow was too quick for him, and although he made a second swoop, and followed that by a hot chase, he soon came back without his prey. This little exertion, however, seemed to have provoked his appetite; for, instead of resuming his perch, he went into the hawthorn bush, and began to feed upon the carcass of a bird which, it seemed, he had already laid up in store. He was soon frightened away for a few moments by the approach of a third man, and the policeman improved the opportunity to visit the bush and take away his breakfast. When the fellow came back, and found his table empty, he did not manifest the slightest disappointment (the shrike never does; he is a fatalist, I think). In order to see what he would do, the policeman threw the body to him. It lodged on the outside of the bush, but instantly the shrike came for it; and as he did so, he spread his beautifully bordered tail and screamed loudly. Whether he meant to express delight, or anger, or contempt, I could not judge; but he seized the body, carried it back to its old place, drove it again upon the thorn, and proceeded to devour it more voraciously than ever, scattering the feathers about in a lively way as he tore it to pieces. The third man, who had never before seen such a thing, stepped up within reach of the bush, and eyed the performance at his leisure, the shrike not deigning to notice him in the least. A few mornings later the same bird gave me another and more amusing exhibition of his nonchalance. He was singing from the top of our one small larch-tree, and I had stopped to look and listen, when a milkman entered at the Commonwealth Avenue gate, both hands loaded with cans, and, without noticing the shrike, walked straight under the tree. Just then, however, he heard the notes overhead, and, looking up, saw the bird. As if not knowing what to make of the creature's assurance, he stared at him for a moment, and then, putting down his cans, he seized the trunk with both hands, and gave it a good shake. But the bird only took a fresh hold; and when the man let go, and stepped back to look up, there he sat as unconcernedly as though nothing had happened. Not to be so easily beaten, the man grasped the trunk again, and shook it harder than before; and this time the shrike seemed to think the joke had been carried far enough, for he took wing, and flew to another part of the Garden. The bravado of the butcher-bird is great, but it is not unlimited. I saw him, one day, shuffling along a branch in a very nervous, unshrikely fashion, and was puzzled to account for his unusual demeanor till I caught sight of a low-flying hawk sweeping over the tree. Every creature, no matter how brave, has some other creature to be afraid of; otherwise, how would the world get on?

The advent of spring is announced usually during the first week of March, sometimes by the robins, sometimes by the bluebirds. By the middle of the month the song sparrows begin to arrive, and for a month after this they furnish delightful music daily. I have heard them caroling with all cheerfulness in the midst of a driving snowstorm. The dear little optimists! They never doubt that the sun is on their side. Of necessity they go elsewhere to spend the summer, for they build

their nests on the ground, and a lawn which is mowed every two or three days would be quite out of the question. A public park is not a favorable place for the study of bird music. Most of the visitors are busy feeding during their brief stay, and besides they are kept in a state of excitement by the frequent approach of passers-by. Nevertheless, I once heard a bobolink sing in our Garden, and once a brown thrush, although neither was sufficiently at home to do himself justice. The "Peabody" song of the white-throated sparrows is to be heard occasionally during both migrations. To my ears it is one of the wildest of all bird notes; it is one of the last that you hear at night in the White Mountain woods, as well as one of the last to die away beneath you as you climb the higher peaks. On the Crawford bridle path, for instance, I remember that the song of this bird and that of the gray-cheeked thrush[1] were heard all along the ridge from Mount Clinton to Mount Washington. The finest bird concert I ever attended in Boston was given on Monument Hill by a great chorus of fox-colored sparrows, one morning in April. A high wind had been blowing during the night, and the moment I entered the Common I discovered that there had been an extraordinary arrival of birds, of various species. The parade ground was full of snow-birds, while the hill was covered with fox-sparrows, — hundreds of them, I thought, and many of them in full song. It was a royal concert, but I am sorry to say the audience was small. It is unfortunate, in some aspects of the case, that birds have never learned that a *matinée* ought to begin at two o'clock in the afternoon.

These sparrows please me by their lordly treatment of their European cousins. One in particular, who was holding his ground against three of the Britishers, moved me almost to the point of giving him three cheers.

Birds like the robin, the warbling vireo, the red-eyed vireo, the chipper, the goldfinch, and the Baltimore oriole, who pass the summer with us, of course sing freely. Of late years, a few crow-blackbirds have taken to building their nests in one corner of our domain; and they attract their full share of attention, as they strut about the lawns in their glossy clerical suits. One of the gardeners told me that they sometimes kill the sparrows. I hope they do. The crow-blackbird's attempts at song are ludicrous in the extreme, as every note is cracked, and is accompanied by a ridiculous caudal gesture. But he is ranked with the oscine birds, and seems to know it; and, after all, it is only the common fault of singers not to be able to detect their own want of tunefulness.

I was once crossing the Common, in the middle of the day, when I was suddenly arrested by the call of a cuckoo. At the same instant two men passed me, and I heard one say to the other, "Hear that cuckoo! Do you know what it means? No? Well, I know what it means: it means that it's going to rain." It did rain, although not for several days, I believe. But probably the cuckoo has adopted the modern method of predicting the weather some time in advance. Once since then I have heard this bird's note on the Common, but I have never been fortunate enough to see him there. He is not easily seen anywhere; for he makes a practice of robbing the nests of smaller birds, and is always skulking about from one tree to another, as though he were afraid of being discovered, as no doubt he is. What Wordsworth wrote of the

[1] I may add that the identification of *Turdus aliciæ* was based entirely upon the song, and so, of course, had no final scientific value. It was confirmed a few weeks later, however, by Mr. William Brewster, who took specimens. (See Bulletin of the Nuttall Club, January, 1883.) Prior to this the species was not known to breed in New England.

European cuckoo is equally applicable to him: —

> "No bird, but an invisible thing,
> A voice, a mystery."

A pretty regular visitor twice a year is the brown creeper. He is so small and silent, and withal his color is so like that of the bark to which he clings, that I suspect he is seldom noticed even by persons who pass within a few feet of him. But he is not too small to be hectored by the sparrows, and I have sometimes been amused at the encounter. The sparrow catches sight of the creeper, and at once bears down upon him, when the creeper darts round the trunk, and alights again a little further up. The sparrow is after him; but, as he comes dashing round the trunk, he always seems to expect to find the creeper perched upon some twig, as any other bird would be, and it is only after a little reconnoitring that he again discovers him clinging to the vertical bole. Then he makes another onset, and the same manœuvre is repeated, till the creeper becomes disgusted, and takes to another tree.

The olive-backed thrushes and the hermits may be looked for every spring and autumn, and I have known forty or fifty of the former to be here at the same time. The hermits most often travel singly or in pairs, but I have more than once seen a small flock. Both species preserve absolute silence while here; I have watched hundreds of them, and have never heard so much as an alarm note. They are far from being pugnacious, but they have a large sense of personal dignity, and sometimes, when the sparrows pester them beyond endurance, they assume the offensive with much spirit. There are none of our feathered guests whom I am gladder to see; the sight of them inevitably fills me with remembrances of happy vacation seasons among the hills of New Hampshire. If only they would sing on the Common as they do in those northern woods! The whole city would come out to hear them.

During every migration large numbers of warblers visit us. I have noted the golden-crowned thrush, the small-billed water-thrush, the black and white creeper, the Maryland yellow-throat, the blue yellow-back, the black-throated green, the black-throated blue, the yellow-rump, the summer yellow-bird, the black-poll, and the Canada flycatcher. No doubt the list is far from complete, as, of course, I have not used a gun. The two kinglets give us a call occasionally, and in the late summer and early autumn the humming-birds spend several weeks about our flower beds. I saw one of these making his morning toilet in a very pretty fashion, leaning forward, and brushing first one cheek and then the other against the wet rose leaf on which he was perched. The only swallows on my list are the barn swallows and the white-breasted. The former, as they go hawking about the crowded streets, must often send the thoughts of rich city merchants back to the big barns of their grandfathers, far off in out-of-the-way country places. Of course we have the chimney swifts, also, but they are not swallows.

Speaking of the swallows reminds me of a hawk that came to Boston, one morning, fully determined not to go away without a taste of the famous imported sparrows. It is nothing unusual for hawks to be seen flying over the city, but I had never before seen one actually make the Public Garden his hunting-ground. This bird perched for a while on the Arlington Street fence, within a few feet of a passing carriage; next he was on the ground, peering into a bed of rhododendrons; then for a long time he sat still in a tree, while numbers of men passed back and forth underneath; between whiles he sailed about, on the watch for his prey. On one of these last occasions a little company of swallows came along, and one

of them immediately went out of his way to swoop down upon the hawk, and deal him a dab. Then, as he rejoined his companions, I heard him give a little chuckle, as though he said, "There! did you see me peck at him? You don't think I am afraid of such a fellow as that, do you?" To speak in Thoreau's manner, I rejoiced in the incident as one more illustration of the ascendency of spirit over matter.

But this gossip must have an end, else I would gladly speak of others of my guests: the Wilson thrush, the catbird, the mocking-bird, the two nuthatches, the yellow-throated vireo, the chewink, the bay-winged bunting, the swamp sparrow, the field sparrow, and the savannah sparrow, the purple finch, the red-poll linnet, the waxwing, the least flycatcher, the kingbird and the phœbe, the night-hawk, the kingfisher, and the sandpipers. Especially I could say much about my dear friends the chickadees, who sometimes make the whole autumn cheerful with their presence.

I cannot forbear, however, to mention my one unhappy owl. When I first discovered him, he was perched well up in an elm, while a crowd of perhaps forty men and boys were pelting him with sticks and stones. The sky was clouded, but the creature seemed to be entirely helpless, and sat still while the missiles flew past him on all sides, except that, when he was hit, which to be sure was pretty often, he would move to another perch. Once he was struck so hard that he came tumbling toward the ground, and I began to think it was all over with him; but when about halfway down he recovered himself, and by painful flappings succeeded in alighting just out of the reach of the crowd. At once there were loud calls: "Don't kill him! Don't kill him!" and while the scamps were debating what to do next, he regained his breath, and flew up into the tree again, as high as before. Then the stoning began anew. Poor bird of wisdom! I pitied him, and wished him well out of the hands of his tormentors, though it was comical to see him turn his head and stare, with his big, vacant eyes, after a stone which had just whizzed by his ear. I left the crowd still pelting him, and must do them the justice to say that some of them were excellent marksmen. An old negro, who stood near me, was bewailing the law against shooting; else, he said, he would go home and get his gun. He described, with appropriate gestures, how very easily he could fetch the bird down. Perhaps he afterwards plucked up courage and carried out his idea, for the next morning the newspapers reported that an owl was shot, the day before, on the Common.

Bradford Torrey.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

So many of the most sensitive and discriminating critics of this century have, in the suffrage for fame, listed themselves for Landor that it is no longer permissible for men interested in the things of the mind to neglect him. He seemed almost to achieve immortality within his life-time, so continuously was the subtle appreciation of the best yielded to him, from the far-off years when Shelley used, at Oxford, to declaim with enthusiasm passages from Gebir, to the time, that seems as yesterday, when Swinburne made his pilgrimage to Italy, to offer his tribute of adoration to the old man at the close of his

solitary and troubled career; and still each finer spirit,

> "As he passes, turns,
> And bids fair peace be to his sable shroud."

During his long life he saw the spring-time, and outlived the harvest, of the great poetic revival, and the labor of the Victorian poets of the aftermath was half accomplished before his death; but from all these powerful contemporary influences he was free. He remained apart; and this single fact, attesting, as it does, extraordinary self-possession and assurance of purpose, suffices to make his character interesting, even were his work of inferior worth. As yet, however, even in the minds of cultivated men, he is hardly more than a great figure. He is known, praised, and remembered for particular scenes, dramatic fragments, occasional lyrics, quatrains. This is the natural fate of a discursive writer. It matters not that Landor was wide ranging; it matters not what spoils of thought, what images of beauty, he brought from those far eastern uplands which it was his boast to haunt: he failed to give unity to his work, to give interest to large portions of it, to command public attention for it as a whole. Indeed, his work as a whole does not command the attention even of the best. What does survive, too, lives only in the favor of a small circle. He forfeited popular fame at the beginning, when he selected themes that presuppose rare qualities in his audience, and adopted an antique style; but such considerations, at least in their naked statement, do not tell the whole story. Other poets have missed immediate applause by dealing with subjects that assumed unusual largeness of soul, range of sympathy, and refinement of taste in their readers: like Shelley, singing of unheeded hopes and fears to which the world was to be wrought; like Wordsworth, narrating the myth of Troy. Other poets, in style, have set forth the object plainly, and left it to work its will on the heart and imagination, unaided by the romantic spell, the awakening glow, the silent but imperative suggestion, the overmastering passion that takes heart and imagination captive; and they have not lost their reward. A remote theme, an impersonal style, are not of themselves able to condemn a poet to long neglect. They may make wide appreciation of him impossible; they may explain the indifference of an imperfectly educated public; but they do not account for the fact that Landor is to be read, even by his admirers, in a book of selections, while the dust is shaken from the eight stout octavos that contain his work only by the professional man of letters.

What first strikes the student of Landor is the lack of any development in his genius. This is one reason why Mr. Leslie Stephen, seizing on the characteristic somewhat rudely, and leaping too hastily to his ungracious conclusion, calls him "a glorified and sublime edition of the sixth-form school-boy." Men whose genius is of this fixed type are rare in English literature, and not of the highest rank. Blake, and Coleridge as a poet, are the best known examples. They exhibit no radical change; they are at the beginning what they are at the end; their works do not belong to any particular period of their lives; they seem free from their age, and live outside of it. Hence, in dealing with them, historical criticism — the criticism whose purpose is to explain rather than to judge — soon finds itself at fault. When the circumstances that may have determined the original bent of their minds are set forth, there is nothing more to be said. With Landor, this bent seems to have been given by his classical training. To write Latin verses was the earliest serious employment of his genius, and his efforts were immediately crowned with success. These studies, falling in with natural inclinations and aptitudes,

pledged him to a classical manner; they made real for him the myths and history of Greece and Rome; they fed his devotion to the ancient virtues, love of freedom, aspiration for the calm of wisdom, reverence for the dignity of heroism, delight in beauty for its own sake; they supported him in what was more distinctively his own, — his refinement in material tastes, his burning indignation, his defense of tyrannicide. These characteristics he had in youth; they were neither diminished nor increased in age. In youth, too, he displayed all his literary excellences and defects: the fullness and weight of line; the march of sentences; the obscurity arising from over-condensation of thought and abrupt and elliptical constructions; his command of the grand and impressive as well as the beautiful and charming in imagery; his fondness for heroic situation and for the loveliness of minute objects. This was a high endowment; why, then, do its literary results seem inadequate?

The answer has already been hinted at. With all his gifts, Landor did not possess unifying power. He observed objects as they passed before him at hap-hazard, took them into his mind, and gave them back, untransformed, in their original disorder. He thought disconnectedly, and expressed his thoughts as they came, detached and separate. This lack of unity did not result simply from his choice of the classical mode of treatment, or from a defect in logical or constructive power, although it was connected with these. The ability to fuse experience, to combine its elements and make them one, to give it back to the world, transformed, and yet essentially true, the real creative faculty, is usually proportioned very strictly to the self-assertive power of genius, to the energy of the reaction of the mind on nature and life; it springs from a strong personality. To say that Landor's personality was weak would be to stultify one's self; but yet the difference between Landor the man and Landor the author is so great as to make the two almost antithetical; and in his imaginative work, by which he must be judged, it is not too much to say that he denied and forswore his personality, and obliterated himself so far as was possible. He not only eliminated self from his style, and, after the classical manner, defined by Arnold, "relied solely on the weight and force of that which, with entire fidelity, he uttered," but he also eliminated self, so far as one can, from his subject. He did not bind his work together by the laws of his own mind; he did not root it in the truth, as he saw truth; he did not interpenetrate and permeate it with his own beliefs, as the great masters have always done. His principles were at the best vague, hardly amounting to more than an unapplied enthusiasm for liberty, heroism, and the other great watchwords of social rather than individual life. These illuminate his work, but they do not give it consistency. It is crystalline in structure, beautiful, ordered, perfect in form when taken part by part, but conglomerate as a whole; it is a handful of jewels, many of which are singly of the most transparent and glowing light, but unrelated one to another, — placed in juxtaposition, but not set; and in the crystalline mass is imbedded grosser matter, and mingled with the jewels are stones of dull color and light weight. A lovely object caught his eye, and he set it forth in verse; a fine thought came to him, and he inserted it in his dialogues; but his days were not "bound each to each by natural piety," or by any other of the shaping principles of high genius. He was a spectator of life, not an actor in life. Nature was to him a panorama, wonderful, awful, beautiful, and he described its scenes down to its most minute and evanescent details. History was his theatre, where the personages played great parts; and he recorded their words and gestures, always help-

ing them with the device of the high buskin and something of a histrionic air. He was content to be thus guided from without; to have his intellectual activity determined by the chance of sensation and of reading, rather than by a well-thought-out and enthusiastic purpose of his own soul. And so he became hardly more than a mirror of beauty and an Æolian harp of thought; if the vision came, if the wind breathed, he responded.

This self-effacement, this impersonality, as it is called, in literature, is much praised. The younger English poets affect it. It is said to be classical, and there is an impression in people's minds that such an abdication of the individual's prerogatives is the distinctive mark of classicism. There is no more misleading and confusing error in criticism. Not impersonality, but universality, is that mark; and this is by no means the same thing, differently stated. In any age, the first, although not the sole characteristic of classical work is that it deals with universal truth, of interest to all men: and hence the poet is required to keep to himself his idiosyncrasies, hobbies, all that is simply his own; all that is not identical with the common human nature; all that men in large bodies cannot sympathize with, understand, and appreciate. Under these conditions direct self-revelation is exceptional. The poet usually expresses himself by so arranging his plot and developing his characters that they will illustrate the laws of life, as he sees these laws, without any direct statement, — though the Greek chorus is full of didactic sayings; and he may also express himself by such a powerful presentation of the morality intrinsic in beautiful things and noble actions as "to soothe the cares and lift the thoughts of men," without any dogmatic insistence in his own person. In these ways Æschylus obliterated himself from his work just as much as Shakspere, and no more; Swift just as much as Aristophanes, and no more; but the statement that Shakspere or Swift obliterated themselves from their works needs only to be made to be laughed at. The faith of Æschylus, the wisdom of Sophocles, are in all their dramas; Anacreon is in all his songs, Horace in all his odes. The eternal significance of their productions to mankind is derived from the clearness, the power, the skill, with which they informed their works with their personality. These men had a philosophy of life, that underlay and unified their work. They rebuilt the world in their imagination, and gave it the laws of their own minds. Their spirits were active, moulding, shaping, creating, subduing the whole of nature and life to themselves. It is true that the ancient classics accomplished their purpose rather by thought, the moderns rather by emotion; but this difference is incidental to the change in civilization. Either instrument is sufficient for its end; but it may be remarked, in passing, that he who would now choose the ancient instead of the modern mode, narrows, postpones, and abbreviates his fame only less than Landor, in his youth, by writing in Latin. Whatever be the mode of its operation, the energy of personality is the very essence of effective genius.

That Landor had no philosophy of life, in the same sense as Shakspere or Æschylus, is plain to any reader. Those who look on art, including poetry, as removed from ordinary human life, who think that its chief service to men lies in affording delight rather than in that quickening of the spirit of which delight is only the sign and efflorescence, would consider Landor's lack of this philosophy a virtue. To our minds it accounts largely for his failure to interest even the best in the larger part of his work, and especially for the discontinuity of his reflections. These reflections are always his own; and this

fact may seem to militate against the view that he eliminated self from his productions so far as possible. A man's thoughts must necessarily be his own, unless he plagiarizes; but apart from this, the presence of personality in literature as a force, ordering a great whole and giving it laws, as has been said, is a very different thing from its presence as a mere mouth-piece of opinion. The thoughts may be numerous, varied, wise, noble; they may have all the virtues of truth and grace; but if they are disparate and scattered, if they tend nowhither, if they leave the reader where they found him, if they subserve no ulterior purpose and accomplish no end, there is a wide gulf between them and the thoughts of Shakspere and Æschylus, no less their own than were Landor's his. In the former, personality is a power; in the latter, it is only a voice. In Landor's eight volumes there are more fine thoughts, more wise apothegms, than in any other discursive author's works in English literature; but they do not tell on the mind. They bloom like flowers in their gardens, but they crown no achievement. This failure of Landor's thought in effectiveness leads Mr. Leslie Stephen to say that the reader too often feels that he has been only "marking time;" and with this decision Professor Colvin, whose essay is as favorable as the former's is adverse, agrees. At the end, no cause is advanced, no goal is won. This incoherence and inefficiency proceed from the absence of any definite scheme of life, any compacted system of thought, any central principles, any strong, pervading, and ordering personality.

In the same way the objectivity of Landor's work, its naturalism as distinguished from imaginativeness, results from the same cause, but with the difference that, while the faults already mentioned are largely due to an imperfect equipment of the mind, his mode of art seems to have been adopted by conscious choice and of set purpose. The opinion of those who look on naturalism as a virtue in art is deserving of respect. We have been admonished for a long while that men should see things as they are, and present them as they are, and that this was the Greek way. The dictum, when applied with the meaning that men should be free from prejudice and impartial in judgment, no one would contest; but when it is proclaimed with the meaning that poets should express ideas nakedly, and should reproduce objects by portraiture, there is excuse for raising some question. No doubt, this was in general the practice of the ancients. The Athenians were primarily intellectual, the Romans unimaginative. But by the operation of various causes — the chief of which are the importance bestowed on the individual and the impulse given to emotion by the Christian religion — mankind has been somewhat changed; and therefore the methods of appeal to men, the ways of touching their hearts and enlightening their minds, have been modified. In literature this change is expressed by saying that the romantic manner has, in general, superseded the classical. The latter, Professor Colvin says, exhibits objects and ideas "as nakedly as possible, and at the same time as distinctly, in white light;" the former exhibits them "as it were through a colored and iridescent atmosphere." The metaphor seems to us unfortunate. The romantic manner aims at truth no less than the classical; it sets forth things as they are no less completely and clearly; it does not falsify, as colored light does. The difference is rather one of methods than of aims. The classical poet usually perceives the object by his intellect, and makes his appeal to the mind; the romantic poet seizes on the object with his imagination, and makes his appeal to the heart. Not that classical work is without imagination, or romantic work devoid of intellectuality; but that

in one the intellect counts for more, in the other imagination. The classical poet, having once presented ideas and objects, leaves them to make their way; the romantic poet not only presents them, but, by awakening the feelings, predisposes the mood of the mind, makes their reception by the mind easier, wins their way for them. In classical work, consequently, success depends mainly on lucidity of understanding, clearness of vision, skill in verbal expression; in romantic work, the poet must not only possess these qualities, but must superadd, as his prime characteristic, rightness, one might better say sanity, of passion. The classical virtues are more common among authors, the romantic far more rare; and hence error in the romantic manner is more frequent, especially in dealing with ideas. But with all its liability to mistake in weak hands, romantic art, by its higher range, its fiercer intensity, especially by its greater certainty, has, in the hands of a master, a clear increase of power over classical art, and under the changed conditions of civilization its resources are not to be lightly neglected. Indeed, one who voluntarily adopts the classical manner as an exclusive mode seems to choose a lyre of less compass and melody, to prefer Greek to modern music. The younger English poets are apparently doing this, more and more; they sing to a secluded and narrow circle, and lose the ear of the world. Certainly Landor made this choice, and by it he must stand.

Let us take an example from the best of Landor's work, and from that region of classical art where it is wholly competent, — the brief description of small objects; let us take the lily: —

> "The ever-sacred cup
> Of the pure lily hath between my hands
> Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold."

How completely, how distinctly, the image is given, — its form, its transparent purity, its fragile and trembling gold! How free from any other than a strictly artistic charm! And yet how different is its method of appeal from Shelley's

> "tender blue-bells, at whose birth
> The sod scarce heaved;"

from Shakspere's

> "daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares and take
> The winds of March with beauty."

Or, to select an illustration, also of Landor's best, when the image, no less objective, yields of itself an infinite suggestion, let us take the lines on seeing a tress of Lucretia Borgia's hair:

> "Borgia, thou once wert almost too august
> And high for adoration; now thou 'rt dust.
> All that remains of thee these plaits unfold,
> Calm hair meandering in pellucid gold."

Again, how perfect is the image, how effective the development of the third line; how the melody of the last blends with its selected epithets to place the object entire and whole before the mind; how free is the quatrain from any self-intrusion of the poet! But here, too, the method of appeal is very different from Shakspere's, as in the lines on Yorick's skull: "Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft." The difference in mood between these two only emphasizes the difference in method. Enough has been said, however, in description and exemplification of the two kinds of art. Either is sufficient for its ends, nor would any one desire to dispense with that which has resulted in work so admirable as has been quoted from Landor. The distinctively romantic poets do not consign the classical style to disuse. In the presentation of images, Keats has frequent recourse to it, as in his picture of Autumn lying

> "On a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
> Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
> Spares the next swathe and all its twinèd flowers."

So Wordsworth, in expressing ideas, is sometimes more bald than the least imaginative of the classics. But such poets

do not employ this style alone; they are characterized by the modern manner; they give us those "sweet views" which in the ancient mode "can never well be seen." Landor droops below his great contemporaries, not by merely adopting the classical method, but by adopting it exclusively. Whether this choice was entirely free, or partly determined by natural incapacity, is doubtful. Violent and tempestuous as his nature was, with all his boyish intensity of indignation, his boyish delicacy of tenderness, he seems to possess temper rather than true passion. In the verses to his poetic love, Ianthe, there are many fine sentiments, graceful turns; there is courtliness of behavior; but the note of passion is not struck. Ianthe is only another poetic mistress of the cavalier time, and in the memory her name is less, both for dignity and pathos, than Rose Aylmer's. Without passion, of course, a poet is condemned to the classical style. Passion is the element in which the romantic writer fuses beauty and wisdom; it is the means by which personality pervades literary work, with most ease, directness, and glow. In the great modern poets it is the substance of their genius. But just as neither by a philosophy of life nor in any other way did Landor fill his subject with himself, so neither by passion nor elsehow did he breathe his own spirit into his style.

The consequence is that Landor, unclassified in his own age, is now to be ranked among the poets, increasing in number, who appeal rather to the artistic than to the poetic sense. He is to be placed in that group which looks on art as a world removed; which prizes it mainly for the delight it gives; which, caring less for truth, deals chiefly with the beauty that charms the senses; and which therefore weaves poetry like tapestry, and uses the web of speech to bring out a succession of fine pictures. The watchwords of any school, whether in thought or art, seldom awake hostility until their bearing on the details of practice reveals their meaning. Art is, in a sense, a world removed from the actual and present life, and beauty is the sole title that admits any work within its limits. Of this there is no question. But that world, however far from what is peculiar to any one age, has its eternal foundations in universal life; and that beauty has its enduring power because it is the incarnation of universal life. What poem has a better right to admission there than the Eve of St. Agnes? and in what poem does the heart of life beat more warmly? Laodamia belongs in that world, but it is because it voices abiding human feelings no less than because of its serenity. Nature in itself is savage, sterile, and void; individual life in itself is trifling: each obtains its value through its interest to humanity as a whole, and the office of art is to set forth that value. A lovely object, a noble action, are each of worth to men, but the latter is of the more worth; and, as was long ago pointed out, poetry is by the limitations of language at a considerable disadvantage in treating of formal beauty. But, without developing these remarks, of which there is hardly any need, the only point here to be made is that in so far as poetry concerns itself with objects without relation to ideas, it loses influence; in so far as it neglects emotion and thought for the purpose of gaining sensuous effects, it loses worth; in both it declines from the higher to the lower levels. Landor, notwithstanding his success in presenting objects of artistic beauty, — and his poetry is full of exquisite delineations of them, — failed to interest men; nor could his skill in expressing thought — and he was far more intellectual than his successors — save his reputation. Landor mistook a few of the marks of art for all. His work has the serenity, the remoteness, that characterizes high art, but it lacks an intimate relation with the general life of men; it

sets forth formal beauty, as painting does, but that beauty remains a sensation, and does not pass into thought. This absence of any vital relation between his art and life, between his objects and ideas, denotes his failure. There are so many poets whose works contain as perfect beauty, and in addition truth and passion; so many who instead of mirroring beauty make it the voice of life, — instead of responding in melodious thought to the wandering winds of reverie strike their lyres in the strophe and anti-strophe of continuous song, — that the world is content to let Landor go by. The guests at the famous late dinner-party to which he looked forward will indeed be very few, and they will be men of leisure.

Thus far, in examining the work of Landor as a whole, and endeavoring to explain somewhat the public indifference to it, the answer has been found in its objectivity and its discontinuity, both springing from the effacement of his personality as an active power; or, in other words, in the fact that, by failing to link his images with his thoughts, and his thoughts one with another, so as to make them tell on the mind, and especially by eliminating the romantic element of passion, he failed to bring his work into sympathetic or helpful relations with the general emotional and intellectual life of men. Why, then, do the most sensitive and discriminating critics, as was said at the beginning, list themselves in Landor's favor? They are, without exception, fellow-workers with him in the craft of literature. They have, by their continued eulogy of him, made it a sign of refinement to be charmed by him, a proof of unusually good taste to praise him. Landorites, by their very divergence in opinion from the crowd, seem to claim uncommon sensibilities; and the coterie is certainly one of the highest order, intellectually: Browning, Lowell, Swinburne, to name no more. They are all literary men. They are loud in their plaudits of his workmanship, but are noticeably guarded in their commendation of his entire contents; the passages for which they express unstinted enthusiasm are few. Landor was, beyond doubt, a master-workman, and skill in workmanship is dear to the craft; others may feel its effects, but none appreciate it with the keen relish of the professional author. The fullness, power, and harmony of Landor's language are clearly evident in his earliest work. He had the gift of literary expression from his youth, and in his mature work it shows as careful and high cultivation as such a gift ever received from its possessor. None could give keener point and smoother polish to a short sentence; none could thread the intricacies of long and involved constructions more unerringly. He had at command all the grammatical resources of lucidity, though he did not always care to employ them. He knew all the devices of prose composition to conceal and to disclose; to bring the commonplace to issue in the unexpected; to lead up, to soften, to hesitate, to declaim; to extort all the supplementary and new suggestions of an old comparison; to frame a new and perfect simile; in short, he was thoroughly trained to his trade. Yet his prose is not, by present canons, perfect prose. It is not self-possessed, subdued, and graceful conversation, modulated, making its points without aggressive insistence, yet with certainty, keeping interest alive by a brilliant but natural turn and by the brief and luminous flash of truth through a perfect phrase. His prose is rather the monologue of a seer. In reading his works one feels somewhat as if sitting at the feet of Coleridge. Landor has the presence that abashes companions. His manner of speech is more dignified, more ceremonial, his enunciation is more resonant, his accent more exquisite, than belong to the man of the world. He silences his readers by the mere impossibility of interrupting with a question

so noble and smooth-sliding a current of words. The style is a sort of modern Miltonic; it has the suggestion of the pulpit divine in Hooker, the touch of formal artificiality that characterizes the first good English prose in consequence of the habit, then common, of writing in Latin. Landor goes far afield for his vocables; his page is a trifle too polysyllabic, has too much of the surface glitter of Latinity. But in the age that produced the style of De Quincey, Ruskin, and Carlyle, it would be mere folly to find fault because Landor did not write, we will not say after the French fashion, but after the fashion of Swift, who, at his highest and on his level, is the one unrivaled master of English prose. Landor, at his best, is not so picturesque as De Quincey, nor so eloquent as Ruskin, nor so intense as Carlyle; but he has more self-possession, more serenity, more artistic charm, a wider compass, a more equal harmony, than any of these.

Landor pleases his fellow-craftsmen, however, not only by this general command of language as a means of expression, but by the perfection of form in his short pieces. Perfection of form is the great feature of classical art; it is an intellectual virtue, at least in literature, and appeals to the mind. The moderns are lacking in it. Among Landor's contemporaries Keats alone possessed it in large measure. Landor's command of form was limited, insufficient for the construction of a drama; impressive as Count Julian is, it has not this crowning excellence. Landor's power in this respect is analogous to Herrick's; it is perfect only within narrow bounds; but it lacks Herrick's spontaneity. His verses are not the "swallow flights of song;" he was not a singer. The lyric on Rose Aylmer is entirely exceptional, and much of its charm lies in the beauty of the name, its skillful repetition, and, we must add, in the memory of Lamb's fondness for it. Familiar as it is, it would be unjust not to quote it: —

> "Ah, what avails the sceptred race!
> Ah, what the form divine!
> What every virtue, every grace!
> Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
> Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
> May weep, but never see,
> A night of memories and of sighs
> I consecrate to thee."

Ordinarily, however, Landor deals with a beautiful image or one fine sentiment. His objectivity, his discontinuity, help him here; they assure that simplicity and singleness which are necessary for success. The lack of any temptation in his mind to expound and suggest is probably one reason why he rejected the sonnet, certainly the most beautiful poetic mould to give shape to such detached thoughts and feelings. He scorned the sonnet; it was too long for him; he must be even more brief. He would present the object at once, instead of gradually, as the sonnet does; not unveiling the perfect and naked image until the last word has trembled away. His best work of this kind is in the quatrain, which is rather the moralist's than the poet's form, — Martial's, not Horace's. Let us take one: —

> "I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.
> Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;
> I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
> It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

This is perfect; but it is perfect speech, not perfect song. When Landor had something to say at more length, when he had a story to tell, he chose the idyl; and his work in this kind is no less perfect in form than are his quatrains. Indeed, on the idyls his poetic fame will mainly rest. They are very remote from modern life, but the best of them are very beautiful, and in the highest rank of poetry that appeals to the artistic sense. Those who are able still to hold fast to the truth of Greek mythology to the imagination will not willingly let them die. To read them is like looking at the youths and maidens of an ancient

bass-relief, or at that Greek vase that so charmed Keats. The cultivated will never tire of them; the people will never care for them. The limitations of their interest are inherent in their subject and the mode of its presentment; but these limitations do not lessen their beauty, although they make very small the number who appreciate it.

Landor's influence over his critics is due chiefly to his power as a stylist, and to the perfection of form in his shorter poems and his idyls; but something is also due to the passages which, apart from those mentioned, they commend so unreservedly; such as the study of incipient insanity in the dialogue between Tiberius and Vipsania, and the scenes from Antony and Octavius where the boy Cæsarion is an actor. Not to be conquered by these argues one's self "dull of soul;" and scattered through the volumes are other passages of only less mastery, especially in the Greek dialogues, which cannot here be particularized. For this reason no author is more served by a book of selections than is Landor; for it is a lighter task to read even the whole of Wordsworth than the complete works of Landor. After all, too, an author should be judged by his best. Nevertheless, when one remembers the extraordinary gifts of Landor, one cannot but regret the defects of nature and judgment that have so seriously interfered with his influence. His work as a whole exhibits a sadder waste of genius than is the case even with Coleridge. There is no reason to suppose that the verdict of the public on his value will be reversed. His failure may well serve as a warning to the artistic school in poetry; it affords one more of the long list of illustrations of that fundamental truth in literature, — the truth that a man's work is of service to mankind in proportion as, by expressing himself in it, by filling it with his own personality, he fills it with human interest.

G. E. Woodberry.

DEAR HANDS.

Roughened and worn with ceaseless toil and care,
No perfumed grace, no dainty skill, had these;
They earned for whiter hands a jeweled ease,
And kept the scars unlovely for their share.
Patient and slow, they had the will to bear
The whole world's burdens, but no power to seize
The flying joys of life, the gifts that please,
The gold and gems that others find so fair.
Dear hands, where bridal jewel never shone,
Whereon no lover's kiss was ever pressed,
Crossed in unwonted quiet on the breast,
I see, through tears, your glory newly won,
The golden circlet of life's work well done,
Set with the shining pearl of perfect rest.

Susan Marr Spalding.

PUGET SOUND.

Two thousand miles of zigzag shores, running south and running north, branching east and branching west, — no wonder that the chartless De Fuca, sailing between them day after day, believed himself to be exploring a vast river. Abler navigators than he, coming later still, clung to the idea, and it is not yet a hundred years since the majestic waters received their true name and place in the ocean family tree. No possible accuracy of naming, however, no completeness of definition, can lessen the spell of their fantastic wandering course. No matter if one were to commit their maps to heart and know their charts like a pilot, he would never lose a vague sense of expectation, surprise, and half bewilderment in cruising among their labyrinths. Bays within bays, inlets on inlets, seas linking seas, — over twelve thousand square miles of surface, the waters come and go, rise and fall, past a splendid succession of islands, promontories, walls of forest, and towering mountains. Voyaging on them, one drifts back into their primitive past, and finds himself unconsciously living over the experiences of their earliest navigators. The old Indian names which still haunt the shores heighten the illusion; and even the shrill screams of the saw-mill cannot wholly dispel it. The wilderness is dominant still. Vast belts of forest and stretches of shore lie yet untracked, untrodden, as they were a century ago, when Vancouver's young Lieutenant Puget took the first reckonings and measurements of their eminent domain. But the days of the wilderness are numbered. It is being conquered and taken possession of by an army of invaders more irresistible than warriors, — men of the axe, the plow, the steam-engine; conquerors, indeed, against whom no land can make fight. The siege they lay is a siege which cannot be broken; for all the forces of nature are on their side. The organic secrets of the earth are their allies, also the hidden things of the sea; and the sun and the rain are loyal to the dynasty of their harvests. There is, in this might of peaceful conquest of new lands by patient tillers of the soil, something so much grander than is to be seen in any of the processes of violence and seizure that one could wish there were on this globe limitless uninhabited regions, to make endless lure and opportunity for pioneer men and women so long as the human race shall endure. Once, and not so very long ago, we thought we had such a limitless region on our own continent. In the United States government's earlier treaties with the Indians, the country "west of the Mississippi" is again and again spoken of as beyond the probable reach of white settlement. In 1835, when the Cherokees were removed from Georgia to their present home in Indian Territory, the United States government by treaty guaranteed to them "a perpetual outlet west, and a free and unmolested use of all the country west of their western boundary," — "as far west as the sovereignty of the United States and their rights of soil extend." And as late as 1842, one Mr. Mitchell, a superintendent of Indian affairs, said in a report, "If we draw a line running north and south, so as to cross the Missouri about the mouth of the Vermilion River, we shall designate the limits beyond which civilized men are never likely to settle. At this point the Creator seems to have said to the tides of emigration that are annually rolling toward the west, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.'" To read such records as these to-day is half comic, half sad.

This line recommended by Mr. Mitchell would run just east of Dakota, through the eastern portion of Nebraska, a little to the east of the middle of Kansas, through the middle of Indian Territory and Texas. Montana, Idaho, Colorado, and New Mexico all lie west of it; and if the Cherokees were to attempt to-day to claim that "perpetual outlet to the west, and the use of all the country west of" their own, they would be confronted by hundreds of thousands of Texan rangers, New Mexico stockmen, Arizona miners, and California orange growers.

In the north, across Montana and Idaho, — through and beyond the Nez Percés' old country, — immigrants by the thousand are steadily pouring into Oregon and Washington Territory. Two railroads are racing, straining muscles of men and sinews of money, to be first ready to carry this great tide. The grandchildren of the men who are now cutting down primeval pines on the shores of Puget Sound, and on the foothills of Oregon's mountains, will live to see Oregon as thickly settled as Massachusetts, and the shore line of Puget Sound set full of beautiful hamlets and summer homes, like the Mediterranean Riviera.

The foreseeing, forecasting of all this gives a tender, regretful, dreamy flavor to every moment of one's sailing on the Sound. As island after island recedes, and promontory after promontory slips back again into the obscurity of its own sheltering forest shadows, the imagination halts and lingers behind with them, peopling their solitudes, and creating on shore and hill a prophetic mirage of cities to be. Shifting fogs add their capricious illusions and everywhere heighten the mystery and multiply the mirage. These mists are the Puget Sound lottery for voyagers, and, like all lotteries, they deal out many bitter blanks of disappointment to one prize. Scores of travelers cruise for days in the Sound without once seeing land, except when their boat touches shore. In July and August, what with fogs and smoke from burning forests, a clear day is a rare thing, and navigation, though never dangerous, becomes tiresome enough. "I tell you, you get tired of feelin' your way round here in the fog, in August," said one of the Sound captains to us. "It don't make any difference to me. I can run my boat into Victoria, when I can't see my hand's length before me, just as well 's when it 's clear sunshine; but it 's awful tedious. There 's lots of folks come up here, an' go back, and they hain't any more idea o' what the Sound 's like than 's if they 'd sat still in Portland. I always feel real sorry for them. I just hate to see any travelers comin' aboard after August. June 's the month for the Sound. You people could n't have done better if you 'd been sailin' here all your lives. You 've hit it exactly right."

We had, indeed. We had drawn a seven days' prize of fair weather: they were June's last seven. It is only fair to pass on the number of our ticket; for it is the one likeliest to be lucky in any year.

By boat from Portland down the Wallamet River into the Columbia, down the Columbia to Kalama, and from Kalama to New Tacoma by rail, is the ordinary dry-weather route from Portland to Puget Sound. Kalama, however, has a habit of ducking under, in the high times of the Columbia River; and at these seasons travelers must push on, northward, till they come to some spot where the railroad track is above water. On this occasion we had to sail well up the Cowlitz River before we reached a place where steam engines could go dry-shod and safe. Thence ninety miles to Tacoma, — ninety miles of half-cleared wilderness; sixteen embryo towns on the way, many of them bearing musical old Indian names: Olequa, Napavine, Newaukum, Cheha-

lis, Seata, Temino. Very poor by contrast with these sounded Centreville, Lake View, and Hillhurst. So, also, it must be confessed, did Skookum Chuck, which is, however, simply another instance of the deteriorating effect on the Indian of intercourse with the whites; Skookum Chuck being a phrase of the barbarous Chinook jargon invented by the Hudson Bay Company, to save themselves the trouble of learning the Indians' languages. Skookum Chuck means "plenty of water," but it sounds like choking to death. There seems an unwitting tribute to the cleverness of the Indians in thus throwing on them the burden of learning a new language, in which to carry on traffic and intercourse.

The town of Tacoma is at the head of Admiralty Inlet. It is half on, half under, bluffs so steep that ladder-like stairways are built to scale them. It fronts east and south. To the east its outlook is over seas and isthmuses of forest lands. Its south horizon is cleft by the majestic snow dome of Mount Rainier. In the west and northwest lie the long Olympic ranges, also snow topped. No town on the Sound commands such sunrises and sunsets on snowy peaks and stretches of sea.

We reached Tacoma at five o'clock in the afternoon. Mount Rainier then was solid white. It loomed up like a citadel of ice nearly three miles high in the air. In less than an hour it had turned from solid white to solid gold. The process seemed preternatural. In many years' familiar knowledge of all the wonders which sunrise and sunset can work on peaks in the Rocky Mountain ranges, I had never seen any such effect. It was as if the color came from within, and not from without; as if the mighty bulwark were being gradually heated from central fires. Still more slowly than it had changed from snow white to gleaming gold, it changed again from the gleaming gold to a luminous red, like that of live coals. This fiery glow was broken, here and there, by irregular spaces of a vivid dark wine color, wherever rocky ledges cropped out. The spectacle was so solemn that it was impossible to divest one's self of a certain sense of awe. The glow grew hotter and hotter, until it seemed as if fire must burst from it. The whole mountain seemed translucent and quivering with heat. The long northern twilight deepened, but the mountain did not change, unless it were to burn even more fierily in the dimmer light. At last pale ember tints began to creep upward from the base of the peaks, very slowly, — as a burning coal cools when it falls into a bed of warm ashes. These tints grew gray, blue, and finally faded into the true ashy tint of cold embers; gradually they spread over the whole surface of the mountain. At the top, a flicker of the red lingered long, heightening still more the suggestion of slowly cooling fires. The outcropping ledges faded from their vivid wine color to a pale blue, the exact shade of shadows on dead embers; and this also heightened the pallor of the ashy tint on the rest of the mountain.

Two brigs lay at anchor in the Tacoma harbor. Their every mast and spar and rope stood out as if etched on the cold yellow sky in the north. As our boat glided out into the silent, dusky vistas of forest and sea, in the deepening darkness, this network of crossing and countercrossing lines on the sky seemed to have mysterious significance, as if they might belong to a system of preternatural triangulation; wrought by powers of the air, whose colossal beacon we had just seen extinguished.

Next morning, at four o'clock, from our stateroom windows (this plural should be emphasized; for there are not to be found on many waters steamboats which contain staterooms with two windows and double beds, such as are to be found on Puget Sound), — next

morning, from our stateroom windows, at four o'clock, we looked out on one of the characteristic Puget Sound pictures. It glided past, changing each second: terraces and peaks of mountain and cloud; amber against a pale green sky; domes and lines of dark fir forest, a hair line of gold edging each one to the east; here and there a roof or a chimney among the trees; wooded islands sailing into and out of sight in a twinkling, their shadows trailing purple on the water; a cluster of white houses close on the shore; boats drawn up; the tide out, and a stretch of shingle sparkling wet; a beach wall of tall firs a few rods back; a boat pulling over from another dusky shore, opposite and near; sun's rays stealing up ahead of the sun, flashing on the boatman's oars and lighting up every window in the hamlet. Our boat swung round and in, and halted; a man leaped ashore. The silence was so absolute that the commonest act or motion seemed stealthy. As the boat backed out of the inlet, the sun rose from behind a fir forest, and flashed every one of the spear tops into a sort of sudden presenting of arms along the whole sky-line. It was not full sunrise yet in the inlet; but once out in the wider sea, we swept into broad light. In the distance a steamboat and a brig were sailing side by side. The brig took rank with nature at once: no sign of effort about her motion; only a little curl of white water at her bows, like a quiet, satisfied chuckle. For one second her masts cut across the great dome of Mount Rainier, and reaching half-way to its top seemed suddenly to shoot towards the sky. The whole picture, — landing, departure, dawn, sunrise, — all was over and past in less time than its telling takes. The swift beauty of these moments is only an average succession of average moments of which hours are made up, when one sails on Puget Sound.

Our next stop was at Port Gamble. To reach it, we had sailed twenty-four miles; yet by a road across the promontory it was only eleven miles away from our sunrise halting-place, so much do the winding water roads double on themselves. Port Gamble is, like most of the Puget Sound towns, simply a saw-mill village. It has a population of four hundred people, every man of whom is at work in, or in connection with, the lumber-mills. The village is only a clearing in the shore side of the forest: rough little houses, painted white, with here and there a flower garden. On the wharf sat a handsome Indian woman. Her face was more Egyptian than Indian, and, with its level eyebrows, fine nostrils, and strongly moulded mouth and chin, would have done no discredit to a priestess on the Nile. She was one of the British Columbia Indians; free to come and go where she pleased. The captain of our boat knew her, and said she was very "well off;" her husband worked in the lumber-mills. "She's a British subject, you see," he added. "There can't anybody molest her, 's long 's she behaves herself The British Columbia Indians are a good lot, generally."

"Yes," I replied. "The English government has treated its Indians better than we have ours."

"That 's so," said the captain, emphatically. "They don't deceive 'em, in the first place, nor plunder 'em, in the second place."

The air was resonant with shrill saw-mill noises. Lurid smoke, like that from smelting-works, poured up from the fires. The mill itself was a deafening, blinding, terrifying storm of machinery: saws by dozens, upright, horizontal, circular, whirring and whizzing on all sides; great logs, sixty, a hundred feet long, being hauled up, dripping, out of the water, three at a time, by fierce clanking chains, slid into grooves, turned, hung, drawn, and quartered, driven from one end of the building to the other

like lightning, — a whole tree slaughtered, made into planks, laths, staves, blocks, shavings, and sawdust, in the twinkling of an eye.

One hundred and fifty thousand feet of lumber in a day are now turned out in this mill. There is a record of a year when, running day and night, it turned out fifty-four million feet. Its furnaces are fed solely by its own sawdust, automatically poured in in ceaseless streams. But even these cannot consume half the sawdust made; great piles of it, outside, are perpetually burning; night and day, the fires smoulder and blaze, burning up the sawdust and bits of wood, but they cannot keep pace with the mill. Such waste of tons of fuel makes one's heart ache, thinking of the cities full of poor, shivering and freezing every winter.

The most demoniacal thing in the mill was a sort of huge iron nipper, with a head whose shape suggested some grotesque heathen idol. This came up at regular intervals, a few seconds apart, through an opening in the floor, opened its jaws, seized a log, and turned it over; then sank again out of sight, till the next log was ready for turning. There was a fierce and vindictive expression in the intermittent action of this automaton, which made it seem like a sentient and malignant demon, rather than a machine.

Sitting with his face sheltered behind a large pane of glass, which was mounted like a screen, sat a man sharpening saws on a big iron wheel, driven by steam. The wheel revolved so swiftly that volleys of blazing sparks flew right and left from the saw teeth. Perhaps nothing could give a stronger impression of the amount of force expended in the mill than the fact that this saw sharpener and his lightning wheel never rest while the mill is going.

Shutting one's eyes and listening attentively to the whirring din, one perceived myriads of fine upper violin notes in it, and now and then a splendid bass chord, as of a giant violoncello; again, thuds of heavy logs would crash in among the finer metallic sounds, till the sound seemed like the outburst of a colossal discordant orchestra.

Outside the mill were huge booms of logs floating in the water. One might walk over acres of them. They had all come from distant forests on the Sound. The mill companies are too shrewd to cut their own timber, in the vicinity of the mills, yet the company to which this mill belongs is said to own a quarter of a million acres of solid forest; but at present they buy all their logs, most of them from men who cut them under the Timber Act.

The wharves were lined with ships waiting to carry the lumber away. The ships themselves, many of them, had been built on the Sound, at Port Townsend and other ports. Their masts, a hundred feet tall, without knot or blemish, had come from the same forests which had supplied the planks now being stowed ignominiously away in their holds. It was a marvelous sight to see the loading. Each ship was packed many tiers deep with lumber; the hold filled in solid, and the deck piled high. The planks were lifted by a derrick, on the wharf, and shot down, sliding, to the deck.

At the rate trees are being cut down, and lumber shipped away from this region, it is a comparatively simple calculation to reckon how long it will take to strip the country bare. England, France, Australia, China, Japan, and even the Sandwich Islands are using Oregon and Washington pine and fir. The Pacific coast of South America uses little else. Enthusiastic statisticians publish estimates of the vast amounts of standing timber; showing, for instance, that the timber now standing in Washington Territory alone is equal to the consumption of the whole United States during the last hundred years. To the

unthinking American this seems a sufficient ground for dismissing all anxiety on the subject; and he does not pause to establish any connection in his mind between this statement and the fact that the mills on Puget Sound, when all at work, have a cutting capacity of three hundred millions of feet a year, three of them cutting over a hundred thousand feet a day each, and a fourth being put into condition to cut two hundred thousand. Americans are often reproached, and justly, for their lack of reverence for the past; there seems even a greater dishonor in their lack of sense of responsibility for the future.

Leaving Port Gamble, we sailed straight into a cloud of silver radiances; fog banks, sifted and shot through by sun's rays. Ceaselessly shifting and illumining, retreating and advancing, they wrapped us in a new world, almost more beautiful than that from which they shut us out. Now and then, a weird shape glided past, with warning cries: a steamboat, or a big log boom drawn by a tug. These log booms are among the most picturesque features of the Sound. They are sometimes fifteen hundred feet long and sixty wide, and contain a million feet of lumber. The logs, being all barked, are yellow and glistening; and as the boom sways and curves on the water, the whole surface of it shines like a floor of fluted gold.

At Port Ludlow, another saw-mill town, we stopped opposite a huge water tank, which stood on posts some fifteen or twenty feet high, close to the shore. It was a beautiful instance of nature's readiness to adopt and beautify the barest and baldest things. This rough board tank, just as it stood, dripping water at every crevice, would have been an ornament to any conservatory in the land. From every joint waved grasses and vines; they hung over, nodded and blew into tangles with each breeze. The cross-beams were covered with green moss, and from each side there hung out plants in blossom: yellow and purple asters, a tall spike of red fireweed in one corner, and myriads of fine white flowers whose name I did not know.

Before ten o'clock we had reached Port Townsend. Entering its harbor, we sailed through the fog wall as through dividing folds of curtains at a doorway. "Never a fog in Port Townsend Harbor," is a saying on the Sound. The town lies on high bluffs, and a prettier village could not be found. We jumped ashore, took a carriage, and saw all of the town which could be seen in fifteen minutes' rapid driving. The houses are wooden, chiefly white, but are bowered in roses and honeysuckles. The white honeysuckle is indigenous to the region and grows with a luxuriance incredible to those who know it only as a cultivated exotic. It was no rare sight here to see a cottage with one side covered, from eaves to ground, by a matted wall of the fragrant blossoms. Port Townsend is a military post, and an air of orderly precision seems to pervade the whole place. The off-look over the Sound is grand: on the one hand the Olympic Mountains, and on the other, Mount Baker and its ranges; between these, countless vistas of inlet and island and promontory.

As we came out of the harbor, the fog stood, an amber wall, across our path. It curved outward at the middle, and as we drove straight on into it, it seemed as if it were bending before us, till it broke, and took us into its silvery centre.

From Port Townsend it is a three hours' run, across the Straits of De Fuca, to Victoria on Vancouver's Island; and here, at one's first step, he realizes that he is on British soil. It is strange that two peoples speaking the same language, holding in the main the same or similar beliefs, can have in their daily living so utterly dissimilar atmospheres as do the Americans and the English. This sharp contrast can nowhere be more

vividly seen than in going from Washington Territory to Vancouver's Island. Victoria is a town which would well repay a careful study. Even in the most cursory glances at it, one sees symptoms of reticent life, a flavor of mystery and leisure, backgrounds of traditionary dignity and hereditary squalor, such as one might go up and down the whole Pacific coast, from San Diego to Portland, and not find. When Victoria is, as it is sure to become, sooner or later, a wide-known summering place, no doubt its byways and highways, its bygone ways and days, will prove mines of treasure to the imagination of some dreaming story-teller. The business part of the town, if one may be pardoned such a misnomer in speaking of its sleepy streets, is rubbishy and littered. The buildings are shabby, unadorned, with no pretense of design or harmony. They remind one of the inferior portions of second-class commercial towns in England, and the men and women in the shops, on doorsteps, and in alley-ways look as if they might have just come from Hull. But once outside this part of the town, all is changed: delightful, picturesque lanes; great meadow spaces full of oaks; knolls of mossy bowlders; old trees swathed in ivy; cottages buried in roses and honey-suckle; comfortable houses, with lawns and hedges, sun-dials and quaint weather-vanes; castle-like houses of stone, with lodges and high walls and driveways; and, to complete the picture, sauntering down the lanes, or driving at stately paces along the perfect roads, nonchalant men and leisurely women, whose nonchalance and leisure could not be outdone or outstared in Hyde Park.

At every turn is a new view of the sea, or a sudden glimpse of some half-hidden inlet or bay. These bursts and surprises of beautiful bits of water are the greatest charm of the place. Driving westward from the town one has the superb Royal Roads harbor on the left for miles; then, turning to the right, through woods that meet overhead, past fields full of tossing fringes of brakes and thickets of spiræa twenty feet high, he comes suddenly on another exquisite land-locked, unsuspected harbor, — the Esquimault harbor, with its own little hamlet. Skirting around this, and bearing back towards the town again, by a road farther inland, he finds that to reach the town he must cross inlet after inlet. Wooded, dark, silent, amber-colored, they are a very paradise for lovers of rowing; or for lovers of wooing, either, we thought, as we came again and again on a tiny craft, in which two sat with idle oars. At other times, as we were crossing some picturesque stone bridge, a pleasure barge, with gay flags flying, and young men and maidens singing, would shoot out from under it, and disappear around a leafy corner. From every higher ground we could see the majestic wall of the Olympic range rising in the south. The day will come when some painter will win fame for himself by painting this range as seen from Victoria: a solid wall of turquoise blue, with its sky-line fretted and turretted in silver snow, rising abrupt and perpendicular out of a dark green and purple sea. I do not know any mountain range so beautiful or so grandly set. Often its base is wrapped in white mists, which look as if they were crystallized in ripples and ridges, like a field of ice floes. Rising out of these, the blue wall and snowy summits seem lifted into the skies; to have no connection with earth except by the ice-floe belt.

Turning one's back on the sea, and driving northward from the town, one finds a totally new country and expression: little farms of grazing or grain fields, the oats and wheat struggling in a hand-to-hand fight with the splendid, triumphant brakes; stretches of forest so thick their depths are black, and the tree-tops meet above the road. Except for occasional glimpses of blue water

on the right, it would seem as if the sea must be hundreds of miles away. Farmers working in fields, or driving in primitive carts, look as removed from the careless, slatternly shop people in the town as from the gentlemen folks of the stone castles or the cathedral close. Wood roads turn off to right and left, disappearing at once in such obscurity of shadow that they seem little more than cave openings. We followed one of them through miles of tunneled forest, till it was suddenly stopped by a gate, beyond which all that could be seen of road seemed little more than a trail. The lure of an unknown road drew us irresistibly, and we pushed on, over bowlders, through spicy, dark hollows of fir forest, winding and climbing, till we saw through the trees a low chimney and a gleam of sea. A few rods more, and we came out on a rocky knoll, where, in a thicket of trees and honeysuckles and roses, stood a tiny cottage, looking out on a sea view which a monarch might have coveted: on the right hand, a wooded cove, running far up into the forest; in front, a broad expanse of blue water, with the great Olympic range rising out of it in the south distance; on the left, a shore-line of wooded points and promontories, as far as the eye could reach, growing more and more dusky, till they melted into the hazy blue of the Cascade range.

It was a Scotch sheep farmer, who had speired about till he found for himself this delectable nook. He had four hundred sheep on the place, and made a living for himself, wife, and four children by selling mutton, wool, and now and then lambs. The sea brought to him all the fish his family could eat, and he had at his back miles of fir forest for fuel. It was never cold in winter, and never hot in summer, he said; and the glossy leaves of a manzanita copse on the crest of his rocky knoll bore witness to the truth of his words. A short distance from shore, just in front of the house, lay one small island, as if moored. On it was a curious structure of weather-beaten boards, half house, half platform. It was an Indian burial-place. The farmer said the Indians came there, often from a great distance, bringing their dead for burial. They came in fleets of canoes, singing and chanting. Some of the bodies were buried in graves, but chiefs and distinguished warriors were wrapped in their blankets, and laid upon shelves in the house. He had often been tempted, he said, to go over and examine the place; but he thought "may be the Indians would n't like it," and not one of his family had ever set foot on the island. All that they knew of the spot, or of the ceremonies of the funerals taking place there, was what they had been able to see with a glass from their own shore.

There could be nowhere in the world a sharper transition, in a day's journey, than that which we made in going from Victoria to Seattle. Seattle is twenty-seven years old by the calendar, but by record of actual life only six, so that it has all the bustle and stir of a new American town. One can fancy a Victoria citizen being stunned and bewildered on landing at Seattle. Its six thousand people are all aswarm; streets being graded, houses going up, wharves building, steamers loading with coal, and yet blackberry vines, stumps, and wild brakes are to be seen in half the streets.

The town lies on and among high terraces, rising steeply from the shores of the Sound. It fronts west, and has on its distant western horizon the same grand Olympic Mountains which Victoria sees to the south. Between it and them stretch zigzag shores, wooded to the water's edge, and broken by high cliffs and bold promontories. It is rich in other waters, also, having behind it, only two miles away, Union Lake, eight miles long and two wide, connected by a portage of six hundred feet with Washington Lake, which is twenty-eight

miles long and from two to ten wide. These lakes are surrounded by wooded uplands of good soil. When Seattle is a rich commercial city, a terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, these uplands will be the place where Seattle fortunes will be spent in building villas. Already land on these forest ridges commands fifteen hundred dollars an acre; and the charter is granted for a horse-car route, many miles out into what is now unbroken wilderness. Seattle has a university, with three hundred pupils, boys and girls; and a Catholic hospital, to which our driver paid a warm tribute, exclaiming, "Those Catholic sisters are the women I want to have take care of me when I 'm sick. They take care of everybody all alike. If a fellow 's got money, he must pay; but if he has n't got a cent, they 'll take just as good care of him, all the same."

A large part of the present and prospective wealth of Seattle is in coal mines. The principal ones lie twenty miles southeast of the town, in the appropriately named village of Newcastle, to which a narrow-gauge railroad runs out, through a lane of wild syringa, spiræa, black alder, pines and firs. It was like a long gallery of Corots: no tops of trees to be seen, but myriads of vistas of drooping branches and folds of foliage. Linnea vines hung in wreaths and white clover in drifts over the edges and sides of the railroad cuts; so tropical a luxuriance of growth comes even in these northern latitudes from their solid half year of rain.

"It does n't really rain all the time, does it?" I said to a discontented Newcastle woman, who had been complaining of the wet winters.

"Well, if you was to see me hanging out my clo'es Monday morning, an' waitin' till Saturday for 'em to dry, an' then takin' 'em in an' dryin' 'em by the fire, I guess you 'd think it rained about all the time," she replied resentfully. "I 've lived here goin' on five years, an' I hain't ever dried a week's wash out-of-doors in the winter time yet, an' I 'm sick on 't. To be sure, you can't ever say it 's cold. That 's one comfort."

Newcastle is a grimy huddle of huts on the sides of a pocket of hillside and forest: huts above huts; stumps above stumps; handfuls of green grass among patches of rocks; bits of palings; labyrinths of goat paths from hut to hut; strips of stairways here and there, to the houses of the more ambitious; wooden chimneys of rough planks built aslant against the houses' outside walls; coal heaps; heaps of refuse; blackened cars drawn by mules; miners running hither and yon, sooty as imps, each with a lurid flame burning in a tin tube on his cap visor, — the scene was weird and horrible. A small white chapel stood on one of the highest ridges: it took a stairway of twenty-two steps to reach it, but the bottom stair was above most of the chimneys of the village. I sat down on this staircase and looked with dismay over the place. Presently there came hobbling by an old woman, leaning on a cane; with her, an agile, evil-faced little boy, who was evidently kept by her side much against his will. I did not need to hear her speak to know that she was English. English squalor, especially if it have once been respectability, is even more instantaneously recognizable than English finery: carpet shoes; a dingy calico gown; a red knit shawl; a black velvet bonnet, a score of years old, the crown shirred in squares and gray with dust; a draggled feather atop of still more draggled and rusty lace; in the front a velvet braid, of three separate shades of brown which had once been red; a burnt-out old frizette of brown hair, — all this above a pitiful aged face, bright hazel eyes, full of nervous irritability and wan sorrow. It was long since I had seen such a study.

A glance was all the invitation she needed to sit down by my side, and begin to pour out her tale. She had come

up to Newcastle from Renton, for her "'elth."

"And how far is Renton?"

"Wull, ye 'll coam from Renton to this for forty cents."

I was struck by the novelty of this method of estimating distance. The rich reckon it by hours; the poor, it seems, by cents.

She was born in Staffordshire, England, where she lived till she was forty years old. Her first husband was a collier. "Ee was a vary 'eavy man. An' he made too much blood. For five years 'ee was a makkin too much blood; an' the doctors said it 'u'd be good for 'im to go to America. Else I 'd never have gone. 'T was for that I brought 'im. I did not start till I was turned forty. Oh, I 've 'ad troubles! Ay, the oops and downs in this life! Ye doan know what ye 'll live through with.

"I lost five children a-cuttin' teeth, a-runnin', at fourteen months each; an' then their father was killed, too, an' that was worse than the children.

"It was agen all my prayers that 'ee went in the mine that day. I 'd a bad dream: an' I said to 'im, Now I 've 'ad a dream; an' if ye go in the mine 't 'ull be your grave ye goin' into; an' afore night he was dead. There was nineteen others killed, too. It was a coal mine; a slaughter mine, — that 's what it was, by rights."

This was in Virginia; in the coal mines in the southern part of the State. She soon married again, and with her second husband was keeping a country store, and earning money fast, when, only three months before the war broke out, their store burned down, without insurance.

"We wa'n't like a many folks," she said, "not payin' our debts because we was burned out. We paid up every dollar we owed, an' had enough money left to take us back to England for a visit. I was n't ever afraid o' my hands. I was as liberal to work as if it was to airn a fortune. I was always a singin' to my work like a nartingale."

When they returned to America they joined a party of English emigrants to Vancouver's Island, and her husband went into the mines there. But misfortune did not quit its hold of her. In an accident in a mine, her husband was injured by falling beams, so that he could never again do heavy work, and all of her children died except the youngest.

"There 's a great pleasure with having children," she said, "an' there 's a great trouble to lose 'em; but I 've lived to thank the Lord that he took mine as he did. It 's a wicked world for 'em to coam through. There was three men was lynched down at Seattle last week. It 's trew they 'd done a murder; but I think they s'u'd 'a' 'ad the right o' the good law. When I heered it, it made me sick. I was a-thinkin' they 'd got mothers, mabbe, 'an if a woman was to 'ear that she 'd a child to be lynched that way, it 'u'd be the finishin' of her; an 'art-breakin' thing, to be sure."

She rambled on and on, with such breaks in her narrative, in time and sequence, that it was almost incoherent; every now and then she would sink into half soliloquy, with a recurrence of ejaculations, as if she were her own Greek chorus. Her "Ay, ay, I 've 'ad troubles," reminded me of Carlyle's too late, poignant "Ay, de' me."

She is seventy-three years old. Her husband is seventy-nine. He earns two dollars a day in a mine.

"Ah," said I cheerfully. "That gives you sixty dollars a month. That is a comfortable income."

"Na! na!" she said sharply, — "na sixty dollars: there 's but six days to the week. There 's nobody belonging to me 'ull do Sunday work. Sunday work 's no good. No luck comes o' Sunday work," and she gazed sternly up at the sky as she reiterated the words. "I 'm o' the Wesleyans," she continued, half defiantly.

"That is a very good religion," I replied, in a conciliatory voice.

"You bet it is!" she exclaimed with sudden vivacity, — "you bet it is! If you do as they say, you 'll be all right."

When I bade her good-by, she sighed heavily, and said, —

"Well, good-day to ye. I wish ye luck, where 's' ever ye 're goin'. I expect ye 've a deal o' pleasure in yer life, but it 's a hard world to coam through before yer done with it;" and with a petulant, unsmiling nod she turned away.

In Carbonado, another colliery village on the Sound, thirty miles south of Tacoma, we found the same grimy desolation as in Newcastle. Blackened stumps, half-burnt logs, bowlders, piles of waste rubbish, met one at every turn. But there was an expression of cheer and life in the place; and huge playbills, all over the town, announcing an entertainment by the "Carbonado Minstrel Club," gave evidence of an astonishing knack at mirthfulness under difficulties. The programme was a droll one; a first and second part, with orchestra overtures before and between, a "conversationalist in the centre" — whatever that may mean, — an "opening chorus," a farce at the end, and Professor John Brenner's string band, to be "engaged for dancing after the performance at reasonable rates."

"Shouting Extraordinary," by Charlie Poole, and a "comic song, Baby 's got the Cramp, by Dan Davis," were among the attractions of the second part of the entertainment; the price of admission, fifty cents for adults and half price for children.

We had run out from Tacoma to Carbonado on a special train. As we drew near the station, I saw a girl, ten or eleven years old, racing down the hill at full speed, her sunbonnet flying off her head. As we stepped out of our box car, she looked at us with supreme contempt.

"Well, I did get fooled!" she exclaimed. "I thought you was the mail!"

Her curiosity as to our errand in Carbonado was great, and took expression in an exuberant hospitality.

"Why did n't you come up to see us Friday?" she said. "We 're going to have a review in school Friday, and spell down. We spelled down last Friday, too."

"Did you beat the whole school?" I asked.

"No. Si Hopkins, he spelled the word, — spelled me down. Teacher 's going to spell the whole school down next time on a new word, — shoddish."

"Shoddish!" I exclaimed. "There is not any such word in the English language."

"There is too!" she replied dauntlessly. "I 've got it written down, but I can't learn it to save me. It 's a kind o' dance, or something o' that sort."

"Oh! Schottisch," I said.

"Yes, that 's it," she nodded: "it 's the name of a dance. Teacher 's seen it, she says. I know I 'll get spelled down on it, though: it 's a real mean word to spell. There ain't any sense in it. I 'll take you up to the school, to see teacher," she added eagerly. "She 'll be real glad to see you. She just let me run down to the train when we heard the whistle. We thought 't was the mail. That 's Battle Row," she continued, pointing to a sort of alley of board shanties, evidently chiefly drinking saloons. "There 's a fight there every day, most. We don't go down there, any of us, if we can help it. I 'd be ashamed to live anywhere near there. It 's just rightly named. My mother says she 'd like to see it burned down any night. We did like to all burn up here, three weeks ago. Did you hear about it? Well, it was just awful. We had all the things out o' our house; and lots o' the neighbors did, too. The fire

ain't out yet. You can see it smoking there, in the edge of the timber."

This, then, explained a part of the blackened desolateness of the little hamlet. The wall of fir forests which had seemed its protection had proved its dire danger. A belt of charred trees, gaunt as a forest of ebony masts, showed where the fires had blazed along, and come near sweeping away the village.

"It was well the wind went down when it did," the little maid continued sagely. "I expect if it had n't, you would n't have found any of us here. It was just as hot 's anything, all round; an' you could n't get your breath."

Looking around, one realized the terrible danger of forest fires in such a spot. The little village was walled on three sides by a forest of firs and cedars, from one hundred to three hundred feet high; and we had come through miles of such forests, so dense that only a few feet back from their outer edge the shade became darkness impenetrable by the eye. There is a sombre splendor about these dark forests of giant trees, which it would be hard to analyze, and impossible to render by any art. Language and color alike fall short of expressing it.

The school was in a rough boarded room which had been originally built for a store. The hats, bonnets, books, and slates were piled on the shelves, and the thirty children sat on high benches, their feet swinging clear of the floor. There was not a robust or healthy-faced child in the room, and their thin, pale cheeks were a sad commentary on the conditions of their lives. Later in the day, as I walked from home to home, and saw everywhere slow-trickling streams of filthy water, blue, iridescent, and foul-odored, I wondered not that the children were pale, but that they were alive. The history class was reciting a memorized list of "epochs," when I went in. They had them at their tongues' ends. I suggested to the teacher to ask them what the word "epoch" meant. Blank dismay spread over their faces. One girl alone made answer. She was an Indian, or perhaps half-breed, fourteen years of age; the healthiest child and the best scholar in the school, the teacher said. "The time between," was her prompt definition of the word epoch, given with a twinkle in her eye of evident amusement that the rest did not know what it meant. The first class in reading, then read from the Fourth Independent Reader, in stentorian voices, Trowbridge's poem of The Wonderful Sack. The effect of slight changes of a single letter here and there was most ludicrously illustrated by one sturdy little chap's delivery of the lines,

> "His limbs were strong,
> His beard was long."

With loud and enthusiastic emphasis he read them,

> "His lambs were strong,
> His bread was long."

Not a member of the class changed countenance, or gave any sign of disagreeing with his interpretation of the text; and the teacher, being engaged in herculean efforts to keep the poor little primary bench still, failed to hear the lines.

As soon as school was out, most of the children went to work carrying water. The only water in the village is in a huge tank behind the engine-house. From this each family must draw its supply. It was sad to see children not over six or seven years old lugging a heavy pail of water in each hand.

"I 've got all the wash-water to carry this afternoon," said my little guide; "so I 've got to be excused from school. My mother did n't wash to-day, because she wa'n't well. Most always we get the wash-water Sundays."

"You 'll be sure to go down the incline, won't you," she added; "that 's splendid. I 'd just like to go up an' down in that car all the time. It 's

the nicest thing here. I expect that 's what you all came for, wa'n't it? There 's lots o' folks come out from Tacoma just to go down in it. There ain't another like it in the whole country," she added, with a superb complacence. "You be sure an' go down, now."

It was indeed a fine shoot down, on a nearly perpendicular steel-railed track, over a thousand feet, to the bed of the river, on the banks of which are the openings of the mines. The coal is drawn, and the miners go up and down in cars, on this seemingly perilous track. There is no other way down. The river is a glacial stream, and dashes along, milky white, between its steep banks. On the narrow shore rims is a railway, along which cars are drawn by mules, from mine to mine, crossing the river back and forth. In a distance of some three or four miles, there are a dozen galleries and shafts. The supply of coal is supposed to be inexhaustible; a most convenient thing for the Central Pacific Railroad, which owns it.

It was a weird ride at bottom of this chasm: the upper edges lined thick with firs and cedars; the sides covered with mosses and ferns and myriads of shrubs, red columbines and white spiræas, with blossom plumes a foot and a half long, — everything dripping and sparkling with the river foam and the moisture from innumerable springs in the rocks. Bob, the handsome mule that drew us over the road, deserves a line of history. He has spent three years jogging up and down this river bed. His skin is like brown satin, and his eyes are bright; he knows more than any other mule in the world the miners think. He knows all their dinner pails by sight, and can tell which pails have pie in them. Pie is the only one of human foods which Bob likes. Hide their dinner pails as they may, the miners cannot keep pie away from Bob, if he is left loose. "He 'll go through a row o' dinner pails in a jiffy, and jest clean out every speck o' pie there is there; an' he won't touch another thing, sir," said his driver with fond pride.

The Carbonado picture I shall remember longest is of a little five-year-old mother; just five, the oldest of four. She sat in a low rocking-chair, holding her three months' old sister, looking down into her face: cooing to her, chucking her under the chin, laughing with delight, and exulting at each response the baby made.

"I can't hardly get the baby out of her arms," said the mother. "She 's always been that way, ever since she was born. She takes care of all three o' the others. I don't know what I 'd ever ha' done without her. She don't seem to want anything else, if she can just get to hold the baby."

"Oh, look at her! look at her!" exclaimed the child, pointing to the baby's face, over which a vague smile was flitting. "I just did so to her" (making a little comic grimace), "and she laughed back! She really did, just like we do."

After all, values in human life are the same; conditions make less difference than we think, and much of the pity we spend on Newcastles and Carbonados is wasted. I am not sure that I have ever seen on any child's face such a look of rapturous delight as on this little mother's; and I make no doubt that if we could have stayed to hear Charlie Poole's Shouting Extraordinary at the minstrel club's entertainment we should have seen an audience as heartily gay as any at the best show Paris could offer.

Our last Puget Sound day was made memorable by the sight of a sunrise on Mount Rainier. At quarter before four o'clock the distant south horizon of Tacoma was shut out by walls of rose-colored clouds. These presently opened, floated off, and disclosed Mount Rainier, its eastern slope rose red, its western pale blue. One white cloud lingered at the summit, blowing like a pennant, to

the west; the rose red changed to gold, — gold which seemed molten, as it streamed slowly down the mountain side; then it changed back to rose red again, as the sky grew yellower and yellower; next, three oval barges of gold swam out in the east, as if the sun were coming by sea; the forest lines were black as night; the stretches of water, first silvery, then gray, then crossed with golden bars; then the sky turned to opaline lavender, the woods went blue, the water blazed out red; a great column of light shot across from shore to shore; and the sun rose. On the instant, the whole mountain turned white again, calm and impassive, as though it had had no share in the pageantry of the last half hour.

The Indian name of Mount Rainier was Tacoma: meaning, according to some, "snow mountain;" according to others, "heart food," or "breast food." One catches a glimpse through the clumsy English phrase of a subtly beautiful idea, and a sentiment worthy of the mountain and of the reverential Indian nature. It is a shame to abandon the name. Retaining it for the town is a small atonement for stealing it from the mountain. There seems a perverse injustice in substituting the names of wandering foreigners, however worthy, and however enterprising in discovery, for the old names born of love, and inspired by poetry we know not how many centuries ago; names sacred, moreover, as the only mementoes which, soon, will be left of a race that has died at our hands.

H. H.

SOME TRUTHS ABOUT THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THE following letter throws a good deal of light on the point of view from which many members of Congress regard the civil service: —

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *December* 11, 1879.

MISS ——, I promised you, last spring, that I would advise you of the fact when I desired your place for one of my people. In compliance with that promise I now respectfully notify you that I shall take steps to have you removed, as a representative from my district. Very truly, etc., ——.

This is the frank letter of a frank man who was serving his first term as a member of the House of Representatives; he is now (October, 1882) a candidate for a third term. The letter was written to a woman clerk in one of the most important bureaus of the Treasury Department. The chief of the bureau said that she was one of the best clerks he had. She was not removed, because the heads of the bureau and division in which she still serves did not permit it. They knew her value, and, fortunately, the congressman had not then obtained power enough to do as he desired, without regard to the wishes of the treasury officers.

The letter shows how completely members of Congress are possessed of the belief that they have the appointing power. It is not exceptional doctrine that this frank writer advances. It is held by almost all of his colleagues in the legislative branch of the government, and the executive himself submits to it, except when he has friends to reward; or, rather, when he has no enemies to punish. It is the exception when the President insists on his right to appoint and remove government employees as he may desire, and without regard to mem-

bers of Congress. Generally, when he asserts himself, the member of Congress who is interested is thought to deserve executive wrath. Congressmen look upon the clerkships of the government as belonging to them, each one having a certain allotment to be distributed among the influential needy of his constituents. The member who wrote the letter jumped over one step in the process of removing a clerk which the *opéra bouffe* decorum prevailing in Washington makes essential. Probably he would not now be guilty of such an indiscretion as to write directly to a clerk, ordering the dismissal of one who is ostensibly another person's subordinate. He knew the accepted theory, which has for its support a law portioning out the clerkships of the Treasury Department among the several States, but he was too new in Congress to realize that there are appearances to be kept up. His open avowal of his purpose to do what he would with his own was a great mistake. If he had begun his work privately with the assistant secretary or his appointment clerk, the chances are that he would have succeeded. The heads of the department undoubtedly recognized that he was attempting to do only what he had a right to do, but they could not consent to be accomplices to his blunt way of going to work.

The interest taken by congressmen in securing appointments for constituents appears to be looked upon as something extraordinary. It is not extraordinary, however; it is perfectly natural employment for a good many of the men who are made members of the House of Representatives. The members themselves are the creatures of the spoils system, and their political vision is bounded by it. They know of no way to keep a political party in existence except by the distribution of clerkships. I have known three congressmen to devote half a day to urging the head of a bureau to remove a democrat from an unimportant place, and to appoint a republican in his stead. The place paid the man who filled it about fifty cents a day. This undoubtedly seems a waste of time to the business men of our great cities. It was not; if these congressmen had not been giving their energies to this fifty-cent place, they might have been seeking the removal of some really competent person from an important position in the government service. After one of this class of congressmen has done asking for places and pensions, and attending to private claims, and getting his district's streams into the river and harbor bill, he has nothing to do. The real evil of our present civil service, in this respect, is not that such congressmen are prevented from attending to more important duties, but that the spoils system finds mischievous employment for men who ought not to be members of Congress, or who, being members, ought to have nothing to do. Good men, of course, are hampered by the system, and lose time that is important to them and to their constituents by reason of the demands made by people who are in search of places for themselves or for friends of "the party." Good men, however, are, as a rule, in favor of a reform of the civil service that shall take appointments and removals, and all the clerical machinery of the government, out of politics.

Although, as the letter printed at the beginning of this article indicates, congressmen regard clerical positions as their own property, they do not consider themselves the sole or the absolute owners. The real proprietor is the party. The leading purpose moving members of Congress in appointing persons to places is to benefit the political organization to which they belong, and to which they are indebted for their election. They are simply trustees for their respective factions. Their appointments and removals are made for the

purpose of strengthening the party. As they must necessarily be the ultimate judges of what will benefit the party, however, they generally decide in favor of what will help themselves. They are, in a word, permitted some latitude in making their selections of persons, provided that, in the main, they consider the interests of the party. How far removed this new theory is from the old-fashioned doctrine that the government is to be administered for the good of the whole country, and that a member of the minority party is as much interested in the government as one of the majority, it is unnecessary to discuss.

As the party in power owns the clerkships for its own advantage, it follows that congressmen are not the only trustees of this power. Congressmen look after the local interests of the organization, but the larger affairs have to be taken care of by men who stand on the higher plane of executive office. The President and members of the cabinet consider the national concerns of the party. They act sometimes with the advice of members of Congress, but at other times they are obliged to take matters into their own hands. As an illustration of this may be mentioned the fact that, not many years ago, a cabinet officer sent to his appointment clerk a direction to create twenty-one vacancies. The clerk sent back the answer that it would be extremely difficult to find so many people in the department who ought to be discharged. The secretary was annoyed by this answer, and sent a peremptory order to the clerk that the vacancies must be made; adding that he had twenty-one people for whom he must find places. The clerk, thus compelled, discharged the required number of persons arbitrarily, not considering their merits or demerits, or the length of their service. The secretary was obeyed. He was soon afterward the candidate for the presidential nomination of a large number of the best people of his party, whom he had deluded into believing him a civil service reformer, although he was constantly denouncing the civil service reform movement as a humbug, and this to his subordinates in the department.

The story of the management of one of the great departments of the government during a recent administration shows the evils attending the civil service in all their grossness. Unfortunately for himself, perhaps unfortunately for his desires, the head of the department had been placed under obligations to some of the worst politicians in the country, who followed him persistently and openly to the end of his term of office, demanding recognition and rewards for partisan work more degrading than had ever before been done in the country. Under the administration of which the secretary was a member, each cabinet officer was at liberty to do as he wished in the matter of the appointment and removal of his subordinates. This fact does not relieve the President from responsibility for an open and flagrant abuse of the appointing power, but it takes from the secretary every pretense of excuse for the manner in which he conducted this part of the business of his department. During his term of office, the spoils system flourished vigorously. The business of the department was conducted by a few overworked clerks, the retention of whom was made necessary by the idleness and incapacity of the majority. Men and women knew that efficiency had little to do with the keeping of their places, and that they might draw pay from the government as long as they retained their influence.

As no test of their real intellectual capacity had been made when they were appointed, comparatively few could render themselves worthy of promotion. The lowest grade became choked with people who had just enough intelligence to perform its humble duties, while the

higher grades were crippled. Whenever congressional elections were about to take place, a panic seemed to seize the clerks. They were apprehensive lest their "influence" should be defeated, and they turned out of place. They robbed themselves and their families by paying political assessments from their small salaries. Not only were assessment papers circulated through the department, but the party collector was even permitted to sit in the room where the clerks received their pay, and to demand the percentages due to the political brigands who managed the campaign and the campaign fund. There were stories of actual distress published in the newspapers, caused by this robbery of the clerks and servants of the government; of sick women going without necessary medical attendance; of houserent unpaid and food unbought; and of loss of employment by men who refused to pay assessments, — all this in order that money might be raised to send into "doubtful districts." The true story of the sufferings resulting from assessment circulars of campaign committees would excite the sympathy even of the men whose seats in Congress have been obtained with the proceeds of the plunder. But in all the years during which this great evil has been in existence, the clerks and watchmen and messengers and laborers have had no official to speak for them; and notwithstanding all the fine promises made by party platforms and in inaugural addresses, in messages to Congress and even in statutes, they have never yet had a protector strong enough to defend them from political extortion.

The spoils system increased the force employed in the department beyond its requirements. When the complement was full in the regular bureaus, places were made for unprovided-for henchmen in one of two bureaus, the number of employees of which is not limited by statute, — or rather, by statute constructions. An illustration of the needless increase of force is furnished by the action of the head of one of the bureaus of the department at the time he entered upon the duties of his office. Although the work of his bureau was then as great as it had ever been in the history of the department, he cut down its clerical force twenty-five per cent.; and he would have cut it down still more, had not members of Congress protested so strongly that he was compelled to desist. He was reducing too much the amount of patronage.

The secretary seemed to make an effort in the direction of civil service reform after he had been in the cabinet about a year. He appointed a commission of clerks to report to him a plan by which employees should be promoted from the lower to the higher grades, the promotion in each case to be given to the clerk standing highest in a competitive examination. At least one of the members of the commission was and still is one of the best men in the department, and is, as it is safe to say all the best men are, in favor of civil service reform. The plan agreed upon was precisely in accordance with the terms of the secretary's order, but that gentleman had grown conservative after appointing the commission. He examined the report, and made his comment in writing; and, although the commission simply provided a method for carrying out his own direction, that no one should be promoted from a lower to a higher grade unless he or she should stand highest in a competitive examination, his reply was that he hardly thought he was prepared to make so radical a change as that suggested. He, however, promised to make use of the plan whenever, "in the opinion of the secretary, the public interest demanded." Under this specious and convenient phrase, the spoils system was permitted to flourish, undisturbed by competitive examination or by any intellectual test,

except that made by members of Congress themselves.

Some interesting facts of this administration ought to become part of the history of the civil service reform movement. In its second year, this secretary dismissed four women from clerkships in his most important bureau, and appointed four others to fill their places. One only of the four was known to the head of the bureau. Of the four removed, he stated, in a communication to the secretary, that one was the most industrious woman clerk in her division, and that another "merited promotion, if ability, faithfulness, and efficiency were considered." These removals and appointments, however, but aggravated an offense begun with the administration. Until then, it is believed, it had been the unbroken custom for the head of the bureau to nominate all his clerks. This official made a vigorous protest. In a long and very strong letter to the secretary, he took the ground that he should be permitted to select his own subordinates. He called the secretary's attention to the fact that he was bonded in the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and that his bond was given, among other things, "for the fidelity of the persons to be by him employed." He pertinently asked, "Can an officer, so bound, consent that others, for any reason, should select for him his employees, who would be bound by gratitude to the one who selects, leaving the bonded officer responsible alone?" And he added, with a force that cannot help meeting the approval of business men, "Indeed, I do not believe that sureties could be found to join in an official bond with an appointee to this office, were it known to them that the employees, for whose fidelity he and they are by law held responsible, were to be selected without reference to his recommendation." He urged that it was "destructive of the discipline of the office to make appointments otherwise" than on his recommendation; that "such changes in the force as have been made in the last year and ten months tend to unsettle the confidence of employees that the stability of their appointments depends in any degree upon their efficiency and faithfulness in the performance of their duties; and . . . it certainly cannot be sound practice that [the head of the bureau] should be made responsible for the official conduct of the employees, while having no voice in their selection." He closed by referring to the fact that the appointments in the department were actually made, not by the secretary, but by an assistant secretary; and he suggested that "the head of this office has equal facilities with any subordinate official for forming a judgment as to the character of the employees required."

This paper was referred to the assistant secretary, who actually made the appointments, and who was a machine politician of the worst class. The answer prepared by him argued that the head of the bureau had not the legal power to make appointments, — a power never asserted, but, on the contrary, expressly disclaimed. The secretary's reply was in better temper, but he evaded the question at issue. He insisted on his power to make all appointments, but said that the head of the bureau might object, and that his objections ought to be heeded by the secretary, if that official, in the exercise of a "wise discretion," considered the objections "well founded." The secretary's letter closed as follows: —

"There can be no objection to the [head of the bureau] nominating persons whom he may think proper to fill vacancies, but it cannot be conceded that such nomination is a condition precedent to appointment, or that an objection of the [head of the bureau] to a person appointed shall be fatal, if held by the secretary to be unreasonable." In other words, and as further events

demonstrated, the secretary proposed to do as he would concerning appointments to the clerkships in the bureau.

The reply to the secretary simply pointed out the errors into which the assistant secretary had fallen, and restated the bureau chief's position. How far the objections which the secretary invited availed against the appointment of improper persons to clerkships may be judged from the following instances: A woman was named for a place in the bureau, the duties of which involved the counting of money. The chief knew that in the secretary's office there were papers showing that the woman had been imprisoned in a penitentiary for forgery; had betrayed to a gang of counterfeiters some detectives, to aid whom she had been employed; and had been, generally, a woman of bad character. The chief called the attention of the secretary to these important facts and to his invitation, and objected to her appointment. The only concession that the secretary would consent to make was that she should not fill the place for which she was first selected. He gave her another position, however, and afterward promoted her. Just as he was leaving office, he sent another woman to the bureau. Her duties were to be clerical, but she could not write legibly, nor spell correctly, even when she was copying from printed matter. The envelopes directed by her are still preserved as masterpieces of ignorance. The chief objected to her appointment; but the secretary insisted, and she had to be retained.

These facts show what can happen under the spoils system. A long and weary list of similar facts — similar in character, if not so exaggerated in degree — might be given. But that such outrages as these may be perpetrated under the forms of law ought to be sufficient to demonstrate the necessity of an immediate change. It may be, as politicians seem to assert, that their race will always remain so impure that such offenses will continue to be committed even against the law; but the time to make the trial has surely come. The burglar plies his vocation notwithstanding the law, but that is not thought a reason for repealing the statutes against burglary.

Congressmen now violate the law by assuming the functions of the appointing power which the constitution gives to the executive, and they debauch the civil service by refusing to establish a system which will prevent their infringement of this fundamental law. How far they go in taking from the President his undoubted rights is shown by the letter which begins this article; how far its connection with party politics is injurious to the service is shown by the examples of abuses which have been given.

An experience of many years with the departments in Washington must convince an honest observer that the evil which is farthest reaching, because most common, can be cured by competitive examination alone. This evil is the lack of material in the lower grades of the service for promotion to the higher. This is a more dangerous because more insidious evil than the appointment of grossly incompetent persons. If that were as common as it is popularly supposed to be, it would in time cure itself. Naturally, most appointments are made to the first-class, or lowest, clerkships, and into these places members of Congress thrust the followers for whom they feel compelled to provide. It is not true that they do not take the intelligence of the appointees into account. The trouble is that they are satisfied with competency for the actual work that is required of first-class clerks. That work does not call for much intelligence. Any one who can write legibly, and who can spell well enough not to make gross errors in copying, is able to satisfy the principal

demands made upon first-class clerks. A congressman thinks his duty to the government discharged when he has ascertained that his constituent has just enough intelligence and training to perform the lowest duties that will be required of him. Congressmen are not half so bad as some of the reformers make them appear. No one of them would, as a matter of fact, take an "end man" of a negro minstrel troupe to the Secretary of the Treasury, and ask for his appointment to a clerkship, on the ground of his being the best comic singer and the best story-teller in the country. Congressmen have a higher respect for genius than this. The "end man" might be recommended for a diplomatic position, but never for a clerkship. The man who will be urged for the clerkship will, in all probability, be one who has never been able to rise above a six or seven hundred dollar position in a country grocery store, and to whom a twelve hundred dollar government place means almost undreamed-of wealth. He is perfectly competent, however, to do the work that is expected of him. Of course, he will not actually do it, because he is lazy, and, as he is appointed through congressional influence, he will hold his place, not by merit and industry, but by the same means that obtained him his clerkship. He has nevertheless the intellectual capacity to do the work of his desk. The great difficulty is that he has not the capacity to deserve promotion. This is the first sore spot in our civil service. If congressmen really secured the appointment of men because they were banjo players or comic singers, or simply because they distributed tickets at the polls, the present bad system would very soon break down, because the service itself would be destroyed. The evil would cure itself by its own enormity. As it is, congressional dealers in patronage can truly ask, "Do we, as a rule, recommend men for first-class clerkships who are not competent to perform the duties required of them?" The answer must be that they do not, as a rule, select persons who cannot perform the easy duties of first-class clerks. It might be better if they did. Now, at least, they have a mask for the evils of the system which they insist upon preserving.

The injury that the spoils system does to the service is felt in the higher grades of clerkships. Almost any head of a department or bureau will say that the only way in which the higher clerical positions can be filled properly is by promotion from the lower grades. Intelligent men and women, who begin as first-class clerks, and who do their work industriously and conscientiously, have an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the manner of conducting business in the department generally, such as no outside person can have. When, however, the majority of the first-class clerks are persons without any capacity for improvement, promotion to the higher grades cannot go on as rapidly as it ought. Places must be left unfilled until congressmen have some really good men to be put in training in first-class clerkships; or else persons must be assigned directly to the higher clerkships, and time must be taken by the heads of bureaus or divisions to give necessary instruction in the duties to be performed. In either event, the service is crippled, because by the present method of appointment the intelligence of applicants for clerkships is not determined. This is not a picture of the imagination. The Treasury Department has long been an illustration. It is suffering now, as it has been for years, because of the lack of proper material in the lowest grade of clerks, from which to secure the needed experts.

The trouble lies in the test of intelligence applied, and in the character of tenure. Congressmen say that they can make the best selections, for they know the applicants. This is one of

the fictions of the spoils system. If the truth were known, it would doubtless be discovered that very few of the persons recommended for appointment to clerkships are personally known to the senators or members who vouch for them. Those who ask for clerkships are not generally the political workers, with whom the member from the district comes in contact. They are more likely to be dependent relatives or thriftless friends of the workers, and their appointment is demanded as a return for services that have been rendered the congressman. The inquiry made by the latter discovers just enough to make it certain that the applicant is not unfit for a position just above that of watchman or messenger. In addition, the meagre and unsatisfactory pass examination comes to the help of the government. What John Stuart Mill said was true of it in England is also true of it here: "It is merely adequate to exclude dunces." The worthlessness of these examinations has so long been recognized by all who know anything of the civil service that it is unnecessary to discuss them. Briefly, they may be said, when they are used, to complete the congressional test, and to determine fitness for first-class clerkships, without discovering any capacity for growth or improvement.

It is a common remark among politicians that the test imposed by competitive examination lacks one essential element, and that is the power to discover the business talents of applicants for clerkships. The implication that business talents are needed is very amusing to those who are familiar with government clerks as a class. Clerks and men of affairs are different kinds of beings. If the men who seek clerkships in government offices were possessed of the talents that make successful business men, they would not be content to earn small salaries for recording what is done by the executive heads of their departments. The late President Garfield once said that what struck him most forcibly, in going through the Treasury Department, was the noticeable lack of back-head among the clerks. Most of the men who find employment under the government, as clerks, are persons who have failed in their efforts to make a living in business pursuits, or who have never had the energy or the self-confidence to make the attempt to carry on affairs for themselves. As a rule, they belong to the numerically large class of beings whose work in life is to see that the fruits of enterprise and intelligence are preserved after they have been plucked by stronger men. They are the book-keepers, and copyists, and voucher guardians of the world. At least, that is what the government expects most of them to be. A very few of them deal directly with men in a way to demand such a knowledge of human nature as will enable them to protect the interests of the government; but most of the persons whose duty it is to make contracts, to govern and regulate the conduct of minor employees, — in short, to be executive officers, — are not those who would be affected by the proposed reform of the civil service. No intelligent reformer desires to bring officers of the government within the rules proposed for the regulation of appointments and promotions to clerkships. The effort that is now making is directed simply to providing a better method for securing clerks, — persons who are not in any sense in official life. They are merely the assistants of those holding office. They decide nothing. They advise nothing. They have no power. They administer no laws. They are no more officers of the government than are the fingers and pen of the head of the bureau or division whom they serve.

It is true that many of the clerks in government employ consider themselves in office, and speak of themselves as office-holders. It is common enough to

hear women clerks, whose sole duty it is to copy letters, or other manuscript, for the printer, say that they are "in office." The fact, however, that these people thus indulge their vanity, or that they misconceive their own status, can make no difference. It cannot change them from what they are, — the implements with which their official superiors perform the duties required by law. The habit of looking on them as office-holders, however, has been the cause of a good deal of embarrassment to civil service reform. There is a vast difference between the honors of office and the place of a clerk; and the argument in favor of the purchase, by the government, of the clerical services of a man or a woman because of his political beliefs or her congressional "influence" reaches its absurd but logical conclusion when it is used in favor of a certain kind of pen, or a particular brand of paper. The active politician who has wriggled into Congress has, however, just as much right to complain because his friend's pens or paper are not bought on his recommendation as he has to fly into a passion because a certain set of fingers, also recommended by him, are not hired to use the pens and paper. The clerk is no more an officer of the government than are the tools with which he does his work.

The talk about business qualifications of first-class clerks is simply one of the refuges of a weak cause. Almost the first thing a politician does, when a project for supplanting the spoils system is presented to him, is to look about for an argument against it. What he is after is only something to say in opposition. It does not matter how absurd he may be. If he has only a formula to repeat, that satisfies him, and he clings to it obstinately and doggedly, because he has determined never to give in. This talk about the business talents is one of the formulæ. It should be borne in mind that, under the reform proposed in Senator Pendleton's bill, — which embraces what the reformers are agreed upon, — no one is to receive a permanent appointment until after a probation of several months, and appointments are to be made to the lowest, or first-class, clerkships. This makes the "business capacity" argument apply to these low-grade clerks.

Of course the men who develop business capacity in doing their clerical work will have a chance for promotion to executive places, under almost any system. They have it even under the wretched system that now obtains. There is no better illustration of this than that afforded by the experience of the very able treasurer of the United States, who has risen to his present office from a first-class clerkship. There are men in every department of the government who, like him, have risen to high administrative office through the sheer force of their own characters; and in almost every instance they have developed and given evidence of their capacity by the discharge of their duties in lower positions in the various departments to which they have been attached. These men receive promotion because the business of the departments would be almost fatally crippled without them. The rewards given for good service and intelligent work under the spoils system are very few. They are just what are absolutely necessary to enable the civil service to accomplish anything at all. Even the few expert men who are retained are occasionally attacked by politicians in Congress, who want their places for valuable henchmen; but the politicians who have become heads of departments have learned that without these men their own administrations would be gross failures. Therefore, a few good men may be found in every department of the government, who, with much labor and under many disadvantages, and with great weariness of soul because of the sur-

rounding inefficiency, carry on the work of their departments. There is no better method of determining the capacity of men for what are really administrative offices under the government than that by which these men have been tested. They have, with very few exceptions, been instructed for their higher duties by actually performing the duties of those who are now their clerks.

Under the proposed reform, all offices requiring administrative ability would naturally be filled from the service. The little that is now done in this direction is proof enough of this. There is really no test that can determine the possession of qualifications needed in the government employ that can equal that of service, and there is not an honest and experienced head of a department or bureau who will not admit this. Under the spoils system, however, education by experience is very largely prevented, because, first, the lower-grade clerks have not the intelligence to acquire it; and, second, the uncertainty of tenure takes away the incentive to work. The promotions that have been made for efficiency have been those only that have been forced on the departments. The interference of congressmen with appointments prevents the recognition of capacity. A senator or a member who has secured a clerkship for a friend, or a friend's friend, naturally thinks him fit for advancement, after some service in the department on which he has been saddled. If the head of the office protests that the clerk is unfit for promotion, the congressman attributes the opposition to personal hostility, or to some other unworthy motive. He pretends, then, to have suspicions that this bureau chief is not the person he ought to be, and he threatens investigation, or a complaint to the President, or that he will "fight his bill," or that he will have his appropriations cut down, or that he will do something that will make his enemy's official life a burden to him. This keeps the unhappy "bureaucrat" constantly fighting for the preservation of the service from resentful attacks. He must either employ inefficient persons, or see his appropriations reduced to such an extent that he cannot properly administer his office. The evils, therefore, of the spoils system, so far as they relate to the intelligence of the clerks, are felt chiefly in the matter of obtaining suitable persons for the higher grades. The fact that very few first-class clerks can ever become worthy of promotion is one that is recognized by those whose duty it is to superintend their work. The congressional test of capacity is so crude and unsatisfactory that it determines nothing. What is needed is some method that will ascertain the real intellectual character of applicants. When a person is appointed to a first-class clerkship, the government is interested in knowing that he has intelligence; that he possesses the elements of growth; that he can receive instruction, and so profit by his service in a lower position that he will become fitted for a higher. There is no test that can be applied that will discover this so well as a thorough intellectual examination. Pass examinations amount to nothing, because they do not go far enough. In a competitive examination, the person who comes out first demonstrates his superiority; and when the government secures the services of such a man it is assured of a clerk who has at least one essential qualification for the work he will be called upon to do. He has given the best evidence in the world that he possesses the ability and the energy to acquire knowledge. This is one great step in advance of anything that is offered by the congressional test, which at its very best simply finds that the applicant has acquired the power to do the simplest kind of clerical labor. Competitive examination must determine not only the actual information of the candidate, but his possession of the

power of development. In other words, while experience has taught the heads of departments and bureaus in Washington that, under the spoils system, the lowest grade of clerkships is filled with people who ought never to be promoted, the introduction of the system of competitive examinations, proposed by the advocates of a reformed civil service, must necessarily put into the government employ persons of sufficient intelligence to fill the higher grades.

The test of character, under the spoils system, is made after an applicant receives his appointment; and after the bad character of a clerk has been discovered, it is more than likely that the official who wants to discharge him will find an angry and threatening member of Congress standing in his way, and alluding significantly to his power over the appropriation bills and to his influence with the President. It is unnecessary, however, to point out the advantages of the merit over the spoils system, in this respect. Under the one, no clerk would receive an appointment without being first put on probation; under the other, applicants are made clerks at once. Under the one, clerks must go to a higher place from the grade just below, and the probability is that the clerk best fitted for promotion will receive it; under the other, it has been demonstrated that it is hard to find persons who are worthy of advancement.

Undoubtedly, a change in the character of the tenure of government clerkships would do much to cure this evil. There are not many incentives now for a clerk in a lower grade to train himself for promotion. Many do educate themselves by faithful service, but they are superior men and women. If a congressman, by chance, puts a really intelligent person into a first-class clerkship, the knowledge that the retention of his place and promotion depend on influence rather than on efficiency is a powerful means of suppressing any ambition to excel. An improvement of tenure might accomplish something, but the service cannot be made what it ought to be without a change of the method of selecting clerks for the lower grades. The conclusion to which an honest and thorough examination of the facts of our civil service leads is that congressmen appoint to clerkships, as a rule, people who, from lack of intelligence or industry, never prepare themselves for promotion to places where skilled experience is required.

This is the truth about the civil service, so far as the character of the clerks is concerned. It is not part of the purpose of this paper to discuss the other gross evils of the spoils system. The country ought by this time to be thoroughly informed of how much time is spent by heads of departments in attending to the demands of applicants for offices and clerkships. It ought now to be a recognized fact that it is impossible for cabinet officers to be really the heads of their departments. Some of them never pretend to acquire a knowledge of their duties. No department of the government has escaped the demoralizing influences of "politics." No head of any department gives his time and his talents to the service of the government. They are demanded by and given to others, who have no right to them.

The gravest evil of the spoils system is its influence on politics. This subject, also, has been exhaustively discussed, and ought now to be thoroughly understood. It is, however, one of the weaknesses of politicians that they think that the power to distribute the spoils strengthens them personally. On the contrary, it weakens them. The power breeds a race of shifty, cunning politicians, who, as a rule, are worthless citizens. For every office or clerkship a congressman has to fill, there is a horde of applicants. For every gratified seeker, there are a hundred disappointed. The appointment always makes more enemies than

friends, and the man who depends wholly on his employment of patronage for retention in public life is always driven out in the end. The machine politicians, as a class, are helped by the spoils system; for the disappointed office-seekers invariably take up arms for some one on whom they think they can rely for favors. They desire to put out of place the man who disappointed them, and to put in place some one who will treat them better. The spoils keep them in politics, and they are beaten every time a decent man is sent to Congress, or is elected to any office to which is attached the power of appointment. Were it not for the spoils system, good men might be sent to Congress for many terms in succession, and these might have time for the doing of some legislative work. As it is, Congress is largely made up of a succession of machine politicians, who are elected to distribute the spoils, and who are turned out for making mistakes in the distribution.

The contrast between the spoils and the merit systems was splendidly illustrated in the administration of Mr. Hayes. The Department of the Interior furnished the contrast. In it there was a real reform of the civil service. No one was appointed except after winning his place in a competitive examination; no clerk was removed except for cause and after a hearing. The reform suffered because it was not general, and because it felt the influences that prevailed throughout the other departments of the government. Assessment collectors threatened its clerks, although the secretary forbade the circulation of their papers within the department, and there was always the fear of what the next secretary might approve or disapprove. Work that ought to have been done by a special commission had to be done by a committee of the clerks of the department, in addition to their regular duties. But, notwithstanding all the drawbacks that resulted from the general indifference of the administration to the movement, Mr. Schurz's experiment was a decided success; and it is surprising that the advocates of a reform of the civil service have not made more use of it, as an argument. It certainly demonstrated that the adoption of the English system, or something like it, is practicable in this country. It gave the Interior Department better clerks than it had ever had before, and, what is more, it gave the secretary practically all his time to devote to the work of the government. He had no applicants for place to trouble him, for it very soon came to be understood that success in a competitive examination was the only way open to seekers after employment. The clerks were contented, for they knew that they would not lose their places as long as they remained efficient and honest. For the same reason, they worked faithfully. The indolence that is always noticed among those who rely on political influence for appointment to and retention in place is never seen among those who depend on merit. Singularly enough, there was none of the insolence on the part of the clerks, in their treatment of those having business with the department, which is so confidently predicted, by the enemies of civil service reform, as sure to follow the adoption of a system which shall make tenure of place permanent. For once was seen a department of the government managed on business principles, and it was a wholesome and pleasant sight to all who believe that the civil service should be managed in the interest of the government, and not in the interest of a political machine.

Henry L. Nelson.

ITY OF THACKERAY AND OF GEORGE ELIOT.

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simply to amuse. Some readers find an
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ire of the books independently of any
moral lessons they convey; others, again,
would find in the vivid pictures of hu-
man weakness and wickedness an in-
terest that would be too painful but for
the fact that the exhibition was meant
to serve a moral purpose.

To readers of this latter sort, one of
the strongest impressions left on the
mind by Thackeray and George Eliot
alike is a feeling of sadness and discour-
agement. is true, critics have long
ceased to spe Thackeray as a harsh
and bitter cynic. He was, indeed, a man of kind, even tender heart. Yet I doubt if his influence is not on the whole the worse, on that account, on those who accept his theories. The bitter cynic, by the very extravagance of his doctrine, brings about a reaction against it: he never can succeed in making any large number of men agree with him in wholesale contempt for the species. The majority of persons do not feel comfortable in the seat of the scornful, in the cold and gloomy isolation in which they must dwell apart from their kind. Thackeray had no real desire to make men permanently dissatisfied with themselves or the world. He held that the world was not a bad place to be born into, provided one learned what not to expect from it, and could find a way to accommodate one's self to one's place in it. In the process of learning the lesson, one must of course lose a number of agreeable illusions, and discover an immense deal that was unpleasant in the companions one was forced to live among; but a man of sense ought not to grumble at the inevitable, or be astonished long at finding the earth no paradise of innocence. The meanness, selfishness, hypocrisy, and general rascality going about the world in more or less clever disguise must sooner or later become patent to one who has eyes keen enough to see somewhat below the surface. 'T is true 't is pity; but pity 't is, 't is true. At least, one might congratulate one's self on not being befooled by smooth appearances; and thus the very keen-eyed author of Pendennis — a Selfish Story, as he calls it — with the best of intentions sets himself to uncover for us some of this masked folly and wickedness of the world, which, without his assistance, we might not have found out for ourselves so readily

Now, I do not mean to say that Thackeray secretly delighted in his self-imposed task; I merely want to describe the prevailing tone of his writing. We know how lengthy and frequent are the pages of moralizing commentary upon the character and action of his personages, which occur in most of his novels. After we have become familiar with the constant tone of these pages, do we not, as a rule, prefer to skip them, in our re-reading of the books? It is very well, no doubt, to be reminded that if we are asked to become acquainted with some very low specimens of our kind, it behooves us to recollect that they *are* of one kind with ourselves, in their faults as in their virtues, and that what is to be avoided above all things is self-righteous judgment. If we so understand the purport of Thackeray's moralizing, we must of course approve it; but, unfortunately, it is quite as open to be interpreted in another fashion, and may very easily seem the preaching of a doctrine of content with low achievement, since no other is possible to creatures frail as we are. Jones is a small-minded, self-interested individual, the author confesses; but if we reflect that we and our neighbors are really no better than Jones, we shall be loath to condemn him harshly. The reader feels this to be true enough, in a sense; and yet if we are not to pass judgment upon Jones, and we and Jones stand on the same level, then surely it follows that we are not called on to exercise any undue severity toward ourselves.

It is not that Thackeray paints men and women so much worse than they are, but we find ourselves wishing that he were content to picture his selfish worldling or his hypocritical toady, his Major Pendennis or his Charles Honeyman, without feeling it needful, at the same time, to hint to us that the odious person is only one of a numerous company of such like individuals, whom we have only to look about us to recognize.

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face, that we do not at once begin to feel the force of the sting in his laughing tongue. It is when we have laid the book down, after a second reading, that we find ourselves experiencing a revulsion from it, the sort of sickening sensation that comes from the sight of some distressingly malformed creature. Then we begin to wonder if we have not misread our author, and to recall the pleasanter personages of the society he has introduced us to, and the most cheering words of his we can remember. But do what we will, we cannot but feel that the dominant impression left on us is that Thackeray had but little faith in humankind, and but small encouragement to give men on their way through the world. He has no better philosophy to offer than that we must take life a good deal as we find it, and try for our own part not to make it much worse, if we cannot hope to make it much better; that men and women being but mortal, we must content ourselves with the good in them, if we cannot avoid seeing the bad; that if, on the whole, no one is to be admired unreservedly, neither is it worth while to spend too much energy or honest indignation in contending against fools and rogues. This seems to be about the sum of his teaching.

In the case of George Eliot, the cause of the discouraging impression produced by her work is not the same as in that of Thackeray. To answer at once the question whence it does arise, it may be said briefly that it is not so much because her doctrine is false as because it is defective. Her creed is a kind of modern stoicism, or stoicism plus certain modern ideas. It must be admitted that such a creed has in it much of truth and nobleness. There is no earnest-minded reader but must acknowledge a debt to George Eliot for the inspiration her books have been to him. The words of a sympathetic critic in reference to Daniel Deronda hold good of her writings as a whole: "This book has done something to prevent our highest moments from making our every-day experience seem vulgar and incoherent, and something to prevent our every-day experience from making our highest moments seem spectral and unreal." The message which George Eliot delivers by the mouths of all the noblest characters of her novels is no uncertain one, and, whatever its variety of utterance, the burden of it is always the same; namely, that, frail as human nature is, it may ever aspire to the perfect good, and be faithful to the highest truth it has been able to find for itself. Dorothea, in the hour of her deepest trial, "yearned toward the perfect Right, that it might make a throne within her and rule her errant will;" and after the crisis of her anguish is passed she says to another, "Trouble is so hard to bear, is it not? How can we think that any one has trouble, — piercing trouble, — and we could help them, and never try?" Maggie Tulliver says to her lover, "Oh, life is difficult! Many things are difficult and dark to me; but I see one thing quite clearly, — that I must not, cannot, seek my own happiness by sacrificing others. Love is natural, but surely pity and faithfulness and memory are natural, too." Romola says, "We can only have the highest happiness by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see that it is good." Utterances like these may be multiplied indefinitely. The only life worth living, she tells us, is the life, toward self, of infinite aspiration, and, toward others, of infinitely active compassion. She will not allow, with Thackeray, that we can strike an average of goodness, and make ourselves content with that. If she sees clearly the pettiness of human na-

ture, she discerns also the nobility that is in it; she believes in the latter equally with the former, and in man's capacity for self-elevation equally with his capacity for self-degradation. She understands the baseness of human nature, as witness Grandcourt and Peter Featherstone; and she understands, also, all its variety of meanness, selfishness, weakness, and possibility of deterioration, as witness the Gleggs, Tom Tulliver, Rosamond Vincy, Hetty, Arthur, Godfrey, Casaubon, Gwendolen, and Tito. But the lights of the picture alway balance the shades; to console us for the existence of the contemptible, we are persuaded to look on the admirable, and are made to realize the possibility of the one as fully as that of the other. Side by side with the least estimable of the species we are shown an Adam and Dinah, a Seth, a Felix Holt, a Romola, a Maggie, a Dorothea, a Fedalma, a Deronda.

If we had nothing better, we might be thankful to accept a teaching like that of these great works. Indeed, such is the power of a writer like George Eliot that it is difficult, while the spell of her genius is immediately upon us, to resist falling into accord with her tone, and seeming to ourselves to adopt her point of view; for the time being we can see no brighter illumination of the mystery of existence than shines from these pages. The men and women she creates are for us veritable human beings, whom we come to know and sympathize with intimately; and such wisdom as these are able to attain unto appears the sole wisdom attainable by any. But we may fully admit and freely admire all that is true and noble in the writings of a Marcus Aurelius or a George Eliot, and yet be far from regarding them as containing the whole truth.

The defect of ancient stoicism and of modern humanitarianism is, in a word, a lack of religion; of an assured hold on those fundamental principles which give an answer to the deep questioning of the human spirit as to the why and whence and whither of its existence. So far as we can judge, George Eliot appears to have adopted the general stand-point of agnosticism. The mere lack of any determinate expression of religious belief would not support this inference; but we feel that here George Eliot is eager to make known to mankind the best that she has found for herself, and therefore her silence touching these vital questions of the origin and destiny of man is full of sad significance. For her, perhaps, as well as for Mr. Frederic Harrison, Christianity meant "what is taught in average churches to the millions of professing Christians." If such teaching represented to her the truth of Christianity, she may not have greatly cared to examine it; but if she had desired to inquire into the matter, it is reasonably certain that such current, conventional Christianity would not have satisfied her religious needs. It is not for us to inquire into an author's personal convictions, unless, as in this case, an insight into them helps us to interpret writings whose chief interest is in their ethical purport; and it is not in the spirit of Christian Philistinism that I comment on or lament George Eliot's want of religion. To make use of a phrase of Mr. John Morley, the mere label that is commonly affixed to a person is matter of little moment. There is a kind of orthodoxy which is consistent with a complete unintelligence of the profound simplicities of religion that Christ himself believed in and lived by. We may, however, allow ourselves the regret that the light did not shine into places which remained dark for George Eliot to the end, and the wish that she might have been able to enter into the spirit of true Christianity, for the sake of her own greater inward peace and joy, and for the sake of the highest stimulus and encouragement her writings might have

afforded to others. Large and noble as was her own spiritual nature, George Eliot intellectually was not above her age, but of it; and it is in this fact that we see the explanation of the underlying sadness in all her books, which it is impossible for those who have received the most good from them to ignore.

It is from a fancied necessity to deny the possibility of any absolute knowledge of spiritual things that this depressing influence results. To recognize an influence the opposite of this, and to feel the fuller inspiration that comes from the intellectual affirmation of religious truth, we have only to turn to Robert Browning. Whether or not he is a Christian of the most orthodox pattern we do not know, and need not ask; the important thing we do know, because we can see it for ourselves, is that he has the substance of religious faith. In all his poetic work there is manifested a confidence amounting to settled certainty in the being of God and the immortality of man. Browning's mind is in some respects more akin to George Eliot's than that of any other writer of the day: he has an intellect like hers, both keen and strong, the varied learning and the power of subtle analysis so remarkable in her, the same deep knowledge of human nature and the same wide sympathies which she displays. But when they speak of life, its meaning and its end, how different is his tone from hers! All his knowledge of life's sorrows, mistakes, temptations, failures, has no power to sink him in despondency: over all these he rises triumphant, in the assurance of his faith in God, and in a life beyond this narrow present. Existence is no sad, perplexing mystery; in the light of the great spiritual facts of God's being and man's relation to him, all is explained, all is bright with hope. The only real failure on man's part is to lose hope, and to cease from aspiration. Sorrow and temptation, what are they but

"Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee, and turn thee forth sufficiently impressed. . . .
Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!"

George Eliot's Romola misses all the happiness of her life; Dorothea errs, and fails of the good she would have done; Maggie Tulliver's life "trails on a broken wing" to its tragic end. It is of such lives as these that Browning says,

"Not on the vulgar mass
Called 'work' must sentence pass,
Things done that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice;

"But all the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount."

All this, he says, the man or woman is worth to God "whose wheel the pitcher shaped." George Eliot, too, would say that all which her Maggie and Dorothea could not be, and all that others ignored in them, went to swell their amount; but she does not go on and bid us note that metaphor of the potter's wheel and confidently declare,

"Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure,
What entered into thee
That was, is, and shall be;
Time's wheel runs back or stops, potter and clay endure."

Falling short or failure is the token of man's superiority over the brute creation, which knows of nothing but itself, nor of any advance beyond itself. Mere moral blamelessness Browning cares little for, because it is not enough; he has ceased to concern himself with that, in his eager desire for something higher; he rejoices in all those impulses and

passions that rouse men from apathetic rest, and urges them to spiritual effort. In Rabbi Aben Ezra, the poem from which I have quoted the above verses, he looks forward to old age, and to the life beyond, which is to carry on and complete the earthly one.

"Enough now if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone."

And so, the old man says he will

"Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to indue."

In his high and hopeful philosophy, based on a firm belief in an absolute source and principle of spiritual life who is a personal God and Father of spirits, Browning shows himself beyond his age, which for that reason has heretofore failed to recognize his greatness, or appreciate the worth of his teaching. But the time must come when his title to honor as a teacher of spiritual truth will be gratefully acknowledged, and there are signs that the day is not far off.

Maria Louise Henry.

STAGE ROSALINDS

Most readers of Shakespeare have a very clear ideal of Rosalind. They may be in doubt as to the physical and mental traits of others of his women, — Lady Macbeth, Beatrice, Portia, or even Juliet; but the heroine of As You Like It lives in their eyes as well as in their hearts and minds, a very firmly and deeply engraven personage. This is partly because Shakespeare himself has done so much more to help us in forming a conception of Rosalind than he has done in regard to any other of his women, except Imogen. For it is worthy of special remark that he has given us hardly a hint as to his own idea of the personal appearance, or even of the mental and moral constitution, of these prominent figures of his *dramatis personæ*. We are left to make all this out for ourselves from their actions and their words, or from the impression which they make upon those by whom he has surrounded them. This is the dramatic way. As the dramatist never speaks in his own person, he must needs describe by the lips of others; but those others are beings of his own creation, and he can make them say what he pleases, the one about the others. It would seem, then, that a poet could hardly fail to delight his own sense of beauty by putting into the mouth of some of his personages descriptions of the charms of the women around whom centres so much of the interest of mimic life upon the stage; that he would, as fitly he might, at least cause his lovers to tell us something of the womanly beauty and the womanly charm by which they have been enthralled. Many dramatists have done this, but not Shakespeare. He was content to show us his women as they lived, and loved, and suffered, and came at last to joy in their love, or to grief, — one of them, in her ambition. And it would seem that he did this simply because he did not particularly care to do otherwise; because he had not himself any very precise conception as to particular details of person, or even of character, as to most of his women. He took an old play, or an old story, the incidents of which he thought would

interest a mixed audience, and this he worked over into a new dramatic form, making it, quite unconsciously, and altogether without purpose, scene by scene and line by line, immortal by his psychological insight and the magic of his style. If the action marched on well, and the personages and the situations were interesting, he was content; and he concentrated such effort as he made — making very little, for he wrote his plays with a heedless ease which is without a parallel in the history of literature — upon the scene immediately in hand, without much thought as to what had gone before or what was to come after. That was determined for him mostly by the story or the play which he had chosen to work upon; and the splendid whole which he sometimes, but not always, made was the unpremeditated and, I am sure, the almost unconscious result of an inborn instinct of dramatic effect of the highest kind, and an intuitive perception of what would touch the soul and stir the blood of common healthy human nature. These were his only motives, his only purposes; for all that we know of his life and of his dramatic career leaves no room for doubt that, if his public had preferred it, he would have written thirty-seven plays like Titus Andronicus just as readily, although not just as willingly, as he wrote As You Like It, King Lear, Hamlet, and Othello. Therefore it was — to return to our first point — that he did not trouble himself to paint us portraits of his heroines. That he should do so was not down on his dramatic brief: his audiences were interested, and therefore he was interested, chiefly, if not only, in the story that was to be set forth in action.

How bare his dramas are of personal description will hardly be believed by those who have not read them carefully, with an eye to this particular. He shows us, as I have remarked before, the effect which his personages produced upon each other; but he says very little of the means by which the effect was produced; and this is more remarkable as to his women than as to his men, because we naturally expect a poet or a novelist to concern himself more in the personal attractions of women than of men. But Shakespeare passes all this by in generalities. Romeo says that Juliet's beauty "teaches the torches to burn bright," that it "hangs upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;" the love-sick Duke, in Twelfth Night, says that Olivia was so beautiful that he "thought she purged the air of pestilence:" but neither of these enamored men says a word, or drops a hint, to tell us whether these wondrous women were fair or dark, or tall or short, — whether they were formed like fairies or like the Venus of Milo. Of Portia we know, by a chance line, that she was golden-haired; but it is by no means certain that even this touch of personal description was not suggested by the *auri sacra fames* of the fortune-hunting adventurer who wins her, rather than by the desire to give a touch of color to the picture of the heroine.

It is only when Shakespeare comes to paint the loveliest and most perfect of all his women, Imogen, who indeed seems to have been both his idol and his ideal, that he describes the beauty of which Leonatus is the hardly deserving possessor. And yet, even here again, it is by no means certain that his unwonted particularity in this respect is not the mere consequence of the peculiar nature of the domestic story that is interwoven with the political drama of Cymbeline, King of Britain. Imogen's beauty must be described, because it is partly the occasion of the wager which is the spring of the love action of the drama; because it impresses her unknown brothers; and because some particular knowledge of it is obtained by the villain of the play, "the yellow Iachimo," and is descanted on by him

as proof of his boasted success in his assault upon her chastity.

Rosalind's beauty was different from Imogen's; more splendid and impressive, if perhaps less tender and cherubic. Unless I am in error, we all think of Imogen as rather a little below than above the standard height of woman's stature. Rosalind was notably tall; a girl who at middle age would become magnificent. She was fair, with dark lustrous hair, and eyes perhaps blue, gray, or black, according as the man who thinks of her has eyes black, brown, or blue; but I am pretty sure that they were of that dark olive green which has all the potentiality of both blue and black, and which is apt to accompany natures which combine all the sensuous and mental charms that are possible in woman. She was of a robust — yet firm and elastic rather than robust — physical and moral nature; her vigor and her spring being, nevertheless, tempered by a delicacy of rare fineness, which had its source in sentiment, — sentiment equally tender and healthy. Such was the woman who is the central figure of the most charming ideal comedy in all dramatic literature.

Shakespeare's plays were written with a single eye to their presentation on the stage. They attained with great distinction the objective point of their production. Their author, known to the world now as the greatest of poets, and the subtlest, profoundest, and truest observer of man and of the world, was known to the public of London in his own day chiefly as the most successful and popular of playwrights. His plays were performed to full houses, when those by the best of his fellow dramatists hardly paid the expenses of production. We may be sure that in writing them, and in superintending the placing them on the stage (which doubtless fell to his hands), he was undisturbed by that lofty ideal of signification and of character which now makes their worthy performance, for his most loving students and admirers, in some cases almost impossible. King Lear, Hamlet, Antony and Cleopatra, The Tempest, and we might almost say Romeo and Juliet are now lifted too high into the realms of fancy and imagination to be within the reach of any actor whose merely human voice rivals the dialogue "twixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage." The comedies are more within the reach of ordinary human endeavor; for comedy moves upon a lower plane, deals with commoner and humbler events of man's life experiences. But, among the comedies, some of the most charming involve in their proper presentation a perplexity which is of a purely physical nature. Conspicuous among these are his two most beautiful works in ideal comedy, As You Like It and Twelfth Night. The difficulty in question is caused by the fact that in these comedies the heroines appear during the greater part of the play in male attire; and that not only do they go about before *us* dressed as men and acting as men, but appear to their lovers as men, and deceive them, almost from *Enter* to *Exeunt*. Of these plays, As You Like It presents the greatest difficulty of this kind, and with that we shall now chiefly concern ourselves.

It is first to be said, however, that for this contrivance for the production of dramatic movement and the exciting of dramatic interest the author is not properly responsible. He found these incidents and these entanglements in the stories which he undertook to dramatize, and which he chose because they were already in favor with the public he sought to please. The masquerading of a young woman in man's attire was a favorite device with all the story-writers and play-writers of the sixteenth century, in whose works Shakespeare found the material for most of his dramas. As You Like It is built out of the material of one of these stories; rather,

indeed, it is one of these stories made playable by Shakespeare's skill as a dramatist, and lifted by him unconsciously into the realms of immortality by his poetic uplook and his sweet and universal sympathy. Almost whether he would or would not, he was obliged to make his heroine go through her prolonged parade of sexual deception.

And now to consider this in regard to its possibility: first, for Shakespeare's audience; next, as the Scotch lassie wished her partner to consider love, "in the aibstract." Briefly, the case is this: Rosalind meets Orlando in the orchard of the Duke's palace, talks with him, sees him wrestle, talks with him again, falls in love with him, and captivates him by her beauty and her grace, and by that subtle emanation of her sex's power when moved by love which is one of its strongest and most enchaining influences; she leaves him so under the influence of her personality that, moved by all these motives, and by the sympathy of such a woman in his moody and desperate condition, he loves her before they meet again. Within a few days they do meet in the Forest of Arden: he in his proper person; she in the person of a saucy young fellow, who is living a half-rural, half-hunter life on the edge of the forest. There she encounters him on many occasions, during what must have been a considerable period of time, some ten days or a fortnight; and there, also, she meets her father, the banished Duke, and Jaques, a cynical old gentleman, of much and not very clean worldly experience. By none of these persons is her sex suspected. She even wheedles Orlando into playing, like child's play, that she is his Rosalind; and all the while it never enters his head that this pretty, wayward, willful, witty lad is the beautiful woman whose eyes and lips won him to return the love that she had given him unasked. Now this is simply impossible; absolutely impossible; physically impossible; morally impossible; outrageously impossible. It is an affront to common sense, a defiance to the evidence of our common senses; impossible now, impossible then, impossible ever, — unless under the conditions which Shakespeare prescribes for it, which conditions are violated by every Rosalind that I ever saw upon the stage, and most of all by the last of them, who not only erred in this respect with all her sisters, but who, among the many bad Rosalinds that I have seen, was indisputably the worst.[1]

In judging of what Shakespeare did in As You Like It, and other plays of similar construction, we must first of all take into consideration the conditions under which he wrote. The most important of these in our present view is that, in his day, there were no actresses upon the stage: all women's parts, young and old, were played by men. This was added to the marvel of his creation of enchanting womanhood, — that he was writing those women's words for actors who had to be shaved before they were ready to go on with their parts. But in plays like As You Like It the complication was yet greater. There was a double inversion. His woman's words, his self-revealing, almost self-creating woman's words, were to be spoken not only by a man pretending to be a woman, but by a man pretending to be a woman who pretended to be a man. Shakespeare, however, was surely troubled by nothing of this. He struck right

[1] And yet Mrs. Langtry is singularly endowed with all the physical traits required for an ideal Rosalind. I would not publicly blazon her beauties and catalogue her charms, nor on the other hand point with invidious finger at deficiencies and superfluities that make us wonder what must be the common standard of the country in which she, as *pulcherrima*, bears off the golden apple. I shall only say that both above and below the waist, in its upper as well as its lower limbs, her figure is notably like that of a fine, well-grown lad; and that her face, even in the wonderful setting of the jewel eyes, which with the line of the nose is the finest part of it, might well be that of an uncommonly pretty young fellow of Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Norman blood.

at the heart of things, and made his woman for us as she lived in his imagination. Whether Anne Page was to be presented by an Anne Page, or by a lubberly postmaster's boy, or whether she was not to be presented, it was quite the same to him. If he was to make her at all, he must make her as he did. To produce her thus was just as easy for him as for an inferior workman to turn out his clumsy creature, who might indeed be a postmaster's boy in petticoats. But so far as performance was concerned, stage illusion, or whatever we may call that impression which we receive from the mimic life of the theatre, this performance of women's parts by young men was of the greatest importance when we come to consider the representation of female personages who assume the dress and the character of men. For in the first place, as it will be seen, the male guise was then not disguise. What the spectator saw before his eyes was actually a young man, who might or might not, upon occasion, assume certain feminine airs and graces with more or less success. And this physical fact was of the more importance, because in these plays, generally, the woman is disguised during the greater part of the performance, and takes on her woman's weeds again, if at all, only in the last scene. Nor does the reverse of the action present any difficulty at all equal to that which has been thus overcome. A handsome, smooth-faced young man, skilled in the actor's art, and disguised by wig and paint, could very easily present a face to his audience which they would not think for a moment of doubting was that of a woman; and when he was playing the woman scenes of his woman part, all that was distinctively masculine in his person would be entirely concealed by his woman's dress. In his woman's scenes, his disguise would be so easy that to a skilled and practiced actor they would present no difficulty that would give him a moment's trouble. This was even more so in Shakespeare's day than it is now; for then the dress of a lady, with its high ruff, its stiff stomacher, and its huge farthingale destroyed in every case all semblance to the lines of woman's figure as nature has bounteously vouchsafed it to us. No one can study the portraits of gentlewomen of the time of Elizabeth and James I. without seeing that the human creatures within that portentous raiment might just as well, for all their semblance to woman, be masculine as feminine. And if there had not been almost equal absurdity and extravagance in some parts of male costume of that day, the difficulty in this matter of disguise would have been rather in the acceptance of the pretending man as a woman in masquerade. For, referring to the impossibility above set forth that Rosalind could have been mistaken for a young man by her lover, we see that, even if her face were masked or hidden, and her dress revealed her woman's form as it does upon our stage, no man who had sufficient appreciation of a woman's beauty to deserve to possess it could be deceived in the sex of Ganymede for one moment. And yet it would seem as if the Rosalinds — all of them — laid themselves out to defy both Shakespeare and common sense in this matter to the utmost of attainable possibility. When they come before us as Ganymede they dress themselves not only as no man or boy in England, but as no human creature within the narrow seas, was dressed in Shakespeare's time. Instead of a doublet they don a kind of short tunic, girdled at the waist and hanging to the knee. They wear long stockings, generally of silk, imagining them to be hose, and ignorant, probably, that in Shakespeare's time there were not a dozen pair of silk hose in all England. Nevertheless they go about with nothing but tight silk stockings upon their legs, amid the underwood and brambles of the Forest of

Arden. Madame Modjeska, with some appreciation of this absurdity, wears long buttoned gaiters, which are even more anachronistic than the silk stockings. Upon their heads, they all of them, without exception, wear a sort of hat which was unknown to the masculine head in the days of Elizabeth and James, — a low-crowned, broad-brimmed something, more like what is known to ladies of late years as a Gainsborough than anything else that has been named by milliners. If a man had appeared in the streets of London at that day in such a hat, he would have been hooted at by all the 'prentices in Eastcheap. There was not in all the Forest of Arden a wolf or a bear, of the slightest pretensions to fashion, that would not have howled at the sight of such a head-gear. Briefly, the Rosalinds of the stage are pretty, impossible monsters, unlike anything real that ever was seen, unlike anything that could have been accepted by their lovers for what they pretend to be, and particularly unlike that which Shakespeare intended that they should be.

Let us see what Shakespeare did intend his Rosalind to be when she was in the Forest of Arden. And first, as we have already seen, he provided carefully for one important part of the illusion in making his heroine "more than common tall." He evidently conceived Rosalind as a large, fine girl, with a lithe, although vigorous and well-rounded figure. But when he sends her off with Celia, to walk through lonely country roads and outlaw-inhabited forest glades, he takes special care to leave us in no doubt as to the extent as well as the nature of her concealment not only of her sex but of her personal comeliness. She reminds Celia that "beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold;" and then they go into the particulars of their disguise in speeches, one part of which is always cut out, amid the many curtailments to which this play is subjected for the stage. Celia says not only, "I'll put myself in poor and mean attire," but also, "and with a kind of umber smirch my face." "The like do you," she adds to Rosalind; "so shall we pass along and never stir assailants." Plainly, when the young princesses set forth on their wild adventure, they did all that they could to conceal the feminine beauty of their faces. Celia puts herself in the dress of a woman of the lower classes. Rosalind assumes not merely the costume of a young man, but that of a martial youth, almost of a swashbuckler. She says that she will have "a swashing and a martial outside," as well as carry a boar-spear in her hand, and have a curtle-axe upon her thigh. And, by the way, it is amusing to see the literalness with which the stage Rosalinds take up the text, and rig themselves out in conformity with their construction, or it may be the conventional stage construction of it. They carry a little axe in their belts, among other dangling fallals, or strapped across their shoulders. But Rosalind's curtle-axe was merely a court-lasse, or cutlass, or, in plain English, a short sword, which she should wear as any soldierly young fellow of the day would wear his sword. But thus, browned, and with her hair tied up in love knots, after the fashion of the young military dandies of that time, with her boar-spear and her cutlass, she would yet have revealed her sex to any discriminating masculine eye, had it not been for certain peculiarities of costume in Shakespeare's day. These were the doublet and the trunk-hose. Rosalind, instead of wearing a tunic or short gown, cut up to the knees, like the little old woman who "went to market her eggs for to sell," when she fell asleep by the king's highway, should wear the very garments that she talks so much about, and in which I never saw a Rosalind appear upon the stage. A doublet was a short jacket, with close sleeves, fitting tight to the body, and

coming down only to the hip, or a very little below it. Of course its form varied somewhat with temporary fashion, and sometimes, indeed, it stopped at the waist. To this garment the hose (which were not stockings, but the whole covering for the leg from shoe to doublet) was attached by silken tags called points. But during the greater part of Shakespeare's life what were called trunk-hose were worn; and these, being stuffed out about the hips and the upper part of the thigh with bombast, or what was called cotton-wool, entirely reversed the natural outline of man's figure between the waist and the middle of the thigh, and made it impossible to tell, so far as shape was concerned, whether the wearer was of the male or female sex. Rosalind, by the doublet and hose that Shakespeare had in mind, and makes her mention as an outside so very foreign to the woman nature that is within, would have concealed the womanliness of her figure even more than by her umber she would have darkened, if not eclipsed, the beauty of her face. This concealment of forms which would at once have betrayed her both to father and lover, was perfected by a necessary part of her costume as a young man living a forest life: these were boots. An essential part of Rosalind's dress as Ganymede is loose boots of soft tawny leather, coming up not only over leg, but over thigh, and meeting the puffed and bombasted trunk-hose. To complete this costume in character, she should wear a coarse russet cloak, and a black felt hat with narrow brim and high and slightly conical crown, on the band of which she might put a short feather, and around it might twist a light gold chain or ribbon and medal. Thus disguised, Rosalind might indeed have defied her lover's eye or her father's. Thus arrayed, the stage Rosalind might win us to believe that she was really deluding Orlando with the fancy that the soul of his mistress had migrated into the body of a page. This Rosalind might even meet the penetrating eye of that old sinner Jaques, experienced as he was in all the arts and deceits of men and women, in all climes and in all countries. With this Rosalind Phœbe indeed might fall in love; and a Phœbe must love a man.

Nor are the perfection of Rosalind's disguise and the concealment of her sex from the eyes of her companions important only in regard to her supposed relations with them. It is not only important, but it is essential to the development of her character, and even to the real significance of what she says and does. The character of Rosalind plainly took shape in Shakespeare's mind from the situations in which he found her. The problem which he, in the making of an entertaining play, unconsciously solved was this: given a woman in such situations, what manner of woman must she be to win the man she loves, to charm her friends, to defy respectfully her usurping uncle, and to bewilder, bewitch, and delight her lover, meeting him in the disguise of a man? And what sort of woman must she be to do all this with the respect, the admiration, and the sympathy of every man, and moreover of every woman, in the world that looks on from the other side of the foot-lights, which are the flaming barrier about that enchanted ground, the Forest of Arden.

The woman that he made to do all this had, first of all, her large and bounteous personal beauty. But this, although a great step toward winning such wide admiration and sympathy, is but one step. It is hardly necessary to say that it is Rosalind's character, revealed under the extraordinary circumstances in which she is placed, that makes her the most charming, the most captivating, of all Shakespeare's women; one only, the peerless Imogen, excepted. Now Rosalind's character is composed mainly of three elements, too rarely found in

harmonious combination: a proneness to love, which must plainly be called amorousness; a quickness of wit and a sense of humor which are the most uncommon intellectual traits of her sex; and combined with these, tempering them, elevating them, glorifying them, a certain quality which can only be called an intense womanliness, a muliebrity, which radiates from her and fills the air around her with the influence — like a subtle and delicate but penetrating perfume — of her sex. Her distinctive quality, that which marks her off from all the rest of Shakespeare's women, is her sense of wit and humor, in combination with her womanliness. Others of his women, notably Viola and Imogen, are as loving, as tender, and as womanly. No other is witty and humorous and womanly too; for example, notably, Beatrice, who is very witty, but not very womanly, nor indeed very loving. Now the position in which Rosalind figures in the four acts which pass in the Forest of Arden brings out, as it would seem no other could bring out, her wittiness and her humorousness in direct relation to and combination with her sensitive, tender, and passionate nature. Rosalind, for all of her soft, sweet apprehensiveness and doubt about Orlando's value of that which she has given to him before he had shown that he desired it, enjoys the situation in which she is placed. She sees the fun of it, as Celia, for example, hardly sees it; and she relishes it with the keenest appetite. If that situation is not emphasized for the spectators of her little mysterious mask of love by what is, for them, the absolute and perfectly probable and natural deception of Orlando, Rosalind lacks the very reason of her being. To enjoy what she does and what she is, to give her our fullest sympathy, we must not be called upon to make believe very hard that Orlando does not see she is the woman that he loves; while at the same time we must see that he feels that around this saucy lad there is floating a mysterious atmosphere of tenderness, of enchanting fancy, and of a most delicate sensitiveness. Moreover, we must see that Rosalind herself is at rest about her incognito, and that she can say her tender, witty, boy-masked sayings undisturbed by the least consciousness that Orlando's eyes can see through the doublet and hose which are her first concern, when she is told plainly that he is in the Forest of Arden. The perfection of her disguise is thus essential to the higher purpose of the comedy. Rosalind was fair; but after having seen her in her brilliant beauty at the court of her usurping uncle, we must be content, as she was, to see it browned to the hue of forest exposure, and deprived of all the pretty coquetries of personal adornment which sit so well upon her sex, and to find in her, our very selves, the outward seeming of a somewhat over-bold and soldierly young fellow, who is living, half shepherd, half hunter, in welcomed companionship with a band of gentlemanly outlaws. Unless all this is set very clearly and unmistakably before us, by the physical and merely external appearance of our heroine, there is an incongruity fatal to the idea of the comedy, and directly at variance with the clearly defined intentions of its writer.

That incongruity always exists in a greater or less degree in the performance of all the Rosalinds of the stage. I can make no exception. In case of the best Rosalinds I have ever seen, the supposition that Orlando was deceived, or that any other man could be deceived, in the sex of Ganymede was absurd, preposterous. They all dress the page in such a way, they all play the page in such a way, that his womanhood is salient. It looks from his eye, it is spoken from his lips, just as plainly as it is revealed by his walk and by the shape and action of the things he walks with. That they should dress the part with

female coquetry is, if not laudable, at least admissible, excusable. The highest sense of art is perhaps not powerful enough to lead a woman to lay aside, before assembled hundreds, all the graces peculiar to her sex; but surely no artist, who at this stage of the world's appreciation of Shakespeare ventures to undertake the representation of this character, ought to fail in an apprehension of its clearly and simply defined traits, or in the action by which those traits are revealed.

It is the function of comedy to present an ideal of human life in a lightly satirical and amusing form. A comedy without wit, without humor, without the occasion of laughter, — not necessarily boisterous, nor even hearty, — fails as a comedy, although it may not be without interest as a drama. As You Like It is supremely successful in this respect. It does not provoke loud laughter; I believe that I never heard a "house laugh" at any performance of it at which I was present; but during its last four acts we listen to it with gently smiling hearts. It is filled with the atmosphere of dainty fun. Rosalind herself enjoys the fun of her strange position; she delights in her own humorous sallies almost, if not quite, as much as Falstaff revels in his. She is divided between the pleasure which she derives from the mystification of Orlando and her troubled desire to make sure of his love. Now this peculiar trait of her character cannot be fully developed unless she carries out to the utmost extreme her assumption of manhood, while she is in Orlando's company. To him she must indeed seem as if she had "a doublet and hose in her disposition." She must not lift a corner even of her mental garments, to show him the woman's heart that is trembling underneath. She wheedles him into making love to her (by a contrivance somewhat transparent to us, it is true, but not so easily seen through by him, and which, at any rate, must be accepted as a necessary condition of the action of the play), but the slightest attempt at open love-making to him on her part is ruinous; it destroys at once the humor and even the charm of the situation.[1] We see at once that it would have startled Orlando, and opened his eyes very wide indeed. And yet she must show us, who are in her secret, all the time "how many fathom deep she is in love." That outbreak of tender anxiety, when she suddenly asks him, "But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?" reveals everything to us, who know everything already; but to Orlando it is a very simple and natural question. *He* need not understand the sad, sweet earnestness of the inquiry. True, indeed, she does, with woman's art, contrive in some mysterious way that Orlando shall kiss the youth whom he in sport doth call his Rosalind, which, because of the kissing customs of those days, she might bring about more easily and safely then than she could now; but Shakespeare is wisely content to let us know by her own sweet well-kissed lips, that this act of her vicarious love-making has been duly and repeatedly performed. It takes place in secret, in some of those interviews which he did not venture to set before our eyes, so instinctively cautious was he not to break down the illusion which is the very heart and centre of this delightful work of dramatic art. Incongruity is an essential element of the ridiculous; and the humor of the action of the play (apart from its words) consists in the constantly presented inconsistency between Rosalind's external appearance and her inward feeling. She must seem *to us* (although we know to the contrary) to be a young man, or we lose the humor of half that she says and does, which she herself enjoys with a zest quite as great as ours. This trait of her character, mentioned before, can

[1] Our last Rosalind "spooned" him like a love-sick school girl.

not be too strongly insisted upon. It is shown in her answer to her father (which she tells to Celia), who asked her of what parentage she was. "I told him," she replies, "of as good as he." Now Rosalind took great delight in thus "chaffing" her own father. The absurdity of the situation, the preposterousness of the question from him to her, and the humor of her answer made her eyes dance with pleasure. Viola and Imogen wore their doublets with a difference.

For these reasons the complete disguise of Rosalind, her absolute sinking of her feminine personality, is of the utmost importance in the effective representation of this play. Must I say, however, that this matter of external seeming, although of unusual moment and significance, is but the mere material condition and starting-point of the action which reveals to us the soul and mind of this captivating woman, in whom tenderness and archness, passion and purity, are ever striving with each other, and whose wit and waywardness are ever controlled in the end by innate modesty? And by modesty I do not mean either chastity or shame; which I say, because the three things are by so many people strangely and injuriously confounded. Rosalind, we may be sure, was chaste; Orlando had no cause of trouble on that score. As an ideal woman, she was as far above the belittling of common shame as the Venus of Milo is. But, besides her chastity, she was modest. Modesty is a graceful distrust of one's own value and importance, and is quite as frequently found in men as in women. Women thoroughly unchaste are not infrequently enchantingly modest; women as chaste as she-dragons (if she-dragons are particularly distinguished for this virtue) are often hideously immodest. And so it is with the inferior and conventionally limited sensation — I cannot call it sentiment — of shame. Women who are both unchaste and immodest have in many cases a shrinking bodily shame (determined mostly, if not absolutely, by the custom of their day), which is thoughtlessly lacking in women of true purity, and of the sweetest and most winning modesty of soul. But to return to Rosalind. It will be found that, notwithstanding her readiness to put a man's clothes upon her body and a man's boldness over her heart, notwithstanding her very plain speech upon subjects which nowadays many a harlot would wince at, the real Rosalind, underneath that saucy, swaggering, booted-and-sworded outside, was sweetly modest; and that, notwithstanding her birth and her beauty, and the mental superiority of which she must have been conscious, she was doubting all the while whether she was worthy of the love of such a man as Orlando, and thinking with constant alarm of that more than half confession that she had made, unwooed, to him upon the wrestling-ground. The absolute incongruity between the real Rosalind and the seeming Ganymede is the very essence of the comedy of her situation. One example of this, which I have never seen properly emphasized upon the stage: At the end of the first interview with Orlando in the forest, after she has wheedled him into wooing her as Rosalind, she asks him to go with her to her cot.

"*Ros.* Go with me to it, and I'll show it to you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

"*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

"*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind: — Come, sister, will you go?"

Now here most Rosalinds go shyly off with Celia, and leave Orlando to come dangling after them; but when I read this passage I see Ganymede jauntily slip his arm into Orlando's, and lead him off, laughingly lecturing him about the name; then turn his head over his shoulder, and say, "Come, sister!" —

leaving Celia astounded at the boundless "cheek" of her enamored cousin.[1]

Rosalind, poor girl, with all her strength and elasticity, is not always able to stand up firmly against the flood of emotion which pours over her heart. For example, after the mock marriage, her doubts again begin to overwhelm her, and she asks Orlando how long he would have her; a question which her situation makes touchingly pathetic. (This cry of woman for love! It would be ridiculous, if it were not so sadly earnest, amid all its pretty sweetness.) And then the poor girl, looking forward, — in love man thinks only of the present, woman is always looking forward; for love makes her future, — utters that sad little bit of commonplace generality about man's wearying of the woman he has won and has possessed, thinking, plainly, all the while of herself and what may come to her; when suddenly, recollecting her part, and that she is in danger of showing what she really is, she breaks sharply off, and with rapid raillery and shrewish accent she pours out upon him that mock threat, beginning, "I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen." And again in this scene, when Orlando parts from her, and promises to return in two hours, her badinage wavers very doubtfully between jest and earnest, between humor and sentiment; but she catches herself before she falls, and beginning, "By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me," and so forth, again takes refuge in exaggerated menaces of her coming displeasure. All this is charming, even when but tolerably well set forth, and by such Rosalinds as we customarily see upon the stage; but how much it usually falls short of the effect which Shakespeare imagined can be known only to those who can see that in their minds' eye, or who shall see it, some time, in reality.

On the other hand, our stage Rosalinds are not womanly enough when they are out of sight of Orlando and of other men; when, indeed, from reaction and relaxed nerves, they should be womanly even unto womanishness. When Rosalind is with Celia she is the more woman-like of the two; the more capricious, sensitive, tender, passionful, apprehensive. It is Celia, then, who, after her mild fashion, assumes the wit and the female cynic. But our stage Rosalinds give us a lukewarm rendering of both phases of the behavior of the real Rosalind. They offer us one epicene monster, instead of two natural creatures. They are too woman-like when they are with Orlando, and too man-like when they are with Celia. And when is it that we have seen a stage Rosalind that showed us what the Rosalind of our imagination felt at the sight of the bloody handkerchief? I never saw but one. The last that I saw behaved much as if Oliver had shown her a beetle, which she feared might fly upon her, and in the end she turned and clung to Celia's shoulder. But as Oliver tells his story the blood of the real Rosalind runs curdling from her brain to her heart, and she swoons away, — falls like one dead, to be caught by the wondering Oliver. Few words are spoken, because few are needed; but this swoon is no brief incident; and Rosalind recovers only to be led off by the aid of Oliver and Celia. And here the girl again makes an attempt to assert her manhood. She insists that she counterfeited, and repeats and repeats her assertion. Then here again the stage Rosalinds all fail to present her as she is. They say "counterfeit" with at least some trace of a sly smile, and as if they did not

[1] I have used the words "cheek" and "chaff," in connection with Rosalind, because they convey to us of this day the nature of her goings-on as no other words would; and Shakespeare himself, who always treats slang respectfully, although he contemns and despises cant, would be the first to pardon me.

quite expect or wholly desire Oliver to believe them. But Rosalind was in sad and grievous earnest. Never word that she uttered was more sober and serious than her "counterfeit I assure you." And the fun of the situation, which is never absent in As You Like It, consists in the complex of incongruity, — the absurdity of a young swashbuckler's fainting at the sight of a bloody handkerchief, the absurdity of Rosalind's protest that her swoon and deadly horror were counterfeit, and our knowledge of the truth of the whole matter.

All this may be very true, our manager replies; but do you suppose that you are going to get any actress to brown her face and rig herself up so that she will actually look like a young huntsman, and play her part so that a man might unsuspectingly take her for another man? O most verdant critic, do you not know why it is that actresses come before the public? It is for two reasons, of which it would be hard to say which is the more potent: to have the public delight in them, and to get money. It is in themselves personally that they wish to interest their audiences, not in their author or his creations; those furnish but the means and the occasion of accomplishing the former. Hence it is that in all modern plays, in all (practically) that have been written since actresses came upon the stage, the women's parts must be attractive. We cannot ask an actress under fifty years of age to (in stage phrase) "play against the house." Above all, we cannot ask an actress of less than those years to put herself, as a woman, before the house in anything but an attractive form. She must have an opportunity to exhibit herself and her "toilettes;" especially both, but particularly the latter. And, O most priggish and carping critic, with your musty notions about what Shakespeare meant, and such fusty folly, the public like it as it is. They care more to see a pretty woman, with a pretty figure, prancing saucily about the stage in silk-tights, and behaving like neither man nor woman, than they would to see a booted, doubleted, felt-hatted Rosalind, behaving now like a real man and now like a real woman.

To which the critic replies, O most sapient and worldly wise manager, I know all that; and, moreover, that it is the reason why, instead of a Rosalind of Shakespeare's making, we have that hybrid thing, the stage Rosalind.

Richard Grant White.

IN WINTER MONTHS.

(RONDEAU.)

In winter months, when skies hang low,
And earth is wrapped in shrouding snow;
When naked branches, creaking, sway,
Stirred by chill winds on their slow way,
Our thoughts turn back to long ago.

No more for us the cold winds blow,
No more the dark days shorter grow;
Nor time nor change can make us stay
In winter months.

Again our spring-time seems to glow
With all the joy that youth can know;
And bleak December flees away,
Usurped by memory's blithesome May:
How blest to cheat our worn hearts so
In winter months!

F. E. Durkee.

LINTON'S HISTORY OF WOOD-ENGRAVING.

Mr. Linton, in writing this volume,[1] has done good service to his art. Had not some one collected and set down the meagre facts concerning the lives and works of the first practicers of wood-engraving in this country, they would soon have been irrecoverably lost. The men were obscure; their works, for the most part, were rude, characterized by little skill and less beauty, — products of trade rather than creations of art; but history would have been incomplete without some record of them. Mr. Linton's book will be one of the original sources for future authors, and it is satisfactory to observe the thoroughness, care, and fidelity that insure its trustworthiness. In all books on wood-engraving a difficulty arises from the impossibility of exhibiting on the page more than a few cuts, and from the necessity of continual reference to rare and often practically unknown prints. Mr. Linton has not avoided the confusion that results from great detail, and he indulges in enthusiasm over possessions of his own without remembering how he makes the interest of the ordinary reader flag. Indeed, he does not address the public so much as the craft. He has gathered from scattered biographical notices and from tradition probably all that will ever be known of the early engravers, and he has chronicled this information; but, as he himself suggests, he has given rather a contribution to the history of American wood-engraving than the history itself, which must hereafter be written by some one with more skill in grouping facts and placing them in perspective. His book is to be regarded, in the main, as the final and complete form of his twice-told protest against some of the methods and apparent aims of engravers now at work. To amplify, illustrate, and enforce the fundamental principles of the art, as he understands them, is clearly the matter nearest to his heart; and to this, therefore, as the leading interest of his pages, we shall confine our attention.

Mr. Linton's views, which have once been expressed in this magazine, are well known. His main position is that wood-engraving is an art of expression by means of lines used primarily to delineate form, and that its peculiar province is to reproduce designs, not by a fac-simile copy of the original, stroke for stroke, but by lines drawn by the graver; that it is not an imitative but an interpretative art. What he considers as mistakes in recent work are due principally to an insufficient appreciation of the value of line, or to a slavish subservience to the designs. These errors are incident to the development of the manual skill of the engravers, and to the increase of their mechanical resources. As it became possible,

[1] *The History of Wood-Engraving in America.* By W. J. Linton. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1882.

by improved processes, to print fine lines, the chief objection to their use in wood-engraving disappeared; and when, on experiment, it was found that pleasing color effects resulted from the employment of such lines, independently of their function to define forms, and that the look of paint, bronze, clay, charcoal, and the like could be thus given, the charm of novelty led to the application of the art for such purposes. Within the last two years the direct imitation of materials — the ugly gray pallor of busts, without the solidity, distance, and play of light on which their beauty depends, the sweep of the paint-brush as seen on a close examination of the canvas — has been comparatively infrequent; but the effort to obtain color without form shows no abatement. Meanwhile, however, the engravers, such as King, Cole, Kruell, Closson, and Johnson, have shown, as never before, that their mastery of form is very great; that they understand beautiful and orderly line arrangement as the means to mark outlines, to show differences of textures, such as fur and satin, to express the modeling of features and the character of flesh. There is, therefore, no question of the powers either of the art or of the engraver; the controversy is simply in regard to aims and methods.

Of course the decisive test lies in the work itself. Is it beautiful, and does it sacrifice a higher to an inferior beauty? In answering such inquiries, it is hard to see how Mr. Linton's conclusions can be avoided as statements of the principles that underlie the best products of wood-engraving as a distinctive art. Line-work certainly is the main business of the engravers, and its chief use is to mark form and texture. Whether the lines shall be fine or bold in character is at the option of the engraver. If, by his own choice, or at the will of his employers, he adopts the more laborious style, when the easier would serve as well, all that can be said is that there is a waste of industry and time. But whether the lines, fine or bold, shall have intention or not admits no latitudinarian decision. Lines are to the engraver what words are to the poet. To require of the former that he shall put meaning into his lines is no more than to require of the latter that he shall put meaning into his words. Superfluity and carelessness in the one are analogous to verbosity and inaccuracy of epithet in the other; in both the art is better in proportion as the thought that determines the selection and arrangement is more discriminating, and the expression is more clear and firm. The truth of this is not questioned in poetry; its validity in art is only less acknowledged because the principles of art criticism are less generally known. The cobweb skies, the mottled grounds that stand for grass, the phantasmal flat shadows that serve for trees, are bad in art simply because of the absence of form, or, in other words, of the meaninglessness of lines. Such work does not present in a beautiful, accurate, and life-like way the objects to the eye; it suggests them to the mind by symbols, and no one needs to be told that symbolism is in art an early and inferior stage. In this generalization of the accessories, as it is called, in the heads without hair, the flesh blending with the garments, the foliage undistinguished from the grass, and in all its multifarious phases, wood-engraving is not an art of expression; it is rather an art of obliteration.

But if these lines have no meaning in form, have they not in color? Perhaps color effects only were sought, and are they not obtained? Unquestionably, these tints, modulated with exquisite gradations, afford pleasure to the eye at the first glance; but it is still to be asked whether this momentary delight satisfies the artistic sense, — whether it lasts or wears away. In nature, color is an attribute of form; in a landscape or a picturesque group, the color is first ap-

prehended, real hues of blue and green and scarlet yielding a keen sensuous joy. But when the impression of the scene is complete, color is usually subordinate to form; or, if it remain the predominant element, its beauty is intimately related to the beauty of the forms it clothes. In the cuts now referred to, if one looks through the color, the blacks and grays, which, however marvelous in delicacy and contrast, are after all conventional, he finds that the forms have been left out. Those who suppose that this faithlessness to nature is really popular might learn something of the native taste of our people from the literary triumph of the realistic novel among us. The Americans are an observant race. Teachable as they are, and slow to trust their own judgment in such a matter as art, which is commonly believed to require knowledge of secrets and exceptional cultivation for its appreciation, they are quite aware that these engravings are not true representations of nature, but are ugly symbolizations of beautiful things, and not infrequently wholly unintelligible in regard to form. We will bear, as a people, as much realism in art as in story-telling. These strictures are not meant to apply to the class of cuts in which the scene is merely overlaid with a gauze-like veil, for this indistinctness has sometimes a value intelligently meant and clearly felt. In such engravings the forms are there, though obscured; and if the flowers lose their beautiful fringes, the trees their folds, there is some compensation in other gains. The mass of cuts which have either no form or false form, which are a maze of unnecessary or wandering lines, must be condemned, however ingenious and skillful in color, because they are untrue to nature and vacant to the mind. Mr. Linton calls attention to a very significant fact by pointing out the ease with which young and untrained scholars have caught the trick of these effects, as shown by The Century prize-engravings; the true use of line is not so quickly learned.

Mr. Linton indicates that the fault is not with the engravers, but with the designers. He says, "I have yet met with no engraver impugning the broad truth of my position, nor a single artist (setting aside minor differences of opinion) denying the general correctness of my views." From another portion of his work it appears that the artists require effects of the engravers which involve attention to color at the expense of form. In view of this, while our respect is increased for these engravers, who, like Kruell, King, and Hoskins, have yielded least to this demand, we can only regret the lack of independence on the part of the engravers as a body. Their art, it is true, is secondary, and it has many uses other than the creation of beauty; but it possesses a value unshared by other arts, and in obeying its own genius obtains unborrowed effects, beautiful in their own right. Indeed, no injustice would be done if the engravers should reverse the situation, and insist that the artists should serve them, on the ground that the design should be subject to the conditions of the art in the productions of which it is finally to be reckoned; at least, the engravers should be left free to choose their own modes of copying the originals, and in that choice should themselves be governed by the known laws of the beautiful and accurate reproduction of nature by art. To judge by the excellence of the best work they have done, — and it is the best that has ever been done, — they would not then blemish their cuts with hasty and careless drawing, with aimless lines, with symbolized or generalized forms, with bodiless color. They would acknowledge by their works that definiteness, and intelligibility are prime necessaries in wood-engraving as in any other art of expression, and that, as in all arts that depend on line, perfection of form is the essential thing to be striven for.

DR. RIMMER.

It is in praise of Mr. Bartlett's honesty and candor to say that we lay down his Life of Dr. Rimmer[1] with the enigma of that life unsolved. However much we may be abashed at our own inability to form a rounded judgment, we have a secret satisfaction in the suspicion that the student and practiced artist, who has collected all the available materials for a judgment, is almost as much in the dark as we are. At any rate, Mr. Bartlett, while giving frequent expression to his admiration, and aiding the reader by many felicitous criticisms, has not undertaken to sum up the qualities of Dr. Rimmer's greatness, and to furnish the reader with a convenient formula by which to reckon the measure of his genius. He has done better than this. He has collected with patience and industry the facts of Dr. Rimmer's life; he has illustrated the facts with comments and criticisms from many sources; he has recovered much testimony which would inevitably have been lost except for his faithfulness; and he has presented the results in an orderly and comprehensive form. Mr. Bartlett's qualifications as a biographer do not lie in a special literary grace, but in the more essential attributes of frankness and truthfulness. We follow his lead in the book with a grateful sense of being in the hands of a man who is not thinking of himself, but of his subject, and thinking with singular vigor and concentration of mind. If Dr. Rimmer is still a puzzle to Mr. Bartlett, as we think he is, we may assuredly find satisfaction in the thought that Mr. Bartlett has concealed none of the difficulties from us, and has given us all the clues which he himself had.

There is an enigma, to begin with, about Dr. Rimmer's origin. His father belonged to a branch of one of the royal families of France. Born in 1789, he was brought up in seclusion in an English home, ignorant of his name and destiny until he had reached what may be called years of indiscretion. Then, fired with ambition and expectation, he entered the English army to qualify himself for military life; but just when he might look for the consummation of his hopes, he suffered the bitter disappointment of an unsuccessful claimant, and, filled with rage and indignation, assumed the name of Thomas Rimmer, left England behind, and came to this country.

Mr. Bartlett does not tell us, if he knew himself, to which of the branches of the royal family Rimmer belonged; but he shrewdly inserts a striking likeness of the man, and any one familiar with French history may please himself with establishing the identity. The Rev. Mr. Williams retired some time since into obscurity, and Thomas Rimmer is a much more interesting lost prince. The few glimpses which are given of this strange mortal have a value in the interpretation of the artist's temperament and career; for William Rimmer not only inherited something of his father's violent and capricious temper, but he was heir to his father's hopeless great expectations, and did not positively abandon hope of a reinstatement of fortune until he buried it in the grave of his son.

Mr. Bartlett gives due force to the power of this illusion in shaping Dr. Rimmer's mind, but the reader is likely to recur to it as containing a subtle explanation of the irregularities of nature which constantly perplex one in study-

[1] *The Art Life of William Rimmer, Sculptor, Painter, and Physician.* By Truman H. Bartlett, Sculptor. Illustrated with heliotype reproductions. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882.

ing this remarkable man. The secret but strong aspiration, which made every pursuit seem a temporary expedient, lasted far into Dr. Rimmer's life; and when it was found by him to be vain and delusive, there remained only the refuge of home and the exercise of great powers, which were under no controlling principle or impulse. The inner man seemed to have gone to pieces. How great his powers were, and how distorted, may be read in the passages given from Dr. Rimmer's writings, in the testimony of his pupils and contemporaries, and in the illustrative heliotypes from his works. The waste of his powers was extraordinary. Mr. Bartlett reminds us more than once of the sculptor's contemptuous disregard of the conditions of the material in which he worked. The clay crumbled because he would not use ordinary precaution to protect it. "He drew upon any scrap of paper that came within his reach. At times, the floor of the room, wherever he might be, would be strewn with drawings of every possible subject, grave, gay, grotesque, poetic, and illustrative. . . . Wherever he could get a pencil, paint, brushes, and canvas was his studio. 'He painted on the floor in the sitting-room,' says one of the family, 'in the hall-way, on the stairs, or in the attic.' The majority of the drawings exhibited at the Art Museum in 1880 were made under these circumstances, and owe their preservation to the fact that members of his family would bring him the leaf of an album, or other piece of paper, in order that they might save, now and then, a drawing of the mass that otherwise would go to the rag-bag." An interesting collection of examples of his art was formed by a thoughtful lady, who traced drawings which he had left on the blackboard; but his students bear mournful testimony to the fact that thousands of such drawings, many of them of most striking excellence, were seen for a few moments, and then remorselessly erased.

He wasted his powers, moreover, in fruitless experiments. He worked with a fury, but nothing which he did seemed to be the result of long and patiently considered thought. To do the thing seemed uppermost, and the thing once done was neglected and disregarded. But the several things done were not conscious steps in a progress; they were quite as frequently repetitions and reproductions. Mr. Bartlett and many of his friends raise the question what he might have done had he visited Europe; but Mr. Bartlett wisely suspects that there would have been no material difference in the result. For such a man as Rimmer, the only possible change could have been through a change of nature in himself; external conditions were powerless to affect him radically.

No one word can sum up such a man, but the nearest to a comprehensive epithet may be found in the statement that Rimmer was an inventor rather than a designer. That is to say, color and form were not before him as absolute material, out of which he was to construct designs which his perception and imagination discovered; they were relative to certain ideas which he held, and his constructions were in the nature of empiric experiments. On a lower plane, he was ingenious without being conclusive. "At one time he had made some improvement in a gun-lock; at another, some self-registering plan to determine the number of persons entering a street car; still again, his plan was the construction, in a cheap and durable material, of a peculiar form of trunk, convenient for use and handling, and, as he used to say, 'such as no expressman could break.' But all these, as well as numberless other plans, came in the end to nothing but vague hopes and words." In art, he invented, as it were, the material in which he worked, the instruments which he used, the world which he essayed to interpret. Take the prodigious lions which he drew. They are

not copies of lions, but inventions of new lions out of the leonine conception which he had formed after seeing the living beasts.

Dr. Rimmer never used models. This fact, the significance of which Mr. Bartlett clearly perceives, taken in connection with his wonderful anatomical knowledge, discloses the source both of his strength and his weakness. He generalized superbly, but his generalization was unsustained by a wide and close observation of particulars. Hence he was continually moving in a circle, and fretting himself by his limitations. The strong mind consumed its own creations; for it was not matched by a hand trained in cunning to obey implicitly, nor by a judgment schooled in discipline. In a word, Dr. Rimmer may be said to have been his own model, and his introspection to have been the revelation which he heeded. The colossal, broken remains of a romantic history furnished him with images of life which were scarcely formed by the stirring movements about him, although the nearest connection between his own life and contemporaneous history lay through the medium of war; and in this there was a consistency. He was not at all moved by the ideas involved in John Brown's crusade, but the marching of Massachusetts militia called from him a noble picture, To the 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers.

It is to be observed that Dr. Rimmer laid great stress, when teaching his pupils, upon the necessity of the study of anatomy; but he seemed to think that the power of design was a gift to be accepted, and not an art to be patiently acquired. In truth, anatomy was the only science which he had mastered, and in emphasizing that as an essential part of an artist's study he was simply reproducing his own incomplete development. Mr. Bartlett confines his book to the art life of Dr. Rimmer, but it would not be difficult, from the material which he has furnished, to show that his character was, in a parallel way, invested with singular disproportions.

The strange loneliness of this great man, by which he was separated from his kind, and wrought hopelessly in perishable material the ideas which seemed born in him, and tested only by his own reflection, has its pathos and pain. It has its beauty, also, in the passion with which he clung to his own kith and kin, and sought to shelter them from an inclement world. To this, rather than to any absence of high principle, may fairly be referred the mercenary character of some of his transactions. He was a blind giant, who squandered his strength, and left works which fill one with despair at the thought of what he did not leave; but he was also a man of tender, affectionate nature, who calls out one's love and pity. His work has entered in numberless ways into the lives of his pupils, and thus can never be lost, even though the structural examples of his art are but fragments of his genius. There was little of the American in him, yet his gift to America has been very great. No history of art can henceforth omit to count his contribution, and we are sure that future students will be even more grateful than we are to-day to Mr. Bartlett for rescuing so much from the inevitable decay of time.

GEORGE SAND'S LETTERS.

"WHETHER or not the number of George Sand's works — always fresh, always attractive, but poured out too lavishly and rapidly — is likely to prove a hindrance to her fame, I do not care to consider. Posterity, alarmed at the way in which its literary baggage grows upon it, always seeks to leave behind it as much as it can, as much as it dares, — everything but masterpieces. But the immense vibration of George Sand's voice upon the ear of Europe will not soon die away. Her passions and her errors have been abundantly talked of. She has left them behind her, and men's memory of her will leave them behind also. There will remain of her the sense of benefit and stimulus from the passage on earth of that large and frank nature, that large and pure utterance, — the large utterance of the early gods. There will remain an admiring and ever-widening report of that great soul, simple, affectionate, without vanity, without pedantry, human, equitable, patient, kind."

In the words here quoted, written at the time of her death, in 1876, Matthew Arnold admirably summed up the character and influence of George Sand. She was indeed a great soul, of whom there remains an admiring and ever-widening report. But Mr. Arnold had known only the pacific and tender grandmother, the good lady of Nohant, *la bonne dame*, appeased and almost timid, who would have smiled sadly to read the letters that Lélia wrote in 1848, — lyric letters, overflowing now with enthusiasm, now with sadness; at one moment like cries of passionate joy, at another like wails of grief. In 1848 the good lady of Nohant was ready to fight in person, like the Grand Mademoiselle: "I feel, just like a man, the emotion of the combat, the attraction of the gunshot. In my youth I should have followed the devil, if he had ordered, Fire!" This third volume of George Sand's Correspondence[1] does indeed smell of powder. It contains one hundred and five letters, written between the years 1848 and 1853. It begins with the exuberant joy of the young republic, and ends with the proscriptions and chain-gangs of the Third Napoleon, the climax of enthusiasm and the depths of despair. In the present collection, as in the preceding volumes of George Sand's letters, the curious will seek in vain for piquant personal details. Indeed, almost all the letters in this new installment relate to public affairs. In them we follow, day by day, the changing fortunes of the republic of 1848. We hear from George Sand herself the narrative of her relations with the provisional government, with Lamartine, with Armand Barbès, with Louis Napoleon. One might almost style these letters "Memoirs to serve for the history of the republic of 1848." March 9, 1848, George Sand writes, "Vive la République! What a dream! What enthusiasm, and, at the same time, what behavior, what order, at Paris! I have just come back from there. I hurried to the scene. I saw the last barricades open under my feet. I saw the people, grand, sublime, artless, generous, — the French people, the most admirable people in the universe! I passed many nights without sleeping, many days without sitting down. People are wild, drunk with happiness, to think that they lay down to sleep in the mire, and woke up in heaven. Let all who are around you have courage and confidence! The republic is conquered and assured, and we will perish in it

[1] *Correspondence.* GEORGE SAND. Vol. III. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1882.

rather than lose it. The government is composed for the most part of excellent men, all a little incomplete and insufficient for a task which demands the genius of a Napoleon and the heart of Jesus. But the union of all these men, who have soul, talent, or will, suffices for the situation. They desire the good, they seek it, they try. They are sincerely dominated by a principle superior to the individual capacity of each one: I mean the will of all, the right of the people. The people of Paris is so good, so indulgent, so confident in its cause, and so strong that it itself aids the government. The duration of such a disposition would be the social ideal."

George Sand has her heart full and her head on fire. She returns to Paris to found a journal in the good cause. She forgets her troubles and her ailments; she feels strong and active, as if she were only twenty years of age. She enters into relations with the provisional government, writes official circulars for the ministers, and compiles the weekly official journal, the Bulletin de la République. Paris is in a great state of excitement, and queer things are taking place. The provisional government, fearing lest Rothschild should take to his heels with his money, attaches a guard to him. Every day liberty trees are being planted. In the streets you meet bands of fifty or sixty workmen, stalwart, grave, their brows crowned with foliage, and the spade or the pick on their shoulders. "It is magnificent!" cries George Sand.

After a few letters a different note is sounded. April 17th, George Sand writes, "I am afraid the republic has been killed in its principle and in its future, at least in its immediate future. To-day it has been defiled by cries of death. Liberty and equality have been trodden under foot with fraternity all this day." The *bourgeoisie* have started the cry of "Death to the Communists;" the bourgeoisie try to terrorize the workingmen. The republic is the plaything of four conspiracies, headed by Ledru-Rollin, Marrast, Blanqui, and Louis Blanc. The long letter in which George Sand explains the composition and object of these conspiracies is a very curious and important historical document. The results for the republic are disastrous, and George Sand laments the weakness of men. The ideas of all of them are good enough; the characters are inferior, and truth, she says, "has life only in an upright soul, and influence only in a pure mouth. Men are false, ambitious, vain, egoists, and the best of them is not worth much; it is sad to see close. The two honestest men I have yet met are Barbès and Etienne Arago. . . . All the men of the first rank in the government live with this ideal: *I, I, I.*" Even Louis Blanc is at this time severely judged by George Sand. But why quote the hot words written in a moment of trial? A year later, July, 1849, George Sand judges Louis Blanc more equitably and more calmly. Speaking of political writing, she says, —

"I am not and shall not be a political writer, because, in order to be read in France at the present day, one must attack men, dabble in scandal, in hatred, in gossip even. If one confines one's self to dissertation, preaching, and explanation, one becomes tiresome. It is better to hold one's peace. Emile de Girardin has form when he likes; he has not the true matter. Louis Blanc has both form and matter. People do not concern themselves about him. He is bound to go on writing, because he has a party, and he cannot abandon his party after having formed it. But, outside his party, he is without action. . . . In political life Louis Blanc is *a sure man*. What do I care if in private life he has as much pride as Ledru-Rollin has vanity, if in public life he knows how to sacrifice his pride or his vanity to his duty? I count on him; I know

where he is going, and I know that nobody can make him deviate from his path. I have found in him asperity, never weakness; secret sufferings, immediately conquered by a profound and tenacious sentiment of duty."

At the end of 1849 the new republic seems in a bad way. The "social ideal" of March, 1848, has given place to treachery, party strife, ambition, egoism, and the rest. In her retirement at Nohant, she tries not to think, for fear of becoming the enemy, or at least the despiser, of the human race, which she has loved so much that she has forgotten to love herself. Still she resists. She refuses to lose faith; she prays God to preserve her in her faith. She writes thus to Mazzini: "But you are there in my heart, — you, Barbès, and two or three other, less illustrious, but holy too, and believers, and pure from all the wretchedness and all the wickedness of this age. Truth, then, is incarnate somewhere; truth, therefore, is not out of the reach of man, and one good man proves more than a hundred thousand bad ones."

Then, again, she writes to Barbès: "You and Mazzini are always in my thoughts as the heroic martyrs of these sad times. There is not a shadow of a reproach to be made against either of you. In neither of you is there a spot. I still believe, and I believe firmly, that revolutions will neither be profound nor durable until there be at the head of them men of boundless virtue and profound modesty of heart. The peoples are sick of men of talent, eloquence, and invention. They listen to them because they are amusing; the French people, particularly, eminently artistic as they are, become passionate about them without reflection. But this passion does not go even to devotion or self-sacrifice. Devotion alone commands devotion, and nowadays devotion is rarer amongst the party chiefs than amongst the people."

In the letters of 1852, George Sand appears as a great and reasonable woman. The socialist dreams of 1848 have been rudely shattered; the republic with Napoleon as Prince President is no republic; George Sand's friends, her brothers, her adopted children, are in prison or in exile; the rigor of Napoleon is throwing into chains all who accept the title of socialist republicans. Yet George Sand persists in seeing in Louis Napoleon a socialist genius; she does not believe that he is acting in a selfish end; she believes him to have had an ideal apparition of justice and of truth, and while disapproving the means he has adopted, she, as a socialist, accepts his accession to power "with the submission we owe to the logic of Providence." Taking advantage of former relations with Napoleon, and of the esteem in which she had reason to believe he held her, George Sand addressed to the Prince President several noble letters of advice, of warning, and of supplication, principally of supplication, in behalf of the political prisoners, her fellow citizens, her friends. The long letter to Napoleon, dated January 20, 1852, is a magnificent piece of writing. The grandeur of the cause gives to the prayer a savor of what Matthew Arnold calls, in the words of Keats, "the large utterance of the early gods." Happily for his memory, Napoleon listened to George Sand's appeals for her friends, and promised her soon a general amnesty. We know how he kept his promise. Still, George Sand at that moment could not allow the *character* of Napoleon to be calumniated before her. She had found him accessible and human; she had talked with him sufficiently to have seen in him good instincts and certain tendencies towards an object which would have been the object of George Sand and her socialist friends, — tendencies soon to be effectually obstructed, if ever they existed, by the counselors with whom the Emperor was gradually becoming surrounded.

The last letter in the volume is one to Joseph Mazzini, whom, in spite of certain differences of opinion, discussed at length in previous letters, George Sand has not ceased to love and respect. Mazzini has written her a severe letter, reproaching her with her resignation. This is in December, 1853. Mazzini has also expressed surprise at finding no allusions in her recent works to current events. To these reproaches George Sand replies, with dignity and filial respect, that the censorship of Napoleon would not permit allusions: —

"When liberty is limited, frank and courageous souls prefer silence to insinuation. Furthermore, were liberty reëstablished for us, it is not certain that I should now wish to touch questions which humanity is not yet worthy to resolve, and which have divided even unto hatred the greatest and the best minds of these times. You are astonished that I am able to do literary work. I thank God that he has preserved me this faculty, because an honest and pure conscience, as mine is, still finds, outside of all discussion, a work of moralization to be pursued. What should I do, then, if I were to abandon my humble task? Conspire? It is not my vocation. Write pamphlets? I have neither the gall nor the wit. Theorize? We have had too much theorizing, and we have fallen into disputation, which is the grave of all truth and of all power. I am, and always have been, an artist, above everything. I know that purely political men have a great contempt for the artist, because they judge him after the types of certain mountebanks, who dishonor art. But you, my friend, you know well that a veritable artist is as useful as the priest and the warrior; and that, when he respects truth and virtue, he is in a way that God always blesses."

George Sand is, indeed, above everything, an artist; and, in the midst of all the agitation of 1848, of all the ardor of her socialist propaganda, and of all the anguish and despair of the corruption and ruin of the young republic, she was writing that immortal idyl, La Mare au Diable, and Les Maîtres Sonneurs, a work of purely literary excellence.

After all, was not the revolution of 1848 a dream to George Sand, — a dream like the idyl of the Mare au Diable? Artist, enthusiast, great-souled genius, as she was, was George Sand ever gifted with practical sense? In the last letter to Mazzini, just quoted, she says, "As regards material interests, I have remained in a state of absolute idiocy; and so I have engaged a business man, who will take charge of the whole of the positive side of my life." The business man in question was no other than Pierre Leroux, a man as innocent in all practical things as a new-born babe.

Once, and once only, this Pierre Leroux collaborated with George Sand in writing one of her novels, Spiridion, — which, by the way, is dedicated to that vague and cloudy philosopher. Spiridion was published in installments in the Revue des Deux Mondes. The reader may remember that this lugubrious and sepulchral narrative is the story of a monk, Pierre Hébronius, — in religion, Brother Spiridion, — who died in the odor of sanctity, and had buried with him a manuscript, the work of his life, which bore, like his tombstone, the inscription, Hic est veritas. The whole interest of the novel lies in the search for this manuscript by the monk Alexis, who digs and digs, and philosophizes, chapter after chapter, without finding the manuscript of Spiridion. The readers of the Revue became impatient, at last. When is Alexis going to find the manuscript of Spiridion? asked the subscribers. The fact was that George Sand, ardent seeker after and believer in truth as she was, had invented Spiridion and his manuscript, Hic est veritas; but what truth was, George Sand, when pushed to the wall, could not say.

In her embarrassment, she asked Pierre Leroux to write what Spiridion could have written in his famous manuscript; and Leroux, without hesitation, finished the novel by a variation on his own doctrine of the triad: —

"Religion has three epochs, like the reigns of the three persons of the Trinity. Christianity was destined to have three epochs, and the three epochs are accomplished. As the divine Trinity has three phases, the conception that the human mind has had of the Trinity in Christianity was destined to have three successive phases. The first, corresponding to Saint Peter, embraces the period of the creation and hierarchic and militant development of the church up to Hildebrand, the Saint Peter of the eleventh century; the second, corresponding to Saint John, embraces the period from Abelard to Luther; the third, corresponding to Saint Paul, begins with Luther and ends with Bossuet. It is the reign of free examination, of knowledge, as the second period is the period of love and of sentiment, and as the first is the period of sensation and of activity. There Christianity ends, and there begins the era of a new religion."

This new religion was of course the religion of Pierre Leroux, whom George Sand then styled her "friend and brother in years, her father and master in virtue and knowledge." And yet people continue to think that Pilate was "jesting" when he asked, "What is truth?"

A FRENCHMAN IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1840.

We expected to find M. de Bacourt's Souvenirs[1] a poor book, and we have not been disappointed. It is a very poor book indeed. It is not even amusing, except on rare occasions; and in this respect M. de Bacourt is inferior to most of his countrymen, who even when they are very ignorant contrive to be entertaining. French ignorance, in fact, is often more amusing than the wisdom of other people. But the worthy De Bacourt is distinctly dull. This much may be said for him, however: the work of his editress is far worse than his own.

The book, nevertheless, is interesting in three ways: first, because it has been published; secondly, as typical of a very marked quality of the French mind; and thirdly, because some of the incidents which the author saw and noted have a historical value to Americans.

The publication of such a book illustrates a fashion, just now much in vogue in Europe, and especially in England, of paying a great deal of attention to this country. Our civil war and its triumphant result; our rapid payment of the national debt; our marvelous growth in wealth, prosperity, and population; in one word, our success, have within a few years brought home to the perceptions of the Old World a fact which only their own carelessness or stupidity prevented their seeing before. They have lately discovered that a great factor in the affairs of mankind, and a nation of vast, and in the future of overshadowing, power, has arisen on this side of the Atlantic. Our cousins of England, from a variety of causes, but chiefly from their unrivaled instinct and keen respect for material success, were the first to make the discovery. It is astonishing to see how much of current English literature in reviews and newspapers is devoted

[1] *De Bacourt Souvenirs d'un Diplomate.* Lettres Intimes sur l'Amérique. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1882.

to this country, and to our sayings and doings in every department of human activity. Crowds of Englishmen come here to-day where a handful came twenty years ago, and almost every man of any distinction among them goes home and writes his impressions. In the years before the war there was hardly an Englishman who did not abuse us, more or less ignorantly, whenever he thought about us at all, which was not often. We were then very anxious about foreign opinion, very greedy for it and very sensitive to it. Now, when we get a great deal of it, and an abundance of praise and wonder to boot, we are, as we ought to be, quite indifferent to the whole business. We sometimes read the various lucubrations from a feeling of curiosity, accept what is just, smile at the blunders, and forget the whole thing very quickly. But most of this foreign criticism, besides paying us the greatest compliment possible of giving a close study to our institutions and prospects, is often in a tone of admiration, almost invariably of respect.

Such is the general drift of foreign opinion; but there is a class, on the other side of the Atlantic, who regard us with very different feelings from those commonly entertained. This is the Tory class. We mean by this those persons, in many cases perhaps belonging to noble families, whose interests and affections are bound up with the past, and who hate modern tendencies with a purblind hatred. Such people have always detested, and until lately have despised, the United States. They detest us as much as ever, but their contempt has changed to alarm. They perceive plainly that our success and greatness mean the success and greatness of democracy, and they regard democracy, rightly enough, as their direst foe. We notice in these quarters, therefore, that interest in the United States takes the form of an eager effort to discredit us, and through us democracy and republican institutions. Contemptuous abuse, it is obvious even to them, is no longer of any value. The case has become too serious for that. Take, for example, the Saturday Review. That journal, now in its decline, was wont, in its palmy days, to refer to us occasionally, in order to hold up our worthlessness to the hissing and scorn of all well-regulated nations. Nobody ever cared much for what the Saturday Review said, except to have a little fun with its articles; and now no one here cares a straw about it, one way or the other. But as we have become indifferent, the tone of the Saturday Review has changed. It is now very sensitive to our criticism and much annoyed by what we say, and rushes about in a defensive way, seeking war-like material. In this pursuit it tries to discredit us, and, besides taking great comfort in Mr. Henry James's statement that we no longer speak English, it has lately been digging up the dried mud of Dickens's American Notes and Martin Chuzzlewit, and has been throwing that about, in default of anything better. There is something rather pleasing in the annoyance which American opinion on various matters is giving to the worthy and aged people (aged in mind) who conduct that periodical. But we are apt to forget that the same class exists in Paris, in the Faubourg St. Germain, as well as in London. The French Tories seem to have a vague notion that successful democracy in America is helping to bury still deeper the dead Bourbonism which they love. They dimly feel that it is a good thing to put that democracy in an odious light. Hence the publication of M. de Bacourt's private letters. The preface discloses very frankly the purpose of the book, which is designed to injure us in public opinion. There can be, in fact, no other motive, since, except for a slight historical value to a limited circle of American readers, the book is completely without interest or importance. But as an emanation of

the Tory mind, as a specimen of the Tory anxiety in regard to the United States, the publication of these letters is a curious and suggestive incident.

This book is, however, still more interesting as the expression and example of a highly typical French mind. M. de Bacourt was a gentleman of good family. He was a literary man, the editor of the Mirabeau and Talleyrand papers, a scholar and man of the world. More than all this, he had passed a large part of his life in diplomacy. As a diplomatist, and as the friend and literary executor of Talleyrand, he had an extensive acquaintance with the interests, the affairs, and the character of nations other than his own, as well as a thorough familiarity with modern history. A man of such antecedents and of such habits and training would seem to have been almost ideally fitted for a traveler, observer, and critic. Yet, as these letters show, he was utterly unable to understand a foreign nation even in the dimmest way. He had not even the capacity of setting down intelligently what he saw; for such was his mental blindness that he saw scarcely anything. All this was due to the simple fact that M. de Bacourt was a Frenchman; and he rises, in this way, to the dignity of one of those extreme and well-defined types which, under the modern comparative system of investigation and study, are at once so satisfactory and so attractive.

There are no people on the earth, except the Chinese, which have any claim to be called civilized who are such absolute slaves to local limitations as the French. They know nothing and wish to know nothing of other nations. There is, of course, in every country a large body of ignorance in regard to foreign nations and foreign countries, but in France there is an arrogant and complacent ignorance in this respect, to which the exceptions are so few that it may be called universal. It includes all classes and degrees, from the aristocrat who follows the white flag and the men of the highest education down to the idlers of the Boulevard and the blue-shirted workmen of the Faubourgs. To Frenchmen Paris is at this moment not only the great centre of light and life, but they hardly recognize the existence of any other. They are still living in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when French was the language of the polite world, and when the princelings of Germany and their courts mangled the language, and complimented by a brutal imitation the vices and follies of the "great people." They have not yet awakened to the fact that the great world outside of their boundaries is sweeping by them, and that civilized mankind, as has been cleverly said, "might now be divided into two nations: those who speak English and those who do not." Hardly ten years have elapsed since France was deservedly crushed, in the short space of six months, under the iron heel of military conquest. A principal cause of all this disgrace and disaster was her persistent, complacent, crass ignorance of her next-door neighbors. If the French were narrowed and degraded like the Spaniards, if they were slow of mind like the Germans, this intellectual malformation would not be so surprising. But they are among the quickest witted of the sons of men. They have attained the highest distinction compatible with a lack of the highest imagination in literature, science, and art, and in every department of intellectual life. They are thrifty, industrious, and frugal. Their resources have but recently astonished the world. Yet they are steadily, although very slowly, dropping behind; and examination reveals that the decline of France, which is destined to increase more rapidly in the future than it has in the past, is mainly due to the colossal conceit of her people, and to their inability to know, or understand, or like anything outside of their own bounda-

ries, or to live in any country but their own.

Every one who has read knows how few French travelers there have been. Every one who has journeyed in Europe or elsewhere knows that, while all the rest of the world travels, Frenchmen are rarely to be met with. This apparently trivial phenomenon has a profound significance. The great nations of the earth, the few which have ruled the world and made its history, have been those possessing the genius of colonization. Other nations have risen and decayed, while these endured, and their influence has survived every chance and change. There have been but three: the Greek, the Roman, and the English. If we look at modern time, we see the importance of colonization at a glance. Holland, Portugal, Spain, all rose to great although temporary power by acquisitions in the New World. Germany did not rise during the same period. She was rent internally, and had no colonies. Venice alone in Italy rose high in the political scale, and Venice colonized. France saw the value of the policy. She sent out expeditions. She forcibly transported settlers to Canada; but her colonies did not flourish. There was a great struggle for supremacy in colonization, and in 1760 England prevailed and dominated the world, while France lost the colonies she had, and never regained them or established new ones. The English empire of that day has been torn asunder; but the English race, because it possessed the genius for colonization, because it saw the opportunities beyond its own borders, was adventurous and enterprising, and could adapt itself to new conditions, is still supreme. The English people, outside of Great Britain, possess the northern and control the southern continent of the Western hemisphere. Australia, the new continent, is theirs, and South Africa. They are the rulers of India and of a multitude of smaller states. One hundred millions of people speak to-day the English tongue. Their combined wealth and power more than equals that of all the rest of the world. How small and contracted France appears, in comparison with this mighty English race, whose intellectual and material progress have gone hand in hand! France owes it to her own narrowness. All the adventurous, colonizing spirit she ever had left her, together with much else of saving grace, when she drove out the Huguenots, the flower of the people, and let them carry to England and America a fresh element of strength and power. It seems a little thing to say that a nation is narrow, ignorant, and incapable of understanding other races and other lands, and yet it is this which deprived France of colonies, and which now impedes her progress, and is drawing her down to an inferior place in the scale of nations.

This is the broad historical view of the question. In M. de Bacourt's letters we can see this spirit of French provincialism manifested in its very essence. We do not mean by this his abuse and dislike of the United States. That he should abuse and dislike us was natural enough, and has nothing to do with the mental deficiency of his race, of which we have been speaking. The difficulty with M. de Bacourt, as with most of his fellow-countrymen, is not that his opinion is favorable or unfavorable in regard to another race or country, but that he has no reasons for any view, one way or the other, except that a given thing is or is not after his own fashion. Frenchmen can understand nothing that is not French. They either admire stupidly, or as stupidly condemn, usually the latter. They regard foreigners as barbarian *ex vi termini*, and their faculties never seem to get beyond the Chinese wall of complacent, self-sufficient ignorance, by which they are inclosed. M. de Bacourt indulged in many sapient reflections, instead of set-

ting down what he observed, and he never went below the surface of things, — another quite common failing of his race. He appreciated the natural scenery of America, and admired it, and thus he was led to comprehend that this was a land of magnificent opportunities. He also perceived that there was a dangerous diversity of opinion between the South and the North on the question of slavery, and he thought, rather vaguely, that a war might grow out of these differences. It would have been abnormal even in a Frenchman to have failed to see this, but M. de Bacourt's admiring niece points it out as an instance of almost superhuman perspicacity. With this exception, every conclusion drawn by M. de Bacourt — and he drew a great many, on very slight premises — is hopelessly and invariably wrong. For instance, he saw placards in the railway stations warning the public to beware of pickpockets, and he concluded that we were a nation of thieves. There were a number of suicides at one time while he was here, and he immediately made up his mind that we were all preparing to cut our throats, and that these suicides were a proof of the failure of our institutions and of our civilization. He says, to take an example of a more serious kind, that the South was democratic, and the North aristocratic. It is obvious, one would think, to the meanest understanding, that the direct reverse was the case. A system founded on slavery is necessarily aristocratic, while the industrial and agricultural communities of the North were conspicuously and plainly democratic, in the very nature of things. If any one had stated to M. de Bacourt in Paris, as an abstract proposition, that slave-holders formed a democratic society, he would have set his informant down as a shallow fool. Yet in the United States he exhibited precisely this shallow and unthinking folly himself. Any number of similar examples could be cited, but these suffice to show the profound inability of the genuine Frenchman to understand or reason upon anything outside of France.

This brings us to the third point of interest in M. de Bacourt's book, what he actually saw and heard in the United States in 1840. There is no such word as "home" in the French language, and no such thing as "home," as we understand it, in French cities. Yet there is no one who suffers so acutely from home-sickness as a Frenchman out of France. The "*mal du pays*" afflicts the "great people" to an unequaled extent. M. de Bacourt suffered from a well-defined attack of nostalgia, and he was, moreover, in wretched health; two circumstances which increased the natural gloom of the situation. After he had been in America nearly a month, the only gleam of light was in the fact that a few people remembered Talleyrand; a touching example of French open-mindedness and intelligence. The whole case may be summed up very briefly. M. de Bacourt was utterly and profoundly disgusted with every thing and everybody. This was perfectly natural, and in a certain degree not unreasonable. He came from the high civilization of Paris to a civilization crude in the extreme. We had cast off the habits and customs borrowed from Europe in colonial days; we had not yet established and defined our own habits and customs. Everything was in a formative condition. It was a state of solution, and a period of transition. Manners were free and easy. Education had spread, but had not advanced proportionately. The art of living was entirely undeveloped.

The condition of the large cities, even, was rough and unattractive. Washington was inexpressibly dreary. A few great public buildings, some straggling, ill-built houses, and clusters of negro shanties made up the capital city of the Union. The highways were unpaved,

dusty in summer, and so muddy during the rest of the year as to be almost impassable. Cattle and swine ran loose in the streets, making night hideous with their noise, and women milked their cows at the edge of the sidewalks. To a native of Paris this was not agreeable. The other cities were scarcely better-Baltimore resembled Washington. New York, given up to trade and commerce, M. de Bacourt thought thoroughly repulsive. He refers to it as a confused, hot, dirty, unfinished place, the resort of all the adventurers on the continent. The appearance of Boston pleased him. He describes it as a handsome English city, well built and well ordered, clean, and free from cattle and pigs. But he found it very dull, and the cold climate and the dislike of the French which pervaded society led him to give his final preference to Philadelphia, which had most of the material advantages of Boston without its drawbacks. At best, however, it was a mere choice of evils.

American politics touched their lowest point during the administration of Mr. Polk. It is the fashion to speak of politics and political life as of a lower order at the present day than ever before; but this is a complete mistake. The decline in our politics set in with Andrew Jackson, and they began to improve after Mr. Polk's administration. They advanced but slightly for many years, but still progress has been steady. It is very true that at this moment we have no men of such ability as Webster, Clay, and Calhoun in public life; but the general tone of politics to-day, at Washington especially, is infinitely better than when those distinguished leaders were at the height of their reputation. The brutality, the coarseness, the financial dishonesty and disaster resulting from Jackson's overthrow of the bank, the low tone of the politics of that period, and the savagery engendered by slavery have almost wholly disappeared. When M. de Bacourt came here, in 1840, we were very nearly at our lowest point. He was disgusted beyond reason with what he saw, but not wholly without good cause. The trouble with M. de Bacourt was not that he disliked his surroundings and the manners of the people whom he met, but that he at once concluded, in the most empty-headed way, that these outside appearances and these superficial defects, many of them inevitable, told the whole story, and that the entire republic was a failure. He believed that the men of English race, who had mastered the continent, and incidentally driven the French out of it, could not make the most of their opportunities, and were going helplessly and hopelessly to pieces. A moment's historical reflection would have shown him the absurdity of this reasoning; but he was a Frenchman, his dinners were bad, the manners of the people were rough, there were evil things in politics, and hence everything was necessarily doomed to ruin. It was not French, in short, and therefore no good could come of it. To a man accustomed to the kaleidoscopic changes of system in France, the stability of American government and the sound common sense of the American people were sealed books, because there was nothing in his experience to tell him of the existence or the value of such qualities. M. de Bacourt summed up his ideas by saying that the American people were second and third rate Englishmen, and that, as M. Talleyrand said, their society lacked solid foundation, because the people had no moral sense. There is something perfectly grotesque in this last assertion. Talleyrand was a great man, but he was no more fit to judge of "moral sense" than a Hottentot is to criticise the Dresden Madonna. There may have been men in public life more free from the burden of a moral sense than Talleyrand, but we do not recall them at this moment. His only connection with the United States was when he tried to force bribes

from the American envoys. These immoral men left France, and their country prepared for war, and soon brought the "great republic" to terms. That M. Talleyrand regarded such conduct as proof positive of a lack of sense we have no doubt; and in matters of bribery and intrigue he was a good judge, but on morality his criticisms are not equally valuable.

M. de Bacourt's judgment of our public men was largely determined by their attitude towards the duties on French wines and silks. Van Buren, who was friendly to him on this point, he kindly refers to as an excellent "imitation of a gentleman," and regrets his defeat. He rather liked Clay, who was a true type, as he puts it, of the English "gentleman farmer." Calhoun he also liked, and Poinsett and Ewing. Webster, who was "anti-French," he depicts as pompous, pretentious, and tiresome. He further describes Mr. Webster's getting drunk at dinner, and then making a maudlin speech to him. This charming incident his niece calls special attention to in the preface. Generally M. de Bacourt spoke the truth. In this case he went beyond the truth, very obviously, and committed the great blunder of not telling a reasonable lie. The effect of wine on Mr. Webster was to make him dull and heavy, moody and sleepy, not talkative and foolish. That he took too much madeira at the President's dinner is, unfortunately, quite probable; that he afterwards made a maudlin speech to M. de Bacourt, like a tipsy sophomore, strikes us as a rather clumsy invention of a personal enemy. M. de Bacourt is, however, unlucky in all he says about Webster. He speaks of him as a second-rate Englishman. A sillier description could hardly have been devised. Webster was a thorough, pure-blooded American, of a strongly American type, and as unlike an Englishman in looks as it is possible for an American to be. It was reserved for M. de Bacourt to be the only man of any race or creed who was so innately petty as not to be impressed by Webster's superb physical presence and leonine look.

The bitterest hatred of the French minister, however, was kept for John Quincy Adams, who opposed his wishes as to the tariff and exposed his lobbying with the committees. De Bacourt exults over the attacks made upon the gallant old man, when he presented the Haverhill petition, with the delight of a mean spirit. Two other congressmen, Mr. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Kennedy, of Maryland, M. de Bacourt found more "*comme il faut*" than anybody he met.

The French are proverbially witty, and all the world enjoys their wit; but they are absolutely devoid of any sense of humor, or of the appreciation of any wit but their own. M. de Bacourt was frequently advised to marry, and good-naturedly joked with on this subject, all of which he considered very indelicate. At one time it was a bit of fun to put on a visiting-card G. T. T., "Gone to Texas;" and this M. de Bacourt considered a mark of national depravity, as well as irreverent to the sacred P. P. C. of France. But the hardest blow was when the newspapers spoke of Dickens, La Fayette, Fanny Ellsler, and the Prince de Joinville "in that order," as the unhappy De Bacourt indignantly exclaims.

We will make one extract before leaving the book. It is an amusing account of an interview which M. de Bacourt had with some members of the cabinet. He was calling on Mr. Ewing, the Secretary of the Treasury. "We had only exchanged a few words, when Mr. Crittenden, the Attorney-General, Mr. Bell, Secretary of War, and Mr. Badger, Secretary of the Navy, came in. Mr. Badger was smoking a cigar, which he did not extinguish; Mr. Bell threw himself upon a sofa, putting his feet upon one of the arms, thus showing us

the soles of his boots; as to Mr. Crittenden, as he was very warm, he threw off his coat, and took from his pocket a bit of tobacco, which he placed in his mouth to chew. They all took a joking tone with me, which I was obliged to assume with them, in order not to offend men who are very influential in our commercial affairs." The description of President Harrison's reception of the diplomatic corps is too long for quotation, but is equally amusing.

A word in conclusion as to the editing. M. de Bacourt evidently understood English sufficiently to write it correctly, but almost every other English word in the book is grotesquely misspelled. The blunders were made, evidently, in copying. They are so obvious that one would think the average Parisian cabman would have known enough to correct them; but they are clearly beyond the scholarship of the Comtesse de Mirabeau. There is another and more serious fault. We should be the last to favor suppression in any historical documents, but the personal appearance of ladies and gentlemen in the families where M. de Bacourt was received has neither historical nor public interest. The only names suppressed are those of some obscure French people in New York. All others are given in full, although often disguised by very strange spelling. M. de Bacourt, as was perfectly proper in confidential letters to an intimate friend, wrote frankly of all he saw in private houses. To print all this criticism upon ladies and gentlemen who were entirely in private life, and some of whom are still living, is a gross breach of hospitality and a piece of dishonorable ingratitude. The sin lies at the door of the lady who edited the letters, and it argues a lack of that good feeling which is the foundation of good manners, extraordinary even in a French woman.

We have said that the book is poor and of little value, and our readers may be inclined to apply to us the Italian proverb, that "no one throws stones at a tree which has no fruit." We can only reply, in excuse, that a poor book may be very suggestive; and this we can truly say of M. de Bacourt's letters, although we should hardly advise any one to take the trouble to read them.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETRY OF ROBERT HERRICK.

THE revival of art in these days extends, happily, to the revival of certain poets also, if we may judge by the beautiful volume in which Robert Herrick is newly brought to our ken.[1] But perhaps it ought not even to be hinted that "revival" is possible in the case of a writer who, in various effusions, alluded to the prospect of his undying fame with such calm confidence, as if it were a mere incidental, a matter of course; as, for instance, in those lines where he represents himself as coming to his father's tomb, and by way of payment for the debt of birth he owes exclaims, —

"For my life mortall, Rise from out thy Herse,
And take a life immortall from my Verse."

But, though bards may be immortal, they do not always, so to speak, lead an active career of immortality; and as Herrick's survival has been somewhat passive — mostly confined to The Night-Piece to Julia and the "Gather ye rose-buds while ye may," of anthologies — it is pleasant to see him brought out

[1] *Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick, with Drawings* by EDWIN A. ABBEY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882.

boldly among books of the day, in so worthy a garb. His "vein of poetry was very irregular," says his distinguished Caledonian co-member among the British poets, Thomas Campbell; but the irregularity, so far as it is represented in this very excellent selection, only adds to the charm of his literary presence. At all events, here he is, reproduced with a literal fidelity calculated to drive the spelling-reformer into a frenzy even greater than that which now afflicts him; and, moreover, he is accompanied by a wealth of pictorial comment from the hand of a truly congenial mind, — that of Mr. Edwin A. Abbey. Herrick was a singer of delightful individuality, in an epoch of remarkable individualities, — that epoch to which Taine has given the name of the Pagan Renaissance, when men had awakened to a fresh enjoyment of life, and found poetry wherever they turned their eyes. A man in the prime he was when Shakespeare died; a contemporary of Milton, a competitor with Carew and Waller. In all that conflict of claims, he preserves his hold on us as deserving a separate place. He glances out of window, from his parsonage in Devon, and straightway finds material for a poem; the human, natural note of the layman he always was in spirit, and afterwards became in fact, bursts out in his exquisite love lyrics; he has strange fancies of flowers, and of maidens metamorphosed into them; even the bare meadows are addressed by him in a flight of verses, filled with glad shapes of life; and, under these phases, as well as when he is brooding upon death and eternity, he never fails to charm. Even the occasional awkwardness of his verse and the threat of having nothing to say at the end contribute to the effect by imparting a surprise and a sense of lurking humor. To all this Mr. Abbey's genius responds most agreeably. Mr. Austin Dobson's preface intimates that the present volume grew out of studio readings, — the modern English poet reciting from the older lyric master, while the young American draughtsman worked and listened; and the book has just that easy, spontaneous air which might be expected from such an origin. Nevertheless, it seems to us that, in his dainty and very cleverly turned introductory paragraph, Mr. Dobson has a little swerved from the line of unaffected quaintness, traceable in Herrick, by too great an indulgence in quotation and allusion, and by a certain over-consciousness of his theme; as if — to adopt a modish simile — Herrick were simply *bisque*, and Mr. Dobson had chosen to coat that humbler surface with a light, brilliant glaze. Something of this same defect may, perhaps, with all due recognition of merit, be discerned in Mr. Abbey's designs. There is in them at times a kind of forced, though sympathetic quaintness. It should, however, be remembered that to edit or illustrate a lyrist of another age involves a difficulty like that of painting the lily. Taking simply the conception and method of Mr. Abbey's pictures in themselves, we are still compelled to note some limitations upon their excellence. The male figures are generally inadequate; there is a tendency to reduce them to manikins, as in the Corinna's Going A-Maying. In the Beucolick, or Discourse of Neatherds, this tendency is also manifest; and in the first of the drawings of the several belonging to this poem, "Lalage with cow-like eyes" really is given the physiognomy of a *pétroleuse*. In the famous Night-Piece, Julia is extremely engaging; but the poet, sitting at her feet, has his left leg laid out limp as a paint-tube when squeezed half dry. Mr. Abbey's drawing, indeed, is in more than one instance very deficient: we cannot find it in us to commend the initial composition accompanying To His Muse, with its ludicrous little male figure lost in shrubbery, and its Thalia elongated to a stature

which even a goddess could not support; and there are other examples that might be cited. Furthermore, the artist has now and then been careless, or his imagination has failed him; for on no other hypothesis can we explain his feebleness in illustrating the distich on Julia Weeping. But it is perhaps ungracious to dwell upon such points as these, when there is so much in the series to call forth a hearty recognition of success. It certainly exhibits remarkable fertility: that one man should so happily have planned and executed compositions so varied, so picturesque, and so generally pleasing, in the midst of much other work, is proof of unusual versatility and excellence. Not to mention the graceful flower pieces, there are several landscapes of great merit, among the drawings, — though that of Dean-Bourn, a Devon river, is perhaps unavoidably lost in the printing. The design Upon Julia's Clothes is not alone technically good, but is full of spirit: the peacock attitude of the woman, subtilely echoed in her peacock-fan and the feathers around the border, is admirably presented. The Mad Maid's Song is honored with a design abounding in strength, beauty, and a peculiar insight. That which accompanies the verses To Musique is, in its purity and loveliness, like a full, clear, sober note of melody. Then, too, there are refreshing glimpses of out-door scenes, like that containing the lustrous and buoyant figure of Mistress Susanna Southwell. Perhaps the finest of all these designs is the one belonging to His Poetrie his Pillar, where the "winged minutes" of the poem are, with keen sense of fitness on the part of the artist, depicted as muffled shapes ascending a stair, instead of being endowed with conventional wings. There is an original seductiveness about this volume, in its entirety, which arouses a vague suspicion that it is a sort of nursery rhymes for larger children; and precisely therein consists its especial value. At the same time that it appeals to the emotional and intellectual nature of mature readers, it takes us back to the unsophisticated mood of childhood; a characteristic which is sure to give it wide popularity. And whatever criticisms one may pass upon Mr. Abbey, here and there, everybody will admit that there is no one who can dispute with him his peculiar function as an illustrator, which in these pages is seen at its best.

In viewing this superb rendering of Herrick's fancies, we are reminded of his own epigram, wherein he asks "the detractor" what poets he likes best, and receives reply, "The dead:" thereupon he says that he too will soon be dead, and

"Then sure thou 't like, or thou wilt envie me."

One may well envy Herrick his illustrator.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I FIND my prejudice in favor of summer greatly diminished at the coming of weather sufficiently cold to recommend the kindling of fires in grate and stove. With what readiness we obey the Horatian injunction: —

"Dissolve frigus ligna super foco
Large reponens."

A long-banished, familiar friend returns when once more the fire smiles and beckons from behind its mica windows, or, better yet, in full view, mounts

its invisible ladder in an open grate. This malicious demon of the South Sea islander's superstition, spitting flame out of the wood, is, in our more intimate experience, a very powerful genius, whom we are able to invoke to friendly alliance by means of friction and a little phosphorus at the point of a pine sliver. Hail, mighty magician, patient bond slave, acute companion, live kaleidoscope of wonderful colors and changes! Only those who possess the knack of "building a fire" are genuine fire-worshipers; to those only the genius deigns to exhibit its cunningest sorceries. When the trains of kindlings have been laid, with all the proper nooks and crannies planned to secure a draught and invite ambuscade, and when the match has been applied, and the nimble flames rush out to reconnoitre, the successful fire-builder may well look upon himself as a sorcerer, not of the black but of the bright art. How mysterious is this fugitive element, now here upon the hearth, and now gone — none knows whither! "The unknown cause of the sensation of heat" almost savors of poetic mysticism; yet it is a mere phrase of the dictionary-maker, who is at loss how to give us an absolute definition.

Fire, though commonly accounted a mute, is not without a certain degree of vocality and semi-articulate speech. It has its soft and rough breathings, its undertones, and its notes of triumph, as it drives a lambent wedge between the bark and the body of the wood, or makes a spiral escalade up through some knot-hole. Often it gives out a fine staccato click, not unlike the snapping of frost on the panes in a still winter night.

I am impressed with the secretive virtue of the fire. It alone, among the elements, never tells tales, never renders up aught committed to its charge. Whether it burn ordinary wood or a Meleager's brand, the ashes give no hint. Let one lodge his treasure with the earth, but in a convulsive fit she may some time lay it bare. Nor is the sea always a safe custodian: witness how it sent a fish ashore with the king's ring, cast as a votive offering to the gods forever! But the fire has a deep past the reach of lead and line. It is therefore the best preservative from moth and rust, which make such sad havoc among the precious things in our reliquaries; it is also the only known preventive against the curious or careless hands of strangers in the after-time. The best "fire-proof safe," perhaps, is the fire itself. Besides, the more we consign to this royal conservator, the greater the credit and confidence it yields us. What does Vesta write to me? A glowing *résumé* of my friends' sparkling letters, which I resolutely sacrificed a short time ago. The paper on which they were traced has fallen into ashes, but the subject matter reappears in a magnificent red-line and red-letter edition. Sometimes, as I watch the burning of such offerings, I read a ghostly leaf of the original manuscript, charred or wholly consumed, yet buoyed up by the breath of the fire for an instant, while my glance runs over the unviolated charactery.

If the hunter or explorer, encamped in some "lion-haunted island," owes to fire his preservation from wild beasts, the solitary by his own hearth has the same charmed defense against the jungle inhabitants of his thought. If fire warm the body, shall it not also warm the spirit, which is by nature akin, being an authentic spark of Promethean heat? May I be forgiven if I let go the doctrine of hell fire, and adopt that of heaven fire! What flame burns, and burns not to the refining of that which was committed for ordeal? This immortal symbol of purgation let me celebrate in terms of the ancient Gueber hymn, recently brought to light in red-letter text: —

Where goest thou, keen soul of heat,
So bright, so light, so fleet;
Whose wing was never downward bent,
Aye pluming for ascent?
Where goest thou, when, breaking loose
From all mechanic use,
From beacon-head and altar-stone
And hearth of mortal flown,
Thou spreadest through the air apace,
Dissolving in wide space?

Continually the waters fall;
Springs, torrents, rivers, — all,
Drawn downward to the gathering deep,
Remain within its keep.
But thou to the empyrean sea,
Bright upward stream, dost flee,
Where stars and sun are lost to sight,
Drowned in exceeding light!

Continually, in strength and pride,
The great ships cut the tide;
The waters fall, and these descend
Unto their journey's end.
But who, upborne on wing of thine,
Shall reach thy goal divine?
Thither, O rapt and holy Fire,
Thither, bid me aspire,
That, when my spirit's flame burns free,
It shall ascend with thee.

— There is a deal of rich suggestion in that crisp Preface by Messrs. Heminge and Condell, found in their edition of Shakespeare (1623), addressed To The Great Variety of Readers. What nimble gibing at the Philistines of the day! What sharp allocution to the general public and tweaking of its dull ear! In particular, what significant intimation to the "magistrate of wit," accustomed to "arraign playes dailie," that the critical function is here at a discount! "Know these playes have had their trial alreadie, and stood out all appeales." Heminge and Condell could scarcely have foreseen at how many petty assizes the works of their old "Friend and Fellow" were destined to be tried. Some experience they had had of the "frauds and stealths of injurious impostors," and their "surreptitious copies;" but worse was to follow when the exquisite literary journeymen of the Restoration took in hand the Shakespearean drama, snipping and cutting away, here and there, patching with tawdry rags, till the original fabric could hardly be recognized. Heminge and Condell could not have foreseen how the "Immortal Spring of Wycherly" would for a time be patronized by misguided pilgrims, while the way to true Helicon lay overgrown with coarse weeds. Whatever amazement and fine wrath they would have felt at noting these fluctuations in the poet's fame, it is quite possible they would have been more profoundly perplexed at the turn his fortunes are taking in this age, — the age of Shakespearean criticism, let us call it. "Judge your sixe-pen'orth, your shilling's worth, your five shillings' worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome," jauntily observes this brace of Elizabethan editors, urging their public to buy first, and censure afterwards. Are there not all these various fractional values in the aggregate of current Shakespearean criticism? It strikes us that there are too many sixpenny investments in etymological investigation and discussion, the results of which, though occasionally interesting and suggestive, are oftener tedious and inconclusive. The great poet is a sort of inexhaustible Mykenæ, mined by a troop of industrious Schliemanns; these being armed with philological picks and spades, and marvelously zealous in the work, — marvelously successful, too, for the old cabinet of literature has scarcely shelf room enough for all their "finds." There are, also, pen'orth and shilling's worth judgments, of a sentimental, speculative, or analytic order; sundry ingenious interpretations of Shakespearean characters, and theories anent the conduct of each. The madness (?) of Hamlet, the jealousy of Othello, the diabolism of Iago, the stuff of Lady Macbeth's temper and resolve, — these are all moot questions, differentiating and doctrinal points in the various schools of opinion. One is expected, almost required, to hold positive views of these subjects; he knows not how soon he may be called upon to re-

peat his confession of faith. There are, to be sure, some crown and pound values in this currency of criticism: such are the large judgments of the ripe scholar and the philosopher, and the intuitions of the poet. Yet, the best thing they do for us is to send us to read once more, and more joyfully and heartily, the chief of poets and philosophers. Have we not had something too much of criticism and diagnosis, and do we not, with regard to Shakespeare, love not too well, but too wisely? It is a positive relief, in the midst of so much frigid scientific characterization, to hear of "poor Berlioz" and his Shakespeare craze.

As to the authorship of the Shakespearean drama, one is quite ignorant where so much speculation will land us. While the Baconian theory has perhaps dropped into port to freight with new proof, along sails a fancy-rigged craft, carrying the theory of a multiplex authorship. It has somehow been discovered that an odd number of Elizabethan geniuses laid their glorious heads together, and wrote these plays as a pastime. (Perhaps it was "done at the Mermaid.") Then, with a view to hoodwinking the public, they hid their identities under a little *nominis umbra*, — that of an obscure "utility man." So there was no William Shakespeare, — at least, none to speak of! It turns out that what we call Shakespeare (like what we once called Homer) is a complex star, at last resolved, by research and perspicacity, into a group of sparklers! The "myriaded-minded" is now cleverly accounted for. A whole junto of the choicest sixteenth-century wit, wisdom, pathos, and imagination went to the creation of Lear, Hamlet, The Tempest, and Cymbeline. The universal man no longer remains, but in his place is a certain composite quantity. This bold theory steps smartly on, in company with other leveling and disillusioning doctrines of the day. Let those who will entertain it, but for ourselves, — we kiss our hands to thee, O sublime shade of William Shakespeare!

— That music can, *per se*, be sacred or profane will not be urged even by a devotee. That verbal or circumstantial associations can cast a distinctively devotional or secular color over an air forever is quite another matter; and in this hypothesis lies the sole moral separation between Coronation or Windham and The Widow Nolan's Goat or an adagio of Beethoven's. It is strictly a matter of vigorous sentiment. People with retentive ears, who sedulously attend church, the opera, and the concert, have a right to dissent from listening on Sunday to the same melodies the week has associated with warbling Manricos and Lucrezias. (In nine cases out of ten, the maceration and disharmonization of these same melodies by the "arranger" introduce a side-question of artistic morality.) The evil started in the choir-book of "set pieces," — save the mark! How far it has now vitiated the hymn-book down-stairs, let us see.

Before the writer lies a book of "hymns and tunes," a well-known collection, adopted by several of the most important Protestant denominations in the country, and the music in which purports to be the selection of three experienced musicians. To each of them the entire galaxy of ecclesiastical composers ought to be, probably is, familiar. First to catch the eye is the fine old hymn, "Oh, could I speak the matchless worth," and below it another, "O Love Divine, how sweet thou art," united to a mangled "arrangement" of the duet in Mozart's opera Die Zauberflöte, wherein Pamina and the bird-catcher, Papageno, extol "The manly heart, with love o'erflowing," posing in serio-comic attitudes before the foot-lights. To the three hymns "Eternal Father, strong to save," "Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All," and "Thou art, O God, the Life and Light," is wedded, in three

several places, a tune entitled Prince, at once discovered to be Mendelssohn's sentimental Song without Words, Consolation, note for note. On a fresh page, "By faith I viewed my Saviour dying" appears. One is asked to sing it to a badly-garbled version of the barcarolle and *pas seul* opening the last act of Auber's opera Massaniello. A further felicity treads upon its frisky heels. To the words "Hail, my ever-blessed Jesus, only Thee I wish to sing," has been appended a tune called Ludwig. Is it, then, one of Beethoven's beautiful hymn tunes, such as "I love my God," or "God is my song"? By no means! It is the well-known first choral strain of the finale to the Ninth Symphony, "Freude, Freude, Götterfunken!"

James Montgomery's hymn, "Call Jehovah thy salvation," is set to the introductory air in the overture to Von Flotow's opera of Martha (the same movement afterwards turned into a quintet in the second act), christened Vesper. That ancient offense, the utilizing of the languishing love duet, "Solo, profugo, rejetto," with "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," is condoned in the pews, thanks to these compilers. One looks about him for Lionel and Plunkett, to tender them the inevitable encore. "Saviour, when in dust to Thee" should have inspired any composer, directed any selectors to good results. It is here linked to the first melody in Jacques Blumenthal's *morceau de salon*, Les Deux Anges (once a cherished drawing-room friend), under the frank name Blumenthal.

A sharp scrutiny of the notes prefixed to another hymn by Montgomery, "The Lord is my shepherd," discovers the popular air "Scenes that are brightest," from Wallace's opera Maritana. Six pages further, lo, "Angels from the realms of glory" is encountered, to be sung to Von Weber's "Einsam bin ich," in Wolff's play of Preciosa. Von Weber's flowing periods, indeed, seem to have been quite irresistible to our three friends. They have plucked up by the roots the opening slow melody in his Der Freischutz overture, labeled it St. Jude (!), and tacked it upon Schmolke's "My Jesus, as Thou wilt" and Dr. Bonar's "I did thee wrong, my God." The melody in Agathe's scena, later in the same opera, is turned over to "Softly now the light of day." I have also seen in another book the familiar "Fading, still fading," set to the cavatina "Glöcklein im Thale," in Euryanthe; and not long ago, in yet another, "arrangements" of Balfe's "Then you 'll remember me," and of the waltz-tempo in his Satanella, as music to a couple of standard hymns.

The air "Nearer, my God, to Thee" has now become so associated with the celebrated hymn itself that one may forgive its reappearance between these covers, graceless plagiarism that it is from "Oft in the stilly night." The application of the secular airs Home, Sweet Home and The Last Rose of Summer is, at least, too lackadaisical to be tolerated. Nor does this book of sacred song refuse to countenance a march in Mendelssohn's Songs without Words alongside the hymn "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh," nor the "Prayer" from Herold's opera Zampa doing irksome duty with "Softly fades the twilight ray," nor an air from the same composer's Prè aux Clercs as music to "Hark, the herald angels sing."

The writer is not disposed to go further. This volume of canticles is not unique. Let the reader seek it out and examine it at leisure, and then let him lay hold of another and a third, to find the trail of the "adapter" and "arranger" over them all. The Salvation Army can fling a *tu quoque* argument in the teeth of their critics, upon musical grounds. The choir-books are crowded with operatic quartets from Donizetti and Rossini. The organist's compendium is an outrage upon propriety. In

the Roman Catholic churches the ear is insulted with masses by modern Italian and other composers for the stage; men of genius, who, in writing for the sacred offices of that church, ignored every law and tradition concerning its ecclesiastical music. In provincial Roman Catholic and Protestant churches the state of affairs is naturally far worse than in large cities. Not a year ago a country organist assured the writer that "he had been waiting till it should n't seem so common," to set his choir to singing "I heard the voice of Jesus say" to the sextet in the Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's Patience. He added smilingly that "it went perfectly." One thing is sure: that, unless the moral sentiment of all denominations awakes, somewhat as the moral sentiment of the Roman Catholic church did in the time of Palestrina and the Council of Trent (when the situation was very similar), psalmody and church music in general will become precisely as devout as those "sacred concerts" announced in the Sunday press during our opera seasons.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fine Arts and Holiday Books. A History of Wood-Engraving, by George E. Woodberry (Harpers), is an important work, not from its contribution to the facts of the history of engraving on wood, for it displays no special research, but for its untechnical yet clear and discriminating statement of the relation which the development of the art has borne to civilization. In other words, Mr. Woodberry writes as a student, who values the art both for the pleasure which it gives and for its expository power; and he is rather a cultivated scholar writing for people of education than a technical student writing for professional artists. The illustrations are really illustrative. — History of Ancient Art, by Dr. Franz von Reber, translated and augmented by Joseph Thacher Clarke (Harpers), is a work of the same general character as Mr. Woodberry's, but more comprehensive in subject and more exact and specific in treatment. But, like that, it is historical, and deals with art as an exponent of civilization in its successive stages. The work is furnished with a glossary, and with useful illustrations. Its compactness and order render it very serviceable as a hand-book for students. — An illustrated Dictionary of Words used in Art and Archæology, by J. W. Mollett (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is one of those convenient hand-books which are rendering a high state of civilization endurable. It explains terms which everybody knows until he is asked, and is clear and concise. — The House that Jill Built after Jack's had proved a Failure, by E. C. Gardner (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), is a book on home architecture, in which the discussions upon points are thrown into the form of a slight story. The book is illustrated, and one may find in it hints and suggestions of use. Perhaps the form adopted will render the book more agreeable to the families which are now engaged in similar discussions; at any rate, it enables the writer to be lively at small cost. — The thirtieth volume of L'Art has been received from J. W. Bouton, and like its predecessors displays its richness more effectively than the weekly issues by themselves. The articles are by Champfleury, Decamps, Lalanne, Lenormant, and others; the etchings by Abot, Abraham, Artigue, Bocourt, Courtry, Daumont, Gautier, Greux, Lurat, Massard, and Yon, while a still larger number of artists are represented in the engravings on wood and the photogravures. The Salon of 1882 is liberally illustrated. — In Highways and Byways (Harpers) Mr. Gibson gives a twofold pleasure to his readers, and must himself derive a double satisfaction from his work, as author and artist. In his combined quality he has presented us with one of the most beautiful volumes of the season.

Geography and Travel. The Merv Oasis, by Edmond O'Donovan (Putnams), is an important work in two volumes, by the special correspondent of the London Daily News, treating of travels and adventures east of the Caspian during the years 1879–81, and including five months' residence among the Tekés of Merv. Mr. O'Donovan's five months were somewhat in the nature of a polite imprisonment, but he used his facilities well, and with the training of a newspaper correspondent has told everything he knows, apparently. We must confess to some doubts whether this training makes the most satisfactory historians of travel, but it certainly makes the liveliest narrators. The book is furnished with maps and a portrait of the author. — The Land of "The Arabian Nights" is a volume of travel through Egypt, Arabia, and Persia to Bagdad, by W. P. Fogg (Scribners), with a page of introduction by Bayard Taylor. The book is lively and confined to the author's personal experience. — Lieutenant

Danenhower's Narrative of the Jeannette (Osgood) is a revised version of the story first told to the New York Herald reporter. — Three Vassar Girls Abroad, by Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney (Estes & Lauriat), is a bright and readable narrative of a vacation trip of three girls through France and Spain. The three girls may be inventions or copies; it does not matter so far as the reader's pleasure is concerned. — Knocking Round the Rockies (Harpers) does not mean that the author, Ernest Ingersoll, has been injuring the Rocky Mountains to any appreciable extent, but has, since 1874, been on various expeditions over the country. He has brought together into more orderly form the notes which he has printed of his travels in several periodicals. He is a good traveler, and gives the reader a full taste of the joys of roughing it. — Pennsylvania Dutch, and other Essays, by Phebe Earle Gibbons (Lippincott), appears in its third edition, revised and enlarged. The first edition was published in 1872, the second in 1874, and the present contains about twice as much as the first. The interesting character of the leading paper will be recalled by many readers, and the writer makes further contributions from her note-books on the miners of Scranton, Irish and English farmers. The unfinished style seems to carry with it a certain authentication of the material.

Poetry and the Drama. Poems of Life and Nature, by Mary Clemmer (Osgood), collects verses written upon a number of subjects, and all bearing the impress of a somewhat fervid nature, untrained in verse, and not always aware of the hair-breadth escape which she enjoys; for her poetic steed goes dangerously near the edge, at times. — A Symphony in Dreamland, by Alice E. Lord (Putnams), is a collection of poems arranged under the headings of the movements of a symphony, and having something of the vagueness of music. The conceit, however, helps to give character to the book. — A second series has been issued of Sunshine in the Soul (Roberts), a collection of poems of a religious character, treating of the varied experiences of life and cultivating a divine content. The good taste of the compiler is evident. — Poems, by Minot J. Savage (George H. Ellis, Boston), contains the off-hand versifying of a bright and busy man. There is slight range of poetic form and little sign that poetry as an art has been faithfully studied. — Idler and Poet, by Rossiter Johnson (Osgood), is a collection of poems, in very neat style, which one may take as the fancies and *jeux d'esprit* of a writer who has won his spurs in other fields. — Songs of an Idle Hour, by William J. Coughlin (Williams), is preceded by a too deprecatory preface: not that we should necessarily disagree with its reckless abandonment of claims, but such a preface is apt to produce an antipathetic mood in the reader. The poems show variety of form, but lack of melody. — Monte Rosa, the Epic of an Alp, by Starr H. Nichols (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), has the quality of greatness about it. That is to say, it is not only serious in intention, but it is built upon a strong plan; and however much one may differ from the author in his choice of a hero, it must be admitted that he is consistent, and the mountain remains throughout the hero of the poem. The book will be a nut to crack for many.

Literature and Literary Criticism. Dr. Holmes's Autocrat of the Breakfast Table has been issued in a new edition (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), which, besides the charm of new and clear typography, has an embroidery of footnotes, in which the autocrat becomes a delightful reader of his own undying work. One feels that he is reading it aloud to his multitude of friends, stopping now and then to say something new, of which his old work has reminded him. — Tasso, by E. J. Hasell, is a recent number of Foreign Classics for English Readers. (Lippincott.) Most of the translations of poetry in the volume are by the author. — In English Men of Letters (Harpers), Macaulay, by J. Cotter Morison, is treated with that impartiality, and yet affection, which form the characteristics of much of our contemporary biographic criticism. — Herbert Spencer and the Americans and The Americans on Herbert Spencer (Appleton) is a pamphlet report of the well-known "interview" and the proceedings at the farewell dinner.

Biography and Memoirs. Ole Bull, a memoir by Sara C. Bull (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), will be received with alacrity as a report of a singularly attractive artist, and be read with respect and interest; for it really presents to the reader in close contact a figure seen by most at the distance of the concert platform. The book contains also Ole Bull's Violin Notes and Dr. A. B. Crosby's Anatomy of the Violinist. There is a portrait of the great musician, and the book itself is an animated and graphic portrait of the most romantic figure in recent musical history. — Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life, by Georgiana Baroness Bloomfield (Putnams), is a decorous work, recounting the experiences of a lady who was in waiting on Queen Victoria, and afterward the wife of a gentleman in diplomatic service in Russia and Austria. While the work has the general air of memoirs, in which the little and big jostle each other, it cannot be said to amuse or startle by its revelations. It is the memoranda of a cultivated lady, who had not much to say, and said it in two volumes. — The personal quality in Discourses and Poems of William Newell (George H. Ellis, Boston) is very attractive, and indeed gives excuse for the volume. Dr. Newell grew old in Cambridge, where he had long been a pastor; but he kept a playful, youthful spirit, and the writings in this book, both those of him and those by him, alike produce the impression of a most friendly and refined man. — Early New England People is the attractive title of a volume which Sarah E. Titcomb has formed from material illustrating the family history of Ellis, Pemberton, Willard, Prescott, Titcomb, Sewall, Longfellow, and other New England houses. (W. B. Clarke and Carruth, Boston.) It is genealogy in fatigue uniform. The absence of an index renders the work more of a tax upon the consulter than was necessary. — We have referred before to Heroes of Science, published by the S. P. C. K. Another volume has been added, devoted to astronomers, by E. J. C. Mor-

ton, and giving in the form of biographic sketches something like a history of the development of the science. — Memoir of John A. Dahlgren, by his widow, Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren (Osgood), is a full and generous biography. It represents, it may be, the desire of Mrs. Dahlgren to erect a monument over her husband, and possibly the very fullness of her narrative will partially defeat her object; but Admiral Dahlgren was a man whose life was well worth knowing, and cooler heads may from this material easily shape the figure which is to stand permanently in the national gallery. — Military Life in Italy is a volume of sketches by Edmondo de Amicis. (Putnams.) It is the work of a soldier, who is also a brilliant writer, and is in effect a piece of personal memoirs thrown into a somewhat fictitious form.

History. The Seventh Great Oriental Monarchy, or the geography, history, and antiquities of the Sassanian or new Persian empire, by George (Rawlinson Dodd, Mead, & Co.), which is in two octavo volumes, copiously illustrated and furnished with maps, completes the author's ancient history of the East. It is a sequel to the Parthians, and carries down the history of Western Asia from the third century of our era to the middle of the seventh. — English Colonies in America, Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas, by J. A. Doyle (Holt), is by a writer who has already shown his ability in a small volume devoted to American history, and in this furnishes the first of an important series of three, covering the whole of our colonial life. The work is a careful study, from contemporaneous sources largely, and belongs to the new order of scientific histories. It is a work of great value to the historical student. — A History of the French War, ending in the conquest of Canada, with a preliminary account of the early attempts at colonization and struggles for the possession of the continent, by Rossiter Johnson (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is not an original work, but a straightforward narrative, drawn from good sources and intended for popular reading. Without a distinct statement to the effect, it is probably designed chiefly for young readers. It avoids the faults of sensationalism, except in its illustrations. — Celtic Britain, by J. Rhys, is one of the historical compends published by the London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York), written by a professor of Celtic, who is probably better qualified for his work than his somewhat jocular and apologetic preface would intimate. — History of Augusta County, Virginia, by J. Lewis Peyton (Samuel M. Yost & Son, Staunton, Va.), is a substantial county history, in which is gathered much local material, and there must be very few persons in the county whose names may not be found on some page. Many curious details are preserved, and the book will take its place as one of the storehouses for historians. It is a pity it has no map. — Gesta Christi, or a History of Humane Progress under Christianity, by Charles Loring Brace (Armstrongs), is a suggestive treatise by a man who has won honor as a worker in Christian schemes. He seeks to discover the practical witness to Christianity in historic progress, and his work, while not original in investigation, is one of those quickening works which are quite sure to result in the growth of ideas. — Mr. William Swinton has reissued his Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac (Scribners), but claims that, while he has corrected his work in some minor details, the substantial truthfulness of the original publication has been confirmed by later histories and records.

Fiction. Mr. Bishop's The House of a Merchant Prince (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) carries on its title-page the words "A Novel of New York;" and it is the studious local color of the book which gives it value as a survey of current life in some of its phases. The story, besides, is a story, and not a mosaic of incidents. — Little Sister is the first of the third of the No Name series of novels (Roberts), and will attract by its sweetness of tone, even if that be sometimes a little cloying. — Janet, a Poor Heiress, by Sophie May (Lee & Shepard), is a story of the good-natured, domestic kind, vastly better for the girls who will read it than much of the fiction which has more style about it. — Nantucket Scraps, being the experiences of an off-islander, in season and out of season, among a passing people, by Jane G. Austin (Osgood), is the light and trifling book of a summer visitor, who finds amusement nearer home than some travelers, and romanticizes in a manner to make one wonder if he would find all that she saw if he went to Nantucket. — Heart of Steel, by Christian Reid (Appleton), is an elaborate novel by an American lady, the scenes laid in Europe, involving some of the customary international questions. — Doctor Grimshawe's Secret (Osgood) is the Hawthorne romance which, with its fringe of notes and experiments, promises to be the occasion of a vast deal of writing now and in the future. How thankfully one gets out of Hawthorne's tomb this half-legible story, and how thankfully he would fill up any vacant tomb with a large part of the fiction since his day! — The Modern Hagar, by Charles M. Clay (Harlan), is a two-volume novel in continuation of the author's previous Baby Rue. — Mr. Isaacs, a tale of modern India, by F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan), is sufficiently cosmopolitan: a Persian for the hero, modern India for the field, an American for the author, and an Englishman for the publisher. It needs no such help from the four quarters of the globe to give it a position; its own character will do that. — Césette, a story of peasant life in the South of France, from the French of Emile Pouvillon by C. W. Woolsey (Putnams), will give a fillip to the taste of the jaded novel-reader. It is perhaps the situation and frank exhibition of rustic life which will interest, rather than any singular story-telling power, but at any rate the peasants are not interrupted by high life. — The Problem of the Poor, a record of quiet work in unquiet places, by Helen Campbell (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), is fictitious rather in form than in substance. It contains sketches of actual experience in the slums of New York, made by a writer of experience in story-telling; and while the book has a charm of narrative, it has also internal evidence of faithfulness to fact. We commend it as doing more than to state the problem,

for it suggests solutions. — Luser the Watchmaker, an episode of the Polish Revolution, by Rev. Adolf Moses, translated from the German by Mrs. A. de V. Chaudron (Block & Co., Cincinnati), is a Jewish tale, which covers by a veil historic fact.

Books for Young People. Building the Nation is the title of a work by Charles Carleton Coffin (Harpers), which deals with events in the history of the United States from the Revolution to the beginning of the war between the States. It has the characteristics of Mr. Coffin's work, a nervous haste as if history were a variety show, a bright sense of something more than the material side of life, and an unfailing confidence in the destiny of the nation. We suspect that most boys and girls who read the book would not fail of an exalted notion of their own country. — Zigzag Journeys in the Occident, by Hezekiah Butterworth (Estes & Lauriat), is this year's number of the Zigzag series, and covers a summer trip from Boston to the Pacific. The book strikes us as rather more lively than previous ones, but with somewhat the same galvanic life. — Of the same general class is The Knockabout Club Alongshore, the adventures of a party of young men on a trip from Boston to the land of the Midnight Sun, by C. A. Stephens. (Estes & Lauriat.) The midnight sun is seen off Greenland, and not off Norway, and the experiences of the travelers are confined to this hemisphere. Mr. Stephens makes a plea for a different kind of education from that which has grown out of the world's experiments, but his book does not make one sanguine of the lasting success of a steamship college, and the judicious parent will be likely to put the book back on the counter after reading the opening pages. — Rev. Alfred J. Church has added to the obligations which the public already owed him by his Stories from the Greek Tragedians. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Such a book is an admirable introduction to a warm interest in antiquity, and is likely to do more than simple translation in giving those who do not read Greek an insight into Greek thought and life. — Plish and Plum, from the German of Wilhelm Busch by Charles T. Brooks (Roberts), is one of the German drolleries which never quite gets acclimatized, but is given as much freedom of the country as is possible under Mr. Brooks's sympathetic rendering. — Boys in the Mountains and on the Plains, by William H. Rideing (Appleton), is an illustrated work, in which the author's experience as a member of one of the geographical surveys is thrown into the form of a narrative recording the adventures of a company of bright boys traveling in the far West. It is a sensible book, of more unity than many of its class. — Jewish and Christian History (Osgood) is a work in three volumes, based upon the Bible, but giving the narrative in a consecutive form and in a style intended for the young. In a large portion the Bible language has been used, and the compilers have in the main followed the lead of Ewald and his English popularizer, Dean Stanley. The book is furnished with notes and with a few illustrations, the latter of which would scarcely commend themselves to Ewald, one would say. It strikes us that the critical apparatus and indeed some of the text presuppose a tolerable maturity of mind in the reader. — Facts and Phases of Animal Life, interspersed with amusing and original anecdotes, is the naive title of a volume prepared by Vernon S. Norwood, described as lecturer to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. (Appleton.) The book is illustrated by wood-cuts, executed apparently by some society for the prevention of justice to animals. It is didactic and somewhat formal, and overdoes the business of exciting kindly emotions. — Our Boys in India (Lee & Shepard) is another of the showy books of travel for the young, which are laying the seeds this year of an immense crop of travelers a dozen years hence. It describes the wanderings of two young Americans in Hindustan, with their adventures on the sacred rivers and wild mountains, and is by Harry W. French, who appears to be better equipped as a traveler than as a story-teller. — Young Folks' History of Mexico, by Frederick A. Ober (Estes & Lauriat), is a somewhat enthusiastic work, in which romance is freely used and dates are given with an air of authenticity which is amusing. One would think that a daily record of events was kept in Mexico in the twelfth century. The author does not indulge much in prophecy, but he says soberly, Mexico "has now enjoyed an almost uninterrupted peace of nearly five years." It certainly is high time, then, to write the history of Mexico. — The Live Oak Boys, or the Adventures of Richard Constable afloat and ashore (Lee & Shepard), is one of Mr. Kellogg's rugged, sensible books, devoid of art, but possessed of sterling qualities of nature. — Mildred's Bargain and other stories, by Lucy C. Lillie (Harpers), is a sensible book for girls, the stories being loaded with good principles, and not too subtle or romantic. — Winning his Way, by Charles Carleton Coffin (Estes & Lauriat), is a new edition, in the prevailing style, of a book which had a success in war times as a picture of boy and soldier life. It appears now with a new set of illustrations, which generalize the incidents illustrated in a suspicious fashion. — Old-Fashioned Fairy Tales, by Juliana Horatia Ewing, is a collection of stories by a practiced writer, who is familiar with the standard fairy stage, and puts on new dramas in the same general style, but with some modern spirit infused. Mrs. Ewing has perhaps a trifle too much purpose in her fairy tales. The book is published by the S. P. C. K. (E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York.)

Education and Text-Books. — A Text-Book on the Elements of Physics, for high schools and academies, by Alfred P. Gage (Ginn, Heath & Co.), rests distinctly upon the experimental method, and, while it does not require laboratory apparatus, expects and encourages it. The author shows the unreasonableness of the objections against the use of physical laboratories in elementary work. — Anacreontics, selected and arranged with notes, by Isaac Flagg (Ginn, Heath & Co.), contains thirty-five delightful little pieces, which may be studied with profit, but thoroughly enjoyed only by those to whom the classics have ceased to be dictionary exercises. — Beowulf, an Anglo-Saxon Poem, and The Fight at Finnsburg,

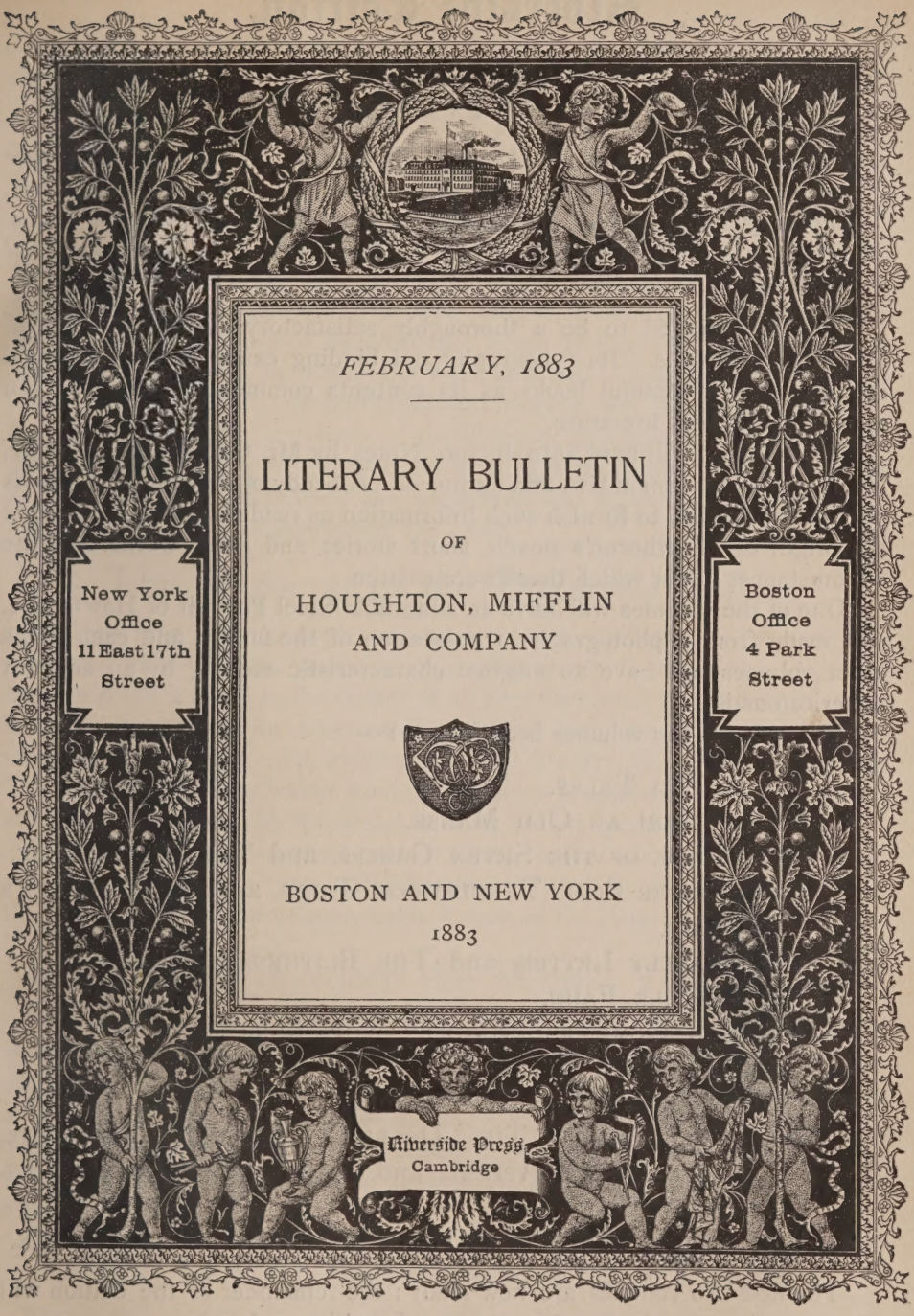
translated by James M. Garnett (Ginn & Heath), is well furnished with notes, bibliography, and glossary. — W. J. Rolfe's Shakespeare (Harpers), has reached Henry the Sixth, the three parts of which are published in three separate volumes.

Biblical and Religious. The third volume of Dr. Philip Schaff's four-volume Popular Commentary of the New Testament (Scribners) is occupied with the Epistles of Paul, and, besides the editor, the authors contributing are "English and American scholars, of various evangelical denominations." Dr. Riddle, of Hartford, is the only American employed upon this volume. The work is loaded down with analysis and comment, and its popularity surely must be based upon the comprehensive, not the stimulating, character of the exegesis. — Home-Life in the Bible, by Henrietta Lee Palmer (Osgood), is an abundantly illustrated octavo, in which the topics naturally falling under the title are treated in a free, narrative manner. — Under the general title of The Land and the Book, which was used for a previous volume, descriptive of Southern Palestine and Jerusalem, Dr. William M. Thompson, a veteran missionary, has now published a second section devoted to Central Palestine and Phœnicia. (Harpers.) The book is a portly one, freely illustrated, and containing maps; its value will be found in the personal experience and observation of a well-equipped traveler and resident, and, since the indexes are copious, the itinerary form which is adopted is made almost as convenient for reference as if the topical form had been chosen.

Health and Medicine. In the Health Primers (Appleton) the ninth number is The Nervous System. The application of the doctrines to the care of the body is brief, the work mainly resting its value upon the clearness of its analysis of the system. — Speech and its Defects, considered physiologically, pathologically, historically and remedially, by Samuel O. L. Potter, M. D. (P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia), is a prize thesis, and is very full and minute on the subject of stammering, although we do not see that he quotes Colonel Sellers's remedy. — Transactions of the Brighton Health Congress (John Beal & Co., Brighton, England) is a volume containing a report of the addresses and papers given at a congress held in Brighton in December, 1881. Dr. B. W. Richardson presided, a domestic and scientific exhibition was held, all sorts of hygienic subjects were discussed, and the principal speakers furnished their photographs. The volume is a curiosity as showing how queerly things are sometimes done in England. — Dr. Lionel S. Beale's treatise On Slight Ailments, their Nature and Treatment, appears in a second edition, enlarged and illustrated. (P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia.) While strictly a medical work, it has its charms for the lay-reader who may be suspected of having slight ailments of which he wishes to know a little. — Dr. J. Mortimer Granville is the author of a manual (S. E. Cassino, Boston), How to Make the Best of Life, and discusses the subject under the heads of health, feelings, breathing, drinking, eating, over-work, change, and life-strength, but he is neither very forcible nor very suggestive. There are better aids to health in the same compass. — Cerebral Hyperæmia, by Dr. C. F. Buckley (Putnams), is an examination of some of Dr. W. A. Hammond's views by an English specialist in lunacy. Dr. Hammond published a book with the same title, and thus Dr. Buckley adds to his title the words, Does it exist? The question is asked simply on the title-page, but before the little book is closed it is asked derisively, indignantly, and aggressively.

Household Economy. The Book of Forty Puddings, by Susan Anna Brown (Scribners), is not, as its external form hints, a suggestion for an æsthetic repast, or a Barmecide feast. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and it is no objection to this little book that its residence in the kitchen would be brief, owing to its decorative properties. — Be Kind to Your Old Age (E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York) for the London S. P. C. K., is a book upon thrift, the principles of which are of universal application, but calculated for the meridian of Greenwich, where there are "post-office aids." — Domestic Economy, a new Cookery Book, containing numerous (*sic*) valuable receipts for aid in housekeeping, prepared and arranged by Mrs. R. C. Hollyday (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore), is an entertaining as well as useful work, since it gives one the authority in the names of Maryland and Virginia housekeepers for the various receipts. Here at last we may hope that the famous Southern cooking is made possible to the Union.

Science. Chapters on Evolution, by Andrew Wilson (Putnams), is a popular and intelligible presentation, by an authority in scientific matters, of the chief evidences of the evolution of living beings. "In this view," the author says, "whilst I have been content to assume the reality of that process, I have also endeavored to marshal the more prominent facts of zoölogy and botany, which serve to prove that evolution, broadly considered, is not merely a name for an unknown tendency in nature, but is an actual factor in the work of moulding the life with which the universe teems." The work, which is an English one, is liberally illustrated. — The Falls of Niagara is the title of an illustrated work by George W. Holley (Armstrong), who has been a resident for many years in the vicinity of the Falls, and has brought into this form the result of his observations. He assumes to demonstrate the existence of a dam that was once the shore of an immense fresh-water sea. The historical side of his subject he has also treated, and has added a sketch of other famous cataracts. — Ragnarok, the Age of Fire and Gravel (Appleton) is by Ignatius Donnelly, who has an aptitude for seeing the romance in science, and in this volume undertakes to explain the drift by the action of a comet upon the earth. He writes with zeal and animation, and attacks his subject with something of the spirit which he attributes to the comet. — In the series of Science Ladders (Putnams), the fifth number is Lowest Forms of Water Animals, by N. D'Anvers, the previous numbers having been devoted to plant life. It begins with protoplasm, and rises to the corals. The book belongs also among books for young people.



FEBRUARY, 1883

LITERARY BULLETIN

OF

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1883

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Riverside Edition.

HAWTHORNE'S WORKS.

An entirely new Edition of the Works of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, *from new electrotype plates. With Introductory Notes by* GEORGE P. LATHROP, *author of "A Study of Hawthorne." In twelve volumes, crown octavo With an Original Etching in each volume, and an excellent new Steel Portrait of Hawthorne. Price of each volume, $2.00.*

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The volumes will have Introductory Notes by Mr. GEORGE P. LATHROP, Mr. Hawthorne's son-in-law, and author of "A Study of Hawthorne," who is peculiarly qualified to furnish such information as readers desire concerning the origin of Hawthorne's novels, short stories, and other works, and the circumstances under which these were written.

One of the volumes will have an admirable Steel Portrait of Hawthorne, just made from a photograph in possession of the family, and each of the other volumes will have an original characteristic etching by an eminent American artist.

The order of the volumes is as follows: —

1. TWICE-TOLD TALES.
2. MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE.
3. THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, and THE SNOW IMAGE.
4. THE WONDER BOOK, TANGLEWOOD TALES, and GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR.
5. THE SCARLET LETTER, and THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE.
6. THE MARBLE FAUN.

7, 8. OUR OLD HOME, and ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS.

9. AMERICAN NOTE-BOOKS.
10. FRENCH AND ITALIAN NOTE-BOOKS.
11. SEPTIMIUS FELTON, THE DOLLIVER ROMANCE, FANSHAWE, ALICE DOANE'S APPEAL, and, in an Appendix, THE ANCESTRAL FOOTSTEP.
12. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, OTHER TALES AND ESSAYS, INDEX.

The first two volumes are now ready; the remainder of the edition will appear at the rate of two volumes a month until completed.

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers,*

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HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.'S

LITERARY BULLETIN.

The Voyage of the Jeannette.

THE Ship and Ice Journals of Lieutenant De Long are in press for publication the coming season by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. These journals were brought home by Engineer Melville to Mrs. De Long, by whom the work is edited. The story which these journals tell, and which is profoundly interesting, will be supplemented by the testimony of the survivors of the ill-fated expedition. It will be preceded by an introductory chapter, in which the preparations for the voyage and the plan and purpose of the expedition will be related, and also by a biographic sketch of Commander De Long.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,

In its new type, with its notes, new preface, and excellent steel portrait, has been welcomed with an emphasis of cordiality which shows how large and warm a place it holds in the regard of all who have read it. Indeed it would be difficult to name an American book which has been read with equal admiration and delight. Its wisdom, wit, and literary felicity are inimitable. The twenty-five years which have passed since it appeared have made even stronger and deeper the appreciation of its unique qualities.

It cannot fail to interest all readers of this marvelous book that the January Atlantic contains "An After-Breakfast Talk," by Dr. Holmes, quite in the spirit and with the unquenchable humor of the Autocrat himself.

Beauty and Wisdom the Whole Year Round.

The Longfellow and Emerson Calendars were naturally in great request as Holiday gifts, but their attraction and value are not for a day but for the entire year. Therefore we take the liberty to bring them again to the notice of those who have not yet procured them, and who would find them a daily delight by reason of their artistic character and of the noble and beautiful sentences chosen for the several days of the year from the writings of Emerson and Longfellow.

The Hill of Stones, and Other Poems.

Under this title Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has just published a tasteful little book of verse, so good that it merits special attention. Those who have hitherto known Dr. Mitchell only as a writer of prose of unusual force and clearness, will be both surprised and pleased to see in this volume abundant proof of his power to write poems of genuine lyrical character. "The Hill

of Stones" is a legend of Fontainebleau. Following this are poems on "The Shriving of Guinevere," "Kearsarge," "How the Cumberland went Down," seven "Camp-Fire Lyrics," and several other pieces. The book is unusually attractive in style.

Mr. Bishop's "Story of New York."

"The House of a Merchant Prince" is just published, after a prosperous course in THE ATLANTIC. It is a book which will attract the attention of the many readers who like an interesting and amusing novel, and also of the smaller but no less important class, who are fond of reading anything as well written as Bishop's stories are sure to be. The author has a story of interest to tell, and he tells it well, giving to it all the local color and movement of New York life, which he has such talent in describing. Not only is it singularly successful as a story, but as a study of modern men and manners it will take high rank. Speaking of the book, the New York *Times* says: —

> Covering a very difficult subject, describing the many phases of New York life, combining with a certain picturesqueness of description a great deal of philosophical thought on American manners, Mr. Bishop, in the "House of a Merchant Prince," has produced a notable book. It is not his fault if the characters at his hand are not always agreeable ones. Like a true artist, the power of combination or selection is his, but he paints each individual subject as it really is, not as it might be.

Ole Bull.

The high praise which the press has unanimously accorded to the memoir of Ole Bull, which has just appeared, is perhaps the best tribute to the interest of the book. It is written by his wife, and is a history of a wonderful life, written with feeling and reserve. The Boston *Gazette* says of it: —

> The story of his busy and in many respects romantic life needed to be told, and it is related in this volume with much animation, unfailing good taste, and easy grace of style. It overflows with interest, particularly in its early portions, where it details the early struggles and the eventual triumphs of the young artist. Ole Bull's career in this country is minutely related, and will be found of marked attractiveness, notably in connection with the sketches it affords of the many noted people with whom he lived in pleasant friendship.

The Boston *Advertiser* speaks of it as an "interesting memoir of his brilliant, laborious, brave, kind life; of his genius; of his originality; of his adventures."

The volume is beautifully printed, and contains an excellent portrait of Ole Bull, besides several illustrations.

A Handbook of Art and Archæology.

The recent revival of the decorative arts in relation to the beautifying of both the interior and exterior of our houses has brought into use many words with which the average reader was until recently entirely unfamiliar. To meet a need for a small and convenient, and yet thoroughly trustworthy guide in such matters, Mr. J. W. Mollett, a well-known authority in Art matters, has prepared an "Illustrated Dictionary of Words used in Art and Archæology," which is intended to be a *vade mecum* to all who at times find

their information at fault. It is not exhaustive on any of the subjects that it touches; but, spreading over a wide field of connected subjects, it is a safe guide and reference for the groundwork of the study of each, and of the large class of subjects which may be politely described as "things forgot," for which suggestions to jog the memory, and references to standard works, are all that is required.

A glance at the contents of the volume shows that it treats of terms used in works on Architecture, Arms, Bronzes, Christian Art, Color, Costume, Decoration, Devices, Emblems, Heraldry, Lace, Personal Ornaments, Pottery, Painting, Sculpture, and kindred subjects relating to the Fine Arts. Its value is greatly increased by numerous illustrations.

Oddities in Southern Life and Character.

Mr. Henry Watterson has done a good service in gathering together many of the more characteristic of those stories which achieved a popularity in the South fifty years ago. In connection with the illustrations they give a series of graphic pictures of manners and customs in the South before the war. Not only is the book interesting in this respect, but it will make friends among those who have been delighted with the quaint and ready wit of "Uncle Remus," and in fact among all who enjoy genuine Southern humor. The *Central School Journal* says of it: —

> The brilliant editor of the *Courier-Journal* has, in the compilation of this volume, evinced a taste for and appreciation of true wit which will be indorsed by the thousands of readers he is sure to find. The book is made up of selections from the writings of Judge Longstreet, Johnson J. Hooper, Joseph G. Baldwin, Colonel Thompson, "Bill Arp," Richard M. Johnston, George W. Harris, George W. Bagby, Proctor Knott, Davy Crockett, "Uncle Remus," and others. It is a book to laugh heartily over, for its rich humor is as luxuriant as the soil which produced it, but behind the boisterous fun and the keen wit there are human nature and deep sentiment. There is not a book of today which can afford a more enjoyable companion for a quiet afternoon or evening.

A Notable Poem.

Just before the Christmas holidays, too late to receive the attention it merited, was published "Monte Rosa," the epic of an Alp, by Mr. Starr H. Nichols. The Springfield *Republican* pronounces it "the best descriptive poem of the year, or for several years." And it adds: —

> The author takes Monte Rosa of the Pennine Alps, second in height to Mont Blanc, and not far off, for the hero of his epic. The descriptions of these mountains and of the whole panorama of Nature, which they open to the poet and man of science, are beyond Byron in "Manfred" or "Childe Harold," and can only be compared with Shakespeare, Lucretius, and Æschylus. What artist wrought this Alpine work? cries the poet, and replies, —
>
> "But architect and craftsman both was he
> That all things terrene rules, the immortal sun, —
> That like high God toils ever weariless,
> Not taking Sabbath, not desiring rest,
> Nor sparing time, but squandering like a prince
> The golden minutes of his myriad years.
> He having moulded earth a little star
> From fiery mist and immemorial time,
> And bent her planetary circle true,
> Called out his servants to complete her orb:
> The cloud he beckoned forth from hollow sea,
> And charged with shower; the winds so lordly free
> He bid to ride as lackeys at his wheel;
> The ice was his forbearance, and hail heats
> His unreined strength; while frenzied lightning
> Struck with borrowed hammers of his radiance forged;
> For Lord of lords is he, and his the elements
> To fetch and carry as his utter slaves."
>
> Here was a poet's eye and ear such as the author of the Book of Job might have envied.

Mr. Lounsbury's "J. Fenimore Cooper"

Has been heartily welcomed for its own sake, as a remarkably interesting account of a famous author whose biography had never been written, and as

adding to the value and variety of the series of "American Men of Letters," edited by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner. The Boston *Gazette* says of it: —

> Those who are not familiar with Prof. Lounsbury as an author will be surprised to find how well he writes. His style is admirable — clear, pure, animated, and especially marked by the quality known best to the general reader as readable. He tells the story of Cooper's life with an interest that never flags, and he invests it with an attraction that few would have supposed it to possess.

The New York *Tribune* observes: —

> We have here a model biography. We venture to believe that the accuracy of its statements will not be challenged, its absolute impartiality will not be questioned, the sense of literary proportion in the use of material will be appreciated by all who are capable of judging, the critical acumen will be intensely relished, and to the mass of readers who care little for facts, or impartiality, or literary form, or criticism, the story of the life will have something of the fascination of one of the author's own romances. For the book is charmingly written, with a felicity and vigor of diction that are notable even in a time when style is considered as important as substance, and with a humor sparkling, racy, and never obtrusive.

English and Scottish Popular Ballads.

The First Part of this sumptuous work has just appeared in a form and style which cannot fail to satisfy the most exacting taste. Paper, type, printing, margins, — everything is of a kind to delight book fanciers.

Professor Francis J. Child, of Harvard University, who edits the work, is recognized both in America and Great Britain as an authority in ballad literature. He has made special efforts for many years to procure, in their original and authentic forms, all the popular ballads of England and Scotland; and this edition embodies the rich fruit of his labor and intelligent discrimination.

It will probably require seven additional Parts to complete the work.

Letters of Lydia Maria Child.

For all who take interest in the reformatory movements to which Mrs. Child gave so large and rich a measure of work and sympathy these letters are peculiarly engaging. The New York *Times* says of Mrs. Child and of this book: —

> No womanly character in American life, unless Lucretia Mott be excepted, reaches up so nearly to Wordsworth's ideal of what the true woman may become as that of Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, as her portrait stands out in her familiar letters and in the masterly sketches drawn by Mr. Whittier and Mr. Phillips in the volume which will have to pass for her autobiography. It seems as if those who had the tracing of her character for future generations had been quite too modest in presenting her to a generation that knows her name rather than her works and deeds. Here was a most remarkable woman, one who lived a great life, but lived it so simply and with such limited consideration for herself that the more you study it the more it grows to be perhaps the truest life that an American woman has yet lived. In these letters the literary instinct is as true as it was in George Eliot or Miss Mitford or Margaret Fuller, but the literary element in Lydia Maria Child was strictly subordinated to the large discretion, the joyous womanhood, the wonderful charity, the unconscious flowering of the finest gifts of the sex, which made her life from youth to hoary age grandly and simply beautiful.

An English Estimate of Dr. Holmes.

The London *Daily News* welcomes Dr. Holmes's resignation of the chair of anatomy at Harvard as follows: "If Dr. Holmes resigned because he did not feel equal to his task, every one would be sorry; but it seems that he only wants more time for the pursuits of literature, and the more Dr.

Holmes writes, the better for us all. Other men may be as good or almost as good professors of anatomy, but few men can write books which give so much and such varied entertainment. Both in prose and verse Dr. Holmes has amused and instructed us as, perhaps, no other contemporary American author has done, unless it be Mr. Lowell. . . .

"He introduces anecdotes from recondite mediæval medical lore, which no other writer was likely to come across, and he returns, naturally and readily, from his scholarly talk, and displays a minute knowledge and keen humorous interest in the human nature and stirring life around him. All these qualities, with touches terrible and grotesque, are revealed in the ups and downs of the 'Autocrat' and the 'Professor at the Breakfast Table.' These are the sort of books, like Howell's 'Letters,' or Thackeray's 'Roundabout Papers,' or Montaigne, that a man can keep near his bedside and read at odd moments with a certainty that he will find something novel or something to think over in every page, while his attention will not be wearied or excited into following too long a train of thought.

"Everything considered, we presume that Dr. Holmes is more likely to give us some additional thoughts of the Autocrat or the Professor than some fresh novels like 'The Guardian Angel' or 'Elsie Venner.' The latter has no doubt been the more popular story in England. The strangeness of the general conception, 'the pity of it,' the unfamiliar hereditary curse, and the common human life through which Elsie steals like the serpent interwoven with her destiny, make up a novel quite singular and most powerful in character. 'The Guardian Angel' is also a novel of inherited tendencies. . . . It is exceedingly humorous and comic in the less serious chapters.

"There is no such minor poet in the whole range of fiction as the immortal Gifted Hopkins. In the character of Hopkins all the foibles and vanities of the literary nature are exemplified in the most mirthful manner. If Dr. Holmes has more characters like Gifted Hopkins in his mind, the hilarity of two continents is not in much danger of being extinguished. Dr. Holmes writes English, too, pure English and unashamed, whereby he becomes intelligible to our darkened insular spirits. It may be unpatriotic of the professor, but it is pleasant, and of course helps to make his works more popular in England than they would be if composed in some tongue but half 'understood by the people.'"

Mother Goose for Grown Folks.

Mrs. Whitney has caused the familiar old nursery rhymes of our childhood to

> "suffer a sea change
> Into something rich and strange."

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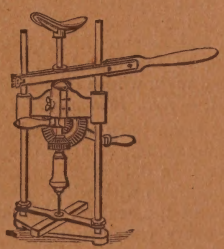

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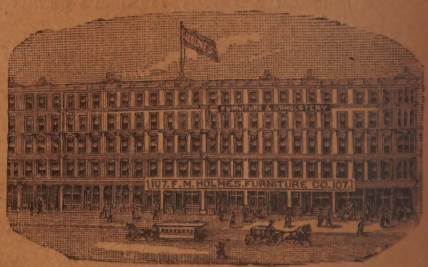

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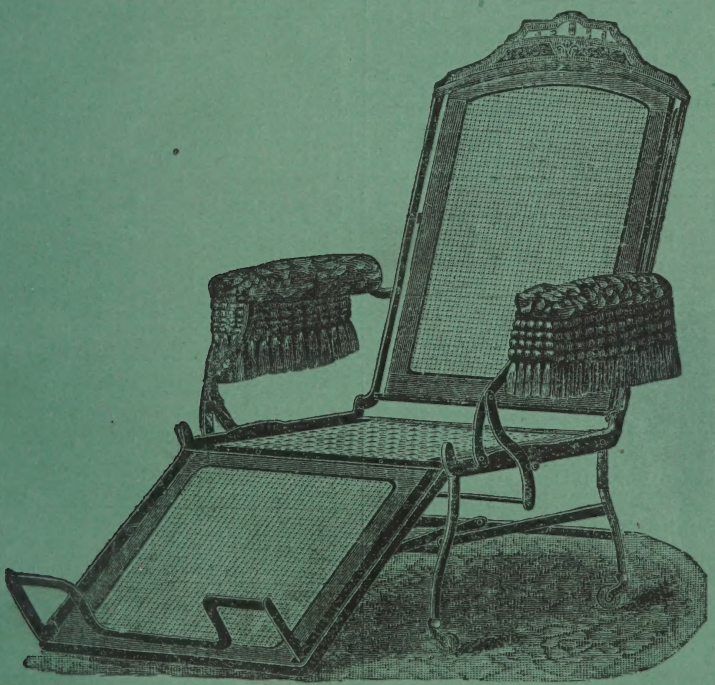

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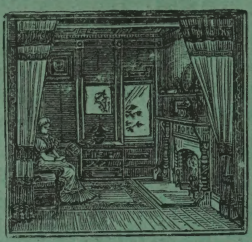

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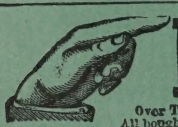

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ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LI. — MARCH, 1883. — No. CCCV.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

PART THIRD.

I.

MONOLOGUE: MACELLO DE' CORVI.

A room in MICHAEL ANGELO'S *house.* MICHAEL ANGELO, *standing before a model of St. Peter's.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

BETTER than thou I cannot, Brunelleschi,
And less than thou I will not! If the thought
Could, like a windlass, lift the ponderous stones,
And swing them to their places; if a breath
Could blow this rounded dome into the air,
As if it were a bubble, and these statues
Spring at a signal to their sacred stations,
As sentinels mount guard upon a wall,
Then were my task completed. Now, alas!
Naught am I but a Saint Sebaldus, holding
Upon his hand the model of a church,
As German artists paint him; and what years,
What weary years, must drag themselves along,
Ere this be turned to stone! What hindrances
Must block the way; what idle interferences
Of Cardinals and Canons of St. Peter's,
Who nothing know of art beyond the color
Of cloaks and stockings, nor of any building
Save that of their own fortunes! And what then?
I must then the short-coming of my means
Piece out by stepping forward, as the Spartan
Was told to add a step to his short sword. [*A pause.*

And is Fra Bastian[illegible] all that light
Gone out, that sunshi[illegible]ed; all that music
And merriment, that u[illegible]ke our lives

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Less melancholy, swallowed up in silence,
Like madrigals sung in the street at night
By passing revellers? It is strange indeed
That he should die before me. 'T is against
The law of nature that the young should die,
And the old live; unless it be that some
Have long been dead who think themselves alive,
Because not buried. Well, what matters it,
Since now that greater light, that was my sun,
Is set, and all is darkness, all is darkness!
Death's lightnings strike to right and left of me,
And, like a ruined wall, the world around me
Crumbles away, and I am left alone.
I have no friends, and want none. My own thoughts
Are now my sole companions, — thoughts of her,
That like a benediction from the skies
Come to me in my solitude and soothe me.
When men are old, the incessant thought of Death
Follows them like their shadow; sits with them
At every meal; sleeps with them when they sleep;
And when they wake already is awake,
And standing by their bedside. Then, what folly
It is in us to make an enemy
Of this importunate follower, not a friend!
To me a friend, and not an enemy,
Has he become since all my friends are dead.

II.

VIGNA DI PAPA GIULIO.

POPE JULIUS III. *seated by the Fountain of Acqua Vergine, surrounded by Cardinals.*

JULIUS.

Tell me, why is it ye are discontent,
You, Cardinals Salviati and Marcello,
With Michael Angelo? What has he done,
Or left undone, that ye are set against him?
When one Pope dies, another is soon made;
And I can make a dozen Cardinals,
But cannot make one Michael Angelo.

CARDINAL SALVIATI.

Your Holiness, we are not set against him;
We but deplore his incapacity.
He is too old.

JULIUS.

You, Cardinal Salviati,

Are an old man. Are you incapable?
'T is the old ox that draws the straightest furrow.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Your Holiness remembers he was charged
With the repairs upon St. Mary's bridge;
Made cofferdams, and heaped up load on load
Of timber and travertine; and yet for years
The bridge remained unfinished, till we gave it
To Baccio Bigio.

JULIUS.

Always Baccio Bigio!
Is there no other architect on earth?
Was it not he that sometime had in charge
The harbor of Ancona?

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Ay, the same.

JULIUS.

Then let me tell you that your Baccio Bigio
Did greater damage in a single day
To that fair harbor than the sea had done
Or would do in ten years. And him you think
To put in place of Michael Angelo,
In building the Basilica of St. Peter!
The ass that thinks himself a stag discovers
His error when he comes to leap the ditch.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

He does not build; he but demolishes
The labors of Bramante and San Gallo.

JULIUS.

Only to build more grandly.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

But time passes:
Year after year goes by, and yet the work
Is not completed. Michael Angelo
Is a great sculptor, but no architect.
His plans are faulty.

JULIUS.

I have seen his model,
And have approved it. But here comes the artist.
Beware of him. He may make Persians of you,
To carry burdens on your backs forever.

The same: MICHAEL ANGELO.

JULIUS.

Come forward, dear Maestro! In these gardens
All ceremonies of our court are banished.
Sit down beside me here.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *sitting down.*

How graciously
Your Holiness commiserates old age
And its infirmities!

JULIUS.

Say its privileges.
Art I respect. The building of this palace
And laying out these pleasant garden walks
Are my delight, and if I have not asked
Your aid in this, it is that I forbear
To lay new burdens on you at an age
When you need rest. Here I escape from Rome
To be at peace. The tumult of the city
Scarce reaches here.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How beautiful it is,
And quiet almost as a hermitage!

JULIUS.

We live as hermits here; and from these heights
O'erlook all Rome, and see the yellow Tiber
Cleaving in twain the city, like a sword,
As far below there as St. Mary's bridge.
What think you of that bridge?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I would advise
Your Holiness not to cross it, or not often;
It is not safe.

JULIUS.

It was repaired of late.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Some morning you will look for it in vain;
It will be gone. The current of the river
Is undermining it.

JULIUS.

But you repaired it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I strengthened all its piers, and paved its road
With travertine. He who came after me
Removed the stone, and sold it, and filled in
The space with gravel.

JULIUS.

Cardinal Salviati
And Cardinal Marcello, do you listen?
This is your famous Nanni Baccio Bigio.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *aside.*

There is some mystery here. These Cardinals
Stand lowering at me with unfriendly eyes.

JULIUS.

Now let us come to what concerns us more
Than bridge or gardens. Some complaints are made
Concerning the Three Chapels in St. Peter's;
Certain supposed defects or imperfections,
You doubtless can explain.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

This is no longer
The golden age of art. Men have become
Iconoclasts and critics. They delight not
In what an artist does, but set themselves
To censure what they do not comprehend.
You will not see them bearing a Madonna
Of Cimabue to the church in triumph,
But tearing down the statue of a Pope
To cast it into cannon. Who are they
That bring complaints against me?

JULIUS.

Deputies
Of the commissioners; and they complain
Of insufficient light in the Three Chapels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Your Holiness, the insufficient light
Is somewhere else, and not in the Three Chapels.
Who are the deputies that make complaint?

JULIUS.

The Cardinals Salviati and Marcello,
Here present.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *rising.*

With permission, Monsignori,
What is it ye complain of?

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

We regret
You have departed from Bramante's plan,
And from San Gallo's.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Since the ancient time
No greater architect has lived on earth
Than Lazzari Bramante. His design,
Without confusion, simple, clear, well-lighted,
Merits all praise, and to depart from it
Would be departing from the truth. San Gallo,
Building about with columns, took all light
Out of this plan; left in the choir dark corners
For infinite ribaldries, and lurking places
For rogues and robbers; so that when the church
Was shut at night, not five and twenty men
Could find them out. It was San Gallo, then,
That left the church in darkness, and not I.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Excuse me; but in each of the Three Chapels
Is but a single window.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Monsignore,
Perhaps you do not know that in the vaulting
Above there are to go three other windows.

CARDINAL SALVIATI.

How should we know? You never told us of it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I neither am obliged, nor will I be,
To tell your Eminence or any other
What I intend or ought to do. Your office
Is to provide the means, and see that thieves
Do not lay hands upon them. The designs
Must all be left to me.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Sir architect,
You do forget yourself, to speak thus rudely
In presence of his Holiness, and to us
Who are his cardinals.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *putting on his hat.*

I do not forget
I am descended from the Counts Canossa,
Linked with the Imperial line, and with Matilda,

Who gave the Church Saint Peter's Patrimony.
I, too, am proud to give unto the Church
The labor of these hands, and what of life
Remains to me. My father Buonarotti
Was Podestà of Chiusi and Caprese.
I am not used to have men speak to me
As if I were a mason, hired to build
A garden wall, and paid on Saturdays
So much an hour.

CARDINAL SALVIATI, *aside.*

No wonder that Pope Clement
Never sat down in presence of this man,
Lest he should do the same; and always bade him
Put on his hat, lest he unasked should do it!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If any one could die of grief and shame,
I should. This labor was imposed upon me;
I did not seek it; and if I assumed it,
'T was not for love of fame or love of gain,
But for the love of God. Perhaps old age
Deceived me, or self-interest, or ambition;
I may be doing harm instead of good.
Therefore, I pray your Holiness, release me;
Take off from me the burden of this work;
Let me go back to Florence.

JULIUS.

Never, never,
While I am living.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Doth your Holiness
Remember what the Holy Scriptures say
Of the inevitable time, when those
Who look out of the windows shall be darkened,
And the almond-tree shall flourish?

JULIUS.

That is in
Ecclesiastes.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And the grasshopper
Shall be a burden, and desire shall fail,
Because man goeth unto his long home.
Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all
Is vanity.

JULIUS.

Ah, were to do a thing
As easy as to dream of doing it,
We should not want for artists. But the men
Who carry out in act their great designs
Are few in number; ay, they may be counted
Upon the fingers of this hand. Your place
Is at St. Peter's.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I have had my dream,
And cannot carry out my great conception,
And put it into act.

JULIUS.

Then who can do it?
You would but leave it to some Baccio Bigio
To mangle and deface.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rather than that,
I will still bear the burden on my shoulders
A little longer. If your Holiness
Will keep the world in order, and will leave
The building of the church to me, the work
Will go on better for it. Holy Father,
If all the labors that I have endured,
And shall endure, advantage not my soul,
I am but losing time.

JULIUS, *laying his hands on* MICHAEL ANGELO'S *shoulders.*

You will be gainer
Both for your soul and body.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not events
Exasperate me, but the purest conclusions
I draw from these events; the sure decline
Of art, and all the meaning of that word;
All that embellishes and sweetens life,
And lifts it from the level of low cares
Into the purer atmosphere of beauty;
The faith in the Ideal; the inspiration
That made the canons of the church of Seville
Say, "Let us build, so that all men hereafter
Will say that we were madmen." Holy Father,
I beg permission to retire from here.

JULIUS.

Go; and my benediction be upon you.

[*Michael Angelo goes out.*

My Cardinals, this Michael Angelo
Must not be dealt with as a common mason.
He comes of noble blood, and for his crest
Bears two bull's horns; and he has given us proof
That he can toss with them. From this day forth
Unto the end of time, let no man utter
The name of Baccio Bigio in my presence.
All great achievements are the natural fruits
Of a great character. As trees bear not
Their fruits of the same size and quality,
But each one in its kind with equal ease,
So are great deeds as natural to great men
As mean things are to small ones. By his work
We know the master. Let us not perplex him.

III.

BINDO ALTOVITI.

A street in Rome. BINDO ALTOVITI, *standing at the door of his house.* MICHAEL ANGELO, *passing.*

BINDO.

Good-morning, Messer Michael Angelo!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Good-morning, Messer Bindo Altoviti!

BINDO.

What brings you forth so early?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The same reason
That keeps you standing sentinel at your door, —
The air of this delicious summer morning.
What news have you from Florence?

BINDO.

Nothing new;
The same old tale of violence and wrong.
Since the disastrous day at Monte Murlo,
When in procession, through San Gallo's gate,
Bareheaded, clothed in rags, on sorry steeds,
Philippo Strozzi and the good Valori
Were led as prisoners down the streets of Florence,
Amid the shouts of an ungrateful people,
Hope is no more, and liberty no more.
Duke Cosimo, the tyrant, reigns supreme.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Florence is dead: her houses are but tombs;
Silence and solitude are in her streets.

BINDO.

Ah yes; and often I repeat the words
You wrote upon your statue of the Night,
There in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo:
"Grateful to me is sleep; to be of stone
More grateful, while the wrong and shame endure;
To see not, feel not, is a benediction;
Therefore awake me not; oh, speak in whispers."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, Messer Bindo, the calamities,
The fallen fortunes, and the desolation
Of Florence are to me a tragedy
Deeper than words, and darker than despair.
I, who have worshipped freedom from my cradle,
Have loved her with the passion of a lover,
And clothed her with all lovely attributes
That the imagination can conceive,
Or the heart conjure up, now see her dead,
And trodden in the dust beneath the feet
Of an adventurer! It is a grief
Too great for me to bear in my old age.

BINDO.

I say no news from Florence: I am wrong,
For Benvenuto writes that he is coming
To be my guest in Rome.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Those are good tidings.
He hath been many years away from us.

BINDO.

Pray you, come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I have not time to stay,
And yet I will. I see from here your house
Is filled with works of art. That bust in bronze
Is of yourself. Tell me, who is the master
That works in such an admirable way,
And with such power and feeling?

BINDO.

Benvenuto.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah? Benvenuto? 'T is a masterpiece!
It pleases me as much, and even more,
Than the antiques about it; and yet they
Are of the best one sees. But you have placed it
By far too high. The light comes from below,
And injures the expression. Were these windows
Above and not beneath it, then indeed
It would maintain its own among these works
Of the old masters, noble as they are.
I will go in and study it more closely.
I always prophesied that Benvenuto,
With all his follies and fantastic ways,
Would show his genius in some work of art
That would amaze the world, and be a challenge
Unto all other artists of his time. [*They go in.*

IV.

IN THE COLISEUM.

MICHAEL ANGELO *and* TOMASO DE' CAVALIERI.

CAVALIERI.

What have you here alone, Messer Michele?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I come to learn.

CAVALIERI.

You are already master,
And teach all other men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nay, I know nothing;
Not even my own ignorance, as some
Philosopher hath said. I am a school-boy
Who hath not learned his lesson, and who stands
Ashamed and silent in the awful presence
Of the great master of antiquity
Who built these walls cyclopean.

CAVALIERI.

Gaudentius
His name was, I remember. His reward
Was to be thrown alive to the wild beasts
Here where we now are standing.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Idle tales.

CAVALIERI.

But you are greater than Gaudentius was,
And your work nobler.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Silence, I beseech you.

CAVALIERI.

Tradition says that fifteen thousand men
Were toiling for ten years incessantly
Upon this amphitheatre.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Behold
How wonderful it is! The queen of flowers,
The marble rose of Rome! Its petals torn
By wind and rain of thrice five hundred years;
Its mossy sheath half rent away, and sold
To ornament our palaces and churches,
Or to be trodden under feet of man
Upon the Tiber's bank; yet what remains
Still opening its fair bosom to the sun,
And to the constellations that at night
Hang poised above it like a swarm of bees.

CAVALIERI.

The rose of Rome, but not of Paradise;
Not the white rose our Tuscan poet saw,
With saints for petals. When this rose was perfect
Its hundred thousand petals were not saints,
But senators in their Thessalian caps,
And all the roaring populace of Rome;
And even an Empress and the Vestal Virgins,
Who came to see the gladiators die,
Could not give sweetness to a rose like this.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I spake not of its uses, but its beauty.

CAVALIERI.

The sand beneath our feet is saturate
With blood of martyrs; and these rifted stones
Are awful witnesses against a people
Whose pleasure was the pain of dying men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Tomaso Cavalieri, on my word,

You should have been a preacher, not a painter!
Think you that I approve such cruelties,
Because I marvel at the architects
Who built these walls, and curved these noble arches?
Oh, I am put to shame, when I consider
How mean our work is, when compared with theirs!
Look at these walls about us and above us!
They have been shaken by earthquakes, have been made
A fortress, and been battered by long sieges;
The iron clamps, that held the stones together,
Have been wrenched from them; but they stand erect
And firm, as if they had been hewn and hollowed
Out of the solid rock, and were a part
Of the foundations of the world itself.

CAVALIERI.

Your work, I say again, is nobler work,
In so far as its end and aim are nobler;
And this is but a ruin, like the rest.
Its vaulted passages are made the caverns
Of robbers, and are haunted by the ghosts
Of murdered men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A thousand wild flowers bloom
From every chink, and the birds build their nests
Among the ruined arches, and suggest
New thoughts of beauty to the architect.
Now let us climb the broken stairs that lead
Into the corridors above, and study
The marvel and the mystery of that art
In which I am a pupil, not a master.
All things must have an end; the world itself
Must have an end, as in a dream I saw it.
There came a great hand out of heaven, and touched
The earth, and stopped it in its course. The seas
Leaped, a vast cataract, into the abyss;
The forests and the fields slid off, and floated
Like wooded islands in the air. The dead
Were hurled forth from their sepulchres; the living
Were mingled with them, and themselves were dead, —
All being dead; and the fair, shining cities
Dropped out like jewels from a broken crown.
Naught but the core of the great globe remained,
A skeleton of stone. And over it
The wrack of matter drifted like a cloud,
And then recoiled upon itself, and fell
Back on the empty world, that with the weight
Reeled, staggered, righted, and then headlong plunged
Into the darkness, as a ship, when struck

By a great sea, throws off the waves at first
On either side, then settles and goes down
Into the dark abyss, with her dead crew.

CAVALIERI.

But the earth does not move.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Who knows? who knows?
There are great truths that pitch their shining tents
Outside our walls, and though but dimly seen
In the gray dawn, they will be manifest
When the light widens into perfect day.
A certain man, Copernicus by name,
Sometime professor here in Rome, has whispered
It is the earth, and not the sun, that moves.
What I beheld was only in a dream,
Yet dreams sometimes anticipate events,
Being unsubstantial images of things
As yet unseen.

V.

BENVENUTO AGAIN: MACELLO DE' CORVI.

MICHAEL ANGELO, BENVENUTO CELLINI.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So, Benvenuto, you return once more
To the Eternal City. 'T is the centre
To which all gravitates. One finds no rest
Elsewhere than here. There may be other cities
That please us for a while, but Rome alone
Completely satisfies. It becomes to all
A second native land by predilection,
And not by accident of birth alone.

BENVENUTO.

I am but just arrived, and am now lodging
With Bindo Altoviti. I have been
To kiss the feet of our most Holy Father,
And now am come in haste to kiss the hands
Of my miraculous Master.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And to find him
Grown very old.

BENVENUTO.

You know that precious stones
Never grow old.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Half sunk beneath the horizon,
And yet not gone. Twelve years are a long while.
Tell me of France.

BENVENUTO.

It were too long a tale
To tell you all. Suffice in brief to say
The King received me well, and loved me well;
Gave me the annual pension that before me
Our Leonardo had, nor more nor less,
And for my residence the Tour de Nesle,
Upon the river-side.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A princely lodging.

BENVENUTO.

What in return I did now matters not,
For there are other things, of greater moment,
I wish to speak of. First of all, the letter
You wrote me, not long since, about my bust
Of Bindo Altoviti, here in Rome. You said,
"My Benvenuto, I for many years
Have known you as the greatest of all goldsmiths,
And now I know you as no less a sculptor."
Ah, generous Master! How shall I e'er thank you
For such kind language?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

By believing it.
I saw the bust at Messer Bindo's house,
And thought it worthy of the ancient masters,
And said so. That is all.

BENVENUTO.

It is too much;
And I should stand abashed here in your presence,
Had I done nothing worthier of your praise
Than Bindo's bust.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What have you done that's better?

BENVENUTO.

When I left Rome for Paris, you remember

I promised you that if I went a goldsmith
I would return a sculptor. I have kept
The promise I then made.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Dear Benvenuto,
I recognized the latent genius in you,
But feared your vices.

BENVENUTO.

I have turned them all
To virtues. My impatient, wayward nature,
That made me quick in quarrel, now has served me
Where meekness could not, and where patience could not,
As you shall hear now. I have cast in bronze
A statue of Perseus, holding thus aloft
In his left hand the head of the Medusa,
And in his right the sword that severed it;
His right foot planted on the lifeless corse;
His face superb and pitiful, with eyes
Down-looking on the victim of his vengeance.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I see it as it should be.

BENVENUTO.

As it will be
When it is placed upon the Ducal Square,
Half-way between your David and the Judith
Of Donatello.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rival of them both!

BENVENUTO.

But ah, what infinite trouble have I had
With Bandinello, and that stupid beast,
The major-domo of Duke Cosimo,
Francesco Ricci, and their wretched agent
Gorini, who came crawling round about me
Like a black spider, with his whining voice
That sounded like the buzz of a mosquito!
Oh, I have wept in utter desperation,
And wished a thousand times I had not left
My Tour de Nesle, nor e'er returned to Florence,
Or thought of Perseus. What malignant falsehoods
They told the Grand Duke, to impede my work,
And make me desperate!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The nimble lie
Is like the second-hand upon a clock;
We see it fly; while the hour-hand of truth
Seems to stand still, and yet it moves unseen,
And wins at last, for the clock will not strike
Till it has reached the goal.

BENVENUTO.

My obstinacy
Stood me in stead, and helped me to o'ercome
The hindrances that envy and ill-will
Put in my way.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When anything is done,
People see not the patient doing of it,
Nor think how great would be the loss to man
If it had not been done. As in a building
Stone rests on stone, and wanting the foundation
All would be wanting, so in human life
Each action rests on the foregone event,
That made it possible, but is forgotten
And buried in the earth.

BENVENUTO.

Even Bandinello,
Who never yet spake well of anything,
Speaks well of this; and yet he told the Duke
That, though I cast small figures well enough,
I never could cast this.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But you have done it,
And proved Ser Bandinello a false prophet.
That is the wisest way.

BENVENUTO.

And ah, that casting!
What a wild scene it was, as late at night,
A night of wind and rain, we heaped the furnace
With pine of Serristori, till the flames
Caught in the rafters over us, and threatened
To send the burning roof upon our heads;
And from the garden side the wind and rain
Poured in upon us, and half quenched our fires
I was beside myself with desperation.
A shudder came upon me, then a fever;
I thought that I was dying, and was forced
To leave the work-shop, and to throw myself

Upon my bed, as one who has no hope.
And as I lay there, a deformed old man
Appeared before me, and with dismal voice,
Like one who doth exhort a criminal
Led forth to death, exclaimed, "Poor Benvenuto,
Thy work is spoiled! There is no remedy!"
Then, with a cry so loud it might have reached
The heaven of fire, I bounded to my feet,
And rushed back to my workmen. They all stood
Bewildered and desponding; and I looked
Into the furnace, and beheld the mass
Half molten only, and in my despair
I fed the fire with oak, whose terrible heat
Soon made the sluggish metal shine and sparkle.
Then followed a bright flash, and an explosion,
As if a thunderbolt had fallen among us.
The covering of the furnace had been rent
Asunder, and the bronze was flowing over;
So that I straightway opened all the sluices
To fill the mould. The metal ran like lava,
Sluggish and heavy; and I sent my workmen
To ransack the whole house, and bring together
My pewter plates and pans, two hundred of them,
And cast them one by one into the furnace
To liquefy the mass, and in a moment
The mould was filled! I fell upon my knees
And thanked the Lord; and then we ate and drank
And went to bed, all hearty and contented.
It was two hours before the break of day.
My fever was quite gone.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A strange adventure,
That could have happened to no man alive
But you, my Benvenuto.

BENVENUTO.

As my workmen said
To major-domo Ricci afterward,
When he inquired of them: "'T was not a man,
But an express great devil."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And the statue?

BENVENUTO.

Perfect in every part, save the right foot
Of Perseus, as I had foretold the Duke.
There was just bronze enough to fill the mould;
Not a drop over, not a drop too little.

I looked upon it as a miracle
Wrought by the hand of God.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now I see
How you have turned your vices into virtues.

BENVENUTO.

But wherefore do I prate of this? I came
To speak of other things. Duke Cosimo
Through me invites you to return to Florence,
And offers you great honors, even to make you
One of the Forty Eight, his Senators.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

His Senators! That is enough. Since Florence
Was changed by Clement Seventh from a Republic
Into a Dukedom, I no longer wish
To be a Florentine. That dream is ended.
The Grand Duke Cosimo now reigns supreme;
All liberty is dead. Ah, woe is me!
I hoped to see my country rise to heights
Of happiness and freedom yet unreached
By other nations, but the climbing wave
Pauses, lets go its hold, and slides again
Back to the common level, with a hoarse
Death-rattle in its throat. I am too old
To hope for better days. I will stay here
And die in Rome. The very weeds, that grow
Among the broken fragments of her ruins,
Are sweeter to me than the garden flowers
Of other cities; and the desolate ring
Of the Campagna round about her walls
Fairer than all the villas that encircle
The towns of Tuscany.

BENVENUTO.

But your old friends!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

All dead by violence. Baccio Valori
Has been beheaded; Guicciardini poisoned;
Philippo Strozzi strangled in his prison.
Is Florence then a place for honest men
To flourish in? What is there to prevent
My sharing the same fate?

BENVENUTO.

Why, this: if all
Your friends are dead, so are your enemies.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Is Aretino dead?

BENVENUTO.

He lives in Venice,
And not in Florence.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is the same to me.
This wretched mountebank, whom flatterers
Call the Divine, as if to make the word
Unpleasant in the mouths of those who speak it
And in the ears of those who hear it, sends me
A letter written for the public eye,
And with such subtle and infernal malice,
I wonder at his wickedness. 'T is he
Is the express great devil, and not you.
Some years ago he told me how to paint
The scenes of the Last Judgment.

BENVENUTO.

I remember.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, now he writes to me that, as a Christian,
He is ashamed of the unbounded freedom
With which I represent it.

BENVENUTO.

Hypocrite!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

He says I show mankind that I am wanting
In piety and religion, in proportion
As I profess perfection in my art.
Profess perfection? Why, 't is only men
Like Bugiardini who are satisfied
With what they do. I never am content,
But always see the labors of my hand
Fall short of my conception.

BENVENUTO.

I perceive
The malice of this creature. He would taint you
With heresy, and in a time like this!
'T is infamous!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I represent the angels
Without their heavenly glory, and the saints
Without a trace of earthly modesty.

BENVENUTO.

Incredible audacity!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The heathen
Veiled their Diana with some drapery,
And when they represented Venus naked
They made her, by her modest attitude,
Appear half clothed. But I, who am a Christian,
Do so subordinate belief to art
That I have made the very violation
Of modesty in martyrs and in virgins
A spectacle at which all men would gaze
With half-averted eyes, even in a brothel.

BENVENUTO.

He is at home there, and he ought to know
What men avert their eyes from in such places;
From the Last Judgment chiefly, I imagine.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But divine Providence will never leave
The boldness of my marvellous work unpunished;
And the more marvellous it is, the more
'T is sure to prove the ruin of my fame!
And finally, if in this composition
I had pursued the instructions that he gave me
Concerning heaven and hell and paradise,
In that same letter, known to all the world,
Nature would not be forced, as she is now,
To feel ashamed that she invested me
With such great talent; that I stand myself
A very idol in the world of art.
He taunts me also with the Mausoleum
Of Julius, still unfinished, for the reason
That men persuaded the inane old man
It was of evil augury to build
His tomb while he was living; and he speaks
Of heaps of gold this Pope bequeathed to me,
And calls it robbery; — that is what he says.
What prompted such a letter?

BENVENUTO.

Vanity.
He is a clever writer, and he likes
To draw his pen, and flourish it in the face
Of every honest man, as swordsmen do
Their rapiers on occasion, but to show
How skilfully they do it. Had you followed
The advice he gave, or even thanked him for it,

You would have seen another style of fence.
'T is but his wounded vanity, and the wish
To see his name in print. So give it not
A moment's thought; it soon will be forgotten.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I will not think of it, but let it pass
For a rude speech thrown at me in the street,
As boys threw stones at Dante.

BENVENUTO.

And what answer
Shall I take back to Grand Duke Cosimo?
He does not ask your labor or your service;
Only your presence in the city of Florence,
With such advice upon his work in hand
As he may ask, and you may choose to give.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have my answer. Nothing he can offer
Shall tempt me to leave Rome. My work is here,
And only here, the building of St. Peter's.
What other things I hitherto have done
Have fallen from me, are no longer mine;
I have passed on beyond them, and have left them
As milestones on the way. What lies before me,
That is still mine, and while it is unfinished
No one shall draw me from it, or persuade me,
By promises of ease, or wealth, or honor,
Till I behold the finished dome uprise
Complete, as now I see it in my thought.

BENVENUTO.

And will you paint no more?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

No more.

BENVENUTO.

'T is well.
Sculpture is more divine, and more like Nature,
That fashions all her works in high relief,
And that is sculpture. This vast ball, the Earth,
Was moulded out of clay, and baked in fire;
Men, women, and all animals that breathe
Are statues, and not paintings. Even the plants,
The flowers, the fruits, the grasses, were first sculptured,
And colored later. Painting is a lie,
A shadow merely.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Truly, as you say,
Sculpture is more than painting. It is greater
To raise the dead to life than to create
Phantoms that seem to live. The most majestic
Of the three sister arts is that which builds;
The eldest of them all, to whom the others
Are but the hand-maids and the servitors,
Being but imitation, not creation.
Henceforth I dedicate myself to her.

BENVENUTO.

And no more from the marble hew those forms
That fill us all with wonder?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Many statues
Will there be room for in my work. Their station
Already is assigned them in my mind.
But things move slowly. There are hindrances,
Want of material, want of means, delays
And interruptions, endless interference
Of Cardinal Commissioners, and disputes
And jealousies of artists, that annoy me.
But I will persevere until the work
Is wholly finished, or till I sink down
Surprised by death, that unexpected guest,
Who waits for no man's leisure, but steps in,
Unasked and unannounced, to put a stop
To all our occupations and designs.
And then perhaps I may go back to Florence;
This is my answer to Duke Cosimo.

VI.

URBINO'S FORTUNE.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Studio.* MICHAEL ANGELO *and* URBINO.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *pausing in his work.*

Urbino, thou and I are both old men.
My strength begins to fail me.

URBINO.

Eccellenza,
That is impossible. Do I not see you
Attack the marble blocks with the same fury
As twenty years ago?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is an old habit.
I must have learned it early from my nurse
At Setignano, the stone-mason's wife;
For the first sounds I heard were of the chisel
Chipping away the stone.

URBINO.

At every stroke
You strike fire with your chisel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ay, because
The marble is too hard.

URBINO.

It is a block
That Topolino sent you from Carrara.
He is a judge of marble.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I remember.
With it he sent me something of his making, —
A Mercury, with long body and short legs,
As if by any possibility
A messenger of the gods could have short legs.
It was no more like Mercury than you are,
But rather like those little plaster figures
That peddlers hawk about the villages.
As images of saints. But luckily
For Topolino, there are many people
Who see no difference between what is best
And what is only good, or not even good;
So that poor artists stand in their esteem
On the same level with the best, or higher.

URBINO.

How Eccellenza laughed!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Poor Topolino!
All men are not born artists, nor will labor
E'er make them artists.

URBINO.

No, no more
Than Emperors, or Popes, or Cardinals.
One must be chosen for it. I have been
Your color-grinder six and twenty years,
And am not yet an artist.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Some have eyes
That see not; but in every block of marble
I see a statue, — see it as distinctly
As if it stood before me shaped and perfect
In attitude and action. I have only
To hew away the stone walls that imprison
The lovely apparition, and reveal it
To other eyes as mine already see it.
But I grow old and weak. What wilt thou do
When I am dead, Urbino?

URBINO.

Eccellenza,
I must then serve another master.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Never!
Bitter is servitude at best. Already
So many years hast thou been serving me;
But rather as a friend than as a servant.
We have grown old together. Dost thou think
So meanly of this Michael Angelo
As to imagine he would let thee serve,
When he is free from service? Take this purse,
Two thousand crowns in gold.

URBINO.

Two thousand crowns!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ay, it will make thee rich. Thou shalt not die
A beggar in a hospital.

URBINO.

Oh, Master!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I cannot have them with me on the journey
That I am undertaking. The last garment
That men will make for me will have no pockets.

URBINO, *kissing the hand of* MICHAEL ANGELO.

My generous master!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Hush!

URBINO.

My Providence!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not a word more. Go now to bed, old man.
Thou hast served Michael Angelo. Remember,
Henceforward thou shalt serve no other master.

VII.

THE OAKS OF MONTE LUCA.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *alone in the woods.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How still it is among these ancient oaks!
Surges and undulations of the air
Uplift the leafy boughs, and let them fall
With scarce a sound. Such sylvan quietudes
Become old age. These huge centennial oaks,
That may have heard in infancy the trumpets
Of Barbarossa's cavalry, deride
Man's brief existence, that with all his strength
He cannot stretch beyond the hundredth year.
This little acorn, turbaned like the Turk,
Which with my foot I spurn, may be an oak
Hereafter, feeding with its bitter mast
The fierce wild boar, and tossing in its arms
The cradled nests of birds, when all the men
That now inhabit this vast universe,
They and their children, and their children's children,
Shall be but dust and mould, and nothing more.
Through openings in the trees I see below me
The valley of Clitumnus, with its farms
And snow-white oxen grazing in the shade
Of the tall poplars on the river's brink.
O Nature, gentle mother, tender nurse!
I, who have never loved thee as I ought,
But wasted all my years immured in cities,
And breathed the stifling atmosphere of streets,
Now come to thee for refuge. Here is peace.
Yonder I see the little hermitages
Dotting the mountain side with points of light,
And here St. Julian's convent, like a nest
Of curlews, clinging to some windy cliff.
Beyond the broad, illimitable plain
Down sinks the sun, red as Apollo's quoit,
That, by the envious zephyr blown aside,
Struck Hyacinthus dead, and stained the earth
With his young blood, that blossomed into flowers.
And now, instead of these fair deities,

Dread demons haunt the earth; hermits inhabit
The leafy homes of sylvan Hamadryads;
And jovial friars, rotund and rubicund,
Replace the old Silenus with his ass.

Here underneath these venerable oaks,
Wrinkled and brown and gnarled like them with age,
A brother of the monastery sits,
Lost in his meditations. What may be
The questions that perplex, the hopes that cheer him?
Good-evening, holy father.

MONK.

God be with you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Pardon a stranger if he interrupt
Your meditations.

MONK.

It was but a dream, —
The old, old dream, that never will come true;
The dream that all my life I have been dreaming,
And yet is still a dream.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

All men have dreams.
I have had mine; but none of them came true;
They were but vanity. Sometimes I think
The happiness of man lies in pursuing,
Not in possessing; for the things possessed
Lose half their value. Tell me of your dream.

MONK.

The yearning of my heart, my sole desire,
That like the sheaf of Joseph stands upright,
While all the others bend and bow to it;
The passion that torments me, and that breathes
New meaning into the dead forms of prayer,
Is that with mortal eyes I may behold
The Eternal City.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rome?

MONK.

There is but one;
The rest are merely names. I think of it
As the Celestial City, paved with gold,
And sentinelled with angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Would it were.
I have just fled from it. It is beleaguered
By Spanish troops, led by the Duke of Alva.

MONK.

But still for me 'tis the Celestial City,
And I would see it once before I die.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Each one must bear his cross.

MONK.

Were it a cross
That had been laid upon me, I could bear it,
Or fall with it. It is a crucifix;
I am nailed hand and foot, and I am dying!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What would you see in Rome?

MONK.

His Holiness.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Him that was once the Cardinal Caraffa?
You would but see a man of fourscore years,
With sunken eyes, burning like carbuncles,
Who sits at table with his friends for hours,
Cursing the Spaniards as a race of Jews
And miscreant Moors. And with what soldiery
Think you he now defends the Eternal City?

MONK.

With legions of bright angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So he calls them;
And yet in fact these bright angelic legions
Are only German Lutherans.

MONK, *crossing himself.*

Heaven protect us!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What further would you see?

MONK.

The Cardinals,
Going in their gilt coaches to High Mass.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Men do not go to Paradise in coaches.

MONK.

The catacombs, the convents, and the churches;
The ceremonies of the Holy Week
In all their pomp, or, at the Epiphany,
The Feast of the Santissima Bambino
At Ara Cœli. But I shall not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

These pompous ceremonies of the Church
Are but an empty show to him who knows
The actors in them. Stay here in your convent,
For he who goes to Rome may see too much.
What would you further?

MONK.

I would see the painting
Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The smoke of incense and of altar candles
Has blackened it already.

MONK.

Woe is me!
Then I would hear Allegri's Miserere,
Sung by the Papal choir.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A dismal dirge!
I am an old, old man, and I have lived
In Rome for thirty years and more, and know
The jarring of the wheels of that great world,
Its jealousies, its discords, and its strife.
Therefore I say to you remain content
Here in your convent, here among your woods,
Where only there is peace. Go not to Rome.
There was of old a monk of Wittenberg
Who went to Rome; you may have heard of him;
His name was Luther; and you know what followed.

[*The convent bell rings.*

MONK, *rising.*

It is the convent bell; it rings for vespers.
Let us go in; we both will pray for peace.

VIII.

THE DEAD CHRIST.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *studio.* MICHAEL ANGELO, *with a light, working upon the Dead Christ. Midnight.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O Death, why is it I cannot portray
Thy form and features? Do I stand too near thee?
Or dost thou hold my hand, and draw me back,
As being thy disciple, not thy master?
Let him who knows not what old age is like
Have patience till it comes, and he will know.
I once had skill to fashion Life and Death
And Sleep, which is the counterfeit of Death;
And I remember what Giovanni Strozzi
Wrote underneath my statue of the Night
In San Lorenzo, ah, so long ago!

Grateful to me is sleep! More grateful now
Than it was then; for all my friends are dead;
And she is dead, the noblest of them all.
I saw her face, when the great sculptor Death,
Whom men should call Divine, had at a blow
Stricken her into marble; and I kissed
Her cold white hand. What was it held me back
From kissing her fair forehead, and those lips,
Those dead, dumb lips? Grateful to me is sleep!

Enter GIORGIO VASARI.

GIORGIO.

Good-evening, or good-morning, for I know not
Which of the two it is.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How came you in?

GIORGIO.

Why, by the door, as all men do.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ascanio
Must have forgotten to bolt it.

GIORGIO.

Probably.
Am I a spirit, or so like a spirit,
That I could slip through bolted door or window?

As I was passing down the street, I saw
A glimmer of light, and heard the well-known chink
Of chisel upon marble. So I entered,
To see what keeps you from your bed so late.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *coming forward with the lamp.*

You have been revelling with your boon companions,
Giorgio Vasari, and you come to me
At an untimely hour.

GIORGIO.

The Pope hath sent me.
His Holiness desires to see again
The drawing you once showed him of the dome
Of the Basilica.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

We will look for it.

GIORGIO.

What is the marble group that glimmers there
Behind you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nothing, and yet everything, —
As one may take it. It is my own tomb,
That I am building.

GIORGIO.

Do not hide it from me.
By our long friendship and the love I bear you,
Refuse me not!

MICHAEL ANGELO, *letting fall the lamp.*

Life hath become to me
An empty theatre, — its lights extinguished,
The music silent, and the actors gone;
And I alone sit musing on the scenes
That once have been. I am so old that Death
Oft plucks me by the cloak, to come with him;
And some day, like this lamp, shall I fall down,
And my last spark of life will be extinguished.
Ah me! ah me! what darkness of despair!
So near to death, and yet so far from God!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

IN CARLYLE'S COUNTRY.

THERE was no road in Scotland or England which I should have been so glad to have walked over as that from Edinburgh to Ecclefechan, — a distance covered many times by the feet of him whose birth and burial place I was about to visit. Carlyle as a young man had walked it with Edward Irving (the Scotch say "travel" when they mean going afoot), and he had walked it alone, and as a lad with an elder boy, on his way to Edinburgh college. He says in his Reminiscences he nowhere else had such affectionate, sad, thoughtful, and in fact interesting and salutary journeys. "No company to you but the rustle of the grass under foot, the tinkling of the brook, or the voices of innocent, primeval things." "I have had days as clear as Italy (as in this Irving case); days moist and dripping, overhung with the infinite of silent gray, — and perhaps the latter were the preferable, in certain moods. You had the world and its waste imbroglios of joy and woe, of light and darkness, to yourself alone. You could strip barefoot, if it suited better; carry shoes and socks over shoulder, hung on your stick; clean shirt and comb were in your pocket; *omnia mea mecum porto.* You lodged with shepherds, who had clean, solid cottages; wholesome eggs, milk, oatmeal porridge, clean blankets to their beds, and a great deal of human sense and unadulterated natural politeness."

But how can one walk a hundred miles in cool blood without a companion, especially when the trains run every hour, and he has a surplus sovereign in his pocket? One saves time and consults his ease by riding, but he thereby misses the real savor of the land. And the roads of this compact little kingdom are so inviting, like a hard, smooth surface covered with sand-paper! How easy the foot puts them behind it! And the summer weather, — what a fresh understratum the air has even on the warmest days! Every breath one draws has a cool, invigorating core to it, as if there might be some unmelted, or just melted, frost not far off.

But as we did not walk, there was satisfaction in knowing that the engine which took our train down from Edinburgh was named Thomas Carlyle. The cognomen looked well on the toiling, fiery-hearted, iron-browed monster. I think its original owner would have contemplated it with grim pleasure, especially since he confesses to having spent some time, once, in trying to look up a ship-master who had named his vessel for him. Here was a hero after his own sort, a leader by the divine right of the expansive power of steam.

The human faculties of observation have not yet adjusted themselves to the flying train. Steam has clapped wings to our shoulders without the power to soar; we get bird's-eye views without the bird's eyes or the bird's elevation, distance without breadth, detail without mass. If such speed only gave us a proportionate extent of view, if this leisure of the eye were only mated to an equal leisure in the glance! Indeed, when one thinks of it, how near railway traveling, as a means of seeing a country, comes, except in the discomforts of it, to being no traveling at all! It is like being tied to your chair, and being jolted and shoved about at home. The landscape is turned topsy-turvy. The eye sustains unnatural relations to all but the most distant objects. We move in an arbitrary plane, and seldom is anything seen from the proper point, or with the proper sympathy of coördinate position. We shall have to wait for the air ship to give us the triumph over

space in which the eye can share. Of this flight south from Edinburgh on that bright summer day, I keep only the most general impression. I recall how clean and naked the country looked, lifted up in broad hill slopes, naked of forests and trees and weedy, bushy growths, and of everything that would hide or obscure its unbroken verdancy, — the one impression that of a universe of grass, as in the arctic regions it might be one of snow; the mountains, pastoral solitudes; the vales, emerald vistas.

Not to be entirely cheated out of my walk, I left the train at Lockerby, a small Scotch market town, and accomplished the remainder of the journey to Ecclefechan on foot, a brief six-mile pull. It was the first day of June; the afternoon sun was shining brightly. It was still the honeymoon of travel with me, not yet two weeks in the bonnie land; the road was smooth and clean as the floor of a sea beach, and firmer, and my feet devoured the distance with right good will. The first red clover had just bloomed, as I probably would have found it that day had I taken a walk at home; but, like the people I met, it had a ruddier cheek than at home. I observed it on other occasions, and later in the season, and noted that it had more color than in this country, and held its bloom longer. All grains and grasses ripen slower there than here, the season is so much longer and cooler. The pink and ruddy tints are more common in the flowers also. The bloom of the blackberry is often of a decided pink, and certain white, umbelliferous plants, like yarrow, have now and then a rosy tinge. The little white daisy ("gowan," the Scotch call it) is tipped with crimson, foretelling the scarlet poppies, with which the grain fields will by and by be splashed. Prunella (self-heal), also, is of a deeper purple than with us, and a species of crane's-bill, like our wild geranium, is of a much deeper and stronger color. On the other hand, their ripened fruits and foliage of autumn pale their ineffectual colors beside our own.

Among the farm occupations, that which most took my eye, on this and on other occasions, was the furrowing of the land for turnips and potatoes; it is done with such absolute precision. It recalled Emerson's statement that the fields in this island look as if finished with a pencil instead of a plow, — a pencil and a ruler in this case, the lines were so straight and so uniform. I asked a farmer at work by the roadside how he managed it. "Ah," said he, "a Scotchman's head is level." Both here and in England, plowing is studied like a fine art; they have plowing matches, and offer prizes for the best furrow. In planting both potatoes and turnips the ground is treated alike, grubbed, plowed, cross-plowed, crushed, harrowed, chain-harrowed, and rolled. Every sod and tuft of uprooted grass are carefully picked up by women and boys, and burnt or carted away; leaving the surface of the ground like a clean sheet of paper, upon which the plowman is now to inscribe his perfect lines. The plow is drawn by two horses, instead of by one, as with us; it is a long, heavy tool, with double mould boards, and throws the earth each way. In opening the first furrow the plowman is guided by stakes; having got this one perfect, it is used as the model for every subsequent one, and the land is thrown into ridges as uniform and faultless as if it had been stamped at one stroke with a die, or cast in a mould. It is so from one end of the island to the other.

Four miles from Lockerby I came to Mainhill, the name of a farm where the Carlyle family lived many years, and where Carlyle first read Goethe, "in a dry ditch," Froude says, and translated Wilhelm Meister. The land drops gently away to the south and east, opening up broad views in these directions, but it does not seem to be the bleak and

windy place Froude describes it. The crops looked good, and the fields smooth and fertile. The soil is rather a stubborn clay, nearly the same as one sees everywhere. A sloping field adjoining the highway was being got ready for turnips. The ridges had been cast; the farmer, a courteous but serious and reserved man, was sprinkling some commercial fertilizer in the furrows from a bag slung across his shoulders, while a boy, with a horse and cart, was depositing stable manure in the same furrows, which a lassie, in clogs and short skirts, was evenly distributing with a fork. Certain work in Scotch fields always seems to be done by women and girls, — spreading manure, pulling weeds, and picking up sods, — while they take an equal hand with the men in the hay and harvest fields.

The Carlyles were living on this farm while their son was teaching school at Annan, and later at Kircaldy with Irving, and they supplied him with cheese, butter, ham, oatmeal, etc., from their scanty stores. A new farm-house has been built since then, though the old one is still standing; doubtless the same Carlyle's father refers to in a letter to his son, in 1817, as being under way. The parish minister was expected at Mainhill. "Your mother was very anxious to have the house done before he came, or else she said she would run over the hill and hide herself."

From Mainhill the highway descends slowly to the village of Ecclefechan, the site of which is marked to the eye, a mile or more away, by the spire of the church rising up against a background of Scotch firs, which clothe a hill beyond. I soon enter the main street of the village, which in Carlyle's youth had an open burn or creek flowing through the centre of it. This has been covered over by some enterprising citizen, and instead of a loitering little burn, crossed by numerous bridges, the eye is now greeted by a broad expanse of small cobble-stone. The cottages are for the most part very humble, and rise from the outer edges of the pavement, as if the latter had been turned up and shaped to make their walls. The church is a handsome brown stone structure, of recent date, and is more in keeping with the fine fertile country about than with the little village in its front. In the cemetery back of it, Carlyle lies buried. As I approached, a girl sat by the roadside, near the gate, combing her black locks and arranging her toilet; waiting, as it proved, for her mother and brother, who lingered in the village. A couple of boys were cutting nettles against the hedge; for the pigs, they said, after the sting had been taken out of them by boiling. Across the street from the cemetery the cows of the villagers were grazing.

I must have thought it would be as easy to distinguish Carlyle's grave from the rest as it was to distinguish the man while living, or his fame when dead; for it never occurred to me to ask in what part of the inclosure it was placed. Hence, when I found myself inside the gate, which opens from the Annan road through a high stone wall, I followed the most worn path toward a new and imposing-looking monument on the far side of the cemetery; and the edge of my fine emotion was a good deal dulled against the marble when I found it bore a strange name. I tried others, and still others, but was disappointed. I found a long row of Carlyles, but he whom I sought was not among them. My pilgrim enthusiasm felt itself needlessly hindered and chilled. How many rebuffs could one stand? Carlyle dead, then, was the same as Carlyle living; sure to take you down a peg or two when you came to lay your homage at his feet.

Presently I saw "Thomas Carlyle" on a big marble slab that stood in a family inclosure. But he turned out to be a nephew of the great Thomas.

However, I had struck the right plat at last; here were the Carlyles I was looking for, within a space probably of eight by sixteen feet, surrounded by a high iron fence. The latest made grave was higher and fuller than the rest, but it had no stone or mark of any kind to distinguish it. Since my visit, I believe, a stone or monument of some kind has been put up. A few daisies and the pretty blue-eyed speedwell were growing amid the grass upon it. The great man lies with his head toward the south or southwest, with his mother, sister, and father to the right of him, and his brother John to the left. I was glad to learn that the high iron fence was not his own suggestion. His father had put it around the family plat in his life-time. Carlyle would liked to have had it cut down about half-way. The whole look of this cemetery, except in the extraordinary size of the head-stones, was quite American, it being back of the church, and separated from it, a kind of mortuary garden, instead of surrounding it and running under it, as is the case with the older churches. I noted here, as I did elsewhere, that the custom prevails of putting the trade or occupation of the deceased upon his stone: So-and-So, mason, or tailor, or carpenter, or farmer, etc.

A young man and his wife were working in a nursery of young trees, a few paces from the graves, and I conversed with them through a thin place in the hedge. They said they had seen Carlyle many times, and seemed to hold him in proper esteem and reverence. The young man had seen him come in summer and stand, with uncovered head, beside the graves of his father and mother. "And long and reverently did he remain there, too," said the young gardener. I learned this was Carlyle's invariable custom: every summer did he make a pilgrimage to this spot, and with bared head linger beside these graves. The last time he came, which was a couple of years before he died, he was so feeble that two persons sustained him while he walked into the cemetery. This observance recalls a passage from his Past and Present. Speaking of the religious custom of the Emperor of China, he says, "He and his three hundred millions (it is their chief punctuality) visit yearly the Tombs of their Fathers; each man the Tomb of his Father and his Mother; alone there in silence with what of 'worship' or of other thought there may be, pauses solemnly each man; the divine Skies all silent over him; the divine Graves, and this divinest Grave, all silent under him; the pulsings of his own soul, if he have any soul, alone audible. Truly it may be a kind of worship! Truly, if a man cannot get some glimpse into the Eternities, looking through this portal, — through what other need he try it?"

Carlyle's reverence and affection for his kindred were among his most beautiful traits, and make up in some measure for the contempt he felt toward the rest of mankind. The family stamp was never more strongly set upon a man, and no family ever had a more original, deeply cut pattern than that of the Carlyles. Generally, in great men who emerge from obscure peasant homes, the genius of the family takes an enormous leap, or is completely metamorphosed; but Carlyle keeps all the paternal lineaments unfaded; he is his father and his mother, touched to finer issues. That wonderful speech of his sire, which all who knew him feared, has lost nothing in the son, but is tremendously augmented, and cuts like a Damascus sword, or crushes like a sledge-hammer. The strongest and finest paternal traits have survived in him. Indeed, a little congenital rill seems to have come all the way down from the old vikings. Carlyle is not merely Scotch; he is Norselandic. There is a marked Scandinavian flavor in him; a touch, or more than a touch, of the rude, brawling,

bullying, hard-hitting, wrestling viking times. The hammer of Thor antedates the hammer of his stone-mason sire in him. He is Scotland, past and present, moral and physical. John Knox and the Covenanters survive in him: witness his religious zeal, his depth and solemnity of conviction, his strugglings and agonizings, his "conversion." Ossian survives in him: behold that melancholy retrospect, that gloom, that melodious wail. And especially, as I have said, do his immediate ancestors survive in him, —his sturdy, toiling, fiery-tongued, clannish yeoman progenitors: all are summed up here; this is the net result available for literature in the nineteenth century.

Carlyle's heart was always here in Scotland. A vague, yearning homesickness seemed ever to possess him. "The Hill I first saw the Sun rise over," he says in Past and Present, "when the Sun and I and all things were yet in their auroral hour, who can divorce me from it? Mystic, deep as the world's centre, are the roots I have struck into my Native Soil; no *tree* that grows is rooted so." How that mournful retrospective glance haunts his pages! His race, generation upon generation, had toiled and wrought here amid the lonely moors, had wrestled with poverty and privation, had wrung the earth for a scanty subsistence, till they had become identified with the soil, kindred with it. How strong the family ties had grown in the struggle; how the sentiment of home was fostered! Then they were men who lavished their heart and conscience upon their work; they builded themselves, their days, their thoughts and sorrows, into their houses; they leavened the soil with the sweat of their rugged brows. When his father, after a lapse of fifty years, saw Auldgarth bridge, upon which he had worked as a lad, he was deeply moved. When Carlyle in his turn saw it, and remembered his father and all he had told him, he also was deeply moved. "It was as if half a century of past time had fatefully for moments turned back." Whatever the Carlyles touched with their hands in honest toil became sacred to them, a page out of their own lives. A silent, inarticulate kind of religion they put into their work. All this bore fruit in their distinguished descendant. It gave him that reverted, half-mournful gaze; the ground was hallowed behind him; his dead called to him from their graves. Nothing deepens and intensifies family traits like poverty and toil and suffering. It is the furnace heat that brings out the characters, the pressure that makes the strata perfect. One recalls Carlyle's grandmother getting her children up late at night, his father one of them, to break their long fast with oaten cakes from the meal that had but just arrived; making the fire from straw taken from their beds. Surely, such things reach the springs of being.

It seemed eminently fit that Carlyle's dust should rest here in his native soil, with that of his kindred, he was so thoroughly one of them, and that his place should be next his mother's, between whom and himself there existed such strong affection. I recall a little glimpse he gives of his mother in a letter to his brother John, while the latter was studying in Germany. His mother had visited him in Edinburgh. "I had her," he writes, "at the pier of Leith, and showed her where your ship vanished; and she looked over the blue waters eastward with wettish eyes, and asked the dumb waves 'when he would be back again.' Good mother."

To see more of Ecclefechan and its people, and to browse more at my leisure about the country, I brought my wife and youngster down from Lockerby; and we spent several days there, putting up at the quiet and cleanly little Bush Inn. I tramped much about the neighborhood, noting the birds, the wild flowers, the people, the farm occupations, etc.: going one afternoon to Scotsbrig,

where the Carlyles lived after they left Mainhill, and where James Carlyle died; one day to Annan, another to Repentance Hill, another over the hill toward Kirtlebridge, tasting the land, and finding it good. It is an evidence of how permanent and unchanging things are here that the house where Carlyle was born, eighty-seven years ago, and which his father built, stands just as it did then, and looks good for several hundred years more. In going up to the little room where he first saw the light, one ascends the much-worn but original stone stairs, and treads upon the original stone floors. I suspect that even the window panes in the little window remain the same. The village is a very quiet and humble one, paved with small cobble-stone, over which one hears the clatter of the wooden clogs, the same as in Carlyle's early days. The pavement comes quite up to the low, modest, stone-floored houses, and one steps from the street directly into most of them. When an Englishman or a Scotchman builds a house in the country, he turns its back upon the highway, or places it several rods distant, with sheds or stables between; or else he surrounds it with a high, massive fence, shutting out your view entirely. In the village he crowds it to the front, continues the street pavement into his hall, if he can, allows no fence or screen between it and the street, but makes the communication between the two as easy and open as possible. Hence village houses and cottages are far less private and secluded than ours, and country houses far less public. The only feature of Ecclefechan, besides the church, that distinguishes it from the humblest peasant village of an hundred years ago is the large, fine stone structure used for the public school. It confers a sort of distinction upon the place, as if it were in some way connected with the memory of its famous son. I think I was informed that he had some hand in founding it. The building in which he first attended school is a low, humble dwelling, that now stands behind the church, and forms part of the boundary between the cemetery and the Annan road.

From our window I used to watch the laborers on their way to their work, the children going to school, or to the pump for water, and night and morning the women bringing in their cows from the pasture to be milked. In the long June gloaming the evening milking was not done till about nine o'clock. On two occasions, the first in a brisk rain, a bedraggled, forlorn, deeply-hooded, youngish woman, came slowly through the street, pausing here and there, and singing in wild, melancholy, and not unpleasing strains. Her voice had a strange piercing plaintiveness and wildness. Now and then a penny would drop at her feet. The pretty Edinburgh lass, her hair redder than Scotch gold, that waited upon us at the inn, went out in the rain and put a penny in her hand. After a few pennies had been collected the music would stop, and the singer disappear, — to drink up her gains, I half suspect, but do not know. I noticed that she was never treated with rudeness or disrespect. The boys would pause and regard her occasionally, but made no remark, or gesture, or grimace. One afternoon a traveling show pitched its tent in the broader part of the street, and by diligent grinding of a hand-organ summoned all the children of the place to see the wonders. The admission was one penny, and I went in with the rest, and saw the little man, the big dog, the happy family, and the gaping, dirty-faced, but orderly crowd of boys and girls. The Ecclefechan boys, with some of whom I tried, not very successfully, to scrape an acquaintance, I found a sober, quiet, modest set, shy of strangers, and, like all country boys, incipient naturalists. If you want to know where the bird's-nests are, ask the boys. Hence, one Sunday afternoon, meeting a couple

of them on the Annan road, I put the inquiry. They looked rather blank and unresponsive at first; but I made them understand I was in earnest, and wished to be shown some nests. To stimulate their ornithology I offered a penny for the first nest, twopence for the second, threepence for the third, etc., — a reward that, as it turned out, lightened my burden of British copper considerably; for these boys appeared to know every nest in the neighborhood, and I suspect had just then been making Sunday calls upon their feathered friends. They turned about, with a bashful smile, but without a word, and marched me a few paces along the road, when they stepped to the hedge, and showed me a hedge-sparrow's nest with young. The mother bird was near, with food in her beak. This nest is a great favorite of the cuckoo, and is the one to which Shakespeare refers: —

> "The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
> That it had its head bit off by its young."

The bird is not a sparrow at all, but is a warbler, closely related to the nightingale. Then they conducted me along a pretty by-road, and parted away the branches, and showed me a sparrow's nest with eggs in it. A group of wild pansies, the first I had seen, made bright the bank near it. Next, after conferring a moment soberly together, they took me to a robin's nest, — a warm, mossy structure in the side of the bank. Then we wheeled up another road, and they disclosed the nest of the yellow yite, or yellow-hammer, a bird of the sparrow kind, also upon the ground. It seemed to have a little platform of coarse, dry stalks, like a door-stone, in front of it. In the mean time they had showed me several nests of the hedge-sparrow, and one of the shelfa, or chaffinch, that had been "harried," as the boys said, or robbed. These were gratuitous and merely by the way. Then they pointed out to me the nest of a tom-tit in a disused pump that stood near the cemetery; after which they proposed to conduct me to a chaffinch's nest and a blackbird's nest; but I said I had already seen several of these and my curiosity was satisfied. Did they know any others? Yes, several of them; beyond the village, on the Middlebie road, they knew a wren's nest with eighteen eggs in it. Well, I would see that, and that would be enough; the coppers were changing pockets too fast. So through the village we went, and along the Middlebie road for nearly a mile. The boys were as grave and silent as if they were attending a funeral; not a remark, not a smile. We walked rapidly. The afternoon was warm, for Scotland, and the tips of their ears glowed through their locks, as they wiped their brows. I began to feel as if I had had about enough walking myself. "Boys, how much farther is it?" I said. "A wee bit farther, sir;" and presently, by their increasing pace, I knew we were nearing it. It proved to be the nest of the willow wren, or willow warbler, an exquisite structure, with a dome or canopy above it, the cavity lined with feathers and crowded with eggs. But it did not contain eighteen. The boys said they had been told that the bird would lay as many as eighteen eggs; but it is the common wren that lays this number, even more. What struck me most was the gravity and silent earnestness of the boys. As we walked back they showed me more nests that had been harried. The elder boy's name was Thomas. He had heard of Thomas Carlyle; but when I asked him what he thought of him, he only looked awkwardly upon the ground.

I had less trouble to get the opinion of an old road-mender whom I fell in with one day. I was walking toward Repentance Hill, when he overtook me with his "machine" (all road vehicles in Scotland are called machines), and insisted upon my getting up beside him. He had a little white pony, "twenty-

one years old, sir," and a heavy, rattling two-wheeler, quite as old I should say. We discoursed about roads. Had we good roads in America? No? Had we no "metal" there, no stone? Plenty of it, I told him, — too much; but we had not learned the art of road-making yet. Then he would have to come "out" and show us; indeed, he had been seriously thinking about it; he had an uncle in America, but had lost all track of him. He had seen Carlyle many a time, "but the people here took no interest in that man," he said; "he never done nothing for this place." Referring to Carlyle's ancestors, he said, "The Carls were what we Scotch call bullies, — a set of bullies, sir. If you crossed their path, they would murder you;" and then came out some highly-colored tradition of the "Ecclefechan dog fight," which Carlyle refers to in his Reminiscences. On this occasion, the old road-mender said, the "Carls" had clubbed together, and bullied and murdered half the people of the place! "No, sir, we take no interest in that man here," and he gave the pony a sharp punch with his stub of a whip. But he himself took a friendly interest in the school-girls whom we overtook along the road, and kept picking them up till the cart was full, and giving the "lassies" a lift on their way home. Beyond Annan bridge we parted company, and a short walk brought me to Repentance Hill, a grassy eminence that commands a wide prospect toward the Solway. The tower which stands on the top is one of those interesting relics of which this land is full, and all memory and tradition of the use and occasion of which are lost. It is a rude stone structure, about thirty feet square and forty high, pierced by a single door, with the word "Repentance" cut in Old English letters in the lintel over it. The walls are loop-holed here and there, for musketry or archery. An old disused graveyard surrounds it, and the walls of a little chapel stand in the rear of it. The conies have their holes under it; some lord, whose castle lies in the valley below, has his flagstaff upon it; and Time's initials are scrawled on every stone. A piece of mortar probably three or four hundred years old, that had fallen from its place, I picked up, and found nearly as hard as the stone, and quite as gray and lichen-covered. Returning, I stood some time on Annan bridge, looking over the parapet into the clear, swirling water, now and then seeing a trout leap. Whenever the pedestrian comes to one of these arched bridges, he must pause and admire, it is so unlike what he is acquainted with at home. It is a real *viaduct;* it conducts not merely the traveler over, it conducts the road over as well. Then an arched bridge is ideally perfect; there is no room for criticism, — not one superfluous touch or stroke; every stone tells, and tells entirely. Of a piece of architecture, we can say this or that, but of one of these old bridges this only: it satisfies every sense of the mind. It has the beauty of poetry, and the precision of mathematics. The older bridges, like this over the Annan, are slightly hipped, so that the road rises gradually from either side to the key of the arch; this adds to their beauty, and makes them look more like things of life. The modern bridges are all level on the top, which increases their utility. Two laborers, gossiping on the bridge, said I could fish by simply going and asking leave of some functionary about the castle.

Shakespeare says of the martlet, that it

> "Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
> Even in the force and road of casualty."

I noticed that a pair had built their nest on an iron bracket under the eaves of a building opposite our inn, which proved to be in the "road of casualty;" for one day the painters began scraping the building, preparatory to giving it a new coat of paint, and the "procreant cradle" was knocked down. The swal-

lows did not desert the place, however, but were at work again next morning before the painters were. The Scotch, by the way, make a free use of paint. They even paint their tombstones. Most of them, I observed, were brown stones painted white. Carlyle's father once sternly drove the painters from his door when they had been summoned by the younger members of his family to give the house a coat "o' pent." "Ye can jist pent the bog wi' yer ash-baket feet for ye 'll pit nane o' yer glaur on ma door." But the painters have had their revenge at last, and their "glaur" now covers the old man's tombstone.

One day I visited a little overgrown cemetery about a mile below the village, toward Kirtlebridge, and saw many of the graves of the old stock of Carlyles, among them some of Carlyle's uncles. This name occurs very often in those old cemeteries; they were evidently a prolific and hardy race. The name Thomas is a favorite one among them, insomuch that I saw the graves and headstones of eight Thomas Carlyles in the two graveyards. The oldest Carlyle tomb I saw was that of one John Carlyle, who died in 1692. The inscription upon his stone is as follows: —

"Heir Lyes John Carlyle of Penerssaughs, who departed this life ye 17 of May 1692, and of age 72, and His Spouse Jannet Davidson, who departed this life Febr. ye 7, 1708, and of age 73. Erected by John, his son."

The old sexton, whom I frequently saw in the churchyard, lives in the Carlyle house. He knew the family well, and had some amusing and characteristic anecdotes to relate of Carlyle's father, the redoubtable James, mainly illustrative of his bluntness and plainness of speech. The sexton pointed out, with evident pride, the few noted graves the churchyard held; that of the elder Peel being among them. He spoke of many of the oldest graves as "extinct;" nobody owned or claimed them; the name had disappeared, and the ground was used a second time. The ordinary graves in these old burying places appear to become "extinct" in about two hundred years. It was very rare to find a date older than that. He said the "Carls" were a peculiar set; there was nobody like them. You would know them, man and woman, as soon as they opened their mouths to speak; they spoke as if against a stone wall. (Their words hit hard.) This is somewhat like Carlyle's own view of his style. "My style," he says in his note-book, when he was thirty-eight years of age, "is like no other man's. The first sentence bewrays me." Indeed, Carlyle's style, which has been so criticised, was as much a part of himself, and as little an affectation, as his shock of coarse yeoman hair and bristly beard and bleared eyes were a part of himself; he inherited them. What Taine calls his barbarisms was his strong mason sire cropping out. He was his father's son to the last drop of his blood, a master builder working with might and main. No more did the former love to put a rock face upon his wall than did the latter to put the same rock face upon his sentences; and he could do it, too, as no other writer, ancient or modern, could.

I occasionally saw strangers at the station, which is a mile from the village, inquiring their way to the churchyard; but I was told there had been a notable falling off of the pilgrims and visitors, of late. During the first few months after his burial, they nearly denuded the grave of its turf; but after the publication of the Reminiscences, the number of silly geese that came there to crop the grass was much fewer. No real lover of Carlyle was ever disturbed by those Reminiscences; but to the throng that run after a man because he is famous, and that chip his headstone or carry away the turf above him when he is dead, they were happily a great bugaboo.

A most agreeable walk I took one day down to Annan. Irving's name still exists there, but I believe all his near kindred have disappeared. Across the street from the little house where he was born, this sign may be seen: "Edward Irving, Flesher." While in Glasgow, I visited Irving's grave, in the crypt of the cathedral, a most dismal place, and was touched to see the bronze tablet that marked its site in the pavement bright and shining, while those about it, of Sir this or Lady that, were dull and tarnished. Did some devoted hand keep it scoured, or was the polishing done by the many feet that paused thoughtfully above this name? Irving would long since have been forgotten by the world had it not been for his connection with Carlyle, and it was probably the lustre of the latter's memory that I saw reflected in the metal that bore Irving's name. The two men must have been of kindred genius in many ways, to have been so drawn to each other, but Irving had far less hold upon reality; his written word has no projectile force. It makes a vast difference whether you burn gunpowder on a shovel or in a gun barrel. Irving may be said to have made a brilliant flash, and then to have disappeared in the smoke.

Some men are like nails, easily drawn; others are like rivets, not drawable at all. Carlyle is a rivet, well *headed* in. He is not going to give way, and be forgotten soon. People who differed from him in opinion have stigmatized him as an actor, a mountebank, a rhetorician, but he was committed to his purpose and to the part he played with the force of gravity. Behold how he toiled! He says, "One monster there is in the world: the idle man." He did not merely preach the gospel of work; he was it, — an indomitable worker from first to last. How he delved! How he searched for a sure foundation, like a master builder, fighting his way through rubbish and quicksands till he reached the rock! Each one of his review articles cost him a month or more of serious work. Sartor Resartus cost him nine months, the French Revolution three years, Cromwell four years, Frederick thirteen years. No surer does the Auldgarth bridge, that his father help build, carry the traveler over the turbulent water beneath it than these books convey the reader over chasms and confusions, where before there was no way, or only an inadequate one. Carlyle never wrote a book except to clear some gulf or quagmire, to span and conquer some chaos. No architect or engineer ever had purpose more tangible and definite. To further the reader on his way, not to beguile or amuse him, was always his purpose. He had that contempt for all dallying and toying and lightness and frivolousness that hard, serious workers always have. He was impatient of poetry and art; they savored too much of play and levity. His own work was not done lightly and easily, but with labor throes and pains, as of planting his piers in a weltering flood and chaos. The spirit of struggling and wrestling which he had inherited was always uppermost. It seems as if the travail and yearning of his mother had passed upon him as a birth-mark. The universe was madly rushing about him, seeking to engulf him. Things assumed threatening and spectral shapes. There was little joy or serenity for him. Every task he proposed to himself was a struggle with chaos and darkness, real or imaginary. He speaks of "Frederick" as a nightmare; the "Cromwell business" as toiling amid mountains of dust. I know of no other man in literature with whom the sense of labor is so enhanced and terrible. That vast, grim, struggling, silent, inarticulate array of ancestral force that lay in him, when the burden of written speech was laid upon it, half rebelled, and would not cease to struggle and be inarticulate. There was a plethora of power: a channel, as

through rocks, had to be made for it, and there was an incipient cataclysm whenever a book was to be written. What brings joy and buoyancy to other men, namely, a genial task, brought despair and convulsions to him. It is not the effort of composition, — he was a rapid and copious writer and speaker, — but the pressure of purpose, the friction of power and velocity, the sense of overcoming the demons and mud-gods and frozen torpidity, he so often refers to. Hence no writing extant is so little like writing, and gives so vividly the sense of something *done*. He may praise silence and glorify work. The unspeakable is ever present with him; it is the core of every sentence; the inarticulate is round about him; a solitude like that of space encompasseth him. His books are not easy reading; they are a kind of wrestling to most persons. Yet his style does not labor, like that of a dull and heavy man. It is like a road made of rocks: when it is good, there is nothing like it; and when it is bad, there is nothing like it!

In Past and Present, Carlyle has unconsciously painted his own life and character in truer colors than has any one else: "Not a May-game is this man's life, but a battle and a march, a warfare with principalities and powers; no idle promenade through fragrant orange groves and green flowery spaces, waited on by the choral Muses and the rosy Hours: it is a stern pilgrimage through burning sandy solitudes, through regions of thick-ribbed ice. He walks among men; loves men with inexpressible soft pity, as they *cannot* love him; but his soul dwells in solitude, in the uttermost parts of Creation. In green oases by the palm-tree wells, he rests a space; but anon he has to journey forward, escorted by the Terrors and the Splendors, the Archdemons and Archangels. All heaven, all pandemonium, are his escort." Part of the world will doubtless persist in thinking that pandemonium furnished his chief counsel and guide; but there are enough who think otherwise, and their numbers are bound to increase in the future.

John Burroughs.

ANTAGONISM.

"'Hath spied an icy fish
That longed to 'scape the rock-stream where she lived,
And thaw herself within the lukewarm brine
O' the lazy sea her stream thrusts far amid,
A crystal spike 'twixt two warm walls of wave;
Only she ever sickened, found repulse
At the other kind of water, not her life,
(Green-dense and dim-delicious, bred o' the sun)
Flounced back from bliss she was not born to breathe,
And in her old bounds buried her despair,
Hating and loving warmth alike."

Arthur Digby lay stretched at ease in a reading-chair, under the shade of tender new vine leaves, turning the pages of a summer novel; dividing his time fairly between the woes of his heroine, the capricious fluttering of shadows in the air over his head, the coming and going of his uncle on the shaded veranda, and his own sensation of general well-being.

Through a happy consciousness of fortunate circumstances, as of summer weather, beauty of prospect, bodily ease, quiet, amusement, flowed a strong undercurrent of full, energetic, rather strenuous life; life of the intellect, of the affections, of hopes, memories, impressions, opinions, and habits. All this made a sort of music in his ears, blended and may be intricate, but with nothing now strongly discordant. Suddenly he

felt an arrest of the tide of sensation and thought, as if some one had touched, with the tip of a finger, the spring which set all these energies in motion. He closed the book, sat erect, broke off abruptly his connection with objective existence, ceased auditing his own being, as it were, and took on a state of keen expectation. In a moment the whole disposition of his consciousness was changed. The agreeable circumstances remained, but now, instead of making part of an idly shifting panorama, they took the place of scenery and appointment, fixed and subordinate, other interests filling the field of his attention.

He rose, tossed aside the book, stood two or three minutes in a state of intense absorption; then took up his hat, spoke a few words with his uncle, went across the lawn, along the garden walks, through a short field path, and reached a rustic gate opening into thick pine forest. Here he paused, not as weighing whether he should proceed, but as having matter to consider that needed fuller attention. He was, in fact, adjusting himself to a new situation.

Those experiences which have stirred us pleasantly or deeply, and which seem to have floated far behind and been lost in the rush of the present, do but withdraw from the intrusive presence of urgent interests, and bide their time to press upon the spirit; giving, where they muster in force and come without call, an odd sense of life within life, as when lights are turned down on the stage, revealing another set of larger energies going on outside the narrow action of the scene, — much as if we suddenly realized that higher intelligences were watching our rather petty proceedings and wondering at us. Those who connect the most insignificant or trivial circumstances with some spiritual import, whose impressions reach through sense to soul, will be occasionally overtaken by this sort of visitation from their accumulated experiences. To the young and happy they come, if at all, like a "sudden glory," bewildering but sweet. To the old and sad the experience is sometimes half a frenzy, too terrible to be borne. But the past has its rights, its existence, more real than the future; and though we turn away our eyes from beholding it, it is always with us, rolled away like a scroll in unsuspected depths of our being.

A young man's capabilities of feeling have usually established such relations with the susceptibilities of other young people as to have produced abundant matter for summer afternoon reverie, and to have so preëmpted his conscience that he instinctively turns to his emotional relations to account for and justify any unusual commotion of spirit. This was the case with Digby. He knew well enough where the summons came from which had interrupted his *dégagé* interlude. It meant the rather importunate return of a condition which he had put off a year ago, with some resolution, and which had since stood in apparently willing abeyance to interests agreeable enough, and seemingly able to replace it. The scene was now suddenly shifted, the change following close upon his return to a locality associated with the former rule, as might have been anticipated. His surprise lay in the fact that he had not voluntarily or consciously reverted to what had gone before, but had been abruptly confronted with a return of his old mental conditions, as if they had in themselves power and will to push aside what had come between them and his attention. But the transformation, if complete, was not yet disturbing; and though the mood toward which his face was set, upon whose threshold he stood, in fact, was not one to be lightly esteemed, he walked among his ancestral groves in a temper as unagitated as their own.

Deep into the woods, by a broad, winding avenue, which had been so long

closed to wheels that their marks were wholly effaced, and the thick carpet of dried pine needles had covered the road bed; with sudden near gleams of shining water, before, at the right, behind, according as the way wound; with noises growing fainter and remoter; with deep glades opening across his path; with wide, level stretches, where the trees stood in ranks like guests at a ceremony, and the light broke through and lay in broad patches, where bees and butterflies swarmed; into thick, green glooms unwarmed by the mild air; up or down steep slopes where the tips of the upper branches almost touched the sharply-tilted ground; with the whole catalogue of movement, odor, color, form, light, shade, expression, promise, and suggestion, combining, shifting, opening, and disappearing about him, weaving that magic web which can only, from default of language, be inadequately named the charm of the woods, — through and past all this he went, alive to the influences and significancies of his *entourage*, but also aware of his progress into a set of influences as absorbing, as elevated, as elusive and incomprehensible, as the elements which soothed, charmed, and mocked his physical sense; a set of emotional circumstances exactly parallel to the true, healing, friendly spirit of the woods, infinite to please, but never yielding, never to be seized and possessed, never to be subordinated or engrossed; a translation of the attributes and influences of nature into what it pleases us to call a higher form, namely, into human passions and powers.

The outer world and the inner kept time. Presently he came where both worlds seemed to invite him to stop and give them audience, — a small chamber in the wide extent of the estate, where the forest was particularly silent and clean, as if long undisturbed by human presence. A natural boundary of conformation and growth gave a sense of seclusion to the spot. The eye took in all, and was not teased with a desire to investigate beyond. Gentle slope and elevation varied the surface with that exquisiteness of natural proportion which disguises actual extent; satisfying the desire for breathing room, but not displaying large, distracting distances.

The ground was elastic with a fine, strong grass, like green hair, growing through the thick deposit from the pines. Patches of vivid green alternated with spaces of rich reddish-brown, here and there dimly flecked with a rain of sunlight, which the ground seemed to drink in, and again give out in a dark, pervading brightness. The trees stood in rows, like self-possessed, silent men under inspection.

Digby stood a while, conscious of the beauty of the spot, *des Waldes Heiligkeit*. It was unspeakably restful and inviting, like a quiet inner room, to which one is led by favor of the host. He took possession, throwing himself down upon the ground. Far above his head the tree-tops swayed in a soft, strong breeze, which also blew intermittently among their trunks, and softly fanned him; tall, slender birches rocked in the upper half of their height, with that motion of unconscious ease and elegance which nothing can counterfeit, as if they rocked from inward impulse to the swell of their own thoughts. Sounds in all keys and motions of every gentle character made him feel as if a presence filled the wood, strong and sympathetic, but too large and wise to encroach, or be encroached upon. That sense of summer and beauty which cannot be shut out from vigorous nerves, flowed round him, and a thousand exquisite thoughts softly burst into blossom, in the quiet reaches of his mind, like sleeping lilies on a lake at the first touch of the morning sun.

What can mortal do at such a banquet but feed thankfully, and fall to peaceful rest? To feed and sleep are

ever the two great processes of healthy existence, whether of soul or of body. Digby fell into a peace so profound that his very spirit slept; but it was that transparent sleep through which any outside influence may penetrate, provided it be elemental, and in harmony with the influences which have produced the state, — the sleep in which the body does not obstruct the spirit, but lends it its perceptions.

To such a state impressions come like dreams. For a long time he seemed to have floated free of physical sensations, and to have known only from within that the sky was blue, the breeze soft and strong, the motion of the tree-tops like that of grass under water, and the varied soft sounds music in his own brain. And for what seemed a long time an impression had made itself felt, hanging in the firmament of his mood like a cloud in the blue sky, silent and motionless. It began presently to transform itself into an idea, a hope, a belief, a knowledge, at last an actual presence. As softly as a shadow lies upon a meadow this presence lay on his consciousness.

His perception, which had seemed to widen until it lay outside the whole world of sense, now shrank to his own physical dimension. In other words, the body regained its control, and the man could use his eyes. And there, at the far end of the narrow, bridge-like neck of land which led into the distance, slowly gliding across the narrow spaces where dim light showed between the trees, melting from one altitude to another between them, showing almost unnaturally tall, like the statue of a saint in a niche, approaching him and seeming to bring the distance with her, who but Helen Birney, somehow grown out of the fitness of the situation. Bringing the distance with her; not the distance alone, but the past, — the past, which had somehow grown a little unfamiliar, like a garment found in a wardrobe after a year's forgetting.

Arthur Digby was not yet out of his trance as to his will. Volition wakes late in such a passive mood. He watched idly while the lady moved toward him; half feeling that he saw her through his closed lids, but in reality watching her with wide-open eyes, that seemed to have been lately filled with dreams. She walked onward, as if she were entering her parlor to receive him, came quite up to him, smiled a little, seriously, looking down upon him.

"*Hic jacet*," said she. Then, as he made no motion, "Shall I help you to rise?"

He got up hastily. "I was under some kind of a spell. How do you do?"

"How do *you* do?"

"The ship rocks badly, you see," said he, stumbling over a little knoll.

"Have you so lately returned?"

"Twenty-four hours ago I was in that berth which, to me, is very like death. The ground takes unhandsome advantage of me. It is your ground, too, I believe."

"No, this is yours. The line is just over there."

"You had ever a keen sense of our boundaries. If this is really my land, I may curse it, may I not?" he said, having tumbled back over the same knoll. "Will you sit down upon my land? If we both sit upon it, perhaps it won't tip about so."

"You make me laugh."

"I wish I could make you cry. Don't be alarmed if I make sudden and unseemly lurches toward you. I feel that we ought to shake hands."

"Is it safe? Sit down, and I will come and shake hands with you."

"No, indeed! On my own *terra infirma*, I must do the honors with such staggering grace as I can muster. I will come round this knoll. I will circumvent it. Once more, how do you do?"

They shook hands, without the usual compliments.

"I am dazzled at beholding you, —

an effect you are accustomed to produce, but it disconcerts me a little. I do not know what to say next. Let us sit down and glare at each other a little while. Some faint intelligence may come to me in that way."

"You had better lean against a tree."

"The trees seem disposed to lean against me. However, I am recovering, *secondarily*, so to speak, and I think I can maintain an unstable equilibrium while you sit, — if you will sit."

"Oh, yes, with pleasure." She sat upon the ground, and leaned against a huge pine trunk. Arthur seated himself a little farther down, where he could look up at her, and where she could, if she wished, see over his head, without appearing to avoid him. They watched each other in silence for a while.

"I made a mistake. I should n't like to make you cry."

"No," she said, "I am sure you would n't."

"You almost make me cry. I had forgotten that I should see you in black."

"But you knew" —

"I knew immediately that you had lost your brother. It has been very hard for you."

She had to wait a minute before she could answer, "Yes, it has been very hard for us."

"It has changed you."

"Do I seem much changed?"

"You are less intense, more serene."

"Less as if thinking of myself, more as if regardful of others."

"You can never have been taken up with yourself in any common sense."

"I live more outside of myself than I used. Perhaps I am less ready to trust myself than formerly."

"Sorrow brings us nearer others, or others nearer to us," said Digby, with a sudden realization of the economic relation of this truth to his own case, as on the wrong side of the account.

"Yes, I care more for people than I did a year ago."

"Then it must be well with you in a very important sense."

She turned away, and, with an air he did not fathom, replied, "Yes, it is well with me in many senses."

He said to himself that she was taking it beautifully.

"Could you tell me something" — A half-startled inquiry in her eyes checked him. "Do not! It would pain you too much."

"It was sudden, shocking — No! I am afraid I cannot speak of it."

"I have no right to ask it; but I sympathize with you deeply."

"Thank you. I could count upon your kindness for that."

"I wish you had felt like saying friendship, instead of kindness."

"With your warrant, I shall certainly say it, next time."

"Have I been away so long?"

"I did n't mean to be unfriendly, but I am always afraid of assuming too much."

"That is unfriendly, whether you mean it or not. The test of friendship is the extent to which you count upon your friends."

"Perhaps it is, with men. But I think I have no sense of proportion. If I give myself liberty, it is apt to become license."

"License! Oh, try it on me!"

"Not for worlds and worlds!"

"You make me feel as if time and space had indeed come between us. What was that old superstition, — that if water came between friends the friendship was drowned?"

"A year is a long time, if much happens."

"I wish I had been here!"

A very faint shade of confusion showed itself in her countenance. She said, a little hurriedly, "Thank you for the wish, but you could not have changed anything."

"Do you mean that I should have been nothing to you?"

"We saw no one, of course, — at first; and then my uncle came from England immediately. We were taken care of. People were very kind. I am glad you escaped the sadness of it."

He felt his conscience accuse him that he had indeed escaped the sadness of it, and that he should have felt better at that moment if, not having been permitted to share her grief, he had at least borne her company in heaviness of his own exclusion from her sorrow; and said, as compounding with his regret, "A man might like to share the sadness of his friends."

"A man feels bound to do it, perhaps; but it is every way better that people should be spared sorrow whenever it is possible."

"Next to knowing that our friends have no griefs is the wish to lighten what they have." A handsome generalization, to be sure, but Digby had an instant feeling that it might ring rather false. There was a guilty consciousness of a kind of insincerity, though he certainly meant at least as much as he said. He was hampered a little by certain rather conflicting considerations, and feared to become involved in embarrassments; feared, too, to involve his companion in embarrassment. He had, however, hoped that his remark might stand in her mind as a proposition from which deductions might be drawn at convenience.

There had been no need of a reply, but after a minute of silence she said, as if selecting the most non-committal phrase, "You are very good, I 'm sure."

Plainly, the handsome generalization had not been taken home.

"Tell me about your journey."

"Quite the same old story. Or, no; not quite the same, because my uncle enjoyed it so much. That gave a new color to much of it," he added, with a knowledge that he was not reporting, and could not report, all the hues that had been thrown over his year's wandering.

"How is Dr. Digby?"

"Better. Quite well, in fact. He is to call upon your mother this afternoon. Does she see any one?"

"She will see him. You must come home with me, too."

"Thank you. I was, in fact, on my way there."

"I heard of you, occasionally. You know May Dudley is a great friend of mine. She wrote to me constantly, and spoke of meeting you."

"Indeed! Then you know some of the places we visited. Their route was nearly the same as ours. She came over in the ship with us, and has gone to New York."

"Yes, I know. We had letters not two hours ago."

Arthur felt a little jar in these commonplace phrases, which touched something he had in his mind. He wondered whether Helen had anything in her mind.

"Do you know" — She hesitated with an evident reluctance to finishing what she had begun; then began again: "Do you know — of course you do not know. My mother and I sail in four weeks."

"You are going away? Just as I return! No, I have not been told it."

"We go for some time, — in the Servia. You came in the Servia, did n't you?"

"Yes; but there was nothing about the ship to tell me that you would go away in her. 'Across the water drowns friendship.' I must go back with you, or — The moment I put my foot on land, you go away. No one told me that you — However, I saw no one but Atwood, who came down in the train with me, last night. And by the way, Atwood is going in the Servia. Confound Atwood! That is why he smirked so. He used to frown at me, a year ago. So he is going! And in a sea-voyage there are so many influences and opportunities!"

"You speak not only as one having authority, but also as the scribes."

"The scribes have, perhaps, written something on my behalf," he quickly replied, aware that much might well have been said. "But I envy Atwood. In fact, I hate him. He will do no end of things for you. You'll let him, I suppose."

"Yes," she replied, with an inscrutable smile. "I shall let him be kind to me if he will."

"I think I will hire a man to throw him overboard. The tables are turned, to be sure. I used to fancy myself in his way."

"You are looking very well indeed. I am glad to see it."

"London tailor, may be; and then I am heavier, and I am a little calmer, — at least, I was an hour ago. I don't give bonds for good behavior, mind you. Recollect the load-stone mountain of Sindbad. My principles and props of all sorts will begin to fly presently, no doubt, as they used. But I had gained. I have learned that distance has a deadening effect, and that if some people keep away from some other people — I am curious to see how long it will take you to turn me into a helpless, incoherent, distracted, desperate wretch, without wheel or compass."

"You ought to be ashamed of your metaphor, if nothing else. You look much better. It is partly the tailor, I think. I am very fond of fine clothes for men, and you always look so complete. But you look happy, too, as if you had had a good time."

"But I am not a happy man, — under your eyes."

"You are an idle man. No man is good for much without an absorbing occupation. I wish you would 'settle down,' as they say. Depend upon it, you will become a nervous invalid, an emotional hypochondriac. I wish you had to earn your bread."

"So do I. I have wished it a hundred times. And I really mean to go in for something, — something tough. You think I've been long making up my mind. So I have; but the mind has been a-making, all the same. In the three years I have spent stirring the ingredients of my nature, I have learned enough to last me some time. I'm dead sick of myself, and I am going in for work. Perhaps I had better marry. They say it takes the nonsense out of a man."

"Yes, do!" she said fervently.

"I have thought of marrying — you must recommend some one — that is — I think I will marry your friend, May Dudley, if" —

"You could n't do better! She's the sweetest girl living."

"She's the very sweetest girl living," said Digby soberly, with an utter change of manner. "She makes me calm and satisfied. I am not afraid of her. If it were not profane to say it, I could imagine her adoring — A man likes to be adored. He is fond of thinking that women were made to adore. That shocks you."

"By no means! I see nothing wrong in your feeling that a woman should adore — her — the man she — adores."

Digby tormented himself for a moment with the possibility of being adored by Helen Birney, and for another moment with the probability of her adoring another man. But he had already so drawn upon his imagination for sensations of this variety that the answering shock was short-lived and dull. Moreover, through most of what she had said, he had felt a little of that draught which blows between two people, when one of them has that in his mind, unknown to the other, bearing upon their mutual relation, which throws a side (perhaps slightly sinister) light upon what is said. He seemed to feel that the key had changed, and continued: —

"Did you ever think the woods were

haunted? I feel a sudden sense of unreality, and could doubt my senses without effort. As I look at you, the rays of light reflected from you stretch out into long, visible lines, dazzling like northern lights. I have to grasp my intellectual conviction that there is such a person, to keep from floating away into bewilderment. I can half fancy myself about to wake into a reality, and find all this a dream."

"You are not quite waked."

"I will give you a better and altogether more scientific and interesting explanation. The usual current of impressions setting in from without toward the seat of consciousness is met on the threshold of my mind by a tidal wave, traveling in the other direction, which wave has its origin in the interior, — a sort of earthquake wave, arising from a vague doubt or foreboding that begins to take possession of me. The two currents meet and fill my nerves with confusion and trouble."

"That is, in effect, saying that you are not yet waked, or that you are going to be ill."

"I will give you another explanation. This is almost demonstrable, and so rational that you will be pleased with me. The combination of nerves which reports you to my brain, and that consequent play of powers evolving ideas and speculations in regard to you, is completely worn out with over-work. They have become unable to perform their duty, and the impressions stop short of the centre, as in defective vision."

"Oh," said she, half vexed, "you make me so ridiculous that I almost lose patience!"

"I will tell you something to restore the balance. There were days and days when I forgot you as absolutely as if there were no such being in the world."

"Bravo!"

"*N'est-ce pas?*" said Digby, ironically. Then, after a little while, "'Lo, where it comes again!'"

"What comes again?"

"The old creeping discontent, the sense of failure and ignominy, hard to bear for a man of my complexion."

"No one feels a sense of defeat who has not proposed to triumph. You are not a chivalrous man. You would willingly lay a conquest at the feet of a woman, but it must be a conquest of herself."

"You are too clever for me. You ought to make allowance. It is long since I have been in court, and I had fallen into a lazy habit of trading with any loose change I happened to find in my intellectual pockets. You make a man draw on his capital."

"Dear me!"

"Yes; I always seem on the brink of a sensation when I think of you or talk with you. I begin to stand upon the defensive as soon as we meet."

"I have noticed it."

"In yourself?"

"In you."

"Oh!" said Digby, with a whole gamut of significance. "Then you do not find yourself disturbed?"

"Yes, reflexively."

"I am thankful for the smallest crumb. Since I cannot move you on your own account (a long, tentative pause), I am glad, at least, to stir you on mine."

"How unfriendly! But I do not think I really feel worried about you. I only wonder" —

"Come! that is something! Keep wondering about me! I'll do the maddest things, if you will only keep on wondering."

"Why can't you feel comfortable with me? — for you can't. I can feel you, I can almost see you, rousing yourself into opposition. Oh, it is quite evident, I assure you! I doubt if you ever acquiesce inwardly in what I say. I have tried to see through it, but I can-

not. Depend upon it, there is something deeply, fundamentally inimical in our natures. I can imagine you hating me bitterly. If we were of a low grade, I can imagine you hurting me."

"Don't talk like that! God knows, I'd hurt myself to the last and deadliest degree, before I could have you touched. Thank Heaven, I could not hurt you, if I would!"

This touch of genuine feeling seemed to bring them a little nearer each other. Digby went on: —

"I never took such pains for anything in my life as I take to appear well in your eyes. Do you know, you sort of put a man upon his mettle, some way. He is always straining to be superior, always trying to get your approval; always trying, you know, and apparently never succeeding."

"I know what you mean: always trying to triumph."

"Oh, not so bald and brutal as that, I'm sure! I suppose, if a man tries to please a woman, he may like to succeed."

"For the sake of pleasing her, or for the sake of compelling her to be pleased?"

"Ah! If you are going into things like that, just tell me what sort of man it is that does n't want a woman to feel that he can give as well as take."

"Well," she said, rather slyly, "perhaps not the sort of man that you are."

"Perhaps you can tell me what sort of a woman it is that will not let a man show how very low down he could get in the dust, if" —

"If she would first show him that she wanted him to do so."

"If she would let him follow his impulses." He could not see why she should laugh. "Oh, be fair! I mean, be honest! You can't help being fair."

"Do you, then, feel checked in anything you wished to say? I had thought that you felt quite unconstrained. No one — that is, you always said openly such extraordinary things that I have been driven to placing our conversations on a wholly different footing from the usual one. You make me laugh when you talk of not being let to follow your impulses. Can it be that you have overshot your impulses, and are trying to urge them on to your expression of them?"

"You are doing me a very great injustice," he said, gravely. "Perhaps you mean that you wish it were true."

"I did n't mean to hurt you!" she cried, with a woman's quick and disproportionate tenderness at the sight of pain.

"What do you mean by putting our acquaintance upon a different footing?"

"I said 'conversations.'"

"I am afraid it 's all one with us."

"I mean that other men do not think of talking to me as you did, and that I had to — how shall I say? — take you on a different plan; enlarge the ordinary scale of meanings. Both of us, perhaps, use a large liberty of speech," she added, hastily.

"Do you mean that I did n't believe what I said, or that I said what I did n't mean?"

She made no reply.

"You filled all my thoughts!" he cried, vehemently. "You ruled my imagination. You absorbed me. You kept me discontented, expectant, unquiet. I don't think you had the smallest notion of your effect on me. I was piqued, spurred, confounded — Shame upon me! What a ranter I have become! Yes, I meant all I said. You were, and you are, the most beautiful and fascinating woman I ever knew, and able to make me wretched and almost despairing. What more could you wish?"

"Oh," she replied, a little coolly, "it is not more that I should wish." This rather set him back in the excitement he was unconsciously fostering. "Have you seen the Daphne?" she asked, inconsequently.

"Daphne? What is that. Steamer, statue, plant?"

"I think you can't have seen it, or you would know at once what I mean."

"I decline to commit myself. The ground about you is always honeycombed with pitfalls. You are waiting to see me discomfited."

"No, indeed! It is a *bona fide* question. It is your own Daphne."

"Have I a Daphne of my very own? You make me tremble. Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral? Can I get rid of it? Can I plead any sort of a statute? Can I utterly and forever repudiate it? It is a fearful point to have a Daphne, and not to know whether you should put it in a stable, or wear it in your button-hole."

"If you would stop looking at me, you would see her."

"Ah! if I could, indeed, stop looking at you, I might see" —

"Look over my head, to the left, far up the ravine."

"Sure enough! In a desperate hurry, having just escaped from your premises in hot haste. She shall be restored, without delay. Madam, allow me to reassure you, and to point out that we do things better nowadays. Under the modern method, that conceited young person who annoyed you would find himself presented with a ticket to Coventry, second class, and no return."

"She makes believe not to understand."

"She always makes believe not to understand. A New England Daphne, in willow, is unpleasant. Our own metempsychoses are disturbing enough, Heaven knows! What shall I do with it? I hate to have a thing like that hacked. Makes me think of Dante's trees calling out, 'Why tearest thou me? Wherefore pluckest me thus?'"

"Bury it."

"Good! I have times of feeling in the burying mood; or, rather, in need of a burying-place."

"Begin with Daphne."

"And yet, if I once begin to bury, who knows where it may end?"

Looking at her with a half-wistful expression, he saw tears in her eyes. Her own light word had pierced to a reality of bereavement so recent that it lay just below the surface.

"I wish I could comfort you!" he cried, making a movement as if to rise, and checking himself.

"Let us talk of something else."

"Let us not talk at all, for a little. Do you not remember how many times, in these same woods, we have sat without speaking, listening to the sound the silence makes? I should like to compare notes again. Will you try it?"

"If you like."

"Begin, then, and count the sounds for ten minutes."

For a little space, that seemed a long space, they were silent. Then Arthur said abruptly, "Why don't you answer?"

"What do you mean?" she cried, starting up.

"You did n't listen. I heard a hundred voices, in all accents, calling your name. The place is full of them. They say, 'Helen! Helen! Helen!' Or can it be that I was listening to my own blood? Try again!"

"Oh, you are too bad! Let us be rational, or let us go and call upon my mother."

"By all means, let us be rational first, and call upon your mother afterwards. But what did you hear?"

"What did I hear? I — did n't — I can't tell you what I heard," she said, blushing vividly, and drooping her head.

"Ah, you are unfair!"

"Excuse me, I forgot! Pray, excuse me, and let us try over again. I will do better, — indeed, I will. To please me, try again."

"To please you, anything."

They were silent for a long while; for so long that Helen, waiting in vain

for Arthur to interrupt, as was his wont, turned toward him, and found him watching her closely, and with a sort of wistful excitement.

"I hear nothing," she said, smiling rather wanly; "that is, I heard only a noise in my own ears."

"'I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.' Do the words seem different to you? I feel as if something were missing, but can't tell what."

"You can never go back to anything and find it what you left it, you know."

"You say that as calmly as if it were not the cruelest thing ever spoken."

"You forget that we bring our own moods here and everywhere into life."

"I wish," he said, after a pause, "that we knew any language which would deal adequately with our feelings and moods, with our spiritual relations to each other. I always feel the clumsiness of words when I talk to you. There is always something which clamors to be expressed, but which refuses to form itself into speech."

"I thought we got on wonderfully as to speech. What hindered you?"

"Who knows? I was afraid of you."

"That you were not. There was nothing in the way of outrageous, egregious flattery, and not much in the way of vague, ill-founded, and almost unkind criticism, as a wholesome tonic, may be, which you did not find courage to say."

By which remark it will be seen that meteorological disturbances had existed in the intercourse of Miss Birney and Mr. Digby.

"I never could get your attention," he said, justifying himself. "There was always something I could not reach. However joyfully we met, we always parted with a wide and widening distance between us. My very efforts to approach you seemed to take me farther and farther away. At this moment, when we are both in dead earnest, our very seriousness drives us farther apart. Of course, I rebelled against it, chafed at it. I am not a philosopher. You are a woman whose attention I, for two years, earnestly desired to engross. I did my possible to engross it. I threw myself headlong into the delight of intercourse with you. I had found the very supreme gift of heaven, — a mind and nature I could not exhaust. But I was like a man who is shown treasures he may have if he can but reach them, and who misses by the length of his hand. Something came between us, and I could but feel that it was yourself. So I raged against fate, myself, and you. It seemed incredible that there should be between man and woman so entire an interchange of thought, sympathy, opinion, and so absolute a repelling force. Ah," he added, with a half-bitter sigh, "people should not try to fly. They get beyond their humanity. The joy of life is in the small, sweet habits of mutual dependence; those simple, innocent, homely delights, that penetrate the heart and make it run over with content; the feeling of pressing close to each other's side, the sense of contact, the missing and being missed. From that to abstractions, and not from abstractions to that, is the true progress. We call the beginnings common and narrow. They are the true wisdom and beauty. It is better, it is far better, to build low."

"Perhaps you looked for too much. Instead of taking the sympathy between us for the firmament, you took it for a starting-point, and looked for something beyond, wide in proportion."

"I made a mistake of some sort, — who knows what?"

"You have been — is it possible for you to believe in my kindness, my friendliness, my — my" —

"You are never going to say 'tenderness,'" he said, with a sad smile. "That I could not believe in. Your charity is what you mean, unknown to yourself."

"Believe in my unwillingness to wound you ever so slightly," she said,

turning rather pale. "You have been too subtle. You have looked at me through your own ideals, too fastidiously magnanimous to examine how we really stood. You do not understand your sense of incompleteness and failure, when it comes to a question of my adjustment to your theories. It means that your feeling is truer than your intelligence; and it is your intelligence, and not your feeling, which is disappointed at this moment."

"If I had been more complete, more determined, more"— He broke off suddenly, and then began: "There is one overwhelming reason why you were not made for me. I ought not to ask anything more convincing. It is that I am always at my worst with you, always perturbed, — always perturbing, perhaps," he added remorsefully.

"Yes, I suppose we have disturbed each other a good deal."

"It is well," he said, after a pause, "that you did not let me know that sooner. My stumbling-block has been that the attraction was all on one side."

"I always liked you immensely, you know."

"Oh, don't! Let us be, for once, ourselves."

"That was not a platitude. I liked you better than you knew. In fact, I liked you so much that I wondered why I did not like you more. You have your theories; I had to have mine, to understand my position. This is it. Both of us started with a fixed idea, — I might say, a fixed ideal, — fully equipped, and always before our eyes. We measured people by them, more or less indifferently, perhaps, until we met each other. You came very near my measure; I came near enough to yours. We then felt logically bound to take the next step. But the whole thing being factitious, there was no impulse toward another step. We were puzzled between loyalty to our ideals and a lack of — of the right kind of attraction. I came to see it, after a long time; but you, with a man's persistence, and a man's added sense of chivalry, would not, or could not."

"Do you mean to say that you considered the character of our acquaintance, — that you saw a personal quality in it?"

"How could I help it?"

"And that you watched your own interest in it, to see — whether — it became — stronger?"

She flushed a little, but said bravely, "I watched to see it become — what it did not become."

Digby rose to his feet, and stood looking down at her, mortified, regretful, bitter, fascinated, and repelled, all at once. Fervent, passionate words crowded to his lips. A really mighty impulse was upon him to utter such words as men sometimes dream of saying to women. Time and place adhered, the situation, and apparently the mastery of the situation; but though the words hung vivid and urgent in his mind, sending a strong thrill all over him, he did not pronounce them. Something lacked. The altar was ready, the sacrifice was laid upon it, but the fire did not come down from heaven. A cold breath from his judgment blew upon the impulse, and he let it die. It took him a sensible time to find his way back to a safe generalization. "Depend upon it, a sense of incompleteness is the secret of attraction. It is the instinct for self-preservation, a desperate, blind clutch for something that will insure existence. That sums it up, to my mind."

"You had better say, to your present mood."

"To my present mood, if you will; for that is to be the key-note to my future. We tried for something more than life gives. Whether too much or too little, something holds us apart. If it is distance to be explored, or difference to be brushed away, I know not.

It only makes you more beautiful and more unattainable, and stamps me, let us tamely say, incomplete. Wherever my fragments may be, wherever in the spiritual universe my own is kept from me — ah, well! How idle to try to set the wind to a tune! You and I together are more than one, and, may be, less than two. The lack is in me."

He watched her in silence for a while, and began again: —

"I have been like a stupid fly, madly butting against a pane, unable to understand that I cannot follow where I see. Do you know what has been booming in my head for half an hour? A quotation from Browning, —

"'God of eclipse and each discolored star,
Why do I linger here?'"

"You are making the worst of it. I should like to see you take it better."

"For your sake, I put myself in joint with the times," he said dryly.

"I can't have a man doing for me what he will not do for himself. I don't count you among those who need bribes."

He smiled rather ruefully. "You forget to take yourself into account when you scorn bribes. You are yourself the most stupendous bribe, though insensible of that, as of everything."

"Don't call it insensibility! Would it gratify you to know that I was unhappy or shaken? The thing was so plain. We should have hated each other, and had an ugly blot upon our memories for a great while, perhaps forever."

"And so you advised me to travel, and I traveled."

"Ah, you jest! But, in my mind, the thing lies on so high a plane that I could n't jest about it."

"The highest plane; that is, the topmost shelf, as I realized when you gently intimated that I was spending too much time studying our spiritual non-affinities."

"You were doing yourself injustice. It was right that you should have a change of thought. I wished that some one else should interest you; and I wish now" —

"Wish nothing for me, except that I may forget you speedily and utterly."

"Pray do not — I do not like to think of you — thinking of it so."

"And what do you suppose, what *do* you suppose, is in a man's mind, when he knows, as I have known, such a woman as you are? — knows by heart a thousand lovely ways, graces and virtues without number? Do you imagine that his thoughts keep primly to the outside of things? Do you suppose he does not imagine situations, words, looks? Why, even a school-girl has a more robust sentimentality than that. She imagines the boy holding her hand, clasping her, kissing her. You, if you are not" —

"Never! Never, upon my faith! How dare you? Never did I dream — Oh, how can you?"

"Then you are not capable of judging me, for I have imagined — No: I will not distress you. *Cui bono?* It is mainly *cui bono* with us, now. 'Shrunk to the measure of two little words,' and all that sort of thing. I traveled. I realize it now. Yet my thought keeps beating upon that transparent, impenetrable something. Why? why? why? Perpetually, why?"

Helen rose, and stood for a moment, with an expression of pain and indecision; then moved slowly along, as he, with gathering disquiet, which forced him into movement, walked up and down before her. He followed, and they came, slowly walking through the spicy air, out upon the high bank, which, like an artificial terrace, bordered a noble stream. A path ran along the edge, protected by a railing. They leaned upon this, and looked down into the narrow strip of glassy water, which made a burnished frame for the rippled stream. Before them, the river, sweeping round a sharp turn, broadened almost into a

bay, leaving high rocky walls crowned with trees, that made a stately way like a cathedral aisle, and spreading out between slightly lower banks, where the current had made space for its crowded waters, set its own edge thick with a bordering of meadow grasses, lush, green, sensuous, and was taking its more leisurely way to the sea, which lay, a shining line, over the low sand-bars on the southern horizon. The spirit of summer afternoon lay upon the scene, which was unusually beautiful. The river was full to its brim, the shining waters marching and countermarching, streams from the sea dividing the ranks of the outflowing currents, and both volumes breaking up into narrow files, threading their way, or eddying into spiral motion, till the effect was of two armies meeting, breaking ranks, and mingling together, each man making his way as best he might. It was a wonderful scene of activity and brilliancy, contrasting sharply with the sombre, reserved spirit of the wood. At the near edge a line of still water made silent, almost invisible, progress upward; and on the other bank, where a little inlet was set thick with herbage, paraded gayly downward a small company of dancing wavelets, that threw back the glitter of the sun, and smiled farewell to whispering reeds.

While they waited and watched, in that incomplete, half-satisfied mood, where on the one hand is something to be said, and on the other so much that must not be said, there came in sight, as far up the river as could be seen, a beautiful sail-boat, all new and white, taking its first taste of motion from the ways to the sea. Of all inanimate objects, nothing comes so near sentiency and volition as a ship, in any size. Statues and temples are only stocks and stones; but anything in the form of a launch has its own being, is a thing which its very maker and builder must share with the elements, with forces which may snatch it from his hands and dash it to atoms, but which has its attributes, not bestowed by man, and not denied by wind or wave.

Down between the river walls came sailing this dainty craft, white as snow but for a crimson pennant fluttering at its peak; taking the water proudly, like a bride, every plank laid, every beam shaped, every sail set, every capacity gauged and balanced for one purpose, every fibre from stem to stern instinct with one meaning and one impulse, created to one end, — to press forward. The river bore it gladly along; the little breezes ran beside and over it, urging it on with soft, encouraging pressure upon its sails. One might imagine it gathering and fusing all the thought of its builder, all the adaptability of its own shape and equipment, all the consent and stress of circumstance; beginning to thrill to the first pulse of conscious life, with a passionate dream of ocean's wild delights warming its grain, moving of its own will and gathering its energies to make the final leap that should launch it into its element, into its own divine right of union with the boundless, joyful life of the sea.

They watched it gliding down toward them with a half-prophetic expectancy, due to repressed intelligences and impulses. At a point where it should have turned the sharp promontory, and triumphantly swept forward with the open water in view, it seemed all at once as if the river ceased to flow, and the banks, stealing its motion from the stream, drew backward to the hills. The boat quivered, rose on the wave, dipped slowly to one side, sank, rose and leaned far forward, swayed from side to side, spread its wings wider and beat the air, shook off, with a toss, something that seemed to hinder its will, darted forward a length, and again stopped; rising on the waters, fluttering its wings, turning from side to side, shaken with the conflict between its onward impulse,

and something that suddenly sprang into existence to counteract or paralyze it. The crimson pennant streamed forward eagerly; the west wind's kisses changed to churlish blows. Mysterious powers had met its keel and buffeted it about. The poor thing trembled and shrunk, and grew bewildered at a force undreamed of in its short, happy progress. It tried all its new powers in vain, the opposition was too strong.

With one thought Helen and Arthur turned toward each other.

"The tide!" she exclaimed. "You forgot the tide. If you live near the sea, body or soul, you must take account of the tide. There is the answer to your perpetual 'why?'"

"I cannot bear to think of anything so inexorable!" he cried, with something so near anguish that she caught her breath. She had to remind herself that his pride, his man's desire to conquer, would send forth as agonized a cry as wounded love. He went on: —

"I cannot bear to think that the wine of life is not for me; that I must dilute — But wait! She will take the eddies, and work along down in spite of the tide."

It was hard for a man, strong and confident in his demands upon life, accustomed to finding circumstances waiting upon him, able to bend them to his pleasure, by no means too nice to take his full share of good, and to take it in a man's fashion, — it was hard for him to find himself so balked in the thing he had most desired, and that not from any outward circumstance, but from a falling short in his own inclination. It was as if all his powers and perceptions were leagued together to show him that he could not rise to the level of what destiny had put within his reach. Proud and emulous of all forms of superiority, he did not relish the thought that there was in him a spot which did not ring true; that he was unable to yield himself to an influence which he could yet not bring himself to renounce. For Digby was not quite up to the mark of trusting everything he was even to himself, — the vice that comes from over-refinement, over-analysis of sentiment; not quite able to see that mistrust of destiny is weakness, and not strength.

Still, his disappointment was by no means light in degree, and by no means to be scorned in kind. A common-minded man would have made no such failure, because too dull to comprehend subtle matters like sympathetic influences. Moreover, his embarrassment was extreme, for he had committed himself to much, without the warrant or the summons to commit himself to all, and was really cruelly divided between loyalty to his own ideal, bewilderment that his wishes did not more ardently embrace that ideal, a certain drawing in another direction, with a perverse reluctance to yield even to that new (and pleasant) attraction.

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that his mood should grow a little reckless, and that something of his perturbation should show itself. He had, at first, felt the sweet spell of an influence which always swayed him on coming into her presence; but, as ever, he had presently felt the glory fading, — felt something rising in himself which drove him into a spirit of unrest and opposition.

"If there is a man in the world more profoundly mortified and disgusted with himself than I am with myself, he has my heartfelt sympathy. I am expected, I suppose, to take all these incidental brushes amiably, overlooking the imputations."

"There are surely no imputations. These things do not go by merit."

"No! Kissing goes by favor, which makes lack of kisses the deadlier slight. I am, as it were, flouted by Fate; and Fate is of the feminine gender, as you know. I suppose I am too slight a man to please her ladyship. Atwood, now,

he 's a solid fellow, — what you may call a cumulative man; every year a little stronger in some way, gradually harnessing Destiny to his chariot; while I am like that particular class of vegetable that has to be planted over every year, and does n't take deep root. I seem to see very delicate motions of assent in your brain, which you carefully ignore."

"You think I underrate you. Let me say something accusing."

"Do, by all means!"

"You try to make me out almost a monster. You impute all sorts of unkindness to me, without really trying to know what I do think of you. You seem afraid to let me say what I think."

"It won't be what I wish. I had as lief you called me a turnip as what you call other men, — 'charming,' 'bright,' 'gentlemanly,' 'interesting.' I have heard you put a whole, live, grand man into one of those confounded, smirking, cant epithets, and lay him on the shelf with that label, as if he were born to be tagged and classified, and there an end. I 'd rather be the gnat that teases you, and is honestly execrated and finally exterminated. It makes me mad. Your cool, complacent patronage makes me mad! You do not know what a man is. You have n't the faintest conception of the feeling, the power, the worth, the everlasting significance, of the creatures who flock around you, and whom you half glance at, and settle with one of your pretty conventional phrases. By heaven, I should like you to feel the power of one of them. I should like to see you on your knees to some man" —

The angry blaze in his eyes was reflected in hers by a soft, glowing spark of pride. Her color deepened, her head was slightly raised, and a delicate scorn curved her lips.

"You probably never will," she said, in a quiet tone, that sounded as if it might penetrate to any distance.

"No!" he cried, bitterly. "Nothing of that sort will reach you. I have had ample opportunity of learning that."

A moment passed, while he controlled his anger, and she put aside her natural resentment. By and by she went on.

"You ought to hear my side. But it has always been your habit to take part against me, always easier for you to accuse than to excuse me. However, you will say the same things of other women, and it will be as unjust to them as it is to me. You accuse me of not appreciating men. What do you say of those women who let you see how much they appreciate men? You think I have no sense of the dignity and power of men, — a perfectly gratuitous assumption on your part. And if it were true? What business have I, even in my thoughts, to weigh, and compare, and appraise the worth of men? It is the first article in your own code that a woman should have this particular regard to only one man out of all the world. You call it coldness if a woman is n't touched by every man who comes into her horizon; you call it familiarity or vulgarity if she is. Men have no business to complain of the coldness of any woman but one. I defy you to say that I am unkind to any one within proper limits. And I will not let it pass, that I do not understand the value of manly character and virtue and achievement, because I do not spend myself in pondering particular illustrations of them. What you call insensibility in women may have a better name; it may be delicacy. You are quite, quite in the wrong," she concluded abruptly, and with a sudden dissolution of her indignant warmth into kindly expostulation.

"I am always in the wrong where you are concerned. It is only another way of stating the sad incompatibility between us."

"What you really wish is to see me humiliated. That would console you for anything. It is nice and liberal in you to call it incompatibility."

"Oh," he retorted, with a hollow laugh, "my coarse malice is nothing to the calm, dispassionate cruelty with which you put yourself in the right."

"Let us shake hands," she cried, hurriedly. "Forgive me, do!" And as they clasped hands strongly, she said, with half angry, half tender insistence, "You must *not* let me see that you are hurt by what I say. It is n't kind of you."

He could but smile at the womanishness of this, yet his eyes were moist.

"You make me quarrel. You attack me, and then show that you are hurt. That is the same as crying for mercy," she said, looking half ready to cry herself.

He smiled again. "Yes, you are a woman. You can bear to hurt, but you cannot bear to see that you hurt."

"You have hurt my feelings — you have trampled upon my feelings a thousand times, without the faintest idea of what you were doing, and I never flinched. I suppose you could n't imagine my being wounded at your forever unappeased desire to let me know how ill you think of me."

"I believe there is n't another woman in the world who would take such a thing so coldly."

"Excuse me! You forget how many times you have told me the same thing. In my place, what should you do? What can a woman answer to such talk, except to say nothing? What is there to do? Shall I cry? Shall I simper? Don't you see that I could n't do or say anything?"

"I talk plainly enough."

"What is the answer to such plain talk? If you could imagine me saying the very thing you most wished to hear, what would that be? I believe you do not know what you wish to hear. You reproach me. You feel that I wrong you in some way. You do not see that no woman could answer you, because — Don't be offended. I will do for you what I could hardly do for another man. You must not be angry with me; we were good friends, and — and — don't look at me. I — it is difficult to begin."

"Never mind. I am a brute to annoy you. I did not mean to; in fact, I meant not to. You are all right, and I, probably, am all wrong. Men are obtuse. Let us say no more about it."

But in that moment she had regained her composure, and augmented it with a resolve. "Let us go to the bottom of it, now. There will never be another chance. You will always feel dissatisfied, else. It is much better to talk a thing out plainly. Forgive me in advance."

"No, indeed; not I!"

"So much the better. Yes, I agree that you meant what you said; but you said too much, considering that you could n't say more. You were, in effect, telling me, for the better part of two years, that you were about to — to?" —

"To fall in love with you."

"In point of fact, you expected such a consummation, and it never came. At this moment you know and I know that something hindered you. It hinders you still, even if I would permit you to say what must not be said. That makes it unwise and improper for us to talk as we have done. You have found me disquieting, — I cannot explain why, — but there never was a moment when you felt that I could be otherwise than disturbing to you. I believe in my heart that you could have no thought of me that did not represent me as in some way antagonistic. I never soothed you; you never turned to me with any expectation or desire of repose. I could have told you this long ago, but you would not let me. It is only now, under these circumstances, that I feel we ought to understand one another entirely. We do not, we never did, care for each other to the exclusion of ourselves."

"'Under these circumstances?'"

"You think of marrying my friend, May Dudley, and I — am going to marry your friend, Mr. Atwood."

If Digby had been given time to consider the emotional value of this announcement, if he had had opportunity to exploit his dramatic susceptibilities, he might have experienced a real shock, or, at least, a good imitation of one. Coming wholly unexpectedly, it appealed to the natural integrity of his intelligence, and sounded only with a far-off clang, as of a matter which might have concerned him, or which he might even have to reckon with hereafter. He held his breath a moment, half expecting to be overtaken by some whirlwind of feeling. Nothing came but a sense of rather wearisome unreality, as when one has pondered an anxious matter till the brain has grown tired and sick. Perhaps he turned a little paler.

"I have intruded upon you," he said.

With one accord they took their way to the broad avenue leading to Helen Birney's home, closing forever the volume of their mingled thoughts and recollections. In an hour, mother and daughter, uncle and nephew, stood at the entrance to the forest path on the Birney grounds, as the two men took their leave. Mrs. Birney and Dr. Digby had stepped aside, to consult upon some neighborly interest. Looking at the young people, the lady said, —

"All our pains and hopes are wasted. They have missed each other. I feared it. They got to over-refining. I begin to see the use and safety of common-mindedness. One may deal in ideals and subtleties till one destroys one's sense of actualities and values. It is better to walk on the earth while we are of the earth."

"We missed each other thirty years ago because of stubborn material facts. Our children have missed from equally stubborn idealities. There is a half whimsical pathos in it. If we could go back, Eleanor, what should you do?"

"I should follow my heart," she said, without affectation or timidity. "This is my formula, now: Follow your heart, and lift the rest of your life up to it."

"It is a pity we cannot start in life as we end. Well, there is a joy of which age and fortune and failure cannot rob us."

"'Welcome, Disappointment. Thy hand is cold and hard, but it is the hand of a friend,'" quoted Mrs. Birney, in serene tones.

He held out his hand, and she put her thin fingers into it.

"Good-by, and God bless you."

"Good-by."

Walking rather silently back through the long winding way, now sentineled by shadows, the disappointment of the elder man so weighed upon him that he could not help speaking of it.

"I thought you made for each other."

"Apparently we were not made for each other," said Arthur as lightly as possible. "I admit that I thought so once, and I wished it, too. It seemed to me that there were materials for a first-class combustion, but — well, it was not to be. I shall find some one to love me better than Helen could, one of these days. That is the thing, sir, — to have a woman love you wholly."

"You talk like a tired man. Don't make a mistake. The delight of being loved is undeniable, but there is one thing better, — the joy of loving. This waiting to be loved seems to me the woman's part. It is a dangerous thing for a man to stop at that. If a woman can't make you unhappy, depend upon it she cannot make you happy."

"I have been through something of it, sir," said Arthur, with the lofty superiority of youth.

"Hm!"

"It is a pity a man can't be challenged for saying 'Hm!' even if he is your own lawful uncle. But a man need n't be an uncle to know two or three things about his own feelings."

"How old are you, my little man?"

"Twenty-nine, please."

"When you are thirty-nine, you 'll wish you had."

"Dear old man," said Arthur, laying his arm across the doctor's shoulder, "do not grieve. It was n't to be. She 's going to marry Atwood. I shall come to you very soon for your blessing, — on one knee, perhaps. And now, let us not speak of it again for a month."

But as they passed the place where he had lain in a half sleep, and watched her walk toward him as if from another world, he said to himself, —

"She lets him love her because he demands nothing more. Perhaps my uncle is right: that it is the woman's part to be loved, and the man's to have all the pain of loving. Will the passive part satisfy her?"

No one of us can say of his own experience that it is quite unique. The history of feeling between Arthur Digby and Helen Birney has, no doubt, many parallels, which have their bearing upon the discussion of the operation of attractions between young people. It is hard to say of an educated, finished, prosperous person of either sex how much is investiture and how much is original creation. We live so much in outward assumption, we so unconsciously wear the robes of opinion, custom, amiability, self-surrender to a hundred small demands, that it is possible never to stand upon the solid ground of our own natures. It may happen to even highly endowed minds to become merely the motive power for keeping in operation the conventionalisms of life. So whether, in this case, the attraction lay at the root of their natures, and was overlaid and hindered by cultivation of the exterior, or whether there was central antagonism, overcome, for a time, by community of taste and training, we do not know.

It had been, at one time, a drawn game, though Helen came out of it finally with no regrets and no doubts. She had, as she acknowledged, given audience to the suggestion that they might fall in love with each other, and was a little surprised that they did not. There was disappointment enough in the surprise to make her speculate over the reason, and linger a little over the conclusion. She had held him back a little, perhaps, but with the full knowledge that a genuine passion would find her irresponsiveness no serious obstacle, and with the fixed determination that he should have fair play. It is the woman's part to be prudent.

She had told herself that if he became unmistakably in love with her, it might kindle her own feelings to reciprocity, and for a time she had felt herself in supposititious peril; a wholly fantastic attitude, which had the absurd and unphilosophical result of an effect without a real cause, since the same degree of timidity and reserve was added to her manner as would have followed from her actually finding herself especially interested in him.

But it had not entered her mind that the manifestation of a strong passion in him might have had a diametrically opposite effect, and that no amount of amiable acquiescence constitutes a real love. True, she had had a great, almost absorbing, admiration for him, — an admiration which, with a less exacting woman, might have been mistaken for affection; but Helen was too much accustomed to living in the contemplation of superior qualities, to mistake admiration for a deeper feeling.

May it, without profanity, be doubted whether a woman of her composition is likely to experience a love quite up to her intellectual and spiritual level? Many a woman loves far, far above her mental grasp; but since there is an undoubted law of compensation at work, may it not be that a strong, aspiring woman is best suited in a love on a simpler plane?

Why consider the point at all, since it has none of the material for a story or a drama?

First, because it was a nine days' wonder; and therefore, secondly, because it is a curious point, and one well worth considering for a half hour, whether we may not weave of our sophistications a shroud for the happiness which might fairly have been ours; and again, whether there be not a safer and broader road to elevation of soul and life than that which leads from a refined self-seeking. And it is legitimate matter for apprehension when two people, apparently qualified and undeniably disposed to find in each other such complete fitness for joyful participation in the best that life affords, should repel each other at the very point when their final fusion might almost be taken for granted.

That is said to be the music of heaven where different voices join in the same song. Lucky the souls on earth who, missing the high concord of unison, fall, like the two we have spoken of, upon such happy differences as make a pleasant harmony.

Agnes Paton.

A LOVING-CUP SONG.

1829–1883.

Come, heap the fagots! Ere we go
Again the cheerful hearth shall glow;
We'll have another blaze, my boys!
When clouds are black and snows are white,
Then Christmas logs lend ruddy light
They stole from summer days, my boys,
They stole from summer days.

And let the Loving Cup go round,
The Cup with blessed memories crowned,
That flows whene'er we meet, my boys;
No draught will hold a drop of sin
If love is only well stirred in
To keep it sound and sweet, my boys,
To keep it sound and sweet.

Give me, to pin upon my breast,
The blossoms twain I love the best,
A rosebud and a pink, my boys;
Their leaves shall nestle next my heart,
Their perfumed breath shall own its part
In every health we drink, my boys,
In every health we drink.

The breathing blossoms stir my blood,
Methinks I see the lilacs bud
And hear the bluebirds sing, my boys;

Why not? Yon lusty oak has seen
Full ten score years, yet leaflets green
Peep out with every spring, my boys,
Peep out with every spring.

Old Time his rusty scythe may whet,
The unmowed grass is glowing yet
Beneath the sheltering snow, my boys;
And if the crazy dotard ask,
Is love worn out? Is life a task?
We 'll gaily answer No! my boys,
We 'll gaily answer No!

For life's bright taper is the same
Love tipped of old with rosy flame
That heaven's own altar lent, my boys,
To glow in every cup we fill
Till lips are mute and hearts are still,
Till life and love are spent, my boys,
Till life and love are spent.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

BY HORSE-CARS INTO MEXICO.

History goes into proverbs as well as into histories. The story of many centuries was framed in the old saying, "All roads lead to Rome;" and the story of this century, in America, seems in a fair way to be similarly phrased in a statement that all roads lead to Mexico.

Looking over a map of the railroads in the United States to-day, one is reminded of nothing so much as of the wheel-shaped cobwebs which are to be seen glittering upon the grass in dewy summer mornings; their main spokes stretching out divergently to every point of the circle, and united by innumerable short-cut lines at various angles and intervals. A satirical person might be tempted to go farther, and say that the analogy did not stop with the resemblance in configuration; that the purposes of some of the iron net-works were not unlike those of the shining gossamer systems; and that one might see, any day, helpless flies caught in the first, as they are in the second. What is known as "the Gould system," as it is marked out to-day on the maps, resembles one of these ingenious cobwebs, in the state in which they are often to be seen before the industrious builder has fully matured and completed his plans. On the outer circumference hang many semi-attached lines, waving in the wind, now this way, now that; giving no sure indication to the observer on which of the many near objects they will finally lay hold, or what their precise bearing and purpose may be. All the worse for flies, and all the better for spiders, — this sort of floating position: by one of these blowing, shifty threads, a fly may even be caught on the wing, in clear air, where a half second before he was as safe as he believed himself to be. His surprise is equaled only by his helplessness. But the carrying the cob-

web metaphor thus far would be only the half idle fancy of one of those unfortunately constituted persons who are born with a worse than second sight; that sort of double sight which persists in seeing both sides of a thing, — in fact, all sides, no matter how many the thing may possess. The only happy people, one might almost say the only successful people, in this world are they who can see but one side of a question. No misgivings, no perplexities, no doubts, no pities, no compassions, hamper their progress, or hinder their success. Of such are the kingdoms of the world.

By the extensions of this railroad web-work north, south, east, and west, distances are fast being so lessened that it seems hardly a figure of speech to call them annihilated. The boon that this is can be fully realized only by two classes of the community: those whose needs compel them to go from place to place over great stretches of distance, and those whose love of change and of new scenes impels them to wide travel. A few years ago, to have spoken of running down from Colorado to the Mexican boundary for a few days' trip would have been preposterous; yet to do it to-day is only a matter of thirty-six hours. A train recently put on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé road, and appropriately named The Thunderbolt, leaving Colorado Springs at six in the evening, brings one, at half past ten the same night, one hundred miles east of Pueblo, to a point named La Junta, where connection is made with a train for the Pacific shore, and for Mexico. On the morning of the second day we breakfast in El Paso, on the banks of the Rio Grande.

The journey seems at once longer and shorter than it is, its transitions of air, coloring, atmosphere, are so great. At La Junta, it is a plunge into trackless wilderness. Even in the dark, the great, splendid, unbroken horizons look measureless, and suggest undiscovered worlds rather than countries beyond.

Dawn is breaking at Trinidad just as the train arrives. A long line of charcoal pits blaze luridly at base of a grand, fortress-shaped mountain of bare rock. The region looks sterile; sparse growths of tree and shrub, and grasses scanty; but in October it is a painter's autumn palette. Every shade of red, of brown, of yellow, is to be seen in the foliage. Even the ground is spread thick with color; each weed has been either sunburnt or frost-bitten, into claret or terra-cotta red or brown, and the dead grass, sweeter and more nourishing now than any hay from eastern meadows, makes a groundwork and undertone of solid yellow by the solid mile. Above this, thrown up and out in fine dark relief, are the pinôn trees, stirless, weird, fantastic, no two alike, all storm-beaten, with contours twisted and wrenched, like wind-wrecked timbers, the sport of centuries of gales fiercer than seas often know.

Ahead in the southeast, across the track, stretches the Raton range, barrier between Colorado and New Mexico. Its sky-line looks like man's work: straight cuts, castellated elevations, steps, and terraces, all chiseled in upright and horizontal strokes. On the north side of one peak, six regular steps, straight and proportioned like a noble staircase, lead from base to summit.

The range is tunneled at a narrow point: the west mouth of the tunnel is in Colorado, the east mouth in New Mexico, and the two are only two thousand feet apart. Around the New Mexico mouth has grown up a confused medley of battlement-fronted shanties, saloons, turn-tables, engine houses, machine shops, etc., called the city of Raton. It is the embryo which will be born a healthy city some day, when its time shall have been fulfilled. The city will be noted for the beauty of its site: a near background of majestic moun-

tains; to the east and the south great reaches of plains; and the far horizons full of crests and peaks of myriad ranges, whose vast intervals and spaces are so crowded and foreshortened that they record themselves on the eye only by tiers of varying colors, built up into a wondrous mosaic against the sky.

To a dweller in the favored countries where lofty mountain ranges and vast plain stretches are thus brought into view together, it becomes a marvel how the human eye can content itself with either form of grandeur alone. Plains unbroken, their entire horizon line low, melting into sky, have the monotony of a stiffened open ocean: one feels a restless impatience, as if perpetually becalmed. In a purely mountainous region, surrounded by high peaks, there is a sense of imprisonment, of oppression; the loftier and grander the peaks, the greater is one's sense of the first and growing consciousness of the latter. There come times when each mountain front seems endued with personality, and takes on a look of cruel menace, of hostile and irresistible power. This can increase till one is driven, as it were, to flee for life, lest they fall on him and crush him. But with plains on one hand, and mountains on the other, one may turn either to a solid bulwark of protection and shelter, or to an open vista of unchecked freedom, according to his mood and the need of his every moment. To live in such vantage spots of the earth is to have at hand nature's utmost, both of consolation and of stimulus; and he who is not grateful for it deserves to be banished forever to the desert, or to mountain abysses.

The day's journey beyond Raton is a journey through solitudes. Hour after hour, mile after mile, silent, unbroken, without vestige of any life, save the strange half fossil-like life of the aged piñons, the great levels sweep by. The breaking in of the noise, the interruption of the haste of the passing train, on the silence and the repose of the wilderness seem dangerous insolence. Here and there at stations, speechless, impassive, stand groups of gaunt Indians, by twos and threes, with steady gleamless eyes, watching as if they waited to see the primeval deities avenge themselves on such foolhardy intruders.

At long intervals the train halts at mud villages, part Indian, part Mexican, with a strange graft and frontage of board shanty and wide-awake American. At noon it reaches Las Vegas, an old Mexican town of importance, now being fast transformed into a new railroad city. The contrast between the narrow, crooked, adobe-walled alleys, low, flat-roofed mud houses, and ragged, lazy people — all picturesque and good-for-nothing together — in the old town, with the straight streets, pert brick blocks, bustling money getters and begetters — all unpicturesque and well-to-do together — in the new town, is a sharp one, embodying and emphasizing the history and condition of New Mexico to-day, and foreshadowing its condition and the fate of its people in the near future.

Here, six miles from the town, in a beautiful little canyon, are the Las Vegas Hot Springs, famous for cures of rheumatism and myriads of other ailments. The sagacious railroad company has opened in this canyon a really fine hotel, not only well kept and well appointed in all particulars, but beautiful to look on; planned and built by Boston architects, to whose taste its harmonious proportions and colors do great credit. Such a hotel as this, combined with the sunny winter climate and the long schedules and records of the medicinal waters and their cures, will prove no small factor in the future development of this part of New Mexico.

Las Vegas is 6400 feet above the sea; an elevation which seems to afford in many instances a specific cure for pulmonary disease in its early stages.

This altitude, and the great dryness of the air and mildness of the winters, will probably give to the upper half of New Mexico the preëminent place on that great central plateau, lying along the east base of the Rocky Mountains, which has come to be considered as the sanitarium in America for diseases of the lungs.

A short distance from Las Vegas looms up a strange, isolated peak, upon which one cannot look without a shudder. Its long slopes terminate abruptly in a straight-walled, fortress-shaped summit of stone. When the lower part of the mountain is in shadow, this rocky fortress stands out so sharply defined, one fancies he sees embrasure, gate, escarpment, wall; nothing seems wanting of a fortress's equipment, and it is impossible to believe that mortal hand has wrought no stroke there. The mountain has a terrible name, born of a dreadful history. At its base is the little Mexican town of Bernal. Nearly half a century ago, the Navajo Indians, attacking the place, defeated the Mexicans and scattered their forces. A small band of the Mexicans escaped to the top of this mountain. It is accessible by only a single, narrow path, which one man could hold against an army. There were twenty-six of the Mexicans; four hundred of the Navajoes. The Navajoes could not climb the mountain; but they could surround it, so that not a Mexican could come down. This they did, and waited patiently till their prisoners had died of hunger. Two crosses, to commemorate the frightful siege, were set up on the top of the mountain, and it was called no more Bernal Mountain, but Starvation Peak.

Beyond Las Vegas the country grows, if possible, wilder, lonelier; the people, poorer. At several of the stations, groups of cowboys, defiant, reckless, stood lounging on the platform, eying the train, — now whispering together, now talking loud, with impudent bravado. They were picturesque rascals, with loose, yellow-brown clothes, and drab-colored sombreros, bent into all possible shapes, and tossed carelessly on their heads. It was pitiable to see how young were many of their faces. In one group I counted four who were certainly not over twenty years old; yet their countenances were the worst in the group. A strange, untamable look, half joy, half wonder, characterized them all. They were good types of exultant outlaws, and I wondered, as we moved on and left them gazing insolently, with loud laughs, after us, whether, as the rich grow richer and richer, and the so-called upper classes grow farther and farther removed from the lower, there does not come an increasing stimulus to and delight in all forms of outlawry.

At dawn of the second morning we were in sight of Mexico; the Rio Grande trickling along on our right, the wonderful Organ range on the left. This range is well named, its abruptly broken, upright, narrow peaks looking like nothing so much as like walls of colossal organ pipes irregularly broken off at top. The whole range is rich in precious metals and minerals, — one of the richest in the country. As we neared El Paso we had a curious illustration of the oddities of the boundary-line system. The ground on which our train was running was in Texas. A few rods off, on the other side of the river, a white stone, on a low-hill range, marked the spot where Mexico ended; and between that and the river was a narrow strip, seeming a mere hand's-breadth, which was New Mexico. Standing on the Texas side of the river, one could throw a stone across three States' land.

The town of El Paso is on the American side of the Rio Grande, opposite the old Mexican town of Paso del Norte. El Paso is two years old; Paso del Norte, three hundred and more, — how much more nobody knows.

A sharper antithesis could not be

found in the world than these two towns afford, and the thorn in the flesh that El Paso is to Paso del Norte, only Paso del Norte people could describe. But they will not. They are as mute and gentle to-day as they were centuries ago, and submit to this second great conquest of their country even more silently than they did to the first. The steam-engine is greater than Cortez. Their doom was sealed before; it will be accomplished now. Walking through the streets of Paso del Norte, seeing the primeval simplicity and poverty of the inhabitants, one wonders that they should not have welcomed the coming of a railroad, the bringing in of supplies, the opening of a market. But they did not. All they asked was to be let alone.

The town claims to number ten thousand inhabitants; this seems incredible. Still, it stretches for miles along the banks of the Rio Grande, an almost unbroken line of mud houses, mud-walled vineyards and orchards; and similar lines of mud houses and mud walls, with muddy ditches added, run off at right angles to the river, for a long distance. Every doorway swarms with women and babies; every shaded ditch bank swarms with children; and the little plaza, of a Sunday, swarms with men. Perhaps there are ten thousand, after all; but that ten thousand people could be living in a town, and the town remain one month what Paso del Norte is, is a marvel, and would be an impossibility to any other race in the world; only the Mexicans could accomplish such inertia, or endure such discomfort.

Considered as a spectacle, as a picture, the town is perfect; all that heart could ask. To be there on a Sunday is to escape from America and the nineteenth century as from place and time forgotten.

The church is a long, low adobe building, with a good bell tower, of Moorish design. It is in all probability nearly three hundred years old. Part of the front has fallen, and, having been left lying where it fell, has been converted by the swift sand-blowing gales into a hardened mound. The winding staircase in the bell tower is made of solid rough hewn logs; a clumsy post, also solid and rough hewn, being driven through them in the corner. The ceiling of the church is made of logs, reeds, and saplings. The logs are most curiously and effectively carved in deep-cut lines, intersecting each other so as to make regular diamond-shaped intervals; in each of these intervals a sort of rose, and at each intersection a projecting peg. The effect is marvelously decorative; it is a design which might well be copied by workmen of to-day. The logs are supported at each end by a graceful bracket, wrought in the same pattern, and every beam and support of the building is similarly carved. The spaces between these logs are about twice the width of the log, and are filled in with small round saplings or reeds, set at a slant corresponding to the slanting carved lines on the logs, and alternating right and left in the alternating spaces. This alternation greatly heightens the effect of the ceiling. There are traces of color decoration on the walls, but ruthless whitewash has nearly obliterated them; and there are no pictures or other adornments at all on the same plane as the wood-carving.

Early in the morning the people begin to creep towards the church: the women with black or gay shawls over their heads, held in place at the chin, or over the mouth, by one hand; in the other hand a prayer-book and rosary; little girls, not over six or seven, toddling along, in the same attire, as if in solemn mimicry of their elders. There must have come to be in Mexico such a thing as a hereditary knack at the shawl; else infant hands could not so deftly grasp and manage the folds of heavy shawls, frequently so large that they drag on the ground behind. The clothes of the men are shabby, often ragged; but no

matter how shabby, how ragged, be the suit, it is topped off by a resplendent sombrero, either of straw, fine plaited, with a big roll of twisted straw and silver wire around the crown, or else of gray felt, embroidered showily in silver and gold. The brims are so broad they shade face and neck, emphasizing every feature into relief; the crowns are high and soft, taking new shapes as often as the hat is put off and on. There is opportunity for much study and reflection on the Mexican sombrero; it is an embodiment of tradition, and represents many things in the race history. Probably no Mexican can feel wholly cast down in his mind so long as he wears one. In many of the Mexican towns the manufacture of them is a chief industry. When the net-work of projected railroads is completed, and carloads of everything are carried everywhere along the lines, no doubt the sombrero will disappear. It will be a pity.

The church stands on a sandy eminence, looking southward down on the sandy little plaza. Two sandy streets lead up to it; more than sandy they are, — ankle deep in sand, except here and there a rod or two of scattered pavement; prehistoric, apparently, and apparently held in reverence by the Mexicans, who seldom walk on it, choosing rather to wade in the sand. The more elegant of the women wear long skirts, trailing a foot or two behind them. They would scorn to lift them. It has never been the custom of the race to do so, and no dowager in England can sweep her brocade train over the queen's floors with a finer combination of leisurely nonchalance and dignity than do the Mexican dames trail their dusty cottons through the clouds of sand in the streets of Paso del Norte. It is as fine a thing, in its way, as the sombrero, and as full of significance.

Long before the mass begins the floor of the church is crowded with kneeling figures; men on the right, women and children on the left. A few have brought gay rugs or blankets to kneel on; but the most kneel humbly on the bare floor. Upon all the faces is an expression of solemn, almost sad devotion, which would not have seemed inadequate even to Padre Gomez, who, two hundred years ago, used to preach from the queer little carved cask hanging precariously high up on the wall. The books of births, marriages, and deaths which he kept are still lying where he for so many years used to put them carefully away, in a big oaken chest in the sacristy. Their sheep-skin covers are fringed at the edges, and worn, almost as by stippling tools; but his handwriting is as clear as ever, and the dates 1682, 1683, 1685, are as distinct as those written last year. One wonders what secrets, in the matter of ink, those old padres possessed; certainly some of an efficacy not known now.

When the mass ends the people rise slowly, still with solemn faces and silent. One perceives, as the stir goes on, that in almost every group of kneelers there has been a crouching dog, also mute and motionless. Even now the subdued creatures make neither sound nor haste, but crawl along spiritlessly in the throng. Only the least devout of the people leave the church. At least half of the congregation remains. In groups of two and three, or kneeling solitarily, they all fall now to praying for their hearts' chief desires. The murmur is like that of bees in a hive, and the stranger feels a sudden sense of intrusion on private devotions. I have never seen in any church, not even in Italy, such an atmosphere of earnest, solemn worship as here. One poor, starved-faced beggar, whose tatters barely covered him, knelt in the centre of the floor, praying and chanting aloud. Going to a huge cross which was set up in front of the choir, he embraced it rapturously, kissing the silvered nails over and over; dipping his fingers in the

holy water, and making the sign of the cross again and again on his forehead and on his breast. There was no expression of entreaty or petition on his countenance; only of ecstatic love, worship, and thanksgiving. "Oh," we whispered, "what can he have to be thankful for!"

On the south side of the plaza a few cottonwood-trees have made out to live and grow high enough to give shade. To this the congregation of worshipers slowly made their way. Already awaiting them there was a motley row of traffickers, with an odd and poverty-stricken show of goods for sale: little tables spread with peppers, onions, withered peaches and pears, — a handful or two of each; small wheelbarrows half filled with cakes of dusky bread; boiled sweet potatoes, or boiled yellow squashes. Behind these tables, or on the ground by the wheelbarrows, squatted old women, who anxiously eyed every possible customer. At intervals, new venders arrived, met with unwelcome glances by those on the spot. Some brought a half dozen cakes or loaves of bread in a basket neatly covered with a white cloth; some brought a single watermelon, or boiled squash, which they cut into small pieces, and sold with as much gravity and precision as would suffice for the most important business transactions. Every one had roasted corn for sale, roasted in the husk. It seemed the favorite viand; men, women, children, all ate it, standing, stripping off the husks and throwing them on the ground. For a few minutes, the spectacle was grotesque; hundreds of hands holding corn ears at open mouths, white teeth gnawing, clicking, all around. A squad of Mexican soldiers, with neat white linen jackets and trousers and bright blue caps, were the greatest devourers of the corn. The ground under their feet was piled with the husks they had thrown down, and they laughingly shuffled them away with their feet as they tossed down fresh ones. An old beggar woman, half naked, and with long streaming gray hair, went about picking up the husks, and cramming them into her skirt, held up high, leaving her gaunt old legs bare to the knees. Another beggar had had the gift of half a watermelon. He leaned back in a corner of the plaza, his head resting on the wall; with his left hand holding the melon on his knee, with two fingers of the right he lazily scooped out mouthfuls of it, and carried them slowly to his mouth, the juice dripping like water all the way. At each mouthful, he shut his eyes and sighed with satisfaction. Lounging up and down in the crowd went a swarthy-faced man, wearing a red fez and the full-gathered Turkish trousers, selling rosaries of pearl and of olive-wood. He said the rosaries came from Jerusalem, and he was a Syrian. His face seemed strangely familiar to me. "Where have I seen you before?" I exclaimed. "Were you not at Ober-Ammergau, at the last Passion play?"

"Yes, lady," he replied.

It was, indeed, the very man from whom I had bought rosaries and Jerusalem roses, in the Ammergau Valley, two years ago. He smiled with a superior calm, as he passed on. To his Oriental mind there was nothing surprising in the encounter; and he would, no doubt, have compassionated me as the victim of an imagination bootlessly active, if he had known how pertinaciously my eyes and my wondering fancy followed him, as he strolled back and forth, swinging his crimson and pearly beads on the fingers of his right hand, offering them with a mute gesture, so slight it seemed hardly to demand recognition, and regarding with an equally nonchalant glance those who bought and those who turned away. From Ober-Ammergau to Paso del Norte to sell strings of beads? It must have been some other errand that brought him.

In a little booth on one of the plaza

corners stood another figure, almost as incongruous as the swart Syrian. It was an old man, with fair, pink cheeks, blue eyes, and white hair; as unmistakably a New Englander as could be found in the deacon's seat in a village meeting-house in Vermont. Hearing our struggling efforts at conversation with some of the Mexicans, he came to the rescue. His clearly articulated syllables fell upon our ears even more startlingly than had the Syrian's "Yes, lady." Each word proved him to be a man of education and of cleverness. Yet here he was, in a street booth, selling bread and wine to ragged Mexicans.

"Do you live here?" we asked wonderingly.

"I have lived here six years," he answered, and a slight flush rose on his wrinkled cheeks. We were evidently treading on graves of mysteries and experiences in thus venturing to wonder what had brought this clear-voiced Yankee, in his old age, thus low in Paso del Norte.

Since the coming in of the railroads, frequent communication between El Paso and Paso del Norte has been a necessity. Each is a port of entry, with officials and guards, and a complete record of the duties daily paid, resisted, or evaded, in the two towns, would be amusing reading. On the El Paso side, every morning, in the fruit season, may be seen a motley group before the custom-house doors. Not a grape, pepper, peach, or tomato can come on the United States soil without a tax. The well-to-do man who brings his grapes in wagon-loads, and the poor vagabond who brings a few clusters in a basket on his head, both fare alike, and there is no safety in any evasions. If some poor fellow wades over, miles up or down the river, smuggles in his fruit, and begins to sell it in El Paso, the first thing he knows, some malicious person or some spy asks to see the custom-house ticket proving that his fruit has paid duty. Failing to show this, he loses fruit, basket, and all, and is fined beside. The day before we were there, the custom-house officers had thus seized a wagon-load of fruit, and the wagon and the boxes. The foolish owner, well able to pay the tax, had lost hundreds of dollars.

The Mexican duties are enormous, and are levied upon almost everything; upon canned fruits and vegetables, three times the value of the goods. We heard a droll story of a gift of canned fruits sent into Mexico, for which the unfortunate recipient had to pay twenty-one dollars duty, the original cost of the fruit having been seven dollars and a half. The Mexican who buys him a seventy-five dollar buggy has to pay a duty of another seventy-five dollars before he can take his buggy home.

The Paso del Norte women are said to be wonderfully clever at smuggling. They buy calico in El Paso by the dozen yards, undress, wind it around their bodies, and nobody observes that they are any stouter when they return home at night than when they went out in the morning. An aptitude for smuggling, however, would seem to be a national trait with the Mexicans, if we may trust the testimony of their minister to Washington. In his Treasury Report for 1879, he estimates the amount of smuggling done in Mexico as approximately between three and four millions yearly. This is mainly along the United States frontier; and these figures are significant as pointing to the amount of traffic on that frontier. It is, probably, all told, legitimate and illegitimate, not less than thirty-five millions a year. This is an increase of over ten millions in the last three years.

The capricious Rio Grande, sometimes so shallow that a child can ford it, sometimes so wide and turbulent as to be troublesome of ferriage, is at once a barrier and a link between El Paso and Paso del Norte. At the time of our

visit it was at its lowest ebb; in fact, it seemed to have given up even ebbing, and was nine tenths sand. An enterprising Mexican — that is, enterprising for a Mexican — had made a temporary bridge, by tying two small boats and a short bit of plank together. He had also built him a tiny booth of boughs about the size of a dog-kennel. There he sat all day, to collect toll from foot passengers across his bridge; a toll of two cents and a half, a rate determined by the existence of a little Mexican coin of that precise value. Most of his own people evaded the tax by slipping off their shoes, tying them together, flinging them over their shoulders, and wading across; only Americans and rich Mexicans, reckless of expenditure, walked over on the boats. The contrast between this rough pontoon crossing, and the substantial bridges a little farther down the river, just completed by the railroad and horse-car companies, was droll enough, — one more feature in the antithesis of race and age, everywhere cropping out.

The only other way of going from one town to the other is by vehicles, complacently mentioned in the El Paso Hotel as "hacks," which run at short intervals all day. The stranger who inquires in El Paso for some means of getting over to Paso del Norte is told to "jest step out," and he 'll "see a hack that 'll take him across. They come along every few minutes, and he can't miss 'em." This is a mistake, for it is not until after a long period of wondering and waiting that it dawns upon him that the antiquated, ragged, fluttering, flapping, dirty old stage-coaches he has seen can be the hacks referred to. He has supposed them to be coaches just in from Arizona, or regions still more remote. Even the drivers cannot keep from laughing, as they draw up the cumbrous structures to the sidewalk for you to clamber in. Wooden bottoms full of holes, or patched with bits of plank; sides open, and with tatters of leather flying; seats of bare boards; rugs of sheep-skin, or matted wads of what were cushions thirty years ago, — these are what remain of the first stages which used to run on the famous Butterfield line from New Orleans to Los Angeles, and are now hacks in El Paso. Their expression as they creak and wobble along, full of unwashed, gleaming, fantastic Mexicans, or bewildered, staring strangers, is comic beyond description. To compare their antiquatedness of look to the time-honored ark of Noah would be to commit an anachronism indeed, in which the ark would be insulted.

To understand Paso del Norte and its people, one must leave the plaza and the life which centres there, and go out into what might be called the suburbs of the place, if the phrase did not seem such a caricature of demarcation between one set of mud houses and another. The roads are lanes of sand, with sluggish ditches and rows of cottonwood-trees on either hand. It is surprising how many picturesque and pleasing glimpses are made by these unpromising conditions. The long, shady vistas, walled by green and yellow leaves, with shining reflections in the still water below, are forced up into brilliancy by the stretches of pale sand and the long lines of brown adobe wall in every direction. The adobe walls have great value in the landscape: they are low, making only a narrow base to near foregrounds of the vineyards and orchards which they inclose; their tops are sometimes finished in a regular castellated pattern, that becomes highly decorative, pricked out on masses of green; sometimes they are planted with a thick fringe of prickly pear, which is best of all. They have frequent abrupt breaks of level arches, doors, gates of cactus stalks, and sudden surprises of open ways into oases of verdure beyond; often with a narrow glitter of water in the distance, and

slender foot-bridges, reminding one, half grotesquely, half tenderly, of remote and secret water-ways, remembered from Venice. Over these broad, low levels of tapestried color and sheen arches the dome of a sky which only Mexico and Italy, in all the world, know; blue of a blueness that dazzles like light, and as free from cloud or fleck as a shield hot from the burnisher's hand. It is not a sky to love. But it is a sky marvelous in splendor as a background or a setting. It has gone, in all ages, with peoples of the gayest taste in attire; that it may have had much to do with pitching the key-note of their instinct of decorations is easy to believe, seeing a Pueblo Indian in scarlet on his housetop, or a Mexican woman's face framed in a rainbow shawl, and printed on a measureless disk of blue sky behind.

For three miles and a half southward from the plaza we drove in one of these shaded sand lanes, through a continuous succession of farms and farm-houses. There was scarce a break in the adobe wall, and few interruptions in the shade. Through open doorways we caught glimpses of court-yards, with gay flowers, fountains, and wells; children playing, women working; fields, with vines dusty and brown, tied up in irregular, sheaf-like bunches around stakes, the grapes all gathered; pear and peach trees as dusty and brown as the vines, their fruit also gathered. Only the corn crop was yet in harvesting, — acres and acres of it; sheaves standing, carts piling, sheds overflowing; even on the tops of their houses the men were stacking the unstripped stalks, making the roofs look like corn-fields on stilts. In a cool vine-wreathed piazza, deep sunk between two wings of the house, we found a handsome German woman, wife of a United States army surgeon, who, weary of the shifting place and fortune in his profession, and holding sunshine first on the list of this world's goods, has settled down on the banks of the Rio Grande, to grow grapes and pears. In the shade of this piazza it was cool as autumn. Yet up to its very threshold we had found torrid July heat, though it was October by the calendar. We were grateful for the shade and rest; and also for the cordial welcome, into which must have filtered much of the warmth of the tropical sky under which many years of the foreign lady's life had already been spent. As simply as if she had been a woman of the country, she led us from room to room in her house, and into the inner court, where the ground was covered with drying corn, pears, peaches, and peppers. The corn was of variegated color, a purplish lead tint speckled with white predominating; but some ears were pink, and even deep red. There had been no vintage worth naming, she said; never since she had lived in Mexico, had she known such a drought. There had been "no rain to do any good" for eighteen months. The little wine they had made was in rawhide sacks, hanging in the verandas of the outer court-yard, fermenting. It had been trodden out three weeks before. She showed us a small square leathern vat, the bottom full of holes, in which their Mexicans had danced with bare feet upon the grapes, pressing out the juice.

"Oh, when people first see that," she exclaimed, "they say they will not drink one drop of wine in this country. But it is all silly. When you are used to it, it is nothing. A foot can be washed just so clean as a hand; and what is the difference?" All of which is true philosophy, no doubt, but does not seem to touch the point of one's instinctive preference for the hand over the foot, considering them both ingredientally in the matter of drinks.

On our way back to the town, we halted in front of a tempting doorway, through which we could see bowers of green and blossom, and an enchanting

old well. In a second, came running forward the woman of the house and her little girl, with smiles and looks of invitation. It was the nooning: the man of the house was at home, and he soon appeared, behind his wife and daughter. We made signs of admiration of their flower garden inside; they made signs to us to enter. We hesitated. Finally, the woman, mustering all the courage she could, said, "Come in." She pronounced the syllabes slowly, with great effort, and with a droll detached emphasis which made the "come" sound as if it were spelled with a dozen *m*'s, and yet had several left to prefix to the "*in*."

To their evident delight, we entered: and for half an hour what a carnival of pantomime and ejaculation inside those walls! "Commm min" was all the English the woman knew, while the man spoke not a word. We spoke no Spanish; all the same we were eloquent of interest and admiration, and they were eloquent in hospitable good will. Through the house and the court-yards and gardens they took us; laughing, pressing us to see this or that, plucking flowers for us, all the while chatting with each other in delighted comment on our wonder. It was evidently the house of a well-to-do wine-maker. In the open verandas around one of the inclosed courts were hanging one hundred rawhides, full of fermenting wine. The hide, dressed with the hair left on, is sewed by leather thongs on four stout sticks, making a square mouth. These queer, irregular-shaped sacks, with hairy outsides, red, gray, or brindled, swinging from the veranda roofs, were a strange sight. The aroma of the fermenting wine filled the air, delicious, but almost heavy enough to intoxicate.

Running ahead, and opening a door in the wall, the woman peered out; then turned quickly around, and signed to us to follow. It was a picture, indeed, which the doorway framed, opening immediately on the bank of a wide ditch, full of water and shaded by trees. Lying under these trees were three men, smoking cigarettes, and watching a small still, which stood on the bank, puffing away fragrant steam, as strong wine was being made into *aguardiente*. There was a world of meaning in the complacent nod which the woman gave, as she became satisfied that we understood what the still meant.

Looking on this scene of leisurely, not to say lazy, industry, of disorderly plenty, easy-going, contented discomfort, we recalled some of the words of the old Yankee wine-seller in the plaza. "These people don't want anything they have n't got," he observed. "They don't want to be bothered by railroads. They 've all got little farms; they live all along the river here; raise all they need to eat, and drink too: for every house has its own still, and there 's no law to hinder their making all the brandy they want. It 's a sort of bliss, their ignorance. It seems 'most a pity to disturb them. But they 've got to come to it."

Warming under our evident interest and pleasure, the kindly people finally threw open the door of their darkened parlor, the sanctum of the house and the only ugly spot in it. It was a room not to be equaled outside of Mexico, and I hope not often there. It looked as if it had a worsted small-pox. In balls on tidies; in humps on mats; in splashes on chair, sofa, and table; in fluffs, puffs, and circles; nodding on wire trees in corners, — everywhere the hideous, myriad-colored woolen eruption was out. To crown it all, the father, opening a bureau drawer, brought forth a square of black broadcloth, with green, scarlet, and yellow crewels embroidered on it in bosses, like huge apples cut in half and laid down. This had been done by the little daughter, who stood by, full of shy pride, as we gazed at her

work, speechlessly; I hope, not looking as aghast as we felt. Disappearing for a moment, she returned, bringing a card, on which she had written, in round, childish letters, a Mexican name. Holding it out to us, she said slowly, "That my papa name; what you name?" handing us the pencil. So we wrote our names below the "papa name;" and then, after more handshaking and bowing and ejaculating, we bade the hospitable, simple creatures good by.

On the threshold the man offered us aguardiente to drink. It was white as water and smooth as oil, but burnt the mouth like a fiery cordial. He was surprised, and a trifle hurt, by our evident dismay at the first sip of it. "Bueno, bueno," said the woman, laughing at our tearful eyes. "Bueno, bueno," we echoed, laughing also, but waving the glass away.

As we drove back to the town, we stopped at the new station of the Mexican Central Railway. It is a substantial and handsome building, though it is of adobe, and built after the Mexican style, on the four sides of an inclosed court-yard, — a novel plan for a railway station. But this fashion of building was not a caprice; better than any other, it meets the exigencies of the climates in which it was devised. In any other fashion of house tropical heats would be unbearable.

In August, 1881, the first spike for this road was driven on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande. It is now completed a few miles beyond the city of Chihuahua, a distance of two hundred and twenty-five miles. The other end of the road is finished from the city of Mexico to Leon, two hundred and sixty miles. This leaves a gap of between seven and eight hundred miles, which, if work continues to be pushed at its present rate at both ends of the line, will be filled in less than two years.

A projected and partly built road across the country, connecting Tampico on the Gulf of Mexico, with San Blas on the Pacific coast, will complete this company's system. There is also another road, a narrow-guage road, the Mexican National, leaving the United States border at Laredo, Texas, and running its southward line nearer to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. This line will have its Pacific coast terminus at Manzanillo. Its southern division from the city of Mexico to Morelia, the capital of the state of Michoacan, a distance of two hundred and twenty-seven miles, runs through the most thickly settled valley of the republic.

Upon this road, trains are already running some distance south of Monterey. One has only to look on a map of the country and trace out these roads, to see what will be compassed by such lines. San Blas was the old shipping point for supplies sent from Mexico to California, as far back as the days when Spanish viceroys ruled in Mexico, and California was a province of Spain, governed under her "Laws of the Indies." The heroic men who founded the Jesuit and Franciscan missions in California all sailed thither from San Blas, and there are in their old letters and records many items of interest relating to the port.

Mexican railway enterprises have been made the subject of some ridicule and abuse, latterly. Probably more ignorant writing has been done in regard to them than in regard to any subject of like importance now before the public. They can afford to bide their time; it is those who win, that laugh last. There will be on the line of the Mexican Central Railway twenty-one cities, nine of them capitals of States. The lowest population on the list is eight thousand. There are, without counting either the city of Mexico itself or Leon, eleven which have over twenty thousand; two of this eleven, Guanajuato and Guadalajara, are large cities, the first numbering sixty-three thousand, the second seventy-

eight. All told, there is in the States through which this road will pass a population of over four millions. The Mexican National runs through and taps a region still more densely populated, and having, in addition to all its other riches, great tracts of forests, of incalculable value.

It is not half a century since the United States received from the city of Chihuahua alone more silver coin than from all other sources put together. To-day there are coined there over eight hundred thousand dollars a year; in several other cities the coinage runs from one to four millions yearly. The statistics of coinage, of course, indicate only partially the amount of precious metals extracted. Statistics of all kinds are collected with difficulty in Mexico, the general Mexican sentiment in regard to any such precision of research being much akin to that of the Arab Sheikh Imaum Ali Zadi, who wrote the famous letter to Layard, in reply to his inquiries as to the statistics of certain towns: —

"The thing you ask of me is both difficult and impossible. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses, nor have I inquired into the number of inhabitants; and as to what this person loads on his mules, and that one stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. . . . We, praise be to God, were born here and never desire to quit it. Is it possible, then, that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our minds? Heaven forbid!"

But it does not need statistics of to-day to give the imagination foundations for picturing the future of Mexico, once her vast empire is threaded by railways, her revolutionary blood kept quiet by that eminent conciliator and enforcer of peace, the steam engine, and her lazy millions inoculated with the inevitable contagion of new industries and gains. One need read nothing later than the letters of Cortez and the records of Coronado to be able to forecast the events of the next hundred years in the land of Montezuma.

That noble but luckless monarch has faithful worshipers still, who pray daily for his return to his kingdom. Every morning at sunrise they look devoutly to the east, watching for the coming of his chariot in the skies. There is in their faith and their attitude a profound symbolism, a pregnant prophecy. They are not mistaken. Empire is on the way back to their land, but not in the shape for which they are watching.

Already, unwelcomed, regarded with hostile looks, on the El Paso bank of the Rio Grande stands a small but significant group of the forerunners of that empire: a row of trim, gay-colored, new horse-cars! The bridge and track on which they are to run across the river into Mexico is done; everything is ready; but even the Mexican mule, it seems, is averse to novelty and progress, and does not take kindly to horse-car duty. The day we left El Paso, two of them, reluctant, were being patiently trained on the track, drawing an open platform car up and down.

The next day, the cars were to begin their regular trips. We thought of waiting, for the sole sake of crossing the boundary in them, but we did not; on reflection, there seemed to be a profounder impression in the sight of the new car, standing bright, silent, ready, on the Rio Grande bank, than there could have been even in seeing its first crossing of the river.

H. H.

THE HAWTHORNE MANUSCRIPTS.

Among the peculiarities of the world's way of looking at authors is this: that it desires to fix upon each writer of distinction a definite, unalterable character, and does not much like to have the conception it has thus arrived at disturbed. It is willing at first to let the author impress upon it his predominant qualities, and from these an estimate is formed; but when once that process has been gone through with, any modification of it is thought to be troublesome. It is so easy to settle things by tag and docket; to file an author away in some pigeon-hole of the mind, where you can always be sure of finding his case settled, and by mere reference to a name can without mental exertion remind yourself of what he is or was in all particulars, — or at least of what, according to your notion, he ought to have been, — that the mass of readers and reviewers prefer this mode of classifying, even at the cost of distortion, or of limiting their own approach to truth. A new view, a slight revising of opinion, which would aid in building up a more veracious idea of the man or his work, is an annoyance: it disarranges the pigeon-hole system. Hence it is that the novelist imperils his popularity when he writes verse, that the humorist is not permitted to be tragic, and the writer whom the public has come to consider as possessing strength in sombre effects meets with opposition if he tries humor. Have we not all seen an audience at the theatre, which, finding comic personages and situations in the play, makes up its mind that laughter is the business of the evening; so that when the drama suddenly unfolds a serious element in some episode of extreme pathos — some point of inmost sorrow, the silent wrecking of a heart, the quivering of an emotion beyond endurance, going on under the ordinary guises of character or condition that throw over them only the dark absurdity of all suffering — this same audience, instead of trembling with sympathy, bursts into a guffaw? Having made so sure of the thing beforehand, it sees and feels only the grotesque surface, and will not be shocked by the bracing terror of the truth within.

In a more prosaic way, this same tendency to conventionalize, to agree that an author, having once been "posed," must never be seen in any other attitude by his admirers than the one appointed for him, leads to some protest and much rather needless disappointment when biographies, autobiographies, and letters begin to appear after his death, and when his immature or fragmentary writings are revived from obscurity, or posthumously published. The thoughtless cry is raised that such a proceeding does the author wrong; or the remark is made that the rescued matter was not worth preserving. If a book is not worth preserving, it will soon drop out of sight, and no one can be forced to read it. On the other hand, it is not easy to see why the printing of unfinished work is an injustice to an author who has won for himself a historic importance, so long as his completed works are available for ascertaining what he could accomplish at his best. It is an old instance, but one always pertinent to questions of this kind, that, had Virgil's last injunction been obeyed, to burn the manuscript of the Æneid, we should have lost the great epic of Latin literature. Doubtless, if a good, enterprising modern reviewer had flourished in Rome at that time, he would roundly have condemned Varius and Plotius Tucca, who violated the poet's trust, and even the Emperor Augustus, who

instigated them. The responsibility for disposing of the manuscripts of a famous author does not, however, rest upon the light-hearted reviewer; and that important member of society does not greatly trouble himself to conceive how difficult is the position of persons on whom such responsibility actually reposes. It might, therefore, be a good thing if, instead of repeating the stock phrases about indiscretion and injustice, which have done duty ever since the emergency first arose, he would inquire what real instruction may be got from publications of the sort referred to.

I have been asked to do something in that direction, respecting the Hawthorne manuscripts recently made public; and so I return to a subject which I confess has for me an enduring fascination. When Fanshawe was reprinted and placed among Hawthorne's works, the motive was one of self-protection; and the act, undertaken in face of great reluctance on the part of those most nearly concerned, caused them much pain. Yet the result appears to be, on the whole, good. Fanshawe has very little intrinsic value as a piece of literature: if it were now to come out as the production of a new author, it would probably fall as flat as it did on its first appearance in 1828, and we might well be pardoned for not discerning in it any special promise. Yet when, on being resuscitated, it has to be regarded as the jejune performance of a man who afterwards attained to great eminence, the case is certainly quite different; the very meagreness and dullness of the story then become interesting, because of the inquiry which naturally arises, how the romancer whose power was afterwards so commanding grew up from a beginning so feeble. If we were not in possession of this early attempt, we naturally should have a less vivid sense of that industry and that capacity for expanding into fuller strength to which we owe his enduring achievements. Similarly, the disclosure of the various manuscripts remaining at his death — first, his private Note-Books, and then the unfinished pieces of fiction issued respectively under the titles Septimius Felton, The Ancestral Footstep, and Doctor Grimshawe's Secret, together with detached memoranda for the latter — gives an insight into his mind at the other extreme of his career, the closing period, when his activity was drawing towards a sudden end. All these sketches, memoranda, and fragments, moreover, by revealing the method of his mind, throw a light backward over his whole intellectual history, and enable us better than ever before to complete the study of his growth, and to observe what the process actually was by which he had advanced from that first timid and unnoticed production of Fanshawe to a summit of unshaken fame. It is with these three manuscripts, therefore, and with the isolated scenes of The Dolliver Romance, that I shall ask the reader to occupy himself, in this article.

Their chronological order is probably as follows: The Ancestral Footstep, Dr. Grimshawe, Septimius Felton, and then, of course, last of all, The Dolliver Romance. The first was written at Rome, in the spring of 1858. From Florence, it will be remembered, Hawthorne wrote to Mr. Fields: "Speaking of romances, I have planned two, one or both of which I could have ready for the press in a few months, if I were either in England or America." One of these was The Marble Faun, and the other, undoubtedly, was the English romance, of which he had already, at the date of the above letter, sketched this outline. The Marble Faun soon afterward drew to itself all his creative energies, and kept them employed until well into the winter of 1859–60. It is possible that, immediately after completing the Italian romance, he may have begun the massive, though unfinished, sketch now known as Doctor Grim-

shawe's Secret; but as he sailed for home, from England in June, 1860, it seems unlikely that he should have set to work upon that draft of the English story until after his return to Concord; and we know that, disturbed by the public excitements which were at that time harshly preluding the civil war, he did not at once find himself in the mood for composition, and still less so when the struggle began. "I have not found it possible," he wrote to his old friend, Horatio Bridge, "to occupy my mind with its usual trash and nonsense during these anxious times; but as the autumn advances, I find myself sitting down at my desk and blotting successive sheets, as of yore." This was in October, 1861; so that there had apparently been an interval of many months, from his return in June, 1860, till this October of the following year, during which he had accomplished little or nothing beyond the two Old Home chapters published in The Atlantic at that time. Very likely his "blotting successive sheets" refers to the beginnings of Doctor Grimshawe; for both this and the Septimius Felton must have been written between October, 1861, and the winter of 1863, when he entered upon the new scheme of The Dolliver Romance.

The question of Hawthorne's handwriting, although otherwise only incidental, assumes a certain importance when we are trying to determine approximately the date of these manuscripts, or to decide whether, by any stretch of possibility, they could have been intended for publication in their present form. That Septimius was not so intended is quite evident from the broken and changing nature of the plot, if not also from the occasional looseness of the style. The same is true of the Grimshawe, I should say, in spite of a greater strength, composure, and finish of style in portions of this latter production. Indeed, the original manuscript of the Grimshawe, which, as I recall it, was, like Septimius, written without division into chapters, — with brief notes and incongruous passages in the text, which are relegated in the printed form to an appendix, and with longer notes (some of them on the backs of pages containing the main narrative) interspersed, — would seem to have reached a stage not more ripe for publication than Septimius Felton. Some few months ago a mistaken report got currency that the writing of Hawthorne was generally very illegible; and a member of his family took pains to correct this error, adding that "his handwriting, even in its most hurried form, is decipherable by any painstaking reader, with possibly the exception of a few words. Whatever he intended for the press, he wrote quite clearly enough." These unambiguous words were construed as an assertion that the Grimshawe manuscript was very clear and easy to make out; a curious inference, reminding one of what Hawthorne himself, in one of his books, has called "the wild babble of the time, such as was formerly spoken at the fireside, and now congeals in newspapers." The heliotype reproduction of a specimen from the original pages, which accompanies the volume containing Doctor Grimshawe's Secret, shows plainly that none but a painstaking reader could decipher such a script; though it should not be forgotten that the process of photographing and printing somewhat dims the first distinctness. The specimen also shows to a careful observer that the greater part of the passage given can be made out with but little study. My own experience was, when I went over a large number of these identical pages, about ten years since, that after some practice the crabbed chirography became wonderfully more luminous than it at first looked to be; although the minute interlineations and perplexing erasures caused numerous halts. The manuscript of Septimius Felton, which Miss Una Hawthorne

chiefly transcribed, presented like difficulties, as she hinted in her preface to that fragment. Now all this was very uncharacteristic of Hawthorne's earlier manuscripts, — those of his completed works, — which were remarkably clear as to penmanship, and almost devoid of corrections; and even the pages of The Ancestral Footstep, which, as it was meant solely for his own inspection, he would naturally have written with no especial care, become tolerably distinct so soon as the eye has accustomed itself to a degree of vagueness in the letters, arising from haste and informality. It is therefore not unreasonable to conclude that, when Hawthorne was tracing the sentences of Grimshawe and Septimius, his hand already felt and communicated to his pen the cramping and baffling influence of the illness which, at that time slowly stealing upon him, was destined to prove fatal; just as we may notice the extraordinary and painful change of Dickens's handwriting from its first buoyant openness to the dark mazes of those sheets which he penned just before his death. And here there is a point of the utmost importance to be remarked. It is this: when Hawthorne, in the last weeks of his life, set about preparing the first chapter of The Dolliver Romance for this magazine, he was as careful as of old to make the writing legible. He was no longer master of that firm, masculine, yet graceful hand which was impressed upon the printers' copy of The House of the Seven Gables; he was probably unable to shape the letters well, if they were small; but the manuscript of the Dolliver, now in the Public Library at Concord, shows that he laboriously made them much larger and rounder than usual, so that there could be no failure on the score of distinctness. This, we may infer, was because he designed the matter for publication, and it must be taken to corroborate his daughter's averment that "whatever he intended for the press he wrote quite clearly enough." On the testimony of the handwriting alone, then, it is fair to conclude that Grimshawe and Septimius (which were written when he was less feeble than while putting the Dolliver into form) not only were far from ready for publication, — which their contents also prove, — but had not even been brought to the point of awaiting merely a final elaboration. For the author's punctiliousness in sending a clean copy to the printers would have necessitated somewhat more than a touching up, here and there: it would have compelled a rewriting, and a rewriting might perhaps have resulted in radical changes throughout.

That such would have been the event seems hardly to admit of a doubt; and a comparison of Doctor Grimshawe's Secret with Septimius and with The Dolliver Romance brings out points of connection, by the aid of which it becomes easy to divine how both the former books were simply abandoned drafts of a work which would, under a materially altered guise, have attained to its fruition as The Dolliver Romance. A variety of prompt opinions have already been brought forward as to the value of Doctor Grimshawe's Secret as a work of art; and in some quarters there appears to be a disposition to rank it with the finished romances that have already become celebrated, — a rash judgment, which time will not strengthen. Here, indeed, is a veritable injustice to the author, if his voluminous and rambling study for a story is to be granted equal merit with the well-proportioned structures upon which he had bestowed the final resources of his art! — unless we assume his genius to have so enlarged its scope that this incomplete experiment of his last years is, by mere force of added power, able to hold its own against The Scarlet Letter, which was the perfected offering of an earlier time. Such an assumption is impossible, when we observe that the newly published

volume does not contain any large moral truth, is not permeated and vitalized by any central or controlling idea, and fails to depict any one passion in a comprehensive and masterly sweep of scenes, characters, consequences. There is nothing here that can be placed on the same plane with that lesson favoring truthfulness even in sin, and condemning revenge even for a just wrong, which we find in The Scarlet Letter; nothing possessing the subtile attraction exercised by the study of heredity embodied in The House of the Seven Gables. The Grimshawe sketch offers no match for the presentation of a theoretical reformer, which constitutes a valid motive for The Blithedale Romance; and its atmosphere is of a more turbid kind than that through which the fine idealization and clear-cut conception of The Marble Faun are conveyed. In a word, it lacks intellectual cohesion; a fact which, if it were true of a finished work, would be fatal, but, in the case of a study like this one, is only what we should expect. And, as a natural consequence, the substance of the book also lacks cohesion. There is a gap in the middle, partially filled by an intercalated chapter about a secret chamber, in itself curious and impressive, but not connected with any other portion of the story except by one passing hint, until the same secret chamber is opened in the final pages; and even there no explanation is given as to the occupant, or how he came to be hidden in it. The situation is unintelligible until we consult the revisional notes, of which some have appeared in print at the time of writing these lines. In those notes, Hawthorne sets forth the scheme of presenting a man self-imprisoned by fear, to which he had been influenced through the plots of another man whom he had wronged, and who thus revenges himself. "There seems to be something in this ugly idea," he muses, "which may eventually answer the purpose; but not as I see it now." Afterwards he fears that it is too absurd; "not only impossible, but in a manner flat and commonplace." He makes provision, however, for bringing it early into the tale, and for repeatedly alluding to it, which is not carried out in the Grimshawe as now published; and had he ever finally used this rather sensational invention in the story destined to grow out of the Grimshawe, he would most probably have softened, modified, and refined it into something having only a general kinship with the thing as it stands. Besides all this, the narrative has no ending: it breaks off abruptly; stops, simply because there is no more of it. Redclyffe, the hero, is left in an aimless position; the result of his adventures is not even shadowed forth; and Elsie, abandoned in the same way, proves furthermore to have been an entirely superfluous character. The whole figment resolves itself into a complication attending the succession to an estate, a motive falling much below those which Hawthorne usually selected. The Ancestral Footstep shows us how he meant to evolve from this complication a higher interest; that of the American heir's renunciation of his claim to the estate, in the belief that it would be better to stick to his own country. Even in such an interest, however, — unless he had been singularly fortunate with the treatment, — there would seem to be but little room for the deeper movement of Hawthorne's genius; and since, as it was, he had not succeeded in bringing out the idea with much force, it is easy to guess why this whole Grimshawe sketch became so unsatisfactory to him that he would not carry it out to the conclusion he had nearly reached. A sketch it remained, accordingly, an experimental fragment; for mere bulk does not alter that fact. If it were twice as long, and had no more of dramatic construction or of ending than it now possesses, it would still be an incomplete study.

And yet, what a study! If The Ancestral Footstep was the chalk outline, this was the large blocking out of the fresco upon the wall. The painting of the first scene — the old grave-yard, the Doctor's house, the two children — is close, firm, and imbued with a strikingly sombre depth of tone; the figure of the Doctor has a wild, rough superabundance of vigor uncommon in Hawthorne's creations; the portions descriptive of the English locality of the story are touched in with a charming mellowness; and the scene at the Warden's dinner, where Lord Braithwaite and Redclyffe look into each other's eyes with secret hostility over the Loving Cup, is both characteristic and effective. There are many strokes as peculiarly in the author's vein of fancy, already familiar to us, as this one where, in speaking of the old Hospital pensioners who came to inhale the savors of the kitchen, he says, "The ghosts of ancient epicures seemed on that day . . . to haunt the dim passages, snuffing in with shadowy nostrils the rich vapors, assuming visibility in the congenial medium, almost becoming earthly again in the strength of their earthly longings for one other feast such as they used to enjoy." But there are also many repetitions of effect, and a frequent recurrence to the idea that the American, coming to England, felt himself to be the self-same ancestor who had gone away two centuries before, and was now returning home. In the style, too, mingled though it is of dignity and freedom, and full of beauties, the same words or phrases are often used in close proximity, in a way to preclude the theory that the author considered this version of the story as presenting anything very near to a finished surface. Had he done so, he would hardly have allowed himself so awkward an invention as "unwipeupable" (p. 301), or an inverted construction like, "He muttered, the old figure, some faint moaning sound." Other instances might be cited, of the same kind, which illustrate the informality of the whole study in his eyes. Precisely in its informality, of course, lies its chief value. In parts rough, in others gleaming with pure gold, it is like a rich piece of quartz, seized in its pristine state from the recesses of his mind. There is a certain fierceness of energy, an exaggeration of luridness here and there, — as in the Doctor's midnight malediction that blasted an elm-tree, in the demoniacal spiders, and in the whole secret-chamber episode, — that give it an unique interest; and the material of the story embraces a greater variety than appears in Septimius. Nevertheless, I think the latter sketch much the finer in its suggestions, and its quality a more penetrating one. That is one reason for supposing that it was written later than the Grimshawe, and had received the benefit of a clarifying process in the romancer's mind. Another reason is that when Hawthorne resolved to put his English impressions into the form of reminiscent essays he abandoned the plan of using them in a romance, as we know from his preface to Our Old Home. Most of these papers were published in the autumn of 1861 and in 1862, and it is improbable that after he had got well under way with them he would have devoted himself to a fictional sketch containing so many observations of England as the Grimshawe does. Its date, then, appears to be fixable in the winter of 1861–62, and antecedent to that of the Septimius fragment.

The Bloody Footstep, as every one is now aware, left its trail first on the pages of the preliminary sketch recently issued in The Atlantic; although it was not a wholly new object of imagination for Hawthorne when he heard of it at Smithell's Hall, in 1855, for in the American Note-Books five years before, in 1850, he had made this memorandum: "The print in blood of a naked foot to be traced through the street of a

town." Next, it appears in the Grimshawe; its stamp is also put upon Septimius; and in the last extant scene of The Dolliver Romance it is mentioned once more. Evidently, Hawthorne was determined to follow up the quest upon which it had so long and so perplexingly held him. Doctor Grimshawe himself was displaced, in Septimius, and another doctor, Portsoaken by name, introduced, — not quite the same character as Grimshawe, but doubtless a modification from him, and equally gifted with a predilection for spider-webs and the brandy-bottle. In the Dolliver, again, we find that the old Grandsir is also a doctor; totally unlike these imaginary predecessors in the other manuscripts, it is true, yet bringing to our notice another coincidence. It is significant, too, that Grandsir Dolliver should have under his protection a little granddaughter, Pansie, dwelling with him in an old house by a graveyard — like Doctor Grimshawe and Elsie, — and having for her sole other companion a kitten. Elsie also has a Persian kitten as her playmate, in addition to the boy Redclyffe. There is a further line of resemblance; slight to be sure, but illustrative of the way in which the same elements were carried over, with some change, from one tentative form of the projected romance to another. The American claimant to whom we are introduced in The Ancestral Footstep carries a silver key, which is to unlock some part of the mystery surrounding his inheritance; and it turns out to fit an old cabinet, which — reflecting, by an ingenious symbolism, the endless and bewildering search for the true heir — the author describes as being made in the likeness of a palace, "showing within some beautiful old pictures in the panels of the doors, and a mirror, that opened a long succession of mimic halls, reflection upon reflection, extending to an interminable nowhere." A silver key plays a part in the Grimshawe as well, but there it is applied to an old coffer of carved oak, in the secret chamber. This chest, as a note explains, was, according to one tradition, thought to contain a treasure of gold, but when opened it displayed only "a treasure of golden locks;" and the notion of a deposit of gold is continued in Septimius Felton, where the hero has an old box of oak and iron, with rude steel embellishments on the outside, and mediæval carving of ivory figures inside. This also is unlocked by means of a silver key, which Septimius has taken from the breast of the young English officer slain by him on the day of Concord Fight.

At first glance, it is not clear how two themes so unlike as that of revived claims to an English estate and that of the search for an elixir of life came to be united; how one led to the other. But a clue is given in the last chapter but one of the Grimshawe. Redclyffe, after being drugged, on awaking in the secret chamber, and finding himself confronted with the spectre-like old man incarcerated there, was bewildered, and in trying to account for what he saw recalled the various stories he had heard about the house, wondering "whether there might not have been something of fact in the legend of the *undying old man*." No such legend has been mentioned in the body of the sketch, but it is probable that Hawthorne had intended to insert it somewhere, as leading up to the revelation of the secret chamber. Here, then, is the point of connection. When he had become convinced that the plot and purpose of the English story, as he had blocked it out, were inadequate and not likely to yield the best results, he probably turned to the germ supplied by this vision of a deathless man, and began to develop it. Now, there was a tradition that a former occupant of Hawthorne's house, The Wayside, had cherished the belief that he should never die; something more than a tradition, I

may say, for I have since ascertained that such a man actually did live there. So that, as the romancer sat in the little tower study which he had recently built for himself at the top of the house, looking out from the windows upon the Lexington road in front, or the low hill at the back, which had formed part of the scene of the Revolutionary conflict in 1775, nothing was more natural than for him to transfer his whole dreamy fabric to that ground and that period. And thus, bringing in a new scheme altogether, and retaining some of the old material, Septimius Felton was produced. Septimius is depicted as going, in the end, to England, where he enters into possession of an estate to which he is the lawful heir; the main current of the English romance, as it originally flowed from the pen, having in this newer channel dwindled to a very slender rill. But the manner in which he had worked out the story of a man bent upon obtaining the elixir of perpetual youth did not content him, either; and it was after this that he conceived still another mode of approach to the goal, and began the Dolliver. Why, then, did he not destroy the two discarded manuscripts? The only plausible answer to this question is that he purposed drawing upon both, — or at least referring to them, — in the composition of the freshly undertaken work from which death called him away. Having carried out two different motives in separate studies, and found that both fell short of his aim, he had, in all likelihood, discovered a practicable mode of combining them in a romance of larger and deeper drift than he had at first contemplated. The Dolliver Romance would have become the vehicle of a profound and pathetic drama, based on the instinctive yearning of man for an immortal existence, the attempted gratification of which would have been set forth in various ways: through the selfish old sensualist, Colonel Dabney, who seized the mysterious elixir, and took such a draught of it that it killed him; through the simple old Grandsir, anxious to live for Pansie's sake; and perhaps through Pansie herself, who, coming into the enjoyment of an ennobling love, would desire to defeat death in order that she might make sure of keeping always the perfection of her mundane happiness, — all these diverse modes of striving to be made the adumbration of a higher one, the shadow-play that should define and direct the mind to the true immortality beyond this world. To such a plan, the instance of a person or a family endeavoring to perpetuate one particular phase of existence, as it is the tendency of English institutions to do, could have been made to minister with admirable appropriateness; hence it would not have been strange if Hawthorne, with this end in view, had interwoven with The Dolliver Romance a strand from the Grimshawe study.

An assurance that he had, in his own mind, struck the key-note, is afforded by the perfection of matter and style belonging to the only completed scene of the Dolliver. To Doctor Grimshawe's Secret may doubtless be awarded a more demonstrative vigor, but it does not follow that the strength is greater for being deployed upon the surface; rather, the contrary is indicated. In the Dolliver fragment, the strength is drawn in, concentrated, reserved, and the consequence is that its virtue is redoubled; it underlies the pensive charm, the tremulous pathos, the tender fancy, of the musical periods with an unfathomable depth. Reading Grimshawe is like looking at an opaque wall covered by a striking, half-finished design in somewhat harsh colors: the bold strokes, the sharp contrasts, and weak spots recall the broad method of scene-painting, but I get from it no sense of a spiritual perspective, leading me on beyond the external show. Into The Dolliver Ro-

mance, however, the mind penetrates, as the eye sinks into the permeable yet endless blue of the sky. The sentences become indefinably symbolic; all through them there is a vibration of some deeper thought and meaning than any which the literal statement seems to embody; and when a burst of more purely spectacular incident is needed, we see from the picturing of Colonel Dabney and his death scene that the author could still throw such an element into the narrative, with a jet of intensity more startling than that which illuminates the first part of Grimshawe. Thus, then, we get a general idea of Hawthorne's method: to make at first an outline, like The Ancestral Footstep, — light, easy, graceful, and exploratory; then to deepen the lines, enlarge and intensify the whole composition, as in the Grimshawe and Septimius, even to the point of excess, if he felt so inclined. "Do not stick at any strangeness or preternaturality," he tells himself, in one of the notes lately printed in The Century magazine. "It can be softened down to any extent, however wild the first conception." And last, when it came to modeling the final form, he recovered the repose of the first sketch, but preserved at the same time all the best of that grim force and fantastic suggestion which had been gained by an untrammeled play of imagination in the blocking out. I do not feel sure that he always wrote so many preliminary versions and memoranda for a work of fiction as in this instance; I am inclined to doubt it, because so much of his meditation was done out-of-doors, while walking. But whether or not he used pen and paper, the procedure must have been in each case essentially that which we have just traced. One thing appears to be likely: that he did not spend much time in rewriting for the sake of securing a better verbal expression. He once said to his sister-in-law, Miss E. P. Peabody, in allusion to his own literary problems, "The difficulty is not so much *how* to say things as *what* to say;" intimating that he so filled his mind with the motive and substance of a romance before resorting to the pen that, when he sat down to write, the task consisted mainly in selection, arrangement, proportioning, and so on. How it was that, from the fluent but rather colorless medium which he had used in Fanshawe, he was able to compound the wonderful style which the world has come to know as being his alone, no one can presume to say with confidence; but, in seeing how he labored over the theme and the inner purport of a romance, how he considered with utmost care every detail of plot or character, and with what austerity he rejected copious results of this labor when they failed to come up to his exacting standard, we obtain a hint as to how the style was formed. Such a process must have involved a constant shaping of the word to the thought, just as in the Note-Books the steady aim seems to be to put down observations of actual things with scrupulous exactness, no matter how trivial or humble the subject. But instead of setting out upon a course of reading specially calculated to manufacture a style, like the historians Prescott and Alison, for instance, or modeling chiefly upon one master, as Thackeray did upon Fielding, Hawthorne adopted the principle of searching into the interior significance of his imaginary people, and his real or fictitious scenes; and in working this out, through every sort of detail, with the unfaltering candor evidenced by his own private comments now published, he had perforce to use language with a choice as sensitive and as unmerciful as that which controlled him in the judgment of his fanciful materials. But in the choosing of the fittest phrase his decision was evidently prompt, so that erasure and substitution were rare expedients with him. Rough though this analysis be, it strikes out a distinction perhaps

worth considering, because it tends to explain why Hawthorne's style — which, instead of being applied from without, like a mould to compress the thought, sprang from the thought itself, as if it were its flower — was at once so original and so unobtrusive, so thoroughly infused with the spirit of art, yet innocent of all affectation, and as natural as if no other kind of utterance were possible. It resulted logically from the conscientious, self-scrutinizing method of working now laid bare before us. It was, we may say, a style not made but inevitable. Given the peculiar mind once fairly exercising its native insight, it must express itself so, and only so; but at the date of Fanshawe it had not learned the proper application of its power, and that knowledge was perhaps not fully gained until The Scarlet Letter, twenty years afterward, came into the gates of life; although in the short tales of the interim the author had made great advances.

Inexhaustible patience of genius, to wait twenty years for its first adequate fruitage! But the more we examine, the more we discern that patience, manifested in various ways, was a cardinal trait in Hawthorne, and one of the great sources of his power. I have elsewhere pointed out that the relation of Grandsir Dolliver and Pansie was obviously suggested to him by Mr. Kirkup and his little ward, Imogen, whom he had seen in Florence five years previously.[1] Imogen is described as "a pale, large-eyed little girl," and Pansie is also mentioned as "a rather pale and large-eyed little thing." Mr. Kirkup is not copied in the gentle grandsire, but his attitude towards the child is reproduced; for Hawthorne had spoken of the former, in his Note-Books, as "thinking all the time of ghosts, and looking into the child's eyes to seek them," and in the Dolliver he represents the old man as "frolicking amid a throng of ghosts" of departed female relatives, whose "forgotten features peeped through the face of the great-grandchild." A kitten, recalling Imogen's, frisks about in the Dolliver household; and as the same animal accompanies Elsie in Dr. Grimshawe's house, we may conclude that there, also, the writer was thinking of Imogen. But whence comes the old house by the graveyard, which stands at the beginning of both these fragments? Turning to the American Note-Books, we find under date of July 4, 1838, a paragraph concerning the old burial-ground in Charter Street, Salem: "In a corner of the burial-ground, close under Dr. P——'s garden fence, are the most ancient stones remaining in the graveyard; moss-grown, deeply sunken. One to 'Dr. John Swinnerton, Physician,' in 1688. . . . It gives strange ideas, to think how convenient to Dr. P——'s family this burial-ground is,— the monuments standing almost within arm's reach of the side windows of the parlor." The Dr. P—— here mentioned, there is now no harm in saying, was Dr. Peabody, father of Miss Sophia Peabody, who afterwards became Mrs. Hawthorne. His house, which is still standing, holds precisely the position relative to the cemetery assigned to that of Dr. Grimshawe, "covering ground which else had been sown thickly with buried bodies," and to the abode of Dr. Dolliver; for it is built upon a corner nicked out of the consecrated space, and has the graves close at its back and along one of its sides. It must not be supposed that the character of Dr. Peabody had anything to do with the attributes given to Dr. Grimshawe and his mild successor, Dr. Dolliver; but the circumstance of a doctor being placed in that dwelling, in each sketch, is one of those associations with literal fact which Hawthorne seems so often to have preferred, in constructing his fiction. Only the

[1] A Study of Hawthorne, pages 278, 279. The account of a visit to Mr. Kirkup is in the French and Italian Note-Books, August 12, 1858.

other day I visited the spot. Hawthornes, Bowditches, Keyses, Ingersolls, and other vanished representatives of old Salem families have been laid away there, under rudely chiseled headstones of slate, that still mark the repositories of their ashes; and the statement in Grimshawe, "Thus rippled and surged, with its hundreds of little billows, the old graveyard about the house which cornered upon it," still applies. A cheerless locality enough on a winter's day, as I saw it, although the mounded grass and the trees scattered here and there might impart a much pleasanter aspect in summer; but the deep gloom which Hawthorne threw over it, in his Grimshawe study, was supplied mainly from his own imagination, for the purpose of inducing a certain mood in his readers. The Note-Book record contains a trifling error; the date on Dr. Swinnerton's headstone being really 1690, instead of 1688. The name "Simmerton," given to a physician in the Grimshawe (page 129), is perhaps a misprint, or a copyist's error, for Swinnerton. He also occurs in the Dolliver fragment as the venerable teacher from whom the Grandsir had learned his apothecary's craft. But, long before that, again, he had received the honor of a notice in the Seven Gables, first chapter, where the physicians consult as to the cause of Colonel Pyncheon's death: "One — John Swinnerton by name — who appears to have been a man of eminence, upheld it . . . to be a case of apoplexy." For the original hint of the old Brazen Serpent sign which Dr. Dolliver has in his possession, we must look to one of Hawthorne's less known sketches, — that which gives some account of Dr. Bullivant,[1] an apothecary of Boston, who flourished about 1670, and is supposed to have had a gilded head of Æsculapius in front of his shop. But in the Dolliver Hawthorne remarks that in Dr. Swinnerton's day a head of Æsculapius "would have vexed the souls of the righteous as savoring of heathendom," and therefore he had adopted the Brazen Serpent, which he bequeathed to old Dr. Dolliver. Of Bullivant, too, it is said that he advertised "a Panacea promising life but one day short of eternity, and youth and health commensurate." So, by this putting together of things far apart, by this reticulation of one web of fancy with another, Dr. Bullivant's panacea and Dr. Dolliver's cordial, Dr. Swinnerton and little Florentine Imogen all turn out to have a mysterious connection, and are landed in the house of Hawthorne's father-in-law, which he had been keeping in mind for over twenty-two years as an available accessory. "Hold on to this," says Hawthorne, in one of The Century memoranda, respecting a particular thread of the new romance. But had he not always been holding on? He never lost an impression worth preserving, and he could wait as long as need might be before utilizing it.

The series of longer notes just mentioned, and connected with the abortive English story, contains one or two references to real persons that go to show, in like manner, how he used models from life, not for portraiture, perhaps not even for any trait of character in the original, but as presenting one association or another consonant with the character he wanted to elaborate. Thus, he writes, "An old woman (Hannah Lord, perhaps) must be the only other member of the household." Hannah Lord was a cousin of Hawthorne's mother, remembered by her relatives in Salem as an excellent maiden lady, who devoted much of her time to serving other people; but possibly some quaintness about her, in his recollection, served Hawthorne in building up mentally the "crusty Hannah," who in Doctor Grimshawe's Secret does not get beyond the

[1] This will be found in the twelfth volume of the new Library edition, under the head of Tales and Sketches.

stage of a mere name. In thinking over the Pensioner, who is to be the true heir, Hawthorne jots down, "Take the character of Cowper for this man:" and further, "He might be a Fifth-Heavenly man . . . in figure, Mr. Alcott." Adopting these points of support from real life, he could obtain a solid basis for his personage; but after the figure had once been set in motion, it would be absurd to imagine that everything he might say or do was to be taken as Hawthorne's interpretation of the poet Cowper or of Mr. Alcott. An exactly parallel mistake, nevertheless, is constantly made by persons who say that Zenobia, in The Blithedale Romance, stood for Margaret Fuller. The converse might be true, — that Miss Fuller stood for Zenobia; that is, as a temporary model, until the author had constructed his heroine, who would then hold her place in his mind as a separate entity.

All these notes are extremely instructive. Some of them, alluding to the proposed course of the plot, mention incidents which may be allowed to stand "as before," or "pretty much as now;" making it evident that such memoranda were written after Hawthorne had sketched out a considerable part of the manuscript and was becoming dissatisfied with it. But others have the appearance of being preparatory and feeling the way. They suggest a poet eager to give life to his idealizations upon the stage, but compelled to consider the machinery of the theatre, to turn over the "properties" and see how far they will aid him, yet all the while cherishing a secret contempt for these mechanical devices with which he must work. Thus, when the subject is "the coffin of a young lady, which, being opened, it proves to be filled with golden locks of hair," the romancer adds, "This nonsense must be kept subordinate, however." Over and over he tries to adjust details, without success; reviews this and that possibility; returns unwearied to the beginning, in the hope of a better issue. As the flame of the chemical blow-pipe consumes the diamond and dissipates metals in vapor, the flame-point of his imagination is concentrated upon different materials, which disappear one after another. He permits himself the most impossible and monstrous imaginings: as, of the English lord, that he shall be a worshiper of the sun, a cannibal, "A murderer — 't won't do at all. A Mahometan — psh!" — not in seriousness, but trusting by random hits to touch the right spring at last, and always bringing himself up with sharp reprimand for his vagrant absurdities. Then, at a loss, he idly strings together names of his acquaintances, and commences afresh. Sometimes a pungent reflection escapes him, like this: "That a strange repulsion — as well as attraction — exists among human beings. If we get off, it is almost impossible to get on again." But he is perfectly well aware how little he is accomplishing: "The life is not yet breathed into this plot, after all my galvanic efforts. Not a spark of passion as yet." He lays out business-like directions as to what is to be done: thus, of the Doctor, "Make his character very weird indeed, and develop it in dread and mystery." Indeed, the most striking and profitable fact about this entirely unique record is the perfect self-possession of the writer, the presence of the cool understanding, which keeps up a running fire of sarcasm against himself, at his failures.

A searching observer has said, speaking of the author generically, "He learns to bear contempt, and to despise himself. He makes, as it were, *post-mortem* examinations of himself before he is dead." Nothing could better describe the process to which Hawthorne, in these notes, was subjecting his own mind. Enemies, Leonardo thought, teach an artist more, by their criticisms, than friends; but what enemy could have

been so impartial as Hawthorne was in judging his handiwork? His supremacy in art, we discover, owed much to the stringent critical faculty which he exercised upon the product of his imagination. It is undeniable that the finest criticism must have in it something of creative genius; but apparently it is not less true that the creative writer needs, for the highest reach of his power, a solid foundation of critical acumen. And the demand for equipment of that kind, in his case, is just so much the greater by the obligation resting upon him, not merely to measure the achievement of others, but to gauge his own performance, and, on occasion, suppress it. This is precisely the crowning virtue which some authors of eminence have been unable to grasp. But Hawthorne was able to, and did it. That which he considered unworthy to see the light has now, in the course of events, been revealed, together with his frank, informal commentary thereon. It is not a great work, in the severe artistic sense, but it is a great illustration of an artist's workings; and if the appearance of sketches, studies, fragments, and notes of this nature should disarrange that conventional posture in which, as I have said, readers like to place their favorites, a compensation is not wanting. In place of theoretical views that, even when framed by a sympathetic mind, must fall short unless complete data have been procurable, they will get a man of genius precisely as he was, — one who earned, by long-continued toil and a high fidelity to literary honor, all that he received, and perhaps more.

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE LEGEND OF WALBACH TOWER.

(Scene, Fort Constitution, on the Island of Newcastle, off Portsmouth, New Hampshire, — Colonel Walbach commanding. Period, the fall of 1813.)

More ill at ease was never man than Walbach, that Lord's day,
When, spent with speed, a trawler cried, "A war-ship heads this way!"

His pipe, half filled, to shatters flew; he climbed the ridge of knolls;
And, turning spy-glass toward the east, swept the long reach of Shoals.

An hour he watched: behind his back the Portsmouth spires waxed red;
Its harbor like a field of war, a brazen shield o'erhead.

Another hour: the sundown gun the Sabbath stillness brake;
When loud a second voice hallooed, "Two war-ships hither make!"

Again the colonel scanned the east, where soon white gleams arose:
Behind Star Isle they first appeared, then flashed o'er Smuttynose.

Fleet-wing'd they left Duck Isle astern; when, rounding full in view,
Lo! in the face of Appledore three Britishers hove to.

"To arms, O townsfolk!" Walbach cried. "Behold these black hawk three!
Whether they pluck old Portsmouth town rests now with you and me.

"The guns of Kittery, and mine, may keep the channel clear,
If but one pintle-stone be raised to ward me in the rear.

"But scarce a score my muster-roll; the earthworks lie unmanned,
(Whereof some mouthing spy, no doubt, has made them understand;)

"And if, ere dawn, their long-boat keels once kiss the nether sands,
My every port-hole's mouth is stopped, and we be in their hands!"

Then straightway from his place upspake the parson of the town:
"Let us beseech Heaven's blessing first!" — and all the folk knelt down.

"O God, our hands are few and faint; our hope rests all with thee:
Lend us thy hand in this sore strait, — and thine the glory be!"

"Amen! Amen!" the chorus rose; "Amen!" the pines replied;
And through the churchyard's rustling grass an "Amen" softly sighed.

Astir the village was awhile, with hoof and iron clang;
Then all grew still, save where, aloft, a hundred trowels rang.

None supped, they say, that Lord's-day eve; none slept, they say, that night;
But all night long, with tireless arms, each toiled as best he might.

Four flax-haired boys of Amazeen the flickering torches stay,
Peopling with titan shadow-groups the canopy of gray;

Grandsires, with frost above their brows, the steaming mortar mix;
Dame Tarlton's apron, crisp at dawn, helps hod the yellow bricks;

While pilot, cooper, mackerelman, parson and squire as well,
Make haste to plant the pintle-gun, and raise its citadel.

And one who wrought still tells the tale, that as his task he plied,
An unseen fellow-form he felt that labored at his side;

And still to wondering ears relates, that as each brick was squared,
Lo! unseen trowels clinked response, and a new course prepared.

O night of nights! The blinking dawn beheld the marvel done,
And from the new martello boomed the echoing morning gun.

One stormy cloud its lips upblew; and as its thunder rolled,
Old England saw, above the smoke, New England's flag unfold.

Then, slowly tacking to and fro, more near the cruisers made,
To see what force unheralded had flown to Walbach's aid.

"God be our stay," the parson cried, "who hearkened Israel's wail!"
And as he spake, — all in a line, seaward the ships set sail.

George Houghton.

TOMMASO SALVINI.

It has often been said that the great actors who flourished in the times preceding our own gave a more striking proof of genius than their successors are called upon to give. They produced their famous effects without aids to illusion. They had no help from scenery and costume; the background was nothing; they alone were the scene. Garrick and Mrs. Siddons, wandering over England, and interpreting Shakespeare as they went, represented the visions of Hamlet and the sorrows of Constance with the assistance of a few yards of tinsel and a few dozen tallow candles. The stage was dim and bare, but the great artists triumphed, so that the tradition of their influence over their auditors has been sacredly preserved. For the most part, to-day we have changed all that. There is to be seen in London at the present moment a representation of one of Shakespeare's comedies which is the last word of picture-making on the stage. It is a series of exquisite pictorial compositions, in which nothing that can delight the eye or touch the imagination has been omitted — nothing, that is, save the art of the actor. This part of the business has not been thought indispensable, and the performance is a great success, in spite of the fact that a fastidious spectator, here and there, feels vaguely that he misses something. What he misses is what Garrick and Mrs. Siddons had it in their power to give; what he enjoys is a wealth of scenic resource of which they never dreamed. It is unreasonable to expect to have everything, and we must doubtless take our choice. I mention the case of the comedy in London, which fairly glows to the eye, like a picture by a great colorist, because, besides being a topic of the moment, it is probably the most perfect example the English stage has seen of the value of costume and carpentry. We have lately been having in Boston an illustration equally perfect of success achieved, in the old-fashioned manner, by personal art as distinguished from mechanical. The famous Italian actor, Tommaso Salvini, giving us an opportunity to admire him in far too small a number of performances, has played to us under conditions very similar to those with which the actors of the last century had to struggle. There are differences, of course, — as in the Globe Theatre being an exceedingly comfortable house for the spectator, and in the stage being illuminated by gas rather than by tallow. Apart from this, it is difficult to imagine an actor surrounded with fewer of those advantages which I have called aids to illusion. Salvini's triumph — a very great triumph — is therefore, like that of Garrick and Mrs. Siddons, a proof of extraordinary power. He had no scenery, and he had no "support;" in this latter respect we feel sure that Garrick and Mrs. Siddons were very much better off. His fellow-actors were of a quality which it is a charity not to specify; unmitigated dreariness was the stamp of the whole episode, save in so far as that episode was summed up in the personality of the hero. Signor Salvini naturally played in Italian, while his comrades answered him in a language which was foreign only in that it sometimes failed to be English. It was in this manner that Macbeth, Othello, King Lear, were given. Signor Salvini uttered the translated text, and the rest of the company recited the original. This extraordinary system, which has been in operation in various parts of the country for many months past, has only to be described to be characterized; it has all the barbarism of an over-civilized age.

It is grotesque, unpardonable, abominable. It is the condemnation of a public that tolerates it. If I were capable of saying anything unkind about the admirable Salvini, I should say it was also the condemnation of an actor who could lend himself to it. But of course he is well aware of his offense, and he is equally well aware that, unpardonable as it is, he induces us to pardon it. He has discovered that, rather than not have Salvini at all, the American public will take him as he offers himself, or as his impresario sees fit to offer him, — with a mixture of tongues, with a melancholy company, with pitiful scenery. The American public is either very superficial or very deep; in the presence of the large houses to which Salvini played, it was possible to be at once exhilarated and depressed. It was to the honor of the people of Boston that they should come in such numbers to see a great actor deliver himself in a language which conveyed no meaning to the great majority of them, — should come because they had the wit to perceive his greatness through the veil of his alien speech. It was not to their honor, on the other hand, that they should gaze without a murmur at the rest of the spectacle, and condone so profusely the aberrations of his playmates. Their attitude involved a contradiction, and it was difficult to get to the bottom of it. I frankly confess I have not done so yet! That people who have a taste for Salvini should not have a distaste — I mean an effective and operative distaste — for his accessories is a proof, as I just now hinted, either of density or of self-control. Were they culpably good-natured, or were they nobly magnanimous? Two things, at any rate, are certain. One is that the way in which the theatrical enterprise is conducted leaves much to be desired; the other is, there is that about Tommaso Salvini which excites the geniality, the tenderness, I may almost say the devotion, of the spectator. I am free to declare that, if he were to appear with a company of Hottentots, I should regret that a happier arrangement might not have been made, but I should go every night to see him.

This is as much as to say that Salvini is a charmer; he has the art of inspiring sympathy. Not the least of the drawbacks of the manner in which he appears is the consequent reduction of his repertory to five or six parts. To teach Italian cues to American actors is a work of time and difficulty; to learn American cues may be assumed to be, for an Italian, no more attractive a task. We see Salvini, therefore, in only half his range; we take the measure of only a part of him, though it possibly is the better part. The auditor who once has felt the deep interest of his acting desires ardently to know the whole artist. He is essentially a large, rich, abundant genius, capable of sounding a wide variety of notes. However, we are thankful for what is offered us, — thankful for Macbeth, thankful for King Lear, thankful for La Morte Civile, thankful above all for Othello. We scan the horizon in vain; no other artist today begins to be capable of giving us such an exhibition of tragic power. Othello headed the short list of his performances, and there is an artistic propriety in his playing Othello first. It is a sort of compendium of his accomplishments; he puts everything into it, and the part, as he plays it, has so full a volume that it may almost be said that it embraces all the others. There are touches in Salvini's Macbeth, touches in his Lear, very naturally, that are absent from his picture of the overwrought Moor; but it carries him to his maximum, and what he puts into it above all is an inexhaustible energy. There are twenty things to be said about it, and half a dozen criticisms which it is impossible that we spectators of English speech should not make. But the depth,

the nobleness, the consistency, the passion, the visible, audible beauty of it, are beyond praise. Nature has done great things for the actor; with the aid of a little red paint, the perfect Othello is there. But I assume too much in talking off-hand about the "perfect Othello," who is after all a very complex being, in spite of his simplicity. It may seem to many observers that Salvini's rendering of the part is too simple, too much on two or three notes, — frank tenderness, quick suspicion, passionate rage. Infinite are the variations of human opinion; I have heard this performance called ugly, repulsive, bestial. Waiving these considerations for a moment, what an immense impression — simply as an impression — the actor makes on the spectator who sees him for the first time as the turbaned and deep-voiced Moor! He gives us his measure as a man; he acquaints us with that luxury of perfect confidence in the physical resources of the actor which is not the most frequent satisfaction of the modern play-goer. His powerful, active, manly frame, his noble, serious, vividly expressive face, his splendid smile, his Italian eye, his superb, voluminous voice, his carriage, his tone, his ease, the assurance he instantly gives that he holds the whole part in his hands and can make of it exactly what he chooses, — all this descends upon the spectator's mind with a richness which immediately converts attention into faith, and expectation into sympathy. He is a magnificent creature, and you are already on his side. His generous temperament is contagious; you find yourself looking at him, not so much as an actor, but as a hero. As I have already said, it is a luxury to sit and watch a man to whom an expenditure of force is so easy. Salvini's perfect ease is a part of the spell he exercises. The straining, the creaking, the overdoing, the revelation of the inadequacy of the machinery, which we have been condemned to associate with so much of the interpretation of the dramatic gems of our literature, — there is no place for all this in Salvini's complete organization and consummate manner. We see him to-day perforce at the latter end of his career, after years of experience and practice have made him as supple as he is strong, and yet before his strength has begun to feel the chill of age. It is a very fine moment for a great artistic nature. The admirable thing in this nature of Salvini's is that his intelligence is equal to his material powers; so that if the exhibition is, as it were, personal, it is not simply physical. He has a great imagination; there is a noble intention in all he does. It is no more than natural, surely, that his imagination, his intentions, should be of the Italian stamp, and this is at the bottom of his failure to satisfy some of us spectators of English speech, — a failure that is most marked when he plays Shakespeare. Of course we have our own feelings about Shakespeare, our own manner of reading him. We read him in the light of our Anglo-Saxon temperament, and in doing so it is open to us to believe that we read him in the deepest way. Salvini reads him with an Italian imagination, and it is equally natural to us to believe that in doing so he misses a large part of him. It is indeed beyond contradiction that he does miss a large part of him, — does so as a necessary consequence of using a text which shuts the door on half the meaning. We adore the exorbitant original; we have sacred associations with all the finest passages. The loose, vague language of the Italian translation seems to us a perpetual sacrifice to the conventional: we find *ottima creatura*, for instance, a very colorless translation of "excellent wretch." But in the finest English rendering of Shakespeare that we can conceive, or are likely to enjoy, there would be gaps and elisions enough,

and Salvini's noble execution preserves much more than it misses. Of course it simplifies, but any acting of Shakespeare is a simplification. To be played at all, he must be played, as it were, superficially.

Salvini's Othello is not more superficial than the law of self-preservation (on the actor's part) demands; there is, on the contrary, a tremendous depth of feeling in it, and the execution is brilliant — with the dusky brilliancy that is in the tone of the part — at every point. No more complete picture of passion can have been given to the stage in our day, — passion beginning in noble repose and spending itself in black insanity. Certain exquisite things are absent from it, — the gradations and transitions which Shakespeare has marked in a hundred places, the manly melancholy, the note of deep reflection, which is sounded as well as the note of passion. The pathos is perhaps a little crude; there is in all Shakespeare's sentiment a metaphysical side, which is hard to indicate and easy to miss. Salvini's rendering of the part is the portrait of an African by an Italian; a fact which should give the judicious spectator, in advance, the pitch of the performance. There is a class of persons to whom Italians and Africans have almost equally little to say, and such persons must have been sadly out of their account in going to see Salvini. I have done with strictures, and must only pay a hasty tribute to his splendor of execution. If those critics who dislike the Othello find it coarse (some people, apparently, are much surprised to discover that the representation of this tragedy is painful), there is at least not a weak spot in it from beginning to end. It has from the first the quality that thrills and excites, and this quality deepens with great strides to the magnificent climax. The last two acts constitute the finest piece of tragic acting that I know. I do not say it is the finest I can imagine, simply because a great English Othello would touch us more nearly still. But I have never seen a great English Othello, any more, unfortunately, than I have ever seen a great English Macbeth. It is impossible to give an idea of the way in which Salvini gathers force as he goes, or of the superior use he makes of this force in the critical scenes of the play. Some of his tones, movements, attitudes, are ineffaceable; they have passed into the stock of common reference. I mean his tiger-like pacing at the back of the room, when, having brought Desdemona out of her bed, and put the width of the apartment between them, he strides to and fro, with his eyes fixed on her and filled with the light of her approaching doom. Then the still more tiger-like spring with which, after turning, flooded and frenzied by the truth, from the lifeless body of his victim, he traverses the chamber to reach Iago, with the mad impulse of destruction gathered into a single blow. He has sighted him, with the intentness of fate, for a terrible moment, while he is still on one knee beside Desdemona; and the manner in which the spectator sees him — or rather feels him — rise to his avenging leap is a sensation that takes its place among the most poignant the actor's art has ever given us. After this frantic dash, the one thing Othello can *do*, to relieve himself (the one thing, that is, save the last of all), he falls into a chair on the left of the stage, and lies there for some moments, prostrate, panting, helpless, annihilated, convulsed with long, inarticulate moans. Nothing could be finer than all this: the despair, the passion, the bewildered tumult of it, reach the high-water mark of dramatic expression. My remarks may suggest that Salvini's rage is too gross, too much that of a wounded animal; but in reality it does not fall into that excess. It is the rage of an African, but of a nature that remains generous to the end;

and in spite of the tiger-paces and tiger-springs, there is through it all, to my sense at least, the tremor of a moral element. In the Othello, remarkable in so many respects, of Salvini's distinguished countryman, Ernesto Rossi, there is (as I remember it) a kind of bestial fury, which does much to sicken the English reader of the play. Rossi gloats in his tenderness and bellows in his pain. Salvini, though the simplicity, credulity, and impulsiveness of his personage are constantly before him, takes a higher line altogether; the personage is intensely human.

The reader who has seen him in La Morte Civile will have no difficulty in believing this. The part of Conrad, in that play, is an elaborate representation of a character that is human almost to a fault. Before speaking of this extraordinary creation in detail, however, I must give proper honor to Salvini's Macbeth, the second part in which he appeared in Boston. This is a very rich and grave piece of acting; like the Othello it is interesting at every step. Salvini offers us a Macbeth whom we deeply pity, and whose delusions and crimes we understand, and almost forgive. Simple, demonstrative, easily tempted; pushed and bitten by the keener nature of his wife; dismayed, overwhelmed, assailed by visions, yet willing to plunge deeper into crime, and ready after all to fight and die like a soldier, if that will do any good, his picture of the character preserves a kind of gallantry in the midst of its darkness of color.

This Macbeth is sombre enough, of course, but he is wonderfully frank and transparent; he gives us a strange sense of being honest through it all. Macbeth, like Othello, but unlike Lear, to my mind, is an eminently actable character; the part is packed with opportunities. Salvini finds the first of these in the physical make-up of the figure; presenting us with a fair-colored, sturdy, rather heavy, and eminently Northern warrior, with long light hair, a tawny beard, and an eye that looks distractedly blue, as it stares at the witches, at the visionary dagger, at the spectre of Banquo. In the matter of dress I venture to remark that our actor is not always completely felicitous; something is occasionally wanting to the artistic effect of his costume; he is liable to wear garments that are a little dull, a little conventional. I cannot help regretting, too, that in four out of the five parts he played in Boston he should have happened to be so profusely bearded. His face is so mobile, so living, that it is a pity to lose so much of it. These, however, are small drawbacks. for, after all, his vigorous person is in itself a picture. His Macbeth deserves the great praise of being temperate and discreet; much of it is very quiet; it has a deal of variety; it is never incoherent, or merely violent, as we have known Macbeths to be; and there is not a touch of rant in it, from the first word to the last. It changes, from scene to scene; it is really, broadly rendered, the history of a human soul. I will not declare that with the scene of the murder of Duncan, which would be in its opportunities the great scene of the play if the scene at the banquet were not as great, I was absolutely satisfied. I thought that a certain completeness of horror was absent, that the thing was not as heart-shaking as it might have been. When the late Charles Kean — an actor to whom, on so many grounds, it is almost a cruelty to allude if one is speaking of Salvini — staggered out of the castle, with the daggers in his hands, blanched and almost dumb, already conscious, in the vision of his fixed eyes, of the far fruits of his deed, he brought with him a kind of hush of terror, which has lingered in my mind for many years as a great tragic effect. It is true that that was many years ago, and that if I were to have seen Charles

Kean to-day I might possibly be ashamed to mention him in this company. In the scene in question, prodigious as it is, however acted, everything hangs together; the lightest detail has much to do with the whole. We are usually condemned to see it with a weak Lady Macbeth, and we always feel — we felt the other night — that the effect would be doubled if the Thane of Cawdor should have a coadjutor of his own quality. Perhaps, therefore, it was the short-comings of the actress alone that made us feel we had lost something; perhaps it was the fact that the knocking at the gate was by no means what it should be. That knocking is of great importance, — that knocking is almost everything; this is what I mean by saying that everything in the scene hangs together. Signor Salvini should have read De Quincey's essay before he arranged those three or four vague, muffled, impersonal thumps, behind the back scene. Those thumps would never have frightened Macbeth; there is nothing heart-shaking in those thumps. They should have rung out louder, have filled the whole silence of the night, have smitten the ear like the voice of doom; for the more they break into the scene, the more they add to the tension of the nerves of the guilty couple, to say nothing of the agitation of the spectators. This, however, is more than I meant to say. In the rest of the play Salvini is admirable at a hundred points; admirable in sincerity, in profundity, in imaginative power; and in the scene of the banquet he is magnificent. The banquet was grotesque — so grotesque as to bring out the full force of the analogy I have suggested between our great Italian and his handful of lean strollers and those celebrated players who flourished before the introduction of modern improvements; but the actor rose to a great height. He keeps this height to the end. The last part of the play is the wonderful picture that we all know, of the blind effort of a man who once was strong to resist his doom and contradict his stars, and Salvini rides the situation like a master. His Macbeth is less brilliant, less prodigious, than his Othello, and it is not so peculiarly and exhaustively successful as his portrait, in La Morte Civile, of the escaped convict who finds himself without social, almost without human, identity. But it comes third, I am inclined to think, in the list of his triumphs, and it does him, at any rate, the greatest honor.

I place Macbeth third on the list, in spite of the fact that the principal event in Signor Salvini's short visit to Boston was his appearance for the first time as King Lear. He achieved an immense success, and his rendering of the most arduous and formidable of Shakespearean parts was as powerful, as interesting, as might have been expected. It is a most elaborate composition, studied with extreme care, finished without injury to its breadth and massiveness, and abounding in impressive and characteristic features. It is both terrible and touching; it has remarkable beauty. But for all that, I do not put it before the Macbeth. I should make haste to add that I saw the representation of Lear but once, and that on a single occasion one can do but scant justice to a piece of acting so long, so rich, and, I may add, so fatiguing to the attention. One can do very little toward taking possession of it; one can only get a general impression. My own impression, on this occasion, was more than ever that King Lear is not a play to be acted, and that even talent so great as Salvini's, employed in making it real to us, gives us much of the pain that attends misdirected effort. Lear is a great and terrible poem, — the most sublime, possibly, of all dramatic poems; but it is not, to my conception, a play, in the sense in which a play is a production that gains from being presented to our senses. Our senses can only be afflicted and overwhelmed by the immeasurable com-

plexities of Lear. If this conviction is present to us as we read the drama, how much more vivid does it become in the presence of an attempt to act it! Such an attempt leaves the vastness of the work almost untouched. At the risk of being accused of shameless blasphemy, I will go so far as to say that in representation the play is tremendously heavy. I say this with a perfect consciousness that the principal part gives extraordinary opportunities to a great actor. Almost all great tragic actors have attempted it, and almost all have won honor from it, — as Salvini did, the other evening, when a theatre crowded from floor to dome recalled him again and again. The part, with all its grandeur, is monotonous; the changes are constantly rung on the same situation; and something very like a climax is reached early in the play. Regan, Goneril, Edgar, the Fool, are impossible in the flesh. Who has ever seen them attempted without thinking it an unwarrantable violence? When all this has been said, Salvini's Lear is, like everything he does, magnificent. We miss the text at times almost to distraction; for the text of Lear is one of the most precious possessions of our language, and the Italian version is a sadly pale reflection of it. Allowing for this, and for the way that the play resists the transmutation of the footlights, it has elements which will probably give it a foremost place henceforth in the great actor's repertory. The tenderness, the temper, the senility, the heart-broken misery, the lambent madness, the awful desolation of the king, — he touches all these things as a man of genius alone can touch them. He has great qualifications for the part, for he has reached the age at which an actor may lawfully approach it, and his extraordinary bodily and vocal powers give definite assurance of sustaining him. I have no space to dwell on particular points, but I may mention his delivery of the curse that the infuriated king launches on the head of Goneril, at the end of the first act, — "Hear Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!" In this there was really a touch of the sublime, and the wild mixture of familiarity and solemnity that he throws into the "Ascolta — ascolta!" with which, in the Italian translation, the terrible invocation begins, was an invention quite in his grandest manner. The third and fourth acts are full of exquisite strokes; the manner, for instance, in which he replies to Gloster's inquiry, "Is 't not the King?" is a wonderfully bold piece of business. He stares for a moment, — his wits have wandered so far, — while he takes in the meaning of the question; then, as the pang of recollection comes over him, he rushes to a neighboring tree, tears off a great twig, grasps it as a sceptre, and, erecting himself for a moment in an attitude intended to be royal, launches his majestic answer: "Ay, every inch a king!" I do not say that this touch will commend itself to every taste. Many people will find it too ingenious, and feel that the noble simplicity of the words is swallowed up in the elaboration of the act. But it produces a great effect. All this part of the play is a wonderful representation of madness in old age, — the madness that is mixed with reason and memory, and only adds a deeper depth to suffering. The final scene, the entrance with the dead Cordelia, is played by Salvini in a muffled key, — the tone of an old man whose fire and fury have spent themselves, and who has nothing left but weakness, tears, and death. The "Howl, howl, howl!" has not, on his lips, the classic resonance; but the pathos of the whole thing is unspeakable. Nothing can be more touching than the way in which, after he has ceased to doubt that Cordelia has ceased to live, he simply falls on his face on her body.

The unhappy hero of La Morte Civile is, however, the character which he has made most exclusively his own, and in

which we watch him with the fewest mental reservations. Here is no sacrifice of greater admirations; here is none of the torment of seeing him play a Shakespeare that is yet not Shakespeare. It is Salvini pure and simple that we have; for of Giacometti there is, to begin with, as little as possible. Signor Giacometti's play has but a single part (to speak of), and it is Salvini who makes that part. The play is none of the best; it is meagre and monotonous; but it serves its purpose of giving the great actor a great opportunity. It deals with the unfortunate situation of an honest man, who, in spite of his honesty, has had the folly to kill his brother-in-law. The circumstances were of the most extenuating character, but he has been condemned (with a degree of rigor to which Italian justice resorts, we fear, only on the stage) to penal servitude for life. After fifteen years of imprisonment at Naples, he succeeds in escaping; and, having eluded pursuit, he feels a natural desire to see what has become of his wife and daughter. They are getting on perfectly without him: this fact, simply stated, is the great situation in Signor Giacometti's play. The child has been adopted by a benevolent physician, and by the mother's consent passes for the daughter of her benefactor. The mother, meanwhile, for whom there is no honor in her relationship to a murderer, lives under the same roof in the character of governess to the young girl, who is not in the secret of these transformations. When Corrado turns up, with a legitimate wish to claim his own, he finds that for these good people he has quite dropped out of life; they don't know what to do with him; he is civilly dead. How can he insist upon his paternity to his innocent child, when such paternity must bring her nothing but anguish and disgrace? How can he ask his wife to leave their daughter, in the tender care of whom she finds her one compensation for past shame and suffering, to go and live with him in hiding, and share at once the dangers and the infamy of his life? The situation is without an issue; it is the perfection of tragedy. At last poor Corrado, after a terrible struggle, determines to sacrifice himself to accomplished facts, and, since he is dead civilly, to die personally as well. He relieves his embarrassed relatives of his presence; he expires, abruptly and publicly, as people expire on the stage, after hearing his daughter, who is still not in the secret, but who obeys the pitying adjuration of his wife, address him for the first and last time as her father. Such is the subject of La Morte Civile, which is very effective in matter, though not very rich in form. It is interesting to compare Signor Giacometti's piece with the successful compositions of contemporary French dramatists, and to observe what the French would call the extreme *naïveté* of the Italian writer. It is not with the latter that we are dealing, however; for, after all, Signor Giacometti has provided Salvini with an occasion which an infinite infusion of French cleverness could not have improved. His Corrado is a most remarkable, most interesting, most moving creation. This is the great point, that it is really a creation; the conception, from the innermost germ, the construction, the revelation, of an individual. Corrado is a special nature. We live in an age of psychology; and it is not going too far to say that Signor Salvini's exhibition of this character has in it something of psychological research. Given a simple, well-meaning, generous, hot-blooded, uncultivated, and above all affectionate, Sicilian; a man personally sympathetic, but charged with the perilous ingredients of his race and climate, — given such a nature as this, how will it have been affected by years of suffering, by the sting of disgrace, by the sense of injustice, by the reaction that comes with recovered freedom, by the bewilderment of a situation unexpected,

unconceived, unendurable? Salvini undertakes to show us how, and his demonstration, in which every step is taken with the security of a master, is a triumph of art, of judgment, of taste. His acting is absolutely perfect: the ripeness, the sobriety, the truthfulness of it will remain in the minds of many people as a permanent standard. There is a piece of acting with which the American public has long been familiar which has something of this same psychological quality, as I have ventured to call it; but the material of Mr. Jefferson's admirable Rip Van Winkle is infinitely lighter and more limited. There is something extraordinarily affecting in the impression we get that Corrado was meant to be a good fellow; that he feels himself that he is a good fellow; that he eloped with his wife, it 's true, but that, after that little adventure was over, he would so willingly have settled down to domestic felicity. He was not intended for false situations, for entanglements and agonies and insoluble problems; though he is all of one piece, as it were, he is not aggressive, and all that he asked was to be let alone and to let others alone. He is dazed and stupefied, although his southern blood spurts up occasionally into flame; he doubts of his own identity, and could easily believe that the whole story is a bad dream, and that these horrible things have not happened to himself. The description of the manner of his escape from prison, which he gives to his old friend Ferdinando and to the treacherous ecclesiastic, Don Giacchino, a long, uninterrupted narrative, which it takes some minutes to deliver, is the most perfect thing in the play. He begins it with difficulty, with mistrust, with diffidence; but as he goes on, his excitement, his confidence, a sense of doing it all over again, take possession of him, and he throws himself, as it were, with a momentary sense of freedom and success — it breaks out in a dozen touches of nature, of rapture, of familiarity — into the hands of his listeners, one of whom is only waiting to betray him. He not only describes his flight, he lives it over again; for five minutes he is off his guard, and his native good faith is uppermost. I have used the word which sums up the whole of this masterly performance. Corrado is a living figure.

In leaving The Gladiator to the last I have left myself no room to speak of it. This, however, I do not particularly regret, as there is little good to be said of the play, and there is less good to be said of Salvini's acting of the principal part than his performance of other characters would lead us to suppose. He can do nothing that is not powerful and interesting; but, all the same, I cannot help thinking his devotion to this feeble and ridiculous piece rather a mistake. The play is full of the incongruous, the impossible; if it had no other fault, it would be open to the objection that it is neither English nor Italian. With a text translated into one language for Salvini, and into another for his assistants, the polyglot system seems peculiarly vicious. Le Gladiateur of Alexandre Soumet, of the French Academy, was produced for the first time at the Théâtre Français, in 1841; but it had little success, and has, to the best of my belief, never been revived in France. It treats of a Roman empress, whose proceedings are incomprehensible; of a Christian young girl, a slave, of whom the empress is jealous, and whom she dedicates to a martyr's death; and of one of the heroes of the arena, who, when he is on the point of slaying the young girl, — a peculiar task for a gladiator, — discovers, from a scar on her arm, that she is his long-lost daughter. All this is terribly conventional and awkward, and even Salvini's vigorous acting fails to carry it off; there is a terrible want of illusion. The mounting of the play presents insuper-

able difficulties, and the scene in the arena makes a fearful draught upon the imagination without giving us anything in return. An Italian audience will rise to such occasions; it has good faith, a lively fancy, an abundant delight in a story, and a singular absence of perception of the ridiculous. But we poor Americans are made of sterner stuff, and there was something very dull in the house the night The Gladiator was played. What I mainly brought away was a recollection of Salvini's robust figure, invested in a very neat *maillot*, of the always magnificent tones of his voice, and of the admirable delivery of several speeches. It did not seem to me the gladiator killed his daughter so well as Salvini does some of his killing; but this young lady was a very difficult person to kill. It is a curious fact that Salvini's make-up in this piece gave him a striking resemblance to the late Edwin Forrest, who also used to represent a gladiator. It need scarcely be added that the resemblance was superficial.

Salvini's performances in Boston were lamentably few, and we take leave of him with the ardent hope that he will come back to us. We even go so far as to hope that he will, in that case, as on the occasion of his first visit to this country, bring with him an Italian company; though we are sadly afraid there is little ground for either of these hopes. We part from him, at any rate, in admiration and gratitude, and we wish him a continuance of triumphs and honors, with plenty of rest at last. Our American stage is in a state of inexpressible confusion; our American taste is sometimes rather wanting in light. It can do us nothing but good to have among us so noble and complete an artist. His example must be in some degree fruitful; his influence must be in some degree happy. And, fortunately, it is not to be said that we have not appreciated him.

Henry James, Jr.

ONE WOMAN.

THOU listenest to us with unlistening ear;
  Alike to thee our censure and our praise:
Thou hearest voices that we may not hear;
  Thou livest only in thy yesterdays!

We see thee move, erect and pale and brave;
  Soft words are thine, sweet deeds, and gracious will;
Yet thou art dead as any in the grave —
  Only thy presence lingers with us still.

With others, joy and sorrow seem to slip
  Like light and shade, and laughter kills regret:
But thou — the fugitive tremor of thy lip
  Lays bare thy secret — thou canst not forget!

PORT ROYAL.

PORT ROYAL is the old name of a little valley about twenty miles to the west of Paris.[1] As early as 1204 it was made over to pious uses by a crusading baron, lord of the estate, or by his wife, and was long occupied by a convent of nuns, of the order of St. Bernard. The religious house thus founded has linked the name of the little valley with a remarkable movement of thought in the Roman church, as well as with one of the most interesting chapters of monastic life to be found in all Christian history.[2]

In the year 1599, there was inducted as novice among the nuns of Port Royal a child eight years old, grave and precocious, second daughter of a celebrated advocate named Arnauld, and grandchild of an equally celebrated advocate, Marion. In the view of both father and grandfather, this was simply a convenient way of providing for one of a family of children, which in course of years increased to twenty. To secure for the child the succession to the convent rule, they did not even scruple, a little later, to state her age at least six years more than it was; and, further, to disguise her name by giving, instead, that which she had taken as a sister in the little community. This pious fraud had its effect, not only on the king's good-nature, but also upon the grave dignitaries of the church. At the age of eleven the child Jaqueline Arnauld, famous in religious history as La Mère Angélique, became abbess, invested with full authority over the twelve or fifteen young women who then constituted the religious house. Until her death in 1661, at the age of seventy, the story of Port Royal is almost the personal biography of her who was, during all that time, its heart and soul.

For the first few years we may well suppose that it was something like playing at the austerities of convent life. Very quaint and pretty pictures have come down, to illustrate this period. A morning call of that gay and gallant king, Henry IV., who, knowing that her father was visiting there, came, curious to see the pious flock under their child shepherdess; the little maid herself, in full ecclesiastical costume, and mounted on high pattens to disguise her youth, at the head of her procession to meet her royal visitor at the gate; the kiss he threw over the garden-wall, next day, as he passed by on a hunt, with his compliments to Madame la petite Abbesse, — these are bright and innocent episodes in the stormy story of the time.

But a great and sudden change occurred, a few years later. The young abbess, now nearly eighteen years of age, became converted to the most serious and rigid view of the duties of her calling. Gently and kindly, but without an instant's wavering of purpose, inflexible to all temptation and entreaty, she resolved to restore the primitive austerity of the rule of the pious founder, St. Bernard. For one thing, this rule demanded that the time of morning prayer should be carried back to two o'clock from the self-indulgent hour of four; and, for another, that all little personal treasures and belongings should be given up for that perfect religious poverty

[1] The original name is said to have been Porrois, and to signify, as near as may be, a bushy pond, or swamp.

[2] The admirable study of the whole subject by Sainte-Beuve (5 vols., Hachette, Paris, 1860) is well known as one of the most perfect of special histories. A more condensed narrative, composed with excellent skill and knowledge of the ground, by Rev. Charles Beard (Port Royal, a Contribution to the History of Religion and Literature in France, 2 vols., Longman, London), leaves nothing to be desired by the English reader.

which is the ideal of monastic life. In this, the example of the girl abbess, cheerful and resolute in choosing the hardest task always for herself, easily won the day. The crisis of the reform was when, with passionate grief, with tears and swooning, she steadily refused admittance to her own father and brother, hardening herself against their entreaties, anger, and reproach, and would see them only at the little grating that separated the life within from the life without.

The true history of Port Royal dates from this crisis, Wicket Day, September 25, 1609. Just one hundred years and a few days later, early in October, 1709, the malice of the Jesuit party, which for more than half that time had shown a strangely persistent and malignant hostility, had its way. The grounds were laid waste. The sacred buildings were destroyed. Even the graves were dug open and the bodies that had been tenderly laid in them were cast out to be torn by dogs. All was done which insult and wanton desecration could do, to show that the heroic and eventful life of Port Royal was no more.

So far, it is simply the fortunes of one religious house, perhaps no more famous than many others, and not greatly different from them in the sort of story it has to tell. In this view, it is chiefly notable for being, as it were, a family history, connected at every point with the character and fortunes of a single household. Not less than twenty of the family of Arnauld — Angélique herself, her brothers and sisters, and children of a brother and sister — belonged to it, whether as simple nun, as official head, as lay brother, champion, director, or adviser. Of these, the most eminent in the lists of theology was "the great Arnauld," youngest child of the twenty: famous in controversy; indefatigably busy as a writer, scholar, logician, and polemic; staunch in persecution and in exile to the very close of his long life of eighty-two years (1612–1694). But there is hardly a day or an event in that story, for more than ninety of the hundred years, in which the most conspicuous name on the record is not that of a son or daughter of the family of Arnauld.

A very characteristic feature in the history is the single-hearted fidelity and unwavering courage of the female members of this religious community, which quite surpasses, at one and another crisis, that of their chosen champions and advisers. At least, these religious heroines would neither understand nor admit certain terms of compromise which theological subtilty found it easy to frame and accept. The point at issue was not so much one of opinion as of conscience and honor; and, to the amazement of friend and enemy, a score of these gentle and timid women went without hesitation into prison or poverty for what, in humility of spirit, they made not the least pretension to understand; or, if they did waver, turned back with agonies of remorse to share the poverty or the prison of the rest. It came at length to be a mere question of fact whether five given propositions were contained in certain Latin folios they had never read and could not have understood; but the Pope and the Jesuits had challenged the conscience of the little community, and to give way on one point was to be guilty of all.

This unique fidelity on so fine drawn a line of conscience has to do in part with the general discipline of Port Royal, and with simple loyalty to a religious house. But, in particular, it was created by the singular confidence and weight that were given in that discipline to the counsels of the spiritual director. The confessional had been developed to a system inconceivably vigilant and minute, touching every step of daily conduct. The skill trained under that system had become a science.

It had its recognized adepts, masters, professors, as well known as those of any other art or mystery. No less than three,[1] each of whom may be called a man of genius in this vocation, are identified with the history of Port Royal. That passive heroism which is the great glory of those humble confessors is a quality most certain to be bred and strengthened in the air of the confessional. It goes naturally with the tender piety and the vow of implicit obedience, which are the atmosphere of monastic life. One of the saints of the period, a man of great emotional piety, of fertile and poetic fancy, charitable and tender-hearted to those who might be gained to the faith, and of pitiless rigor to those who would not,[2] — St. Francis de Sales, — had set that mark deep upon the mind of Angélique Arnauld, and through her it became a quality of the house. Nothing in the religious life, as we see it under such a discipline, is so foreign to our notions as the abject submission of a strong and superior mind to one inferior perhaps in every other quality except the genius and the tact of moral guidance. But nothing is so near the heart of that wonderful power held and exercised by the Roman priesthood.[3]

A special circumstance brought this religious community more conspicuously to the front, in the history of the time, than its humble locality might promise. As the fame of its discipline spread, the numbers grew. The narrow cells were crowded, and the unwholesome damps bred fever. Sickness and death the pious recluses were content to accept for their appointed discipline. But good sense prevailed, and an estate in the edge of Paris was bought, built on, and occupied. The most critical events in the story, accordingly, have their place not in the rude valley, but in the tumultuous capital. There are two Port Royals, one "in Paris," one "in the Fields;" and the scene keeps shifting from one location to the other.

Then, too, it was Paris of the Regency and of the Fronde, where some of the most critical years were passed. This brought the religious house upon the scene of sharp conflicts, in church and state, and so exposed it to dangers which in time grew threatening. Some of the famous women of the day, who had been pets of society, or had been deep in political intrigue, found shelter and comfort among the nuns of Port Royal, — notably the famous and too charming Madame de Longueville, sister of the great Condé; drawn, perhaps, by ties of old friendship, or reminiscence of early pious longings, or that recoil of feeling deepening to remorse when a course of vanity and ambition has been run through. Such guests might easily bring upon the most devout of monastic retreats a perilous suspicion of disloyalty to the court.

These are the points of interest we find in the annals of Port Royal simply as a monastic institution, or a group of persons bound by a general sympathy in religious views. These alone make it a unique chapter of religious biography. But these alone are not what make its real importance in Christian history. The hundred years

[1] Saint-Cyran, Singlin, and De Saci.

[2] As shown in the exile forced upon those who were not won by his persuasions, who fled in the night across the lake from his parish of Annecy, in Switzerland. In 1599, "he got the Duke of Savoy to expel the Protestant ministers from several districts." He is said to have made 72,000 converts to the Roman faith.

[3] Here is the way it looks to the Catholic eye: "The Catholic religion does not oblige one to discover his sins indifferently to all the world. It suffers him to live concealed from all other men; but it makes exception of one alone, to whom he is commanded to disclose the depth of his heart, and to show himself as he is. It is only this one man in the world whom we are commanded to undeceive, and he must keep it an inviolable secret; so that this knowledge exists in him as if it were not there. Can anything be devised more charitable and gentle? Yet the corruption of man is such that he finds hardship in this command." (Pascal's Thoughts, chapter iii. 8.)

covered by the life of this community are the chronological frame which incloses a very remarkable phase in the development of modern Romanism. The obstinate religious controversy on the doctrine of grace, brought so sharply to the front in the conflicts of the Reformation; the long and bitter warfare of Jesuit and Jansenist; the vivacious and eager debate on the ground and form taken in the intricate science of casuistry; the acrimonious discussion as to the exact meaning and import of papal infallibility, — these, no less than the heroic and indomitable temper exhibited by a group of pious recluses in defense of what was to them a point of conscience as well as a point of faith, are what give the story its significance to us.

Port Royal was the centre and soul of what is known as the Jansenist controversy. Jansenism was the last great revolt in protest against official domination, within the lines of the Roman church; and it was effectually suppressed. The story of its suppression is the most striking illustration we find anywhere of that unyielding hardihood in the assertion of authority which that church has deliberately adopted for its policy; of that unrelenting centralism, which does not stick at any inhumanity or any sacrifice, to secure the servile perfection of ecclesiastical discipline. The best intelligence and the truest conscience of the time were clearly on the side of the Jansenist protest; but such reasons weighed not one grain against the hard determination of Pope, Jesuit, and king to crush in the most devout and loyal subjects of the church the meekest and humblest assertion of mental liberty.

For the origin of this controversy we must go back a little way, to the earlier polemics of the Reformation. The doctrine of divine decrees had come to be not only a main point in the creed of Calvin, but a test of fidelity in the Protestant faith. Its strong point, morally, was in setting a direct and explicit command of God to the conscience over against the arbitrary and minute directions of the church, which were sure to run out into a quibbling casuistry. Its weak point was that it declared, or seemed to declare, a downright religious fatalism. The church, on the other hand, in demanding obedience to its rule, must allow something for the liberty of the subject to obey or disobey; while the doctrine of moral freedom, known as Pelagian, or even the semi-Pelagian compromise of it, had always been stigmatized as heresy. Here was a fair and open field for never-ending controversy.

A topic so inviting to scholastic subtilty and polemic ardor could not be neglected by the Jesuits. They became eager champions of free will. Their skill in the confessional had made them masters of the art of casuistry. The whole drift of their method was to make religion a matter of sentiment and blind obedience, rather than of conscience and interior conviction. They must at the same time repudiate the Pelagian heresy, in terms at least; and it was a party triumph when the Spaniard Molina, an eminent doctor of their order, published, in 1588, a treatise to reconcile the sovereignty and foreknowledge of God with the moral liberty of man. The key-word of his argument we shall express accurately enough by the phrase *contingent decrees*. Our acts themselves are not, in fact, predetermined, though the divine foreknowledge of them is infallible. This fine point was seized as a real key to the position. The name "Molinist" is used to define a system of thinking which holds that "the grace of God, which giveth salvation," is not *sufficient* of itself, but requires, to make it *efficient*, the coöperation of the human will. And this may be understood to be the position of the Jesuits in the debate that followed.

But an uneasy sense was left, in many pious minds, that this was not the genuine doctrine of the church. In particular, two young students of theology at Louvain were drawn, about the year 1604, into deep discussion of the point at issue. These were Saint-Cyran, afterwards confessor of Port Royal, and Cornelius Jansen, a native of Holland. They were well agreed that the point must be met by the study of St. Augustine; and the one task of their lives, particularly of Jansen's till his death in 1638, was little else than the exploring and the expounding of this single authority. Jansen is said to have studied all the writings of St. Augustine through ten times, and all those pertaining to the Pelagian controversy thirty times.

The strict Augustinian doctrine of the divine decrees thus became the firm conviction of these two friends, and through them the profession of Port Royal. It differs barely by a hair's-breadth — if indeed any difference can be found — from the Calvinistic dogma. Jansenism is accordingly often called Calvinism, or Protestantism, within the church of Rome. Professing to be the most loyal and sincere of Catholics, the Port Royalists denied that charge. The distinction they made was this:[1] The fatalistic doctrine, or Calvinism, asserts that there is no such thing as moral liberty at all. The Pelagian doctrine, or Molinism, holds that man's natural freedom suffices to take the first essential step to his own salvation. The true Augustinian doctrine is that man's freedom is (so to speak) dormant and impotent, till it has been evoked by divine "prevenient" grace; then, and not till then, it is competent to act. In short, in the most literal sense, "it is God that worketh in us, both to will and to do."[2]

The controversy broke out upon the publication, in 1640, of the heavy folios in which Jansen had summed up the labor of his life; and these folios were searched with jealous eyes, till five propositions were found in them, or were said to be found in them, on which a charge of heresy could be laid. Only two are important enough, or clear enough of technicality, to occupy us here. They are these: (1) that there are duties required of man, which he is naturally unable to perform; (2) that Christ died not for all mankind, but only for the elect.

In the course of the debate, these "five propositions" became very famous. Whether they did or did not exist in Jansen's folios was the point on which, as we have seen, the faithful women of Port Royal staked their loyalty, and underwent their martyrdom. The Pope's bull condemning the volumes asserted that the heresies were there. As good Catholics, the Port Royalists condemned the propositions, but, as loyal members of the community, declared that they were not there. The Pope, they said, was doubtless infallible on a point of faith, but not on a point of fact. To this it was replied that religious faith was demanded for the one; only ecclesiastical or human faith for the other.

On such poor quibbles as these all that long story of persecution turns. It was, to be sure, the proverbial rancor of theological hate that made the attack so bitter. But what rendered it effectual and deadly was that a Jesuit confessor held the conscience (such as it was) of the young king; and that vague dread of disloyalty, with memories of the time when he and his mother were barred out of Paris by the Fronde, made the point a test not only of religious but of political soundness in the faith.

It would be a weary and needless task to trace the changes of fortune that befell the little community during those

[1] See the Provincial Letters, Letter xviii.

[2] One of the anecdotes of the time when Port Royal was under the darkest cloud is that a Jesuit prelate, happening to come into church when this text was being read, at once silenced the utterance of the flagrant Jansenist heresy.

fifty evil years. Our concern is only with the movement of thought in which those fortunes were involved. A group of very cultivated, able, and devoted men had gathered in close relations with the religious house. They included brothers, nephews, friends, of the women who had assumed its vows, as well as their clerical advisers. They had founded a famous school at Port Royal in the Fields, and made the estate beautiful and productive by the labor of their hands. We find among them, as pupils or associates, several of the eminent men of letters, including Racine, Boileau, and La Fontaine, who reflected back upon the religious community something of the lustre of that famous and brilliant age.

Bright on the list is the illustrious name of Blaise Pascal, certainly the most vigorous and original genius of the day. At twelve, he was feeling his own way, in his play hours, in the forbidden field of mathematics, — forbidden, because his father wished first to make him master his Latin and Greek; and, when detected, he was trying to prove to himself, what he seems to have divined already, that the three angles of a triangle make just two right angles. At eighteen, to save his father labor in accounts, he devised, and with infinite pains — making with his own hands something like fifty models — constructed, a calculating machine, which was held a miracle of ingenuity, as if he had put mind into brass wheels and steel rods, and actually taught machinery to think.[1] At twenty-four he was in advance of all the natural philosophers of the day, including Descartes, then in the height of his fame, in devising the true test of Torricelli's theory of the weight of the atmosphere, in the famous experiment of the Puy-de-Dôme, a high hill in his native Auvergne: the mercury, which had stood at something over twenty-six (French) inches at the foot of the hill, showed less than twenty-four inches at its summit. Later in life, he relieved the distresses of an agonizing disease by working out the true theory of the cycloid, and challenging the mathematicians of the day to a solution of its problems.

These feats of a singularly sagacious and penetrating intellect interest us, as showing the high-water mark of the science of the day; but still more, in this particular connection, as a contrast or relief to the share which Pascal had in the religious life of Port Royal, and to the unique place he holds as a religious thinker.

He was by nature seriously inclined. His health broke down early under the strain of study and discipline, and for more than half his life he was a nervous dyspeptic and a paralytic. "From his eighteenth year to the hour of his death, he never passed a day without pain." At one time he had partly recovered under a change of habit, and seems even to have enjoyed the gay life of Paris, with a touch of extravagance. For he chanced, one day, to be driving a carriage with six horses, when the leaders plunged over an unrailed bridge into the river Seine, and only the breaking of the traces saved him from being drowned. He appears never to have recovered from the shock of this accident; and the tradition afterward current was that he always saw a bottomless pit close at his left hand, and could not sit easy in his seat unless a chair or screen were set beside him.

[1] This notion (if it were really held) was a logical result from the Cartesian dogma which then prevailed, that animals were mere machines. "There was hardly a solitary [at Port Royal] who did not talk of *automata*. To beat a dog was no longer a matter of any consequence. The stick was laid on with the utmost indifference, and those who pitied the animals, as if they had any feeling, were laughed at. They said they were only clockwork, and the cries they uttered when they were beaten were no more than the noise of some little spring that had been moved: all this involved no sensation. They nailed the poor creatures to boards by the four paws, to dissect them while still alive, in order to watch the circulation of the blood, which was a great subject of discussion." (Quoted in Beard's Port Royal, from Fontaine's Memoirs, iii. 74.)

The impression went deep and strong, naturally enough, in the way of a profound piety and contrition. A younger sister was already one of the religious community of Port Royal. He himself, at twenty-four, in a time of religious revival, came under the powerful influence of the confessor Saint-Cyran. At thirty-one, in the autumn of 1654, after experiencing all the intensity of that spiritual crisis which is termed "conversion," he devoted his life, with absolute power of conviction, to the tasks and disciplines of piety. This rare mind, prematurely great and prematurely lost — for Pascal died at the age of thirty-nine, worn out with cruel austerities [1] and long disease — is the radiant centre in that circle of genius, of profound and devout thought, which makes the intellectual glory of Port Royal.

The story of this religious crisis would not be quite complete without some mention of the famous "miracle of the holy thorn," which took place in the spring of 1656. A fragment of the crown of thorns had come into the possession of a pious enthusiast, who was not content till he had passed it about through several religious houses, to receive their veneration as an inestimable relic. A little niece of Pascal, pupil at Port Royal, was suffering with a "lachrymal fistula," which seemed incurable; but when touched by the holy thorn, it presently discharged, and "the child was healed in the self-same hour." Pascal had no doubt that the miracle was real. The mocking sarcasms of the enemies of the house only made belief in it more fixed and dear. It was the beginning of what grew into a long series of extravagances and scandals, which disfigure the later history of Jansenism, down to its dregs in the story of the *convulsionnaires*. But now the faith was natural, genuine, and sincere; and it marks the starting-point of that remarkable volume of fragments which we know as Pascal's Thoughts.[2]

A full descriptive title of Pascal's Thoughts would be, Hints and Fragments of an Essay in Defense of the Christian Religion. Some of the hints are expanded into chapters, or brief essays; and some of the fragments consist of broken phrases, or even single words, written almost illegibly as loose memoranda, and faithfully preserved as they were left by the writer at his death. In the earlier editions, some of the keener points were trimmed away, so as not to disturb the "religious peace" by thorning the Jesuit sensibilities; many of the fragments were omitted, and the whole was made over into an artificial order. Even this smooth manipulation, however, did not disguise the vivacity, the emphasis, the shrewdness and point of these famous paragraphs, which have kept, in the line of theology, a repute something like that of the contemporary Maxims of La Rochefoucauld. With equal vigor, they often have almost equal acridity and sharpness. This quality comes from what might almost be called the key-note of the essay, — an incessant brooding on the paradoxes of human nature. Whole pages may be described as an expansion of those vigorous lines in Young's Night Thoughts: —

> "How poor, how rich, — how abject, how august, —
> How complicate, how wonderful, is Man!"

Pascal puts this paradox in the figure of a self-conscious and sentient reed, — a figure which, after repeated revis-

[1] As if all the rest were not enough, his sister relates that he wore an iron girdle next his skin, armed with sharp points, which he would drive into his flesh with his elbow, if he ever detected himself in any thought of vanity. In short, he as eagerly courted pain for its own sake as the Eastern monks had done in their fanatical austerities.

[2] In the earlier editions of the Thoughts, very much was altered, suppressed, transposed, or added from other sources. A convenient summary of the literary history may be found in the *variorum* edition of Louandre. (Charpentier, Paris, 1854.) A comparison of texts is absolutely necessary, to see how the precision and vivacity of Pascal's style have often been smoothed into vague commonplace by the early editors.

ion, he has brought at length into this shape : —

" Man is but a reed, the frailest thing in nature, — but a reed *that thinks*. To crush him it does not need the weapons of all the universe : a breath, a drop of water, is enough. But though the universe should crush him, yet man would still be nobler than his destroyer ; for he knows that he is mortal, while the universe knows nothing of its own dominion over him." (Chapter ii. 10.)

Another aspect of the paradox is given, pungently enough, in this statement of Pascal's political faith : —

" *Summum jus summa injuria.* The rule [*voie*] of the majority is best, because it is visible, and has strength to make itself obeyed ; still, it is the rule of the incompetent. If it could have been, force would have been put into the hands of justice. But, since force will not let itself be handled as one would, because it is a material quality, while justice is a mental quality, which is directed as one wills, justice has been committed to the hands of force ; and so we call that just which we must obey. Hence comes the right of the sword, — which is, indeed, a veritable right ; for without it violence would be on one side and justice on the other." (Chapter vii. 8.)

One other example of this epigrammatic turn : —

" Who would fully know the nothingness of man has only to consider the causes and effects of love. The cause is a trifle (*je-ne-sais-quoi*) ; the effects are frightful. That trifle, so slight a thing that you cannot trace it, stirs up all the earth, — princes, armies, the world itself. If Cleopatra's nose had been a little shorter, all the face of the earth would have changed." (Chapter viii. 29.)

That there is something cynic and saturnine in this contemptuous wit there is no denying. But there is nothing in the character of the essay, taken broadly, to show Pascal as a skeptic in matters of faith, as is sometimes said, or to hint that his austerities were a sort of penance, to exorcise the spirit of unbelief. Not only are a very large part of the Thoughts a defense of Christianity on the familiar ground of the modern apologist, — the argument from history, prophecy, and miracle, — but in all this portion the tone has absolutely the calm and glad assurance of a pious believer. The very simplicity with which the argument is put, free from all suspicion of the flaws which a later time has found in it, is token of a faith which, in this direction at least, has not yet learned to question.

I think we should state the case more fairly thus. The mind of Pascal had been brought to feel with singular keenness the contrast between the two forms of assurance which we call knowledge and faith, — one reposing on outward evidence, the other on interior conviction. In geometry, he followed precisely, even as a child, the line of mathematical demonstration. In physics, he demanded and desired the most accurate processes of experiment to prove the theory which he already held as a truth of reason. It is a waymark of the advance we have made in Christian history that just here, in the keenest and most reflective intellect of the time, the contrast of those two methods, scientific and intuitive, had come sharply and clearly into consciousness. Pascal was in the very front rank of the scientific advance of his age, — an age of widening discovery and exact observation. But there is no reason to think that religious belief was not just as real and true to him as scientific. The whole method of the life he had adopted, the experiments in living which he saw constantly close about him, made that life as real, and the foundation it rested on as sure, as anything that could possibly be proved in the way of natural science.

In fact, Pascal seems to have held natural science very cheap. It was far, in that age, from having reached the point where it begins to furnish a serviceable law of life. Its widening fields of discovery served for little more than intellectual expansion and delight. To him the system of Copernicus and Galileo was simply a wider void, over against the intense reality he was conscious of in the world of emotion, belief, and hope. Nature, he said, confounds the skeptic; reason confounds the dogmatist.

Nay, it was not that contrast of the outward and inward world — so clear to us as we look back on the mental conditions of his day — which really impressed his mind. It was rather the moral contrast between methods alike purely intellectual. This he discusses with genuine interest under the names of Epictetus and Montaigne. The stoic method he admires, but condemns because it leads to pride. The skeptic or epicurean method he hates, because it leads to contempt. "Epictetus is very harmful to those who are not persuaded of the corruption of all human virtue which is not of faith; Montaigne is deadly to those who have any leaning to impiety and vice." How far science is from giving him any light he shows in the following words: —

"I had spent much time in the study of abstract sciences, and was weary of the solitude I found in it. When I began the study of man, I saw that these abstract sciences do not meet his case; that I was more astray in exploring them than others were in ignorance of them, — and so I pardoned their little knowledge. But I thought at least to find many associates in the study of man, and that this is the proper study of mankind. I was deceived. There are still fewer who study that than geometry. It is because we do not know how to study this, that we search out other things. But the truth is that that [natural science] is not the knowledge which man needs, and, for his own welfare, he had best be ignorant of it." (Chap. viii. 11.)

All this implies, to be sure, a certain skepticism as to the grounds of intellectual belief, and of its sufficiency for the real wants of human nature; but it does not appear that Pascal ever wavered in the least as to the grounds of religious verity. In truth, was not that for which those humble devotees were so loyal to live and die at least *as real a thing* as that which Galileo saw afar off through a glass darkly?

The fame of Pascal as a writer rests not on the Thoughts, which are broken and incomplete; but on the Provincial Letters, which, for both style and argument, are reckoned among the most perfect of literary compositions. They are claimed, in fact, to have created, as it were, by one master stroke, that clear, graceful, piquant, and brilliant prose style which is the particular boast of the charming language in which he wrote.

These Letters give us, so to speak, the interior history of the conflict of Port Royal against the Jesuits. That is, without telling any of the incidents, they give the line of debate on morals and dogma which shows the course and the spirit of that controversy. To the charges of the Jesuits a labored reply had been made by Arnauld, which fell very flat and dead when he read it, by way of trial, to his colleagues. Pascal saw the point, and was persuaded to try his hand. And so came, at due intervals, this series of inimitable Letters Addressed to a Provincial, — probably the most perfect example of grave, sustained, and pungent irony in all literature.

Specimens would not exhibit their quality, as in the case of the Thoughts. The impression, like the expression of a face, must be caught, if not by studying, at least by glancing at, the whole. A large part is taken up with those details of casuistry which have given an evil odor to the very name of what is

really nothing but a study of "cases in morals," — as if it meant apologies for what is immoral, — and have added the word "jesuitry" to the world's vocabulary of contempt. And these are given in the blandest of dialogue between the modest inquirer on one part, who represents the author, and the Jesuit father on the other, who brings out, with a droll complacency, all the ingenious apologies for usury, perjury, theft, and murder to be found in those famous casuists, Molina, Sanchez, and Escobar. Another large part is taken up with those fine-drawn distinctions of philosophic dogma which define the true faith between the Calvinist peril on the right hand and the Molinist on the left.

Now that the glow of controversy has gone out of these Letters, they in their turn have grown tame and dull. It is as impossible to recall the helpless and smarting wrath that chafed under the keen whiplash of moral satire as it is to revive the polemic interest of the debate on sufficient and efficient grace, or on the question — which Richelieu himself had turned aside to argue — whether *attrition* without *contrition* entitles the penitent to absolution. The interior conflicts of Roman Catholic theology two hundred years ago have small interest for us now.

But there is another aspect of the case, which has a very vital meaning to our history, take a view of it as surface broad as we will. The century which embraces the heroic and tragic story of Port Royal is also the century of splendor to the French monarchy; of chief pride and strength to the Gallican church, which sunned itself in the rays of that glittering orb. When our story begins, Henry IV. was concerting an armed league of European powers, which should break the strength of Spain and compel a religious peace. The next year he was stabbed to death by a Jesuit assassin; and the way was opened that led into the horror of the Thirty Years' War on one side the border, and on the other to the long tragedy of the extermination of Protestantism in France.

It was the age of the great court preachers. Bossuet and Bourdaloue died five years before, and Fénelon six years after, the final desolation of Port Royal. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes — which drove half a million Protestants into exile, hunted out by the terrors of search-warrant and *dragonnade;* which carried misery and dread unspeakable among a whole population, pious, thriving, and pathetically loyal — took place during the height of Jesuit persecution and the exile of the great Arnauld. To make the tragedy more sombre, these horrors were approved, if not incited, not only by those great prelates, but by the exile Arnauld, who was the victim of their hostility. To enhance the irony of the situation, the same alliance of court and Jesuit which persecuted the women of Port Royal for not consenting to the Pope's infallibility in matters of fact as well as in matters of faith had nearly made the church of France independent of the church of Rome. It was heresy not to sign the formulary in which Jansen's five propositions were condemned by Alexander VII.; it was disloyalty not to uphold the king in the four articles of the Declaration, which had been condemned and annulled by Alexander VIII. Nothing, in short, is wanting to proclaim the absolute divorce of ecclesiasticism from humanity or from faith.

To make this evidence of that divorce complete it needed only the tragic and pitiful story of the latter days of Port Royal. It is only at a distance, and very imperfectly at that, that we can know how the cruelty struck into those patient hearts. To be debarred for years from that "frequent communion" which was both the joy and the most sacred duty of their lives; to have the sacraments withheld through suffering months

of sickness, because they would not sign with the hand what was a lie to the heart; to come to the hour of death, and still submit to the cold refusal of the words which to them were passwords and the comforting assurance of eternal blessedness, — all this was reality to them, in a sense we can hardly understand. It is quaintly touching to hear, too, how they flocked as doves to their windows near the convent wall, in midwinter nights, to listen to the voice of their confessor, as he preached to them, perched in a tree outside, — and that by stealth and as it were in flight, for fear of the Jesuit persecutor. Scenes of this sort prove to us, indeed, that the faith of that day was not dead. But they seem to show that when we would find it we must look for it quite outside that circle illuminated by the burning and shining lights of the official faith.

This judgment would not be quite true. We know that Bossuet was an able, and in his way an estimable, champion of the church he believed in. We can read for ourselves the words of Bourdaloue, that come home genuine and straight to our own conscience. We know that Fénelon was an angel of charity in the diocese to which he had been exiled from the court. But we know, too, that the church which these men served had lost "that most excellent gift of charity;" and even while they served it, it was treasuring wrath against the coming day of wrath, which overtook it in the Revolution.

J. H. Allen.

THE CITY OF EARTHQUAKES.

The observations of the International Weather Bureau have established the curious fact that storms move in beaten tracks, and that, from their starting-point and general direction, it can be pretty accurately predicted where they will spend their maximum force. But it seems yet stranger that the mysterious underground storms called earthquakes should follow a similar routine, and repeat their dreaded visits with more than the regularity of certain epidemics. In many parts of South America, the natives need no signal bureau to foretell (from the data of the first symptoms) the duration, as well as the direction and the average destructiveness, of an earthquake; and during a five years' residence in Northern Venezuela I had various opportunities to ascertain the accuracy of these predictions.

There are several seismic highways, with pretty well defined boundaries. On the whole, the western coast plain is more liable to disturbances than the plateau of the Andes. Some of the lateral branches of the main chain enjoy a perfect immunity, while others are rarely out of trouble, like the Cordillera Geral, in Western Brazil, and the coast range of Venezuela. But the most shaky localities are the intersection points of two different earthquake tracks, as the valley of Rio Bamba, in Ecuador, and the coast plain of Caracas. The latter region, comprising the valley of the Rio Arauco, the hills of San Sebastian, and the immediate neighborhood of the capital (Caracas), is perhaps, in all South America, the most favorable locality for the study of seismic phenomena. The Arauco has changed its course three or four times in the course of this century. It is a very Acheron, a central stream of the Plutonic region, and so begirt with sulphur caves, hot springs, and mud geysers that the citizens of Caracas have to get their drinking-water from

the Catucho, six miles further southwest.

Caracas has got used to earthquakes, as Mexico to revolutions. Their frequency has developed a special nomenclature. *Terremoto*, the literal translation of our comprehensive term, would here be as insufficient as the word hurricane for the description of all kinds of atmospheric disturbances; *temblor*, *vibracion*, *tremor*, *golpe*, *rasgo*, *rasgada*, *terremoto*, express only a part of the wide scale between a faint vibration and a wall-breaking shock. Of temblors the city has at the very least a semi-weekly supply; golpes (involving broken windows and fractured brick walls) occur about twice a year, in some years every month. This year Caracas weathered fourteen or fifteen of them. During the disastrous first week of September I had a remarkable proof how familiar long experience has made the populace with the attendant and prospective phenomena of the various kinds of earthquakes, and also how impossible it is to predict the day of their advent.

As a general rule, a turbulent spring is followed by a quiet summer; and when I deposited my surveying instruments in the Posada de San Gabriel the landlord congratulated me on the prospect of a *tiempo mas pacifico*, a period of more than usual peace. There had been two severe shocks in the preceding month, and no end of temblors, and the probabilities were that the rest of the year would make amends. The atmospheric indications were also more favorable: the ominous mist of the coast range had cleared away, and for a week or so we could hope to sleep in peace.

That was on the 5th of September. The following day was even brighter. A light haze veiled the horizon of the Orinoco Valley, where the rainy season still resisted the influence of the trade-winds, but not a cloud approached the coast plain. The air was both clear and cool. But in the afternoon, about an hour before sunset, I heard a sound of hurried footsteps on the front stairs of the hotel, and the guests on the veranda put their heads together.

"What is it?" I inquired. "The stage from Guarenas?"

"No; I wish it was," said the landlord. "The driver could tell us about it, I suppose. They say there has been another temblor on the river, all the way from Guarenas to Pao."

"Yes, and clear across to the coast," added one of the new-comers. "The Artegas in Santa Rita [the northern suburb of Caracas] are quite sure that they felt it in their own garden. It jarred the glass in their garden house."

"Well," said the landlord, "if it is not a *local* shake, we need not care. The uplanders have not had their fair share, anyhow."

The stage was late, that evening. Between Santa Rita and the hotel, the driver had been stopped at nearly every street corner, and his arrival filled the house with newsmongers. There had been two very perceptible jars at Guarenas, and half an hour after he had left the village he had heard a many-voiced shout, very likely a signal of something worse than a temblor. Guarenas is the alarm station of the Arauco track. Its valley seems to be the very centre of the Caracas earthquake region, and an alarm cry, or sometimes the boom of an old howitzer, is a well-understood danger-signal for the neighboring villages.

"Yes, that settles it," said the landlord. "It's a *golpe de fuera* [a shock from the outer regions, a non-local disturbance], and it may reach all the way to Cumana."

The local earthquakes seem to have their centre in the mountains of Caracas, and seldom reach the coast, while the pandemic shocks are supposed to originate in the Andes of New Granada, and often shake the continent from the Isthmus to the mouth of the Orinoco.

"At what time to-morrow" I inquired, "do you think we shall have another shake?"

"It will be sooner than to-morrow, if it comes at all," said the *posadero;* "but it will not ruin us, or we should have had a share of it before this."

The night was clouded, but certainly not sultry, and at nine o'clock the streets were still full of promenaders. Two hours later I was awakened by the rattling of a passing carriage, mingled with the hum of so many voices on the veranda that I was not quite sure if the sudden vibration of a window-shutter came from below or from the window of my bedroom. The next moment all was absolutely still. Was it the expectant silence of a whole city listening for a repetition of the tremor? I do not know if the heavier earthquake shocks are preceded by any sensible, though inaudible, symptoms; but I remember that in walking towards the window I clutched the bedpost just a second before the house was shaken by a violent concussion, directly followed by several short, sharp jolts, such as the occupants of a heavy coach might feel if the freak of a runaway horse should jerk the vehicle to the top of a narrow platform, and then rattle it down a flight of steps on the other side.

There was a general rush down-stairs, and my first impulse was to gain the open street without a moment's loss of time; but the mere sound of a calm human voice has a marvelously reassuring effect.

"Never mind the bottles, Frank," I heard the landlord call out to one of his waiters. "Just move the cupboard back, and shut the windows."

I closed my own window, and walked down-stairs. There was nobody in the office, but in the dining-room several waiters were running to and fro, removing the plates and glasses. The hall was empty; nearly all the up-stairs boarders were foreigners, and most of them had actually rushed out in their stocking-feet. But on the veranda I found several late guests, besides the landlord and Professor S——, of the Geological Survey, who had accompanied me on my return trip from Cumana.

"*No hay cuidado*, — no danger, no danger," repeated the landlord. "This house was built for that very kind of accident, and the roof-girders are mortised all around."

But that might be a routine speech; for in talking to somebody in the hall I heard him add, in a whisper, "Say, run back and tell Pablo [his youngest son] to hurry up." "No, it is not over yet," he replied to a *sotto-voce* remark of the professor's. The people of Caracas seemed to share that opinion. There was a light in nearly every window, and the square was full of refugees, while a number of *serenos*, or night-watchmen, ran from house to house, and knocked hurriedly at every unopened door. The capital of Venezuela signalizes its loyalty by the consumption of native wines, and the sleep of some extra patriotic burgher might be earthquake proof.

"Yes, that was a *golpe traversal*," remarked the landlord, "a transverse shock, that did not come from our mountains, but merely crossed them on its way to the coast. If it goes in its old track, I am afraid the people of Rio Chico will have to build their cabins over again, this third time since last February."

The sky had cleared up, and a late moon brightened the house-tops with its peaceful light; but now and then the windows rattled ominously, and the watchmen were still hammering away from door to door, when Nature found a way to second their efforts in a very effectual manner. A shock like the thump of an explosion shook the town, and on the lower steps of the veranda (resting on nearly level ground) I felt a push, as if the flag-stones under my feet had been dislodged by a *sideward*

blow. All along the street pieces of broken glass and stucco rattled down on the pavement; the assembly on the plaza swelled suddenly to a vociferous crowd; the great bell of the Alta Gracia rang out a booming alarm peal; and a minute after a six-horse carriage came tearing down the street with the impetus of a firemen's team, — the patrol wagon, going to the penitentiary to remove and guard the prisoners. The bells paused for a moment, and "Dios, Dios, ten piedad!" (Have mercy, Lord!) resounded through the streets as plainly as words spoken in a closed room; for I believe that the prayer was uttered by half the inhabitants of the populous town. There was no kneeling in the streets, and no ceremonies; the cry came from their hearts, and, though nobody shouted, the thirty thousand voices swelled the chorus, above all the dim and tumult of the distracted city. For the next ten minutes the clatter of falling *débris* continued, as if the buildings were still vibrating from the after-effects of the first concussion; for the occasional underground rumblings felt rather like the recoil of a distant shock. But presently the multitude crowded towards the up-town quarters. There was a panic in one of the river suburbs, and even through the tramp of the general flight we could hear the distant echo of an outcry that meant something more than the yells of an idle mob. The warehouse of the associated foreign merchants had fallen, and the custom-house building was *dislocado*, — disjointed and top-heavy, and going to collapse. Rumor added that the Plaza de la Torre was a mass of ruins; the mischief was spreading; the prophecy of Dr. Ortiz — a local Vennor — was coming to pass.

"All possible," said the landlord; "but we are safe. It's spreading northward; it has passed us, and the golpes de fuera never turn back."

He said this in a tone of calm conviction, and, indeed, soon after locked his office door, and sent his children to bed. Several of the city guests went home, and after waiting another quarter of an hour, during which the rumbling of the subterranean forces seemed to recede, like the muttering of a retreating storm, I lighted a candle, and returned to my bedroom.

The next morning the crowd around the telegraph office almost blocked the street. Caracas has no Associated Press, and the telegraph companies issue official bulletins at five or ten cents each, according to size and import. This morning their middle-men charged a *reäl* (about twelve and a half cents), and twice as much to buyers who would not wait, for the demand exceeded the supply. The earthquake had shaken the whole north coast of South America, besides five of the seven Isthmus States, with the main axis of its progress along the track of 1826. The shock at 2.20 A. M. had traveled three thousand miles in less than half an hour. Guayaquil, Ventura, Maracaibo, Caracas, Aspinwall, and San Juan de Nicaragua had been visited by a coast wave, that tore ships from their moorings, and buried hundreds of shore-dwellers under the ruins of their houses. In Venezuela the Arauco track had deflected the main wave, and the coast towns had suffered comparatively little, with the exception of Rio Chico (the very place my host had mentioned when he recognized the shock as a golpe traversal), where half the buildings, mostly adobe cabins, had been prostrated by the first concussion. In Caracas itself the total loss amounted to eight persons killed, twenty-six wounded, sixty-two buildings totally destroyed, and sixty-seven "disjointed" or badly cracked. The serious damage was confined almost wholly to the river suburb. The up-town quarters had escaped with broken stuccoes, and the famous Calle de San Martin was again entirely unharmed.

In 1812, when *fourteen thousand* persons were killed by the fall of their

dwellings, the San Martin district got off with four shattered brick houses, and in 1826 with a few broken windows. The current explanations of this immunity vary from the most fanciful conceits (as the prophylactic influence of a votive tablet at a certain corner of the favored street) to Professor McKinney's theory, that the formation of the subjacent rocks isolates that part of the table land from the surrounding strata. Several smaller streets, and even single buildings, irrespective of their architectural distinctions, pass for earthquake proof, and experience has generally justified that confidence. The north side of the Plaza del Presidio has never sustained any serious damage, while the west and east sides of the same square are as liable to accidents as the worst parts of the river suburb. The *puntas tremolosas*, the shaky districts, are likewise well known, but, in consequence of the lower rents, not less well inhabited; some of them being, indeed, in the very centre of the business part of the town, — like the "factory quarter" and the river-side taverns. The old cathedral, too, seems to have been founded on an extremely tremulous basis, and in its present condition is perhaps the strangest-looking minster in Christendom. The earthquake of 1812 had cracked its west wall so badly that the dome threatened to collapse, and as a provisory measure the building was propped up with massive, but rather unsymmetrical, buttresses. Soon after, the top of the dome *did* fall, and was imperfectly repaired, while the buttresses not only remained, but now support the least grotesque-looking part of the structure; for on the east side and above the façade large breaches in the masonry have been patched up with brickwork, at the expense of a pious tiler, who, during the catastrophe of 1826, had made a vow to repair the sacred edifice with his own hands.

The foreign residents of Caracas generally prefer the southern (up-town) quarters, whereas the natives take the cheaper lodgings and the additional risk. But the experience of the last fourteen generations has somewhat diminished that risk. Caracas was founded in 1567, and has been visited by eighteen terremotos, or earthquakes of the first magnitude. Golpes, rumblings, and tremors are never counted, but must amount to an average of sixty appreciable shocks per year; involving an average yearly damage of three hundred thousand dollars, or the equivalent of a per capita tax of four dollars. This impost has taxed the ingenuity of the inhabitants, and taught them some useful lessons. Projecting basement corners (giving the house a slightly pyramidal appearance) have been found safer than absolutely perpendicular walls; mortised cornerstones and roof-beams have saved many lives, when the central walls have split from top to bottom; vaults and keystone arches, no matter how massive, are more perilous than common wooden lintels, and there are not many isolated buildings in the city. In many streets broad iron girders, riveted to the wall, about a foot above the house door, run from house to house along the front of an entire square. Turret-like brick chimneys, with iron top ornaments, would expose the architect to the vengeance of an excited mob; the roofs are flat, or flat terraced; the chimney flues terminate near the eaves in a perforated lid.

Every house has its *lado seguro*, or safety side, where the inhabitants place their fragile property; and there is a supposed and not altogether imaginary connection between *north sides* and security. The transcontinental shocks move from west to east, the local ones from east to west, and sometimes from northeast to northwest; so that in two out of three cases the west and east walls have been stricken broadside, while no shock has ever approached the town from the north, that is, from the direction of the sea. A native of Venezuela would laugh

at the idea that a terremoto is an *upheaval* of the ground. The movements of dislodged rocks, the disjointment of house walls and their way of falling, the motions of a tidal wave during the progress of an earthquake, all prove that the shock is a *lateral push*, and that its operation could be imitated on a small scale by covering a table with loose pebbles, card houses, etc., and striking the edge of the board.

For some less obvious reason, walled cellars are supposed to be unsafe, or "unlucky," as the Spaniards express it. Subterranean storehouses, they hold, ought to have board partitions, or should not be immediately under the house. Bedsteads, experts say, should not be placed too near a window; for if the wall gives way it is apt to split along the weakest line of the masonry. For the same reason, it is unlucky to stand in an open door. The safest place, during the progress of an earthquake, is the north side, or the centre of a room, or else the middle of the open street. The slightest sensible vibration is more ominous than the audible collapse of an adjoining house; for the safety districts are bounded by sharp-drawn lines, and often comprise only a portion of a square, and even of a single building, as in the case of the Mint and Assaying Office, whose eastern wing has never been damaged. On the whole, I noticed that the owner of a lucky house is apt to overrate its stability; for even in the perilous districts the markets are often crowded with buyers and sellers, while an adjoining street resounds with the crash of falling bricks. In some cases, however, this apparent recklessness can be ascribed to a certain constitutional stoicism of the Spanish race. On the day before I left Caracas, I saw one of the victims of the river suburb, a Catalan guitar virtuoso, who had lost his younger brother, a *trobadero*, or ballad singer, and, with the exception of a still younger sister, his only relative on this side of the ocean. He was playing in a public garden, and strummed away, with half-closed eyes, but in perfect tune and time, though the sobbing little girl at his feet sometimes obliged him to avert his face. It was no "tragedy combination," for I was assured that the circumstances of the accident were well known, and that the poor fellow played against his will, and only in preference to paying the forfeit of a broken engagement!

Intermittent dangers stimulate the spirit of augury, and the burghers of Caracas have a whole system of earthquake prognostics; but it is a significant circumstance that all the more plausible portents refer to the local disturbances. On the day before a heavy shock a hot spring near Plan del Cura, some twenty miles north of the capital, has often suddenly failed. The valley of the Rio Arauco has a Delphic cave, where the rumbling of the subterranean Titans can be heard sooner than elsewhere. Low water, not preceded by an unusual drought, is a suspicious sign; and if the Cura spring fails at the same time, true believers go to bed with their boots on, although skeptics assert that both phenomena are apt to prophesy after the event. A mist in the afternoon is regarded as a harbinger of mischief, and in order to distinguish it from a common dust haze the natives watch the wooded heights of San Sebastian; for during the dry season the *paramos*, the treeless table-lands north of the city, are in a chronic state of haziness.

Transcontinental shocks sometimes announce their approach by slight tremors, that can be observed only in special localities. Of the various vibration gauges, the most popular is the *cruz sonante*, a T-shaped frame, connected with a little bell, and attached to the centre of the ceiling. Foreign scientists have contrived more delicate indicators, which, however, are apt to prove too much, by indicating the approach of every rum-

bling street car, — as barometrical portents may announce a thunder-shower as well as subterranean thunder; and the natives generally prefer to rely on their bell-frames, or else on the verdict of an approved *tembloron*, a person endowed with a gift of prescience, varying from the presentiments of a nervous organization to a sort of seismic second-sight.

There are native savants, who base their auguries on systematic observations, but in the river suburb nearly every street has an earthquake Cassandra or two, who would scorn the aid of a signal bureau, and anticipate the course of nature by weeks and months; and a Pythian huckster on the Plaza de la Torre goes so far as to predict the vicissitudes of special streets, and ascribes her talent to a hereditary gift of clairvoyance, and tradition admits that her mother foretold the very hour of the great earthquake of 1826. There are dogs, cats, and jerboas (a sort of kangaroo-shaped rodent) that anticipate the shadow of coming events by methods of their own, and manifest their feelings by a peculiar kind of restlessness. Several intelligent natives of my acquaintance boast the possession of an oracular quadruped of that sort, but the trouble is that auguries by that channel give so very short notice.

Tender-footed cats may *feel* a vibration before it becomes distinct enough to affect a bell-frame, but most animals are as indifferent to such portents as to their fulfillment. Nature, in fact, has no special reason to warn them; for to the creatures of the wilderness an earthquake is, after all, a rather unimportant event, as compared with a storm or a frost. A moderately well-rooted forest tree can stand an earthquake better than any building, and to the inhabitants of the prairies the most violent trembling of the ground can cause nothing but a trifling inconvenience, a momentary difficulty to preserve their equilibrium. On the pastures of Venezuela cattle graze peacefully the year round, except in the mountains, where the noise of falling rocks sometimes stampedes a whole herd. Still, there is a tradition that, a few hours before the catastrophe of 1812, a Spanish stallion broke out of its stable in the river suburb, and took refuge in the eastern highlands.

That horse could have taught the founders of Caracas a valuable lesson. They began by grading the terraces along the banks of the Rio Arauco, and it was a bad mistake to bridge the river at a point where countless caves and crevices proclaim the activity of the subterranean forces. A little further east, or below the junction of the Catucho, the city would have been comparatively safe. Between the Plaza de la Torre and the foot of Santa Marta Street nearly every house has been destroyed and rebuilt five or six times; and, further west, a large tract of land has been entirely deserted, and is now a military drill-ground. Caracas is moving eastward; the upper (northeastern) suburbs grow from year to year, while the streets below the mint exhibit manifold signs of neglect. The agricultural population of the surrounding country has steadily increased; for crops are not materially the worse for a periodical instability of the ground, except perhaps in the orange district of Valencia, and at the mouth of the coast rivers, where tidal waves have often submerged the littoral plantations.

Intelligent observers therefore predict that, in spite of local and imported earthquakes, the population of Northern Venezuela will continue to increase, but that the present site of Caracas will ultimately be abandoned.

Horace D. Warner.

THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS.[1]

In the long-expected work of which the first part lies before us, Professor Child undertakes to give every existing version of every popular English ballad, together with its comparative history, including an analysis of all forms in which the song may appear on the continent of Europe, and an account of such traditions as may illustrate its principal traits. The preparations undertaken in order to carry out this project have been commensurate with the extent of the plan: gleanings have been made of the scanty remains of the ancient song still traditional in Great Britain and America; all unpublished ballad-manuscripts which it was possible to reach have been either purchased or copied, and have found a secure lodging in the library of Harvard University; while a collection of folk-lore, aiming at entire completeness, and probably the richest in the world, has been gathered by the same library; so that if the admirable talent and system which have lately rendered that institution most convenient for working purposes are taken into account, it is certain that no other scholar in this department of knowledge has had such means at his disposal.

The present work comes to fill a disgraceful vacancy in English literature. There exists, indeed, no edition of English ballads having claims to critical excellence, except that put forth by Professor Child in 1857–58, under the name of English and Scottish Ballads, consisting of eight volumes. It is curious to contrast the small stock of foreign material then at hand with the vast range of popular lore now available for comparison. The editor could even at that time refer to the great work which has served as a model for the present edition, — that of Svend Grundtvig, Danmarks Gamle Folkeviser, which, begun in 1853, with the support of the Danish government, finished its second volume in 1856, but yet remains incomplete. Beside the older Danish and Spanish books, and several modern German collections, he had before him the Swedish of Arwidsson, of Afzelius, and of Cavallius and Stephens; the songs of modern Greece were represented by Fauriel, Servian ballads by Talvj, while the volumes of Villemarqué, not yet discredited, professed to contain ancient Breton lays. His sole predecessor in the comparative treatment of folk-song, Robert Jamieson, was acquainted only with Scandinavian parallels. Jamieson had very just views of the relationship of Scottish and Scandinavian folk-lore, and has supplied subsequent writers not only with much of their knowledge on the subject, but with ready-made errors; for, happening to allude, in his Popular Ballads and Songs (1806), to well-known Danish collectors by the names of Sæffrensen and Say, instead of (Sörensen) Vedel and Syv respectively, he is religiously followed by Mr. William Allingham in The Ballad-Book, and by Professor Veitch, the last British writer on the subject, in his History and Poetry of the Scotch Border (1878), although Jamieson had done his best to correct the faults in Northern Antiquities (1814). Perhaps if Professor Veitch had taken the trouble, as part of the preparation desirable for writing on ballads, to read the latter book, he would not have informed us that the song of the Border land has been a pure growth of the soil. After Jamieson, only one British comparative student of popular poetry need be mentioned, Dr. Prior,

[1] *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Edited by Francis James Child. Part I. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

whose translation of Ancient Danish Ballads, published in 1860, despite faults of taste and an erroneous view of ballad origins and dates, is characterized by sound and extensive learning. During the last twenty years, strange to say, no English work of any consequence has been done. The whole wide field has been left to be occupied by the present editor alone.

The most remarkable addition to the literature of the subject within this quarter of a century has been made in France. In 1853, the celebrated Ampère drew up a remarkable paper of instructions on the part of the Comité de la Langue de l'Histoire et des Arts, directing the collection of the popular songs of France. It had generally been supposed that no French ballads survived, even that none had ever existed; but, as a result of this effort, several excellent publications appeared, proving the continued life of the ballad on French soil; and a great manuscript gathering of popular poetry remains in government possession, of which a copy has been taken for the library of Harvard University. Of late years, every civilized country of Europe has joined in the task of preserving the ancient national poesy. The work of Arbaud revealed the existence of old ballads in Provence; that of Milá y Fontanals showed that such still abound in Catalonia; the publications of Ferraro and many others have established that a limited number of such songs are to be found in Italy; Spanish literati, though late in the field, are now pursuing the same object, their land being rich in every species of traditional lore; while nowhere have such investigations been pursued with more ardor or success than among Slavic peoples. As a consequence of this activity we find that, in treating of the single ballad of Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight, Professor Child is able, in the course of a discussion of thirty pages, to point out Dutch, Flemish, Danish, Icelandic, Swedish, Norwegian, German, Polish, Wendish, Bohemian, Servian, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Breton, and Magyar equivalents, citing (if we count correctly) eighty-five collections.

It must not be supposed that the attempt to exhibit side by side all obtainable versions of a popular song is one of those scholarly enterprises in which the value consists more in the completeness itself than in any direct result. The ballads taken down from recitation in Scotland, or on the Scottish border, — commonly called Scottish, although they are such only in so far as they have been longest preserved and finally recorded in that dialectic form, — have been transmitted to us by the earlier editors in a sadly mangled guise. Not all of these, indeed, were as reckless correctors and rewriters as Percy, who had no more hesitation about providing an ancient song with a beginning, middle, or end, suitable to his own ideas of literary propriety, than he had in introducing into his work "a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing," "to atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems." But, unfortunately, all of them were more or less poets on their own account, and saw no reason for omitting to improve a barbarous composition with a smooth line, now and then, or neglecting to fill up any gap as fancy suggested. Almost all of them, from Scott down, had a secret or avowed contempt for the "rude" compositions which they reproduced, and considered that a great part of the value of these was to set off as a foil the immense progress which had been made by their own "polished age," as they chose to term it, and which we, in impatience and disgust, are often inclined to characterize with very different epithets. It is indeed difficult to accept the taste of the time as a sufficient excuse for these mutilations, when we observe that nearly all these editors made profession of an accuracy which

their practice was far from exemplifying. But an account of the changes of popular taste, as exemplified in the treatment and estimation of English folk-song, would be a curious and melancholy chapter of the records of intelligence, which we have no space to set forth. It is enough to say that the state in which English ballads have reached us often renders necessary, for their appreciation, all the illustration available from every known version, as well as the light which an examination of parallels in other languages may cast on their original character.

There will never be any more popular ballads. Made to be understood through the ear, not the eye; characterized by the inimitable freshness, sweetness, and simplicity of oral tradition, they present a pleasant contrast to the poetry of thought, which constantly tends to become more abstruse and subtle. The most recent (if we except a few lays of local history, composed at a comparatively late day in isolated districts, where the ancient style of poetry continued in vogue) have remained for centuries on the lips of the people; changing, indeed, linguistic form from generation to generation, but in the main preserved with marvelous persistency, as the vehicle of the pleasures and sorrows of a nation. We hold that this very use and diffusion put popular ballads on an entirely different footing from literary productions, which may represent only the fancy of a single individual, who has perhaps chiefly in view his own literary reputation. The national song must be taken for what it is; its many and immortal beauties reverently owned; its traits, unpleasant, or even at times repulsive, to modern sentiment, tolerated as the property of a different social state. Every fragment must be gathered up; and when the modern relics of the ancient treasure present, as they often do, inconsistencies and absurdities, we must consider these as results of the impurity of the soil through which the once crystal water has percolated. If we may be allowed a comparison, it is as with the violets of the wood, gathered late in the season, which are fairest in clusters; even half-withered blooms may add somewhat to the impression of color, and assist to express the character of the flower.

Independently of the pride which an American may properly take in every enterprise which shows how rapidly scholarship in this country is progressing, there is a special reason why he may be pleased that the English folk-song should have first received adequate attention and study in the United States. It seems to attest his claim of co-proprietorship in the treasures of the language. In particular, many of these ballads have been handed down and sung, from generation to generation, in the New England as well as in the Old. Haliburton, in the Attaché, makes Mr. Hopewell, an aged clergyman, educated before the Revolution "at Cambridge College in Massachusetts," say, "Our nursery tales taught our infant lips to lisp in English, and the ballads that first exercised our memories stored the mind with the traditions of our forefathers." The assertion is much more literally true than we had, until lately, supposed. In the last generation, the usual amusement at evening gatherings in New England country towns was singing; and among the "love songs" then current were, without doubt, many ballads. A gentleman, born in Massachusetts during the first quarter of the century, has assured us that his nurse, an American woman, was in the habit of singing to him such lays, often treating of heroes, who, as he expressed it, left their country "for a year and a day," returning, perhaps, in time to save their deserted mistresses from wedding another. So nearly has this lore perished that it must always remain uncertain how large a measure of the ancient ballad poetry

Puritans brought with them to American shores; yet it is our impression, founded upon the remnants which exist, and upon information similar to the foregoing, that a very tolerable ballad-book might have been made in New England about the beginning of the century. The present volume includes two such pieces, one the ballad of Lord Randal, or, as it seems to have been known in Massachusetts, Tiranti, which has remained familiar on account of the character it assumed as a nursery song.

Only second in importance to the undertaking of a complete publication of ballad texts are the results — as remarkable as unpretentiously stated — of the editor's comparative research of the twenty-eight ballads contained in the first part (about one eighth of the designed whole), almost every one (the five or six exceptions being fragments) has equivalents in other tongues, either in the form of song or tale. As an example of the wonder and romance with which the subject abounds, take the ballad of Earl Brand, who has fled with "the king's daughter of fair England;" the song proceeds: —

> "They have ridden o'er moss and moor
> And they met neither rich nor poor.
>
> "Until they met with old Carl Hood;
> He comes for ill, but never for good."

The lady advises her lover to put to death the "old carl;" but he replies, —

> "'O lady fair, it wad be sair,
> To slay an old man that has grey hair.'"

The aged stranger accuses Earl Brand of carrying off the maid, and will not be put off with the assertion that she is only his sick sister, whom he is bringing from the cloister.

> "'If she be sick, and like to die,
> Then why wears she the gold on high?'"

The seeming beggar reports the elopement at the castle, and the knight is pursued, and in the end mortally wounded.

Most curious are many traits of the English (and Scandinavian) ballad, which may possibly (though we cannot regard it as made out) be a mediæval echo of the lay of Helgi Hundingslayer, in the Edda of Sæmund. But however this may be, Professor Child has shown that the "old Carl Hood" of the song is none other than Odin himself, who thus, disguised as a (presumably blind) beggar, plays exactly the same part of a mischievous tell-tale which we find him assuming in the heathen poesy of a thousand years earlier. How full of instruction and suggestion, how replete with food for thought and fancy, is this wonderful survival of the figure of the capricious deity once worshiped in England!

We must cite an instance of a different character. The story of Orpheus and Eurydice was turned into a mediæval romance, in which the king of fairyland plays the part of Pluto, the faithfulness of love is rewarded, and Eurydice (or Heurodis) restored to the light of day. The oldest form of the tale is found in the Auchinlech manuscript, dating from the beginning of the fourteenth century. At the end of this copy it is stated that harpers in Britain heard this marvel, and made a lay thereof, which they called, after the king, Lay Orfeo. Wonderful to state, it is but three years since this very ballad was recovered in the Shetland Isles, in a beautiful dialectic version, from which we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of giving a few verses; the refrain, as Scandinavian and nearly unintelligible, we omit: —

> "Der lived a king inta da aste,
> Der lived a lady in da wast.
>
> "Dis king he has a hunting gaen,
> He 's left his Lady Isabel alane.
>
> "'Oh, I wis ye 'd never gaen away,
> For at your home is döl an wae.
>
> "'For da king o Ferrie we his daert,
> Has pierced your lady to da hert.'"

The king, having thus learned from his

retainer the fate of his queen, sets out in search of the fairy castle.

"And aifter dem da king has gaen,
But whan he cam it was a grey stane.

"Dan he took oot his pipes ta play,
Bit sair his hert wi döl an wae.

"An first he played da notes o noy,
An dan he played da notes o joy."

He is invited into the hall, plays for the fairy king, and is asked at last, —

"'Noo tell to us what ye will hae:
What sall we gie you for your play?'

"'What I will hae I will you tell,
And dat 's me Lady Isabel.'

"'Yees tak your lady, an yees gaeng hame,
And yees be king ower a' your ain.'

"He 's taen his lady, an he 's gaen hame,
And noo he 's king ower a' his ain."

Has the beautiful classic tale ever inspired any minstrelsy in its way more pleasing than this song, taken in the nineteenth century from the lips of an illiterate peasant?

The mechanical execution of the volume demands the highest praise. The typography and paper and all the externals of this sumptuous quarto challenge comparison with the very choicest work of foreign presses.

MR. ISAACS, AND OTHER NOVELS.

Mr. Isaacs[1] is certainly a very unusual character; we had almost said a character new to fiction, but reminiscences of Bulwer make it difficult to go so far as that. The novel of which he is the hero has, with strange perversity, been heralded as an "American novel;" but there is nothing whatever in it relating to America, beyond incidental reference and the circumstance that the sub-hero, who is the ostensible narrator, is an American born in Italy, and very much Europeanized. Half the characters are English, and the scene is laid in India. If such a principle of announcement were to become common, we might naturally expect the next effort at an exhaustive New World romance to be described as an Irish story, should one of the *dramatis personæ* happen to hail from the unhappy island. Ignoring this point, however, for which the author is not to be blamed, we may as well say at once that the story is one of remarkable power and originality; meritorious beyond the average good novel of the day, not only by its graphic method and verisimilitude, but also by the impressiveness of its central, regnant idea. The name of the author, who is a son of the American sculptor Crawford, is not familiar in the literary field, but we are disposed to think that an enviable reputation will, before long, attach to it; and although he has not yet given us an American novel, he makes an appreciable addition to the brief catalogue of American novelists. His story starts off with sundry paragraphs on freedom and despotism as affecting the growth of adventurers, which seem rather to prelude a historical essay than a concoction of imaginary occurrences; yet when the narration has been entered upon, the book proceeds with signal energy, and can hardly fail to keep the close attention of any one who is susceptible to pungent, healthy writing, and to that swift truth of picturesque touch which belongs to trained observers.

The chief personage is an enormously rich merchant of jewels, who is not, as would at first be supposed from his

[1] *Mr. Isaacs.* A Tale of Modern India. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

name, a Hebrew, but a Persian; and his true appellation, which he has dropped for the sake of business convenience, is Abdul Hafiz-ben-Isâk. A most extraordinary creature he is, too. Although he has never been in England, he speaks English like an Oxford graduate; he is a marvel of strength and grace, having a body which displays a "perfect harmony of all the parts," a "noble face and nobler brain," and eyes the brilliancy of which, the author says, would but imperfectly be reproduced by a jewel of six precious stones which he once saw. These orbs "blazed with the splendor of a god-like nature, needing neither meat nor strong drink to feed its power." His face, of "a wondrous transparent olive tint," in one instance "seemed transfigured with a glory, and I could hardly bear to look at him." His voice is sweet, or rings like a trumpet; he goes into a cataleptic trance; he has command of an occult remedy, the influence of which cures a hurt at a certain moment, though if allowed to continue active one hour longer it would be fatal. But, besides having the most exalted thoughts and the finest intuitions, he is a crack shot and a prime polo-player; so that he escapes being a prig, — if, indeed, there can be such a thing as an Oriental prig. Insistence upon perfections so numerous threatens, during the first half of the story, to make the man unendurable; and in overcoming the fatigue that impends from this source, Mr. Crawford exhibits genuine force and skill, since it requires both to enlist one's sympathies for a hero apparently so little in need of them. The situation helps the novelist here. This paragon is a Mussulman, and has three wives; but he has become dissatisfied with their pettiness, their bickerings and want of intellectuality, and has adopted unflattering views of women in general. Just then it happens that he meets a finely typical English girl, almost as perfect in her Western way as he is in the Eastern, — beautiful, physically strong, gentle, and brave, — with whom he falls in love; and she, although aware that he is a triple-wedded man, cannot forbear returning the attachment. The difficulty of this position is alleviated by the Mahometan system, which provides for easy divorce; so that Islamitic marriages are regarded by the English as hardly marriages at all, — mere unfortunate errors, into which a man has been deluded by his religion. But the author's purpose in taking so peculiar a subject is not that he may depict any struggle between passion and occidental propriety, or obtain an effect without value other than that of *bizarrerie*. Through his love for Miss Westonhaugh, Isaacs is raised to a higher conception of the feminine nature. Hitherto he had "accepted woman and ignored womanhood," as the Buddhist Ram Lal is so well made to say, but he now rises to a higher perception. Fate interposes to prevent his union with Miss Westonhaugh; and then it is that Isaacs reaches a still profounder insight into the relation of man to woman, arriving at the knowledge of a spiritual union which may subsist after death has divided the lovers. Casting off the fetters of Islam, he retires with Ram Lal; whither is not stated distinctly, but to enter upon a life of devotion to the purely spiritual, — to become a Yogi, perhaps, one of the "brethren," an adept, awaiting translation to a higher existence, — and leaves all his wealth to one who had befriended him. With this partial echo of Edwin Arnold's Great Renunciation the book closes. The author has at command an abundant paraphernalia of local details, that give novelty to the scene, — chuprassies, saices, shekarries, khitmatgars, sowars, pipe-bearers, and narghiles. There is a spirited description of a polo-match, and a long account of a tiger-hunt, which has an important function in the story, but usurps attention for itself, though couched too

nearly in the special-correspondent style. Everything is subordinate, however, to the main issue, which we take to be the presentation of a higher form of human development in the perfected Oriental, Isaacs, than we of the West permit ourselves to aspire to at all; and at the same time to suggest the limitations in both types of civilization, and hint the desirability of uniting them in the tendency to a supreme something better than either. Mr. Crawford has a philosophic mind, as the conversation between Isaacs and Griggs concerning Asiatic and European thought, in the sixth chapter, bears witness; and it may be taken for granted that he has written this book with no merely superficial aim. In pursuance of his object, he has employed elements of mystery and the semi-supernatural; he introduces second-sight; causes a man to disappear from a room without going through door or window; and, in the expedition undertaken by Isaacs, Griggs, and Ram Lal for the release of Shere Ali, the Buddhist displays inexplicable power over the forces of nature. These things are impressive at the moment, but in retrospect they lose their cogency, and even cast a degree of discredit on the rest of the story and enhance the improbability of Isaacs' existence; so that they must, we think, be rated as flaws in the work. What we may call the machinery of astonishment, if it involve the unaccountable, will always be found to belong to a secondary order of art: one sees this clearly, on a calm consideration of Bulwer's Strange Story, the tales of Hoffmann and Tieck, or some of Gautier's fantasies; and even in Poe those stories which avoid it are the best worth remembering. But notwithstanding his use of it, and whatever stress he may have laid on the esoteric meaning of the novel, Mr. Crawford has succeeded in diffusing through the whole drama a common-sense atmosphere. People and events stand out vividly, as if we had known the one and experienced the other, ourselves. Miss Westonhaugh, though she says little, and is not rounded into much more than a sketch, is a striking example of good portraiture, done with a few masterly strokes; and for a bit of work minutely finished as a Meissonier in words, yet broad and dramatic, and denoting genius, we commend the reader to that scene with the Maharajah of Baithopoor, where, with his long, crooked fingers winding around the mouth-piece of his hookah, reveling in the touch of its gems, he is struck by terror, and the mouth-piece drops like the head of a snake back among the coils of the pipe-tube. The author's style, in the main studiously practical, modern and familiar without being colloquial, moves easily and strongly; has a kind of cosmopolitan readiness and adaptability. We should call it agile, rather than flexible. It sometimes ascends into eloquence, occasionally slips into extravagance, and is capable of large and graphic effects in small space, among which is the fine description of scenery in the Himalayas. His humor is agreeable, if somewhat sophisticated and evanescent. Whatever Mr. Crawford's faults may be, it is not too much to say that he exemplifies the best sort of realism, — the realism, we shall venture to call it, of the future. It is not cramped by a fear of incident; it does not lose itself in a microscopic study of details; there is no morbid anatomizing about it, and no space is lost in discoursing upon the characters: these are simply placed before us with a bodily distinctness that cannot be evaded. All particulars of the actual are treated with zest and fullness, but combined with them is an ideal interest just as immediate and tangible. By means of such a realism the author is enabled to perfect the illusion of an extremely absorbing series of events, until at the end we discover that, while we have had an occasional glimmering sense that we were

reading a novel, we have really been engaged with a daring romance.

Artlessness, at the opposite extreme from art, sometimes produces cognate effects; and Margaret Lee accordingly succeeds in giving to her new book[1] somewhat of the reality which Mr. Crawford has imparted to his, although she is seemingly quite ignorant of those manifold resources of delineation which he applies with so much skill. The material surroundings in which her characters move are not once brought before us with definiteness; and, what is much more serious, we are introduced to a numerous family, who are miscellaneously shuffled together under the names of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Lacy, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Gus Morgan, and so on, without anything to fix their individuality; so that it is only by a gradual process that one is able to sort them out and establish their identity. They are not described, even by a few words; they all talk alike; and as they manifest themselves only in conversation, the result is confusing. It is to be inferred from the peculiar phrase "He made a light" — the equivalent of *Il fit une lumière* — that the authoress has studied French novelists; but she has not learned the secret of the best among them, which is to fill in the whole background, and give the material adjuncts and a mental picture of the individual actors, without seeming to do so of set purpose. Mrs. Lee does not vex us by obvious filling-in, because no filling-in is attempted. She has, notwithstanding, a sincerity and an occasional incisiveness that entitle her work to favorable recognition. The authoress believes thoroughly in her heroine, whose works and days and bitter trials and unfaltering sweetness are all set forth without the slightest admixture of that feminine bravado common in our recent women novelists: the writer's mood with regard to her approaches, in fact, the devout. Briefly, Constance Morgan marries one Gilbert Travers, and becomes his victim; he being a selfish monster, who has originality enough to admit and analyze his own selfishness, and is thereby made doubly appalling. He is indifferent to his children, neglects his wife, fails in business, is ruinously extravagant, mortgages all her property, entangles himself with the divorced wife of a friend, and at last coolly proposes to Constance that they obtain a divorce. In doing so he confesses that he is incapable of loving any one but himself, and adds these trenchant words, which really strike the key-note of the whole divorce question to-day: "Education is freeing women from bondage, as well as men. *Expediency is the new morality.* You and I have tried marriage for ten years, and it is a dead failure. Now let us seek some better method." Constance, however, is a devout churchwoman, and the repugnance for divorce which she feels primarily as a loving woman is intensified by her religious faith. Now, in thus opposing the disciple of expediency to a sincere Christian, Mrs. Lee, who has not a hundredth part of Mr. Howells's literary art, has really gone much closer — whether consciously or not — to the heart of the situation than Mr. Howells has done in A Modern Instance; because the increasing tendency to throw off marriage bonds when they chafe is one of the logical results of the general emancipation which has been going on in this century, — emancipation of thought from tradition, of woman from subserviency to man, and, by consequence, emancipation of men from the irrevocable obligation they once held to individual women, when that was sanctioned by an unquestioning religious obedience. The various bearings of this fact we are of course not called upon here to weigh and judge: we merely observe that the authoress of

[1] *Divorce.* By MARGARET LEE, Author of Dr. Wilmer's Love, Lizzie Adriance, etc. New York: John V. Lovell Company.

Divorce has seized upon a case typical of all the various modifications of this problem, however distantly related to the general principle some of them may appear to be. There are many traits of insight in the book; and it is a fine turn that is given when Gilbert, after practicing every other form of insult, raises his hand to strike Constance, but is stayed by her throwing herself upon his breast with the irresistible appeal of absolute love, begging him not to disgrace himself. The long conversations between the various women of the piece are naïvely natural in their dullness and discursiveness, through which, however, some point of value is always gained. But the force of the sad story and its conclusion is undeniably diminished by the circumstance that Constance, in her devotion to Gilbert, is weakly obtuse. For example, when she accidentally found Gilbert at the house of Mrs. Leavitt, reclining upon a sofa and "toying with the stray ringlets on her neck," while that separated matron sat beside him, reading, Constance was not jealous and offered no reproof; "but she wished that he would respect himself, and not touch Mrs. Leavitt's hair."

It is time that stout protest should be made against the new order of American novels, which, within the last four or five years, have been put forward with much blowing of trumpets as important political studies, in addition to being great historical and dramatic pictures of life in the United States. An accomplished scholar, a member of the Cambridge circle of literary men, almost a generation ago, cherished the fond scheme of writing a novel the scene of which was to be laid in the Mountains of the Moon, and the purpose, to present a convenient review of the world's history in a few volumes, with a thrilling plot thrown in *gratis*. The new order of fictions, to which we have just referred, threatens to carry out, so far as this country is concerned, that alarming design; and Mr. Clay's Modern Hagar[1] is an instance in point. It dabbles with the Indian question, enters with intolerable prolixity into the partisan discussions preceding the civil war, introduces a large section of the struggle itself under the heading "the panorama of war," and meanwhile carries on by fits and starts, and with cavernous intervals, the story of a slave-girl wronged by a man who has bought her on condition of freeing her, and adds to his crime by re-selling her into slavery. Nearly eight hundred pages are devoted to this strange heterogeny, which is divided up with great elaborateness into "books" and "parts," bristling with quoted mottoes. The term chosen by the author for a portion applies to the whole: it is not a work of art, nor a "drama," nor a novel, but is simply a panoramic view of incidents without form or perceptible purpose. It is in vain that, among other foot-notes, Mr. Clay appends one excusing his repetition of facts in the history of party, to this effect: "Fiction is often the most truthful and faithful conservator of history." His fiction does not conserve anything of value, or that might not, for its purpose, have been put into a better form. There is no doubt a legitimate and extensive field for the novelist in the political life of this country as related to other phases of human action and feeling; but it will never become incorporated with the domain of art, until the belief has been abandoned that a mere lumping together of material, with no more integration or meaning than satisfies newspaper reporters, will produce a genuine novel. The Tourgée agglomerations have encouraged this belief; but in time it will be seen that when a re-hash of latter-day affairs is palmed off upon the public, with a modicum of imaginary events accompanying it as a "chromo"

[1] *The Modern Hagar.* A Drama. By CHARLES M. CLAY, Author of Baby Rue New York: George W. Harlan & Co. 1882.

inducement, neither the chromo nor the article of supposed solid value is worth having. Still, as Carlyle wrote, we may here say, "Of no given book can you predicate with certainty that its vacuity is absolute; that there are not other vacuities which shall partially replenish themselves therefrom."

There could hardly be a greater contrast to The Modern Hagar than that presented by the unostentatious recital of a blasted life, called Luser the Watchmaker.[1] Recital, we call it, because it appears to be a chronicle of something which the author knows to have actually happened. It recounts the untoward fortunes of a Polish Jew, by trade a watchmaker, and voluntarily an instructor in the Beth-hamidrash (an institution for teaching Jewish youth, and also for worship); a high-minded, upright man, generous to the poor, whose prosperity is wrecked by the tyranny of Russia and by the Polish Revolution. Gradually, through accident and injustice, the ingratitude of others, and his own unwillingness to receive help, he is borne down to the ground, and perishes tragically. Unreasonable though he is in his independence, when his own family must suffer for it, his character maintains a noble integrity throughout, and constitutes a fit subject for the writer. The tale, moreover, secures to itself a peculiar interest by the careful pictures of Jewish manners and customs which it contains. Its tone is old-fashioned in the extreme, even to the allusion in one place to love as "Eros the enchanter;" it is badly arranged, loaded with irrelevant matter, and at times diffuse. But, in spite of all, it has a kind of charm, exercised by its perfectly simple and unaffected tone, — a tone recalling that of Auerbach and Björnson, although the author lacks the pungent condensation of those masters, which in the Norwegian novelist especially is so noticeable. He is not ashamed to give free vent to emotion, and does not fear to touch the most familiar chords of human sympathy, sure of a response. Current fiction would be all the better for a more generous infusion of these qualities.

TWO WOMEN OF LETTERS.

Sex in literature is as subtle and pervasive as in any other manifestation of life. Doubt may arise, in the case of single works of art whether a man or a woman was behind them, but a Chevalier d'Eon has hard work of it in literature. It is even more noticeable that when woman is triumphantly brought forward as man's equal in the republic of letters, her life and her work reveal unmistakably the truth that her position has been obtained through the retention, and not the subjection, of her womanly qualities. We may claim stoutly that art knows nothing of sex, but nature is too much for us, and the deeper we look into woman's work in literature the more of the woman we find.

A curious parallel might be drawn between Miss Edgeworth and Miss Mitford, involving many considerations of English literary and social history. Each led her life contemporaneously with men of letters, who respected her and associated with her. Each was in

[1] *Luser the Watchmaker.* An Episode of the Polish Revolution. By Rev. Adolf Moses. Translated from the German for the Author, by Mrs. A. De V. Chaudron. Cincinnati: Bloch & Co.

a degree a force in literature. They had friends in common, and their periods overlapped. Each, again, was somewhat an exponent of the finer life of her time, for both performed that function so attributive of woman, of catching quickly the current wind, and showing its direction, before duller men had adjusted their more scientific anemometers. Even in minor details there were points in common: each had a father who receives the derisive criticism of the world, but had much to do with the determination of the daughter's literary life. Miss Edgeworth's father, indeed, is represented as a blundering theorist, who kept his larger-minded daughter in humiliating subordination; while Miss Mitford's father was a gay spendthrift, who encouraged his daughter's industry, with a mingled pride in her achievement and content at the ease it brought him. But in each instance the objectionable father brings out more emphatically the womanly and affectionate nature of the daughter, and the very circumstances which may make a biographer indignant serve to increase our admiration that the woman triumphs over the author.

Mrs. Oliver's work on Maria Edgeworth [1] is called a study, perhaps because the author wishes to emphasize the fact that she has not written a biography, but has collected the material for an acquaintance with Miss Edgeworth and her associates, and a knowledge of what her contemporaries thought of her. There is scarcely any attempt at a study of Miss Edgeworth's contributions to literature, but we have what is, on the whole, more acceptable, — an opportunity to know in a pleasant manner the surroundings of a writer who has been a familiar friend to her readers. Mrs. Oliver makes copious extracts from the memoirs of Mr. Edgeworth, and from the reminiscences and descriptions of contemporary writers, and is not always careful to save her readers the labor of reading the same general descriptions of Miss Edgeworth's home twice over; but if she has erred in the plenitude of her material, she has selected the most fruity portions of Mr. Edgeworth's garrulous memoirs, and given them a new and convenient setting. She has also collected industriously from a number of sources, and has arranged her collection in a methodical manner. Her own writing is not very graceful, nor always very clear, as in the passage, "Miss Edgeworth was always pleased to make friends; but she had not that disagreeable characteristic of modern literary people, — a desire to meet new people, and make new conquests, and an inordinate capacity for being bored by old friends, who were not literary, or sufficiently useful in helping one on in a career." We have tried to believe that by a change of punctuation we could relieve Miss Edgeworth from the aspersion now cast on her in the last clause, but we find no way to save Miss Edgeworth except by throwing Mrs. Oliver overboard.

What a delightful picture one forms of Miss Edgeworth, and from what a singular background it is projected! Her much-married father and the ingenious Mr. Day fill a large part of the frame, and it is only by remembering the unconquerable good-nature of Miss Edgeworth that we can refrain from pitying her, under the experimentation of the fussy theorists who presided over her education. She was an artist who had fallen among philosophers, and they came near stripping her of her genius; but they did not wholly succeed, and the best parts of her stories are not the surplusage of her father's educational whims, but the creation of a mind singularly susceptible to influence, and ready to receive the impressions which human nature made upon it. Not to give Mr. Edgeworth too much blame,

[1] *A Study of Maria Edgeworth.* With Notices of her Father and Friends. By GRACE A. OLIVER. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1882.

the whole tone of thought which prevailed was of the school-master order; and we come to respect Miss Edgeworth's power as a character-painter all the more, when we discover how emphatically her best work was an escape from the toils which bound her. She had a large, cheerful spirit, and her art was healthy and free. The priggishness which appears in her work was accidental. Under other influences, it might have been absent.

The old-fashioned, mannered air, which clings about the Edgeworth school, has a faint continuation in Miss Mitford's work, but in any comparison between the two women as writers it would quickly be seen that the earlier woman was far more vigorous and genuine; that the later had greater delicacy and sweetness. It is with their lives and circumstances, however, that we have to do. Mr. L'Estrange had already edited the Life of Mary Russell Mitford, and he now furnishes a supplementary volume,[1] devoted chiefly to letters addressed to her by various literary friends. We cannot wholly praise this sectional treatment of biography. The most satisfactory form would show the two sides of the correspondence at once. As it is, one has a little the feeling, in reading this book, that he is overhearing one end of a telephonic conversation. So far as Miss Mitford herself is concerned, the book gives us nothing more than a renewed impression of her affectionate, attractive nature, and that her books and her life had already shown. The testimony, indeed, to the power which she had of drawing friends to herself is very emphatic. Miss Mitford lived in a retired country village, and rarely showed herself in the city. Friends more than once found their way to her, yet her true *salon* was in her correspondence, and the range which her friendship took indicates well the strong side of Miss Mitford's nature. She was not a creative artist, like Miss Edgeworth, but she was a woman of literary sympathy and taste. It had become easier to be a woman of letters when Miss Mitford took up the pen, and the genial relations which existed between her and her English and American friends belonged to an order of things very different from that existing in Miss Edgeworth's day. There is a spirit of comradery apparent in this volume, which is absent from the other, and one feels that the feminine element in literature, equally positive in both cases, here intimates delicately that finer, freer intercourse of men and women which modern society aims to secure. Miss Edgeworth's career was slightly revolutionary; at any rate, it was contemporaneous with a state of society when a Miss Edgeworth was somewhat of a phenomenon. Miss Mitford's gentle part in literature was a quiet expression of feminine forces which had already gained a right of existence.

We suspect, indeed, that it was the woman quite as much as the writer in Miss Mitford who called out the confidences and gallantries of the gentlemen who paid her court. There were ladies with them, — Lady Dacre, Mrs. Howitt, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Trollope, and others, — but men of letters had the more important place. It is curious to observe the gradation of epistolary style from the somewhat pompous letters of Sir W. Elford and Mrs. Hofland to the frank and familiar notes which she exchanged with her more immediate contemporaries. There are letters from Miss Barrett, before she married Mr. Browning; from De Quincey's daughter; from Ruskin, Talfourd, Howitt, Kenyon, and others less known among the English; and from Mr. Fields, Mr. Whittier, Bayard Taylor, N. P. Willis, Mr. George Ticknor, and others on this side

[1] *The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford*, as recorded in letters from her literary correspondents. Edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. New York: Harper Brothers. 1882.

of the Atlantic. The editor, by the way, has erred in attributing to Bayard Taylor the letter on page 320. The circumstances mentioned in the letter do not fit the facts in Mr. Taylor's life, and the style of the letter is quite foreign from his style.

One may spend an agreeable evening over each of these books. Possibly the study of Miss Edgeworth would send one to re-reading some of her stories. We are not sure that as much would be said of the Mitford volume, for Miss Mitford's work was not so distinctively new and strong as Miss Edgeworth's; but there lingers on the mind a grateful sense of the pleasure which Our Village gave when it was published. One might well wish to cool his tongue with that book, after a too liberal taste of the work of some contemporaneous women of letters. The best side of any phase of life always contains the prophecy of enduring elements, and the student of modern society may take courage, after the glimpse which he gets of the literary coterie of which Miss Mitford was the unconscious centre.

RECENT WORKS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

The study of English literature has received a great impetus within the present generation. The impetus has come in part from the expansion of educational systems; the number of those who seek or are invited to pass beyond the limits of elementary education has been swelled, and it has been found impossible to attract or satisfy such with humane letters in the antique form, or even with contemporary foreign letters. English literature is, in a vast number of schools, made to serve as a substitute for the Greek and Latin classics; the very methods which rule in the teaching of those works have passed over into the teaching of English. The analytical, the philological, and now the historical and philosophical are applied, and it has been the hasty judgment of enthusiasts that the study of English is capable of banishing the study of Greek and Latin, at least of relegating it to the confines of a specific university curriculum. Happily for good letters, the revival of interest in ancient literature and the application of new methods in teaching are quite as significant phenomena as this increased attention to the study of English literature, and we may dismiss from view any alarm lest one shall supplant the other.

The impetus has come also from the development of the critical faculty, and especially from the steady rise of historical methods of study. If it be somewhat difficult to detect, either in England or America, the existence of great creative powers in literature, it is not at all difficult to see on all hands an access of zeal in historical criticism; and it would seem to be a special function of this generation to review what has been done, to revive the study of past periods of literary activity, and to increase immensely the critical apparatus at the service of the young student. We may point, as evidence of this, to the several series of books dealing with the men of letters in England and America, with philosophical writers, with surveys of ancient and foreign classics, and to the primers, selections, critical editions of English classics, special dictionaries, grammars, and hand-books. Much admirable work has been expended in these directions, and it may be said, in brief, that it is much more common to

find acute and learned criticism than it is to find books which have inspiration in them. Certainly, the books which deal in the criticism or history of other books rarely have a spirit which fires the reader with zeal to read the literature discussed.

The present season brings to our notice several works which have for their aim to guide the student through English literature, and we shall confine ourselves to those of American origin, and thus presumably fitted for the use of the American student. The whole field of the subject is so vast that scholars may easily find enough in any corner which they may fence off; but the fascination of a comprehensive survey is so great that there are few writers who do not attempt to put the reader into possession of the whole subject. Moreover, there are so many modes of ingress that every one fancies his own path has a special charm. Here, for example, is Professor James Baldwin, who has laid out his work systematically, and publishes a section[1] devoted to the consideration of English poetry. "This book," he says in his preface, "is not a History of English Literature. It aims rather to serve as a guide to the acquirement of a practical acquaintanceship (why not acquaintanceshippinginvoice?) with all that is the best and the most worthy in our literature. The chronological arrangement, usually adopted in books upon this subject, has been in most part abandoned for the more natural arrangement by which works of a similar kind are grouped and studied together, and compared with each other. This, in the author's judgment, is the only true method of study. To those who may find fault with his classification he will only say that he has chosen that arrangement which he considers the most convenient for giving aid and information to those in search of a certain kind of knowledge. One man may call a particular poem a Romance, another may call it an Epic; but it matters not so much what we call it, as how and in what connection we present it to the attention of the reader or student."

Mr. Baldwin is consistent with himself, therefore, when he sweeps the leavings of his poetical study into a final chapter headed Miscellaneous Poetry; but if names like epic or romance indicate anything, they indicate great natural divisions of poetry, and not merely convenient groups, under which poems may be classed and studied. The only justification of this author's method falls to the ground, if the names of his divisions of poetry represent his personal judgment. The weakness of this method lies in its emphasizing the form which poetry takes. It is true that one may make a study of the development of dramatic poetry in English literature, because there has been an historic connection between the early and the later forms, and because of the implication of the theatre; but what dependence is there of narrative or lyric poetry at any one time upon previous exhibitions of the same order? No thorough study of poetry, at any time or in any form, is possible without an examination of the influences, whether native or foreign, which have determined both spirit and form. Mr. Baldwin attempts very little of this, and hence his book is scarcely more than a collection of external facts about poetry, arranged upon an artificial, and not a natural, system. It gives very few hints to the student of poetry, and even the illustrative criticism from many sources is so fragmentary as to have little value. A thorough, searching examination of one great poem would be worth a whole volume of this miscellaneous information.

[1] *An Introduction to the Study of English Literature and Literary Criticism.* Designed for the use of schools, seminaries, colleges, and universities. By Professor James Baldwin. Volume I. Poetry. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co.

Mr. Tuckerman has more reason on his side when he undertakes a study of the development of English fiction;[1] for he takes a form which has had a steady growth, and of which the latest manifestation bears some relation to the earliest. The historical method, also, is a very desirable one to apply to such a subject; and although Mr. Tuckerman does not interpret very fully the transitions from one period to another, or show the process by which one form passed into another, he does give with tolerable fullness the materials out of which one may develop a consecutive study. His characterizations of the older fiction are generally just, and, if not especially acute, are not marred by whimsicality; but we fear he has shirked the hardest part of his work. At any rate, he has stopped short at the very point where the reader's strongest interest begins. "The novels of the nineteenth century," he says in his preface, "are so numerous and so generally familiar that in the chapter devoted to this period I have sought rather to point out the great importance which fiction has assumed, and the variety of forms which it has taken, than to attempt any exhaustive criticism of individual authors, — a task already sufficiently performed by writers far more able to do it justice." Mr. Tuckerman's modesty cannot save him. It was his business to give his readers a clue through the mazes of contemporary fiction; and he has made but one contribution to the subject which is of any interest, and that is when he says of the advance in refinement of manners, "When we think of our improved morality and refinement, we must temper our pride with the reflection that we may be simply more hypocritical, and not more virtuous, than our ancestors. . . . This advance has left plainly marked traces on the fiction of our time, where, too, we shall find plentiful evidence of that hypocrisy which has become our besetting sin." There was an excellent opportunity here, which Mr. Tuckerman missed, of contrasting the real refinement, which has its tendency to morbid casuistry, and the specious refinement, which is a mere thin sheet of ice, over which the reader is swiftly borne, in momentary danger of breaking through.

Mr. Tuckerman has by his somewhat ineffective book indicated a solid and substantial subject, which waits for a masterly treatment; and the true historian, when he comes, will do more than trace the consecutive steps in English fiction. Let us hope that he will not fall into the snares which have beset the way of Mr. Welsh, who, in two octavo volumes,[2] has undertaken to reveal the development of English literature and language. The subject was large enough, the books are large enough; it is only the man who is deficient, and his deficiency, to speak in a paradox, lies through his superabundance. If it is unreasonable to ask that he who drives fat oxen should himself be fat, it is surely a simple requisite of a writer on English language and literature that his own language should be correct, and his literary style good. There is altogether too much of Mr. Welsh. His intellectual energy carries him too far. The very beginning of his work is marked by an impetuous, headlong rush into words, which argues ill for a pace to be kept up through a thousand pages. "We are to think of England," he says on his second page, "in those dim old days, as, intellectually and physically, an island in a northern sea — the joyless abode of rain and surge, forest and bog, wild beast and sinewy savage, which, as it struggled from chaos into order, from morning into prime, should be-

[1] *A History of English Prose Fiction from Sir Thomas Malory to George Eliot.* By BAYARD TUCKERMAN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882.

[2] *Development of English Literature and Language.* By ALFRED H. WELSH, A. M. In two volumes. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1882.

come the residence of civilized energy and Christian sentiment, of smiling love and sweet poetic dreams." If Mr. Welsh can drive his thought, four in hand, like that, we can only venture to jump on behind; we should never think of taking the reins. Let us follow him, in his wild career, through another sentence: "Time is a camera-obscura, through which a man, if great while living, becomes tenfold greater when dead. Henceforward he exists to society by some shining trait of beauty or ability which he had; and, borrowing his proportions from the one fine feature, we finish the portrait symmetrically. That feature is the small real star that gleams out of the dark vortex of the ages, through the madness of rioting fancy and the whirlwind chaos of images; expanding, according to the glass it shines through, into wondrous thousand-fold form and color." We think it safer to get down from Mr. Welsh's chariot, after that. He is not to be trusted as a literary guide, nor as a literary gardener either. Here is one of the flowers of his fancy. The legendary stories, he says, "may, and doubtless do, contain germs of truth, left on the shifting sands as wave after wave of forgotten generations broke on the shores of eternity." We never tried to propagate germs under such trying circumstances, but Mr. Welsh seems to think that his came up and flourished.

If it be said that these are blemishes in diction, and that the real consideration is whether or no Mr. Welsh has done what he essayed in tracing the development of our language and literature, it might be enough to add that no one with so vicious a style can be a safe guide in the study of style, and the worst examples of his work are to be found in his characterization of the masters. This voluble showman stands before the procession of English-speaking authors, and makes it pass slowly enough to permit him to cover each individual in the procession with words as with a garment. When Spenser, for example, comes in sight, Mr. Welsh, after his customary division of the subject into biography, appearance, writings, and versification, refers to his style, and says, "Luxuriant and spacious, yet simple and clear, seldom rivaled in the charm of its diffusion, the orient flush of its diction, and the music of its recurrent chimes. Many passages, it may be needless to observe, are beautiful, harmonious, combining a subtle perfection of phrase with a happy coalescence of meaning and melody." One would like to have Mr. Welsh on the stand, that he might explain exactly, and not vaguely, what he means by this last sentence. He flourishes his showman's stick when Irving appears. "Our veteran chief of Letters was the amiable and gifted Irving, in whom the creative vigor, that, breathing and burning in the bosom of the nation, had found issue in action, blossomed into art. All his life a desultory genius, reading much, but studying little." For a man so prodigal of words, Mr. Welsh is often singularly economical in his use of the simple copula. How Irving would have shuddered at such a pair of sentences: Of Bryant, who never used words unless he knew what they meant, Mr. Welsh remarks, "There [in the quietude of nature] he saw only the tokens of creative beneficence, and from every scene could elicit some elevating inference or cheering sentiment." It would be easy to multiply instances of Mr. Welsh's obscure rhetoric, but we should like to know, in passing, just what he means when he says of Emerson, "He has founded no school, he has left behind him no Emersonian system, but fragments of him are scattered everywhere, — germs of bloom that will perish never. A great book is a ship deep freighted with immortal treasures, breaking the sea of life into fadeless beauty as it sails, carrying to every shore seeds of truth, goodness,

piety, love, to flower and fruit perennially in the soil of the heart and mind."

Mr. Welsh, with all his swash of words, says some good things, and we have a species of respect for a writer who carries through the task of reading many books, appropriating many fine sentiments, and allowing his enthusiasm to run riot from Cædmon to Tennyson. Unfortunately, the mischief begins when Mr. Welsh is done. His book is printed, and its dignified appearance commands attention. We fear that young students will plow through it, and imagine that they are cultivating their minds. We find ourselves, after reading the book, under the spell of its incessant metaphor. From the heralding which the work has received, unsuspecting teachers and conscientious students will be likely to take it as a substantial guide in the study of English literature. It is one of the worst examples we have met of the false system which substitutes books about English literature for English literature itself. The careful study of two or three really great works in literature is worth something. To read Mr. Welsh's big, philosophical, bloated treatise is to vitiate one's taste for fine literature, and to become an amateur omniscience.

RECENT POETRY.

ACCORDING to their predilections, readers will be pleased, or the reverse, with Mr. Edwin Arnold, for having given to his new book of Eastern rhymes a title which implies that Islam is a belief at least deserving the same respect which we pay to Christianity.[1] But the intention is not serious; it is only that the book may have an attractive name, and one in consonance with the author's attempt to present the religious convictions of Mussulmans from their own point of view. The plan which he has adopted is to supply some piece of verse — a rhythmic maxim, a short hymn, or a legend (generally involving some miracle) — to illustrate the meaning of each attributive name applied to God by the Moslems, and represented by the beads in their three-stringed chaplets, that have thirty-three beads on every string. We are presented, by consequence, with ninety-nine brief compositions, some of which suffer from the necessity under which Mr. Arnold placed himself at the start, by "taking a contract" to produce a few lines in every instance, whether or no the mood should favor. What, for example, could exceed in vapidity this stanza, which forms the entire "comment in verse" on the name Wâhid (The "One")? —

> "Say: 'He is God alone,
> Eternal on the Throne.
> Of none begotten, and begetting none,
> Who hath not like unto Him any one!'"

As a statement of one point in Mahometan belief, put into prose, this would have its use for a student of comparative theology; but it is impossible, by any stretch of terms, to make it poetry, and its value as a comment is perhaps open to question. Each piece in the series is preceded and followed by a couplet, emphasizing or echoing the particular phase of definition therein given to the divine principle. These, how-

[1] *Pearls of the Faith; or Islam's Rosary.* Being the Ninety-Nine Beautiful Names of Allah (Asmâ-el-Husnâh), with Comments in Verse from various Oriental Sources (as made by an Indian Mussulman). By EDWIN ARNOLD, C. S. I. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1883.

ever, are at best intrusions, and in one instance the closing couplet quite destroys the effect of a fine fancy by repetition. The quatrain under the head of Al-'Halî ends: —

"See! at the hour of late and early prayer
The very shadows worship him, low laid."

Whereupon, the keen touch of that similitude upon the mind is instantly blurred by an inferior restatement, as follows: —

"*Most High! the lengthening shadows teach,*
Morning and evening, prayer to each."

Sundry of the verses are inspired by texts from the Koran; others are little fables inculcating the wisdom of charity, toleration, and like virtues. These have point and subtilty, as the anecdotes in Saadi's Gulistan have, and in fact all similar Oriental tales; but they grow monotonous, because the scenery is in most cases the same, and the reward of virtue is brought on so promptly and without fail by angelic intervention, as to make them untruthful. There are lines, stanzas, and single passages of considerable merit scattered through them, and in the blank-verse account of King Sheddâd's Paradise an opportunity for opulent description, and the depiction of a sudden, petrific doom, has been improved; but it is impossible not to be conscious that these iambic parables are too often strictly imitative, being modeled on Leigh Hunt's Abou-ben-Adhem, which, by constant copying and unwearied travesty, stamps upon everything that resembles it an impression as faint and worn as that of an old stereotype plate. Among the isolated felicities that one may pick out, are measures like this: —

"The cool wet jar, asweat with diamond drops
Of sparkling life;"

or the *alto rilievo* in which Nimrûd stands out, where

"Eminent on his car of carven brass
Through foeman's blood nave-deep he drave his wheel."

In Muhammad's Journey to Heaven, there is a strong climax sustained by a splendid image. The Prophet, passing up through the several heavens, reached at last the highest, and there

"The Throne! the Throne! he saw; our Lord alone!
Saw it and heard! but the verse falls from heaven
Like a poised eagle, whom the lightnings blast."

But, when all is said, it must be admitted that — excepting King Sheddâd's Paradise — the volume does not contain a single poem, in any adequate sense of the word. We cannot except the much-admired Message from the Dead, —

"He who died at Azan sends," —

which has been published before: its proportioning is defective, its movement mechanical, and it contains this exceedingly poor rhyme, —

"'T is an empty sea-shell, *one*
Out of which the pearl is *gone*,"

where it is necessary to pronounce the last word, *Scotticé*, "gun." There are many imperfect rhymes and other evidences of haste and shallowness in the collection. Mr. Arnold explains that it was "composed amid Scotch mountains, during a brief summer rest from politics." But if he thought the design worth carrying out, why did he not devote two brief vacations to it, instead of one, and make his workmanship better? When an author seeks to acquire a factitious repute for his work as something thrown off in haste, from the exuberance of power, it often happens that people forget it in haste; and readers of The Light of Asia, who take up this book with anticipations aroused by that strong and persuasive poem, will be disappointed.

Mr. Boyesen has wisely named his book of poems with reference to the most characteristic of the contents;[1] and in so far as these answer to the title, they have a freshness and a distinctive

[1] *Idylls of Norway, and Other Poems.* By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882.

interest which give the modest volume a separate place. Brier-Rose, Hilda's Little Hood, and Thora are charming pastoral love stories, vigorous, youthful, sweet with the vernal breath of the northern forest, and told in melodious verse, the shaping of which somehow connects itself with the graceful curves of vine-tendrils; for the writer, in his less formal moods, responds with impulsive alacrity to his theme, and apprehends delicate analogies which at once find facile expression, giving the lines naturalness and finish together. "Trim and graceful like a clipper" is one of his rather untamed heroines; and in another place he says, —

"And the night was bright with splendor, music, dance, and feast, and play,
Like a golden trail that follows in the wake of parting day."

A good specimen of this natural aptness occurs in the ballad of Earl Sigurd's Christmas Eve: —

"And the scalds with nimble fingers o'er the sounding harp-strings swept;
Now the strain in laughter rippled, now with hidden woe it wept;"

though it is to be remarked that if "their" had been substituted for "with," in the first line, we should not have had the awkward spectacle of the bards sweeping their entire persons over the strings. Another delightfully fit characterization is that of the voices of the elf-maidens as being "delicious, languid, vague, like a poppy's breath in sound." There is no great profundity in the numerous happy turns of Mr. Boyesen's ballads; but we need not demand profundity in the dewdrop or the budding leaf, which, apart from the meaning they take on as microcosmic phenomena, in our minds, are simple and refreshing things. It is more profitable to enjoy the obvious excellences in Mr. Boyesen, among which must be reckoned the candid and boyish humor that occasionally peeps out. Here is an instance: —

"Now the moon, who had been hiding in a veil of misty lace,
Wishing to embarrass no one by the shining of her face,
Peeped again in modest wonder" —

at a pair of young lovers on the sea-beach. In the same ballad (Thora) is this rustic touch: —

"'Oh, thou wouldst not love me,' sobbed she, 'if thou knew'st how bad I am.
Once — I hung — a great live lobster — on the tail of — Hans — our ram.'"

These idyllic narratives are not without blemishes. To speak of maidens "With ribbons in their sunny hair, and milk-pails on their heads," makes an unfortunate confusion of plural and singular; and it is a somewhat prosaic explanation of the young swain's, who has chased the object of his affections until she has dropped in exhaustion: —

"For I wanted to assure her I intended no offence."

The Norwegian method of courtship, by the way, appears to be peculiar, according to the ballads under notice: The young man gets a glimpse of the young woman, and on the first convenient occasion gives chase to her through the woods or along the sands. When she is fairly run down, she confesses that she loves him. Little Sigrid, Earl Sigurd, and The Elf-Maidens have the spirit of ancient balladry in them, and in some degree the form; they strike with no uncertain hand the chords of old warrior life, of superstition, terror, and pathos. The final stanza of the poem on Norway likewise carries with it a legendary reverberation: —

"And the fame which curbed the sea,
Spanned the sky with runes of fire,
Now but rustles tremblingly
Through the poet's lyre."

It is when we pass to the other pieces which the author has bound up with his Norse sheaf that we doubt his judgment of his own successes. The first six poems would have been better omitted.

The last number in the collection is Calpurnia, a mournful but elevating episode in the early history of the Christians at Rome, the narration of which is

admirably sustained, in hexameters of much clearness and beauty. Still, we hardly think there is warrant in it for ranking Mr. Boyesen as anything more than a receptive mind, possessed of a true but not original poetic tendency, serving art with reverent hands and conscientiously. The claim to something higher would have to rest, if at all, on the five sonnets upon Evolution, — the best things in the book, except the poems of Norway, — in which he has gathered up and remoulded with deep, imaginative grasp the scientific views of the day, and given them a purely poetic and ideal scope. That is a superb opening of one of them, where he exclaims, —

"I am the child of earth and air and sea!
My lullaby by hoarse Silurian storms
Was chanted; and through endless changing forms
Of plant and beast and bird unceasingly
The toiling ages wrought to fashion me."

When one singer has struck this note, it seems natural enough that another should decide to make Monte Rosa the central figure of an epic;[1] but in truth Mr. Nichols's epic is such in name only, since it possesses neither the form nor the motive of an epic poem, properly so called. Consisting of ten divisions, in two books, it is confined to a mapping-out and construction of the mountain as an object of thought, and to the description of an ascent and descent of the peak, together with reflections that arise incidentally during that perilous operation. Neither has it the epic drift and tone; there is very little action, and there is a great deal of reflection. Avalanches, lights and shadows, the legion beams of the morning sun, the winds and frosts and lightning that took part in the first rearing of the mountain, and "the stealthy depredations of gray rain," — these we must accept as the characters; and their action is necessarily somewhat vague and general. A passage concerning the glacier may be quoted, to show the mode of treatment: —

"But reaching suddenly the frightful brink
Of a sheer precipice, the glacier halts
As stiff with horror, all its steely spines
Erect in regiments of glancing spears
And bayonets of broken soldiery."

But matter and force are heroic only as we attribute to them something personal; and therefore their movement in Mr. Nichols's poem is not so much action of theirs as a fanciful description by him. Geologic growth, the place of man, and cosmic development of course have a large function to fulfill, in the working out of his design, and for a time it seems as if the elements and the sun, which the author calls "the Lord of lords," are going to have it all their own way; but at length, on the pinnacle of the *arête*, he reaches the climax of his thought: —

"And still a God! a God! rapt feeling cries;
. . . . . .
His hand weaves splendors of that flimsy mist,
He builds a magic into crag and glen,
And with his living presence cunningly
Blends scene and seer to one accordant joy."

With fine penetration Mr. Nichols calls the wild snow-fields, "Ancestral acres lapsed but for a time," because they belonged peculiarly to our progenitors many a century back, and now are recovered as an inheritance by our new sense of the kinship with them that existed in those ancestors, and still remains in our blood. A dangerous accident, which comes near a fatal issue, occurs on the way down, and forms the only noticeable barrier to the volumed flow of meditation and description, from cover to cover; at the end an elegiac mood supervenes, in the contemplation of cycles of endless creation, destruction, and change. The concluding lines are weak. "We stand," says the poet,

"upon the outmost rim
Of matter vague, eternal, infinite,"

in trying to imagine what future phases the earth may be going to pass through. But how can infinity have a rim, — that

[1] *Monte Rosa.* The Epic of an Alp. By Starr H. Nichols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1883.

is, a limit? And if matter is eternal, it were desirable to know whether Mr. Nichols considers God to be matter, or matter to be an outgrowth of everlasting spirit. In general, it may be said of the poem that it lags heavily upon its way; that the author's expression is often rambling and vague, and his blank verse cold and difficult as Monte Rosa itself. He is guilty of a surprising number of deficient, redundant, and hobbling lines, as these few selections, made at random, unfortunately testify: —

"Of dauntless violets, when young March."

"And half-displayed, while lights and shadows changefully."

"Flames and glows through all the curtained vapors."

This last is wholly trochaic; there is not a single iambus in it.

"Now cling by thinnest crevices, where fingers, toes,"

is an iambic hexameter, instead of a pentameter. It is strange, also, that he should have overlooked so gross a grammatical offense as "So *goeth* all things," on page 147; and we are not sure that the Gaelic noun *scread* warrants him in saying "louder screeds the gale," though the verb is doubtless one for which there ought to be an opening. On the other hand, Mr. Nichols at times condenses a great deal into a single sonorous verse; as where he tells how the climber may stand on the mountain-peak

"And zone the world with solitary gaze."

The Epic of an Alp would have been improved by depletion to one half its present length; but after all, we have read it not without profit, since, in spite of crudity and diffuseness, it leaves in the memory the large, dominant shape of Monte Rosa as a symbol of the human aspiration which has scaled the icy height, and sought to lift others to a corresponding eminence of thought and feeling.

The suspicious prejudice of scientific men, and of the public towards them, does not often allow members of their guild to give imagination freedom in poetic activity, however much that same power of imagination may be exerted in researches of the laboratory and the theories of naturalists. Dr. Holmes, luckily, did not permit his existence as a poet and a wit to be suppressed by the unemotional vacuum in which the medical professor has to work; and now Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, whose fame as a specialist in troubles of the nerves stands high, demonstrates once more, by his delightful but slender volume of poems,[1] how persistently the fount of Hippocrene will sometimes bubble up beneath much incumbent weight of useful dryness, percolating at last, and gurgling forth as limpid and as careless as if nothing had ever hindered its flow. It is really a charming series of lyrics and tales and *Stimmungs-Gedichte* that Dr. Mitchell has placed before us, beginning with the weird and misty legend of The Hill of Stones at Fontainebleau, and passing on through songs of nature, and lyrics strong with repressed vehemence, like Kearsarge and How the Cumberland Went Down, and quiet reveries over pictures in foreign galleries of art. These last we have less liking for than the pieces in which Dr. Mitchell's quaint fancy and quick sympathy with nature assert themselves. The Shriving of Guinevere, which is a strong and tenderly conceived poem, contains four lines that have a Herrick-like quality: —

"When as the priestly evening threw
The blessed waters of the dew,
About her head her cloak she drew,
And hid her face from every view."

We fancy we have found another Marvell, as we read, —

"When in the first-born morning breeze
Take exercise the stately trees,
With great limbs swaying full of strength."

But we are quite sure that, in other pas-

[1] *The Hill of Stones, and Other Poems.* By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1883.

sages, we discover only Dr. Mitchell himself, the possessor of a skill to throw into refined and acceptable form sentiments familiar to us all, but in his hands invested with a magic that gives them new meaning. How flawless is the adaptation of an old image in these lines! —

"The trust in honor, faith, and truth
That fails in after years;
The perfect pearls of life's young dream
Dissolved in manhood's tears."

Every one will appreciate the pleasant conceit by which the author makes a pipe-bowl "the wanderer's only hearth," glowing with hospitable fires, and the appropriate fancy of his allusion to stunted firs and cedars by the beach,

"Which heard in infancy the great sea moan,
And so took on the wilted shapes of fright."

There is a much greater depth in the question and answer which form the theme of that curiously analytic poem called The Marsh, yet the easy and lucid utterance bring out the thought here as plainly as it does the fancies just referred to. The writer asks, —

"Have the leaf and the grass no conscious sense
Of what they give us, — no want or cloy?"

and then answers himself: —

"Not so unlike us. The words that weight us
With keenest sorrow and longest pain
Fall oft from lips that rest unconscious
If that they give us be joy or pain."

The most original and attractive of all these short poems are, we think, the Camp-Fire Lyrics and the one on Elk County. We cannot do better than by quoting a few lines from the latter, which excite a regret that the author's other occupations have prevented him from following out this vein of interpretation of native scenes: —

"The land has no story to tell us, —
No voice save the Clarion's waters,
No song save the murm'rous confusion
Of winds gone astray in the pine-tops,
And the roar of the rain on the hemlocks.

. . . . . .

And deft little miserly squirrels
Are hoarding the beech-nuts for winter.

. . . . . .

Canst hear, as I hear, the gay hum of
The bright whizzing saw in the steam-mill,
Its up-and-down old-fashioned neighbor
Singing, 'Go it!' and 'Go it!' and 'Go it!'
As it whirrs through the heart of the pine-tree."

The dactylic and trochaic measure here employed Dr. Mitchell handles with much success, producing a novel and breezy effect, which has about it an aboriginal zest. In the same kind of verse is cast the After Sunset camp lyric, which we recognize as an old friend, first met in one of the magazines a few years since, where it was published over an assumed name. Although there are details of his verse that might be criticised, Dr. Mitchell is on the whole a deft and polished artificer, displaying a degree of skill somewhat rare in those who take up the composition of poetry as amateurs. One does not feel that he is an amateur, and it is ground for satisfaction that his poems should have been placed within the reach of appreciative readers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A GREAT deal has been said about the disadvantages of newspaper reading. Some philosophers have become persuaded that it will cause the reading of books to go out of fashion by slow degrees, and that the modern mind grows less and less capable of consecutive thought, or of evolving and maintaining its own opinions; that the intellect brings itself to bear on the various aspects of life and the theory and practice of every-day affairs only in a disjointed and paragraphical sort of way.

We feel ourselves to be on the brink

of a literary precipice, and remember with sorrow how apt one is to skip the editorials of the morning paper, if they appear too long, or too full of thought and reasoning. We see that we have not been reading, but merely getting the news, and the newspaper is only our welcome gossip.

With most persons, in this hurried American life, reading is the thing that is surest to be crowded out. We find time for the work or play we like best, and some people, in the midst of the greatest activity, will contrive to find a quiet space in which to follow literary pleasures; but many of us take up a book only as an amusement, and when there is nothing else to be done. Reading belongs to our idleness, to our holidays; it makes an agreeable approach to an afternoon nap, or, supplied from the train-boy's collection, it beguiles the dull hours of a railway journey. The phrase "improving the mind" has been degraded into something almost like slang. Few of us make a business of having anything to do with books, and few of us remember that it is as wise to make sure of taking some good literary food every day as it is to have our regular breakfasts and dinners for the sake of our bodies. Within the last few years we seem to have demanded that our books should be divided and subdivided, and arranged so that we can take our mental sustenance in the least possible time and with the slightest effort. This state of things has come in with Liebig's Extract of Beef, and has followed the druggist's efforts to compress and condense the old-fashioned great doses of medicine into quickly disappearing pellets and globules, which are slipped down our throats without a shudder or regret. Our favorite authors are being minced finer and finer every year, as our tables are being served with croquettes and patés, to the shameful neglect of saddles of venison and lordly sirloins of beef. We take even our Bible-reading from books that look as if they belonged to baby-house libraries: Daily Foods and Pearls of Sacred Thought, one verse of the Bible for each day, as if it were all our spiritual constitutions would bear, in their present weak condition. One would think that the Bible Society had succeeded well enough, in its endeavors to print the Scriptures in portable form, to allow us to keep the New Testament, at least, within reach, so that we could sometimes read an entire chapter.

There was formerly a book called Oracles from the Poets, made for the purpose of telling fortunes; and one is often reminded of the evenings it used to enliven in the old days by the comparatively new invention of birthday books. We are equally curious to see if these new selections of prose and verse are satisfactory expressions of our characters, and appropriate to the day on which we celebrate our arrival in this sphere of existence; and nobody takes up one of these small volumes without looking to see what success it has in its personal allusions. It is impossible to resist a feeling of pleasure at finding that the great author apparently had us in mind when he made a flattering remark, or an appreciative recognition of some rare virtue. But aside from the personal interest in birthday books, it is impossible to disguise the truth that most people read their George Eliot, their Longfellow and Dickens and Emerson, and even their Swedenborg, from birthday books and almanacs and calendars. It is vastly better than not reading them at all. These disconnected morsels may lead stray searchers after truth to follow the great masters and leaders more closely and reverently; and the hunger for this good food may become harder to satisfy, until the reader, after having tasted one sentence from an essay, is forced to rush to the nearest book-case, and embark upon a wild revel of reading the whole masterpiece.

The business of publishing still goes on, but even the people who buy many books are forced to confess that they usually have time for only a short scurry between the covers. They are always deluding themselves into a belief that they will presently find out all the author has to say. But soon a new bundle of books arrives, and the earlier comers are put away to make room for the strangers. We maintain large standing armies of these volumes at great expense and very little good to ourselves. It is only in long convalescence, or withdrawals from the world on account of some accidental hindrance to our every-day affairs, that we get much time for reading. It seems to me that it would be a good thing to occasionally go into retreat for the sake of our minds, after the same fashion that good Catholics retire from the distractions of worldly existence for the sake of their souls.

We cannot give up reading altogether, but we take smaller and smaller doses of it. By and by we may come round again to the custom of the Egyptians, and make one hieroglyphic stand for a sentence: we shall tear off a leaf of our calendar and see a little circle, a fat O, and on that day contemplate eternity. Reading from symbols has its advantages; but what will become of the misguided persons who love the lazy, loitering books of some authors who wrote when there was still time for reading, and it was not driven to the wall by other things far less important?

It is a great thing to be sure of having one fine thought, or bit of character study, or glimpse of scenery, put into the midst of our eager or tiresome, hurried or lazy day. It is all very well to be assured of a text every morning; but we cannot afford to starve our minds, and though the calendar and birthday books may keep us alive, they cannot make us flourish. Few of us think very much for ourselves, and we are all more or less dependent upon the thoughts and observations and opinions of other people. Many of us pay so little heed to the laws of intellectual improvement that, we get our mental growth at a needlessly early age. We are like those animals which hibernate: they afterward come out of their dens very thin and meagre, however well satisfied they may have been with the sustenance derived from their own paws.

— I read in one of our newspapers, the other day, a very gloomy and tearful statement of the literary situation, and was malicious enough to find a great deal of quiet enjoyment in the pessimistic views of the writer. A good pessimist is as fine a thing in his way as a good hater, and vastly more useful. Pessimism is an excellent corrective — taken in moderation. The distressed person of whom I am writing — he not inaptly described himself as being in a state of "spiritual orphanage" — unfolded no new idea in saying that the present is a fallow period in our literature. The present is always a fallow period in literature. The assertion is one of those fossils of criticism which are unearthed with mechanical regularity, and are to be predicted with as much certainty as the eclipse of the sun or the advent of the potato-bug. The stage was a degraded stage in Shakespeare's time. It is so difficult to get the right perspective when objects are too near. While Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Poe, Hawthorne, and the other brilliant men of that cycle were doing some of their best work (the marvelous Twice-Told Tales fell for nearly two decades upon unlistening ears), the literary pessimist of the period was shedding tears over the nonexistence of a national literature. Forty years from now he will still be lamenting and weeping, and throwing what little wet blanket he can over the poets and novelists and essayists of 1923. I imagine him holding forth somewhat in this fashion: —

"American literature has gone up. All our great authors are dead. You may cast your eye (it is a quite painless operation) over the whole of North and South America, and the dislocated optic will not encounter a single poet, story-teller, or essayist in any way worthy of being perched upon. Howells and James and Warner and Harte and Cable and — and Jones have passed away, and who is left to fill their places? Where will you find among the writers of to-day (February 1st, 1923) the pathos and humor of A Foregone Conclusion, the keen analysis of The Portrait of a Lady, the rich vein of The Grandissimes, the strength of The Luck of Roaring Camp, . . . the broad critical insight of The Victorian Poets? What histories and biographies and books of travel and science were given to the world in those times! To what perfection the art of writing short stories was brought in the period extending from 1860 to 1883! What a fine lyrical quality also characterized that same period! There were no great epics produced, — *altera tempore alteri mores*, — but what a cluster of great little lyrics! The silvery chords struck then are still vibrating; but, alas! the hands of the musicians are dust, and the present race of performers are merely banjo-players. The fact is, we are fallen upon evil days, we have lost our spectacles and misplaced our ear-trumpet, and our digestion is not what it used to be."

— The modern guide-book certainly deserves the gratitude of every traveler; but, without disrespect to Murray or Baedeker, it must be confessed that even their most ardent admirers experience, occasionally, a feeling of relief when some unexpected event, "not in Murray," occurs, to break for a time the tyranny of their guide. The celebration at Madrid of the two hundredth anniversary of the death of the Spanish poet Calderon was such an event, and came to me as a relief, after weeks of sight-seeing in Spain. The *fête* was advertised to begin on Monday, but that day and the next were devoted by the inhabitants of Madrid to preparation: hundreds of workmen were busy decorating the streets, houses, and shops; strangers came flocking to the city from all parts of the country; booths were erected along the Prado, and articles of every description, from a penny whistle to an India shawl, exposed for sale; benches were hastily put up in some of the streets through which the processions were to pass, and seats rented, as at Rome during the Carnival. All was excitement and expectation. The theatres were crowded every evening, and Calderon's plays were enthusiastically received. A loan collection was opened, under the auspices of nobility, if not royalty, and many were the objects of interest displayed to the public. I saw in a case full of fine old Spanish fans one, exquisitely painted, which had belonged to a lady in waiting at the court of Philip II.; and as if to recall that court more vividly to me, a worn and time-stained missal, once used by the bigot king, and the sword of the great and terrible Alva were placed near it. The fan, the missal, and the sword were good specimens of an age renowned for its intrigue, intolerance, and cruelty. Beyond the Prado, in a small wooden building, there was an exposition of modern Spanish pictures. These were, however, but side-shows; the great fête was opened on Wednesday by the celebration of high mass in one of the principal churches, attended by the royal family and dignitaries of state. Then followed a military procession, with the usual display of soldiers to be seen in every large city on great occasions. In the evening, I went with the crowd to see the decorations and illuminations. The Puerta del Sol, the grand square, was one blaze of light. The Spanish national colors, red and yellow, added to the gayety of the

scene; flags were flying; tapestries covered the balconies of the houses, brilliant with colored lights; Chinese lanterns hung in festoons across the streets; and the name of Calderon was everywhere.

But the greatest display of all — the historical procession — was reserved for Friday afternoon. It was opened by six heralds, dressed in the costume of the time of Calderon; yellow satin cloaks, with the Spanish coat of arms embroidered upon them in black, forming the most conspicuous part of their attire. It was a splendid sight, as was also the "Yellow Guard," that came some time later: those on foot wearing dark olive-green coats over their yellow breeches and vests, while the mounted guard wore bright yellow suits bordered with alternate checks of black and red. There were horsemen in old armor; knights with their retainers; an old printing-press associated with the early works of the poet; cars, on which were represented the different trades busy at their work; the Spanish colonies, with their peculiar characteristics; and, the crowning glory of all, the apotheosis of Calderon. After these came the carriages of state, carrying the magnates of the different cities of Spain, with their respective banners unfurled, and, following them, the richly-carved black coach of Jeanne la Folle. This latter, connected with the story of the sad wanderings of the poor queen, who, refusing to be separated from her dead husband, the handsome Philip, carried his coffin with her in this same carriage, seemed out of place amid these festivities and not even the white horses and gayly dressed postilions could relieve it of its sombre aspect. It was like the mummy at the Egyptian feast. The joyous faces of a party of Salamanca students, however, who came next in order, soon dispelled all gloomy thoughts. Looking down from the balcony of the hotel upon the great square, whose central fountain reflected the bow of promise in its crystal water, and through whose many diverging streets a living tide was flowing, I saw below me the customs and costumes of 1681 vividly contrasted with those of 1881, and recognized what an advance even Spain has made in the last two centuries.

All the processions, after leaving the Puerta del Sol, passed by the royal palace, where they were greeted by the king and queen from one of the balconies. Opposite the palace is the grand equestrian statue of Philip IV., the patron of Calderon. Here the little girls had left their green wreaths on Thursday, which almost concealed the base of the statue. The weather during the festival was perfect, — a blessing not often enjoyed in a city proverbial for its extremes of heat and cold. When there was nothing else to do, the strangers crowded around the booths and shops, while the water-carriers in the street were so besieged with customers that they had little need to utter their shrill cry of "Agua, Agua," — a cry that may generally be heard above all others, especially in the Puerta del Sol. Never was a greater variety of costumes collected in one city. The eye wandered from the bright dresses of the peasant women to the lace mantillas so gracefully worn by the Spanish ladies; from the velvet breeches and short embroidered jackets of the men of Segovia to the cloaks of the Spanish hidalgos, and found an artistic pleasure in all. The picture-gallery on the Prado being free to the public on one of the festival days, I followed the crowd; but my object was not to gaze, as usual, at the wonderful creations of Velasquez or Murillo, but to look at the living pictures, which the peasants unconsciously made as they stood before the works of the old masters. I sat for half an hour on the little bench, covered with red velvet, in front of Velasquez's Topers, without observing the marvelous bacchanalian king, or

his merry, half-clothed subjects. I was too much interested in the peasants who stopped before it, and, watching them, I saw the picture reflected in their faces, and, listening, heard contagious bursts of laughter, which may have come from the canvas or the spectators. Certainly no art critic could have interpreted the picture better. The favorite dwarfs of Philip IV., whose portraits, painted by the court painters of his reign, are scattered through the gallery, afforded much amusement to these simple peasants. They never tired of gazing at one by Carreño, a curious female dwarf, dressed in a robe of gaudy flowering chintz, and many were the jokes called forth by the apples, one in each hand, which she seemed to be offering them. Among the women in the crowd, I noticed three dressed in the style characteristic of the age of Calderon, — the hideous hooped skirt, that I had thought only a Velasquez could make me tolerate; but, strange to say, the dress was very becoming to one of the dark-eyed beauties who wore it. The hoop was a trifle less exaggerated than in the great painter's portraits, but it was without doubt the peasant costume of that period. The most picturesque group, however, that I saw during the morning was one standing before that exquisite picture of the Lord's Supper, by Juanes, the Raphael of Spain. The men in the prime of life, the women carrying their babies in their arms, and hushing the little creatures who clung timidly to their skirts, were listening attentively to an aged woman in their midst, as with tremulous voice she repeated the sacred legends of the Apostles, designating each with her trembling finger. But when, after making the sign of the cross, she pointed to the figure of the Saviour, holding in his hand the Holy Chalice, now in the cathedral at Valencia, made of agate and adorned with precious stones, a reverential awe settled upon the faces of her audience, and the men, taking off their hats, bowed solemnly. The reverence of the peasants recalled the devout spirit of the artist; for Juanes, like Fra Angelico, depended upon divine guidance in his art, and no praise from royal lips would have been as grateful to him as this recognition of the sacredness of his work. Notwithstanding the number of people in the gallery, and the freedom with which they expressed their opinions of the pictures, there was very little noise or confusion. The guards, with true Spanish politeness, answered questions and pointed out objects of interest with as much readiness as if they were dealing with well-known connoisseurs of art. Indeed, this politeness was one of the prominent features of the festival. Though there were said to be over sixty thousand strangers in Madrid during the week, no serious disturbance was reported, and amusement never degenerated into license.

What becomes of a crowd, when the object which calls it together is accomplished, is always a matter of conjecture. When, therefore, at the close of the historical procession, the last act on the programme, the curtain fell, the spectators of the Calderon fête mysteriously disappeared, and Madrid soon settled into the routine of ordinary daily life.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fine Arts and Illustrated Books. In Putnam's series of Art Hand-Books, edited by Susan N. Carter, are two volumes: one, Drawing in Black and White, by the editor; the other, Hints for Sketching in Water-Color from Nature, by Thomas Hatton. The former supposes the beginner to be remote from teachers and other helps, and simply aims to prevent a false start; the latter is intended for those who already know something of the water-color methods, and also of sketching from nature in black and white. — A second series of William Hunt's Talks on Art, compiled by Helen M. Knowlton (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), strikes us as showing Mr. Hunt even better than the first series. The style of printing and binding, which may be described as Orientalized American, agrees with that of the first series. — Art and the Formation of Taste is the title of a volume of six lectures by Lucy Crane. (Macmillan.) It is preceded by a memoir all too short, yet attractive by its very modesty, and it has illustrations by her brothers, Thomas and Walter Crane. The spirit of the book and the personal characteristics suggested by it would alone preserve it, but the matter itself is worthy of the charming dress which has been given to it. — The thirty-first volume of L'Art (Bouton, agent) continues the high character of the periodical which it represents. We justly applaud ourselves for the refinement to which we have carried the execution of engravings on wood, but when one opens such a work as this he confesses at once the wealth of resources which lie back of art in an old country. L'Art performs a most important function in making this wealth accessible in many ways to American students. Considerable space is given to majolica and to the salon of 1882, while contemporary English art is illustrated in the case of Ford Madox Brown, the interesting but somewhat disappointing painter of historical cartoons, and now engaged upon the decoration of the Manchester Town Hall. It is a pity that the articles contain no examples of his work.

History. The Story of the Volunteer Fire Department of the City of New York, by George W. Sheldon (Harpers), is a substantial and well-illustrated work by an enthusiast, who has preserved in his chapters an interesting phase of our social history. The volunteer department gave place in 1865 to a paid department, and this volume closes at that date. It is largely personal and anecdotical. — Orderly Book of Sir John Johnson during the Oriskany Campaign, 1776–1777, annotated by William L. Stone (Joel Munsell's Sons, Albany), contains also an historical introduction by J. Watts de Peyster, illustrating Johnson's life, and an appendix by T. B. Myers upon the Loyalists in America. The Johnson episode has already received much historical illustration, and as it is one of the most romantic of our colonial affairs any new light thrown upon it is desirable. — Mr. Bancroft has begun the reissue of his History of the United States of America, of which the first volume has now been published. (Appleton.) The title-page bears the words "the author's last revision," and the work, when completed, will be a monument not only to the author's industry and lifelong application, but to his respect for the undertaking, and his determination to leave the best, and not the easiest, results of his labor. The external dress of the book is admirable. — The Jesuits, a Complete History of their Open and Secret Proceedings, from the Foundation of the Order to the Present Time, by Theodor Greisinger (Putnams), is a two-volume work, which is boldly partisan. That is to say, the author, who speaks of it on the title-page, as told to the German people, makes no secret of his bitter hatred of the Jesuits; and though it is not necessary for an impartial historian to part with his conscience, it is necessary that, if he selects his enemy for his subject, his readers should bear the fact in mind as they read.

Biography. Traits of Representative Men, by George W. Bungay (Fowler & Wells, New York), is a volume of sketches of American men of the times, furnished with atrocious wood-cut portraits for the most part. The sketches differ from the portraits. These have a wooden savagery of expression; those are charged with an excess of laudation and fine writing. — Pioneers of the Western Reserve, by Harvey Rice (Lee & Shepard), is the title of a book by a Cleveland gentleman, which will be found very attractive by those who would catch at some of the marks of the great Western migration. Mr. Rice has treated his subject as an elderly gentleman might who should tell the story of the early days to a group of listeners, and the book is much more entertaining than many novels. — Memoir of Annie Keary, by her sister (Macmillan), is one of the books forced from a family by the urgency of friends, who valued the life, and were earnest that the bushel should be removed from the candle.

Fiction. Cupid M. D., by Augustus M. Swift (Scribners), is a light piece of fiction in the form of correspondence and journals, a mode which requires more delicacy of touch than Mr. Swift possesses. — Uncle Gabe Tucker, or Reflection, Song, and Sentiment in the Quarters, by J. A. Macon (Lippincott), is a mild imitation of Uncle Remus in a more diversified but less entertaining form. — The Colonel's Daughter, or Winning his Spurs, by Colonel Charles King, U. S. A. (Lippincott), is a story of frontier life. The author, in a somewhat disdainful preface, professes to leave conversation to other authors, and confine himself to incident; and incident in plenty there is, but we do not see that the author has invented any new style of novel. — Portia, or By Passions Rocked (Lippincott), is by the author of Molly Bawn, which is a recommendation; but then it is also by the author of Beauty's Daughters. — Barrington's Fate is the latest in the No Name series. (Roberts.)

The story is one of English life, but presumably by an American.

Sports. New Games for Parlor and Lawn, by George B. Bartlett (Harpers), is a capital handbook, by an old stager, who pays his readers the compliment of supposing them as clever as himself. — Footlight Frolics is the title of a little hand-book devoted to entertainments for home and school, by Mrs. Charles F. Fernald (Lee & Shepard), and containing school operas, charades, plays, and the like. Mrs. Fernald claims that she has given material which is free from the objectionable features of plays, vulgar expressions, *double entendres*, or profane words; but she has managed, nevertheless, to retain forms and phrases and situations which one does not need to be overfastidious to object to, as, for example, when the familiar Irish girl calls upon the "blissid Vargin" and the "howly saints." There still remain some who believe the Virgin was blessed and who honor the saints. — Whist, or Bumblepuppy? by Pembridge (Roberts), is somewhat humorously described further, on the title-page, as ten lectures addressed to children. The drollery which runs through the book seems to represent the author's temper, and not to interfere with the subject of his discourses on whist.

Public Affairs. Spoiling the Egyptians, a Tale of Shame Told from the British Blue-Books, is the vigorous protest of Mr. J. Seymour Keay (Putnams) against the policy of the English in dealing with Egypt. The little work appeared during the short war, but no circumstances of the war appear to affect its logic. — The Irish Question, by David Bennett King (Scribners), is the work of an American professor, who trained himself for his task by repeated visits to Ireland, study, and free converse with men of affairs and of public life. The result is a carefully prepared work, with no panacea, but with sensible conclusions drawn in an unpartisan spirit.

Travel and Chorography. Tunis, the Land and the People, by the Chevalier de Hesse-Wartegg (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is not a simple traveler's story, but a report upon its present condition by one who has resided there long enough to be a careful judge. The author discountenances the project for converting the Sahara into an inland sea. — Corea, the Hermit Nation (Scribners), is the work of W. E. Griffis, who has written at length upon Japan. Mr. Griffis has used such authorities as exist, and has been helped in his researches by his linguistic attainments. He does not appear to have himself seen more than the outskirts of the country, but, short of that personal acquaintance, his training for his task has been exceptional.

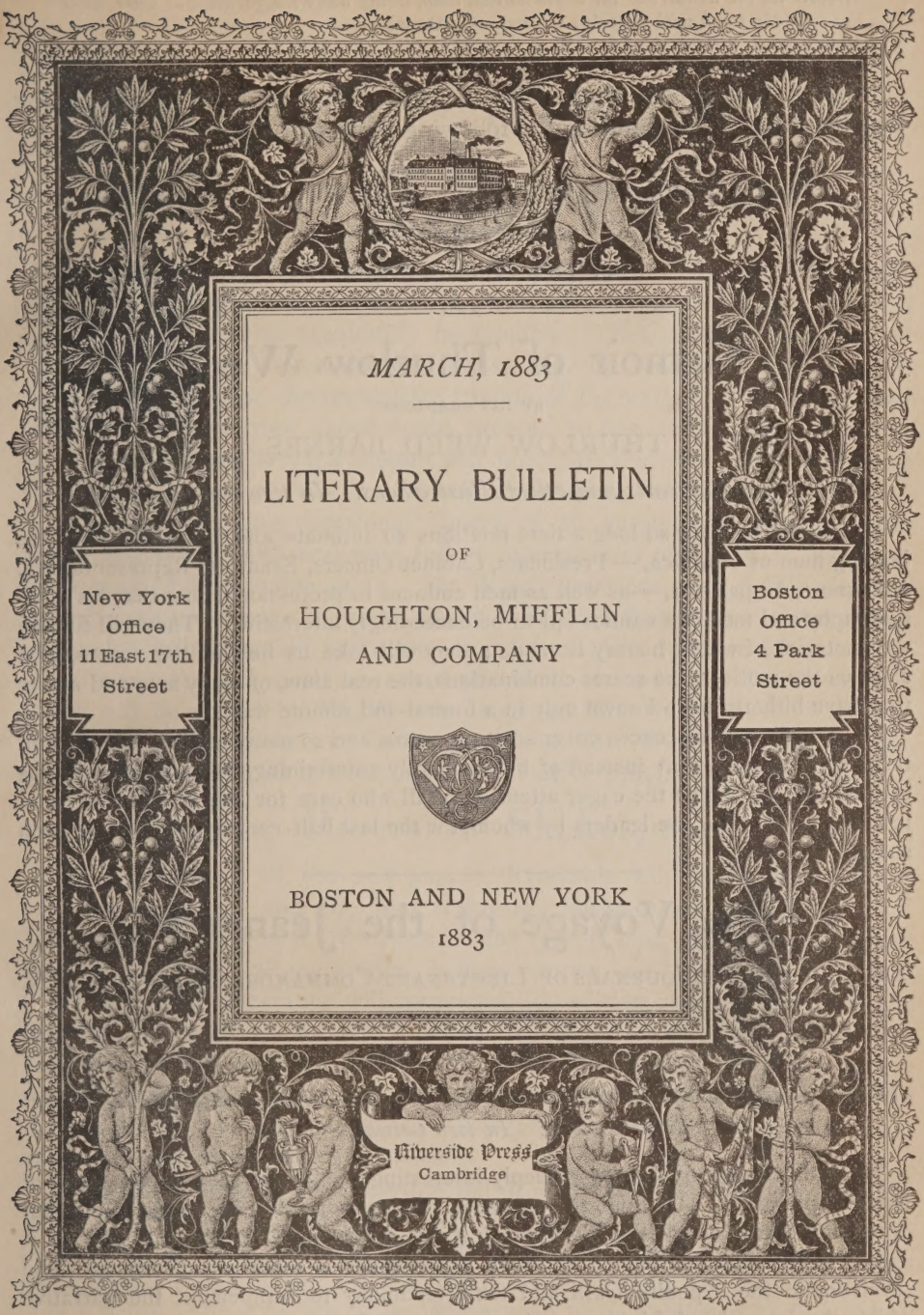
Philosophy and Theology. Fundamental Questions is the title of a work by Edson L. Clark (Putnams), which deals with subjects suggested chiefly by the book of Genesis and the Hebrew Scripture. The answers to the questions are found in the contributions made by historical, archæological, and scientific investigation. The endeavor is also in the direction of the new theology, which centres about the Christ as the meeting of God and man. — Love for Souls, by the Rev. William Scribner (Scribners), is a small volume, by an evangelical minister, of exhortation to earnestness in laboring for the conversion of men.

Humor. Théophile Gautier's My Household of Pets, translated by Susan Coolidge (Roberts), is a delightful volume, — the *persiflage* about dogs, cats, and horses which only a man of genius can write. — The Lambs, a Tragedy, by Robert Grant (Osgood), is a satirical work, which takes advantage of the one topic of our contemporary life which is pretty sure to attract both literary and unliterary people. The treatment is clever, and the simplicity of the theme is amusingly fitted to the severity of the style.

Science. Guesses at Purpose in Nature, with especial reference to plants, by W. P. James, is a volume of the S. P. C. K. (E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York), in which a mild party, headed by a vicar, voyages to the Barbadoes in May, returns to England in September, and discourses on botany and the Darwinian theory afloat and ashore. The machinery of the little book is harmless, and the men of straw are knocked down with great success. — Cause of Variation is the somewhat enigmatical title of a small work by M. M. Curtis, who publishes it from Marshall, Minnesota. Mr. Curtis appears to believe in some creed of labor, as developed from the physical conditions of life, but we do not quite understand what the labor is to result in, except a further continuance of a life which he does not appear to regard very highly.

Social Science and Political Economy. The Factors of Civilization, real and assumed, considered in their relation to vice, misery, happiness, unhappiness, and progress, is the comprehensive title of a work of which the second volume has reached us. (James P. Harrison & Co., Atlanta, Ga.) This volume, however, precedes the first in order of publication; it is a thoughtful discussion, by a Southerner, of the institutions of society and the effect of their imperfections upon progress. He is somewhat of a reactionist, but he writes soberly and earnestly. — The Taxation of the Elevated Railroads in the City of New York, by Roger Foster (Putnams), is a pamphlet which owes its origin in part to the vigorous associated effort in New York to bring reason and law to bear upon the problems of municipal and civil government. — Political Economy, by Francis A. Walker (Holt), is the fifth in what is known as the American Science Series, works especially adapted to use in high schools and colleges. This manual is illustrated by pertinent facts in American life.

Economics. In Putnam's Handy Book series of things worth knowing, a recent volume is headed How to Succeed, and is composed of recipes for success given by Senators Bayard and Edmunds, who represent public life, Dr. John Hall, who speaks for the ministry, Mr. E. P. Roe, who is a successful *littérateur*, and so forth. The merchant, the farmer, the inventor, the doctor, the artist, the civil engineer, and the musician, all contribute their notes on success in their several vocations, and if the real secret in each case could be communicated something might be learned, After all, the contributions suggest the previous question, — What is success?



MARCH, 1883

LITERARY BULLETIN

OF

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1883

Riverside Press
Cambridge

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LITERARY BULLETIN.

A Notable Life.

CARLYLE'S remark that "Biography is the most universally pleasant, universally profitable, of all reading" must of course frequently be modified. Not a few biographies are so poor in subject and so dull in treatment that none except the immediate friends of the writers or of the persons written about would pretend to find them either profitable or pleasant. But Carlyle's dictum will hold literally true of the Autobiography and Memoir of Thurlow Weed, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in preparation. The occasional papers of an autobiographical character which Mr. Weed published were full of interest, and justify us in anticipating a work of remarkable value. Mr. Weed's relations with public men and his intimate knowledge of public affairs were such that only a writer with a genius for dullness could make the story of his life uninteresting, and Mr. Weed was a trained writer of remarkable skill and power. The Autobiography will be edited by Mr. Weed's daughter, Miss Harriet A. Weed, and the Memoir will be written by his grandson, Mr. Thurlow Weed Barnes, who is amply equipped to complete the narrative which Mr. Weed began.

The Riverside Shakespeare.

The first volume of the new popular Riverside Edition of Shakespeare has just appeared, and the two remaining volumes will soon be issued. The size of the edition is crown octavo, the type is long primer (a sufficiently large, clear type), and the binding is firm, simple, and tasteful.

Its form and appearance will commend this edition, and yet more will the fact that it is edited by Mr. Richard Grant White, who is recognized in both Europe and America as one of the most accomplished and discriminating of Shakespeare scholars. His notes are brief, but admirably embody the results of the most exhaustive and critical study of Shakespeare, and explain whatever requires explanation.

A correspondent of *The Literary World*, of Boston, having requested the editor to give him "the names of some complete editions of Shakespeare, in from three to six volumes," the editor of the Shakespeare section, Mr. W. J. Rolfe, thus replies: "We strongly advise him to wait for the 'Riverside Edition,' edited by Mr. Grant White, soon to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, in three handsome volumes. We are confident that it will be *facile princeps* among the editions of moderate compass and price, issued on either side of the Atlantic. It will have concise notes, and that they will be accurate and every way admirable 'goes without saying.'"

The Riverside Hawthorne.

The two volumes which have already appeared of this edition, namely, "Twice-Told Tales" and "Mosses from an Old Manse," have been received with a unanimity of enthusiasm which promises well for the success of this enterprise. The beauty of the printed page, the engaging character and high artistic excellence of the etching and the vignette wood-cut in each volume, the strong and simple, yet attractive, binding, — all these give to this edition a perfection of form and appearance such as Hawthorne's works are entitled to. This month appear two additional volumes: one including "The House of the Seven Gables" and "The Snow Image;" the other, "A Wonder Book," "Tanglewood Tales," and "Grandfather's Chair;" and two volumes will be issued monthly until the edition is completed in twelve volumes.

Each of the volumes is preceded with introductory notes by Mr. George P. Lathrop, son-in-law of Mr. Hawthorne, giving such information as may be desired concerning the circumstances of the composition of the stories, or novels, or essays which the volume contains.

The large-paper edition of Hawthorne, which is limited to 250 copies, printed upon *papier vergé de Hollande*, and which is in every way as perfect and sumptuous a specimen of bookmaking as the Riverside Press can produce, has been taken with such eagerness that the number was exhausted long before the orders could be filled.

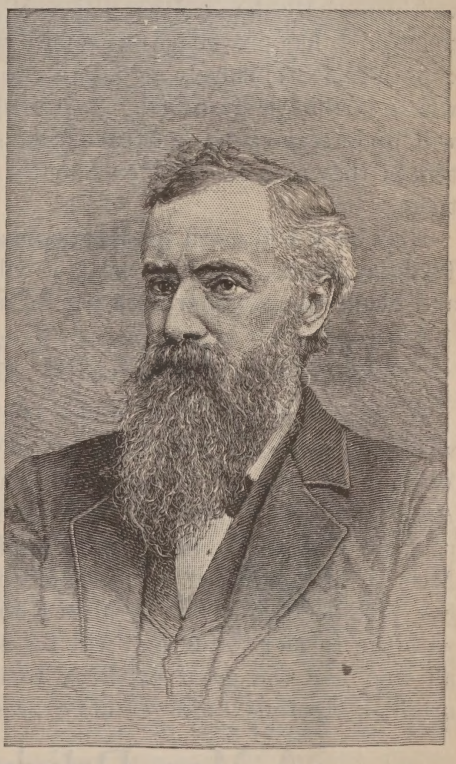
Two Important Series of Biographies.

Five volumes having appeared in each of the series "American Statesmen" and "American Men of Letters," the public has been able to discover the general scope of both, the intelligent care exercised in the selection of subjects and writers and in the mode of treatment. While the volumes are not equal in interest or in value, no one of them is unworthy of serious attention, or could well be spared from the series to which it belongs; and several of the volumes in each series have been received with emphatic favor, indicating the success with which the writers have treated their subjects. Of "American Men of Letters," edited by Charles Dudley Warner, the volumes already issued are: "Washington Irving," by Mr. Warner, the editor; "Noah Webster," by Horace E. Scudder; "Henry D. Thoreau," by Frank B. Sanborn; "George Ripley," by O. B. Frothingham; and "J. Fenimore Cooper," by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury, of Yale College. In the series of "American Statesmen," edited by Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., have appeared: "John Quincy Adams," by Mr. Morse, the editor; "Alexander Hamilton," by Henry Cabot Lodge; "John C. Calhoun," by Dr. H. Von Holst, well known as the author of a Constitutional History of the United States; "Andrew Jackson," by Prof. W. G. Sumner, of Yale College; and "John Randolph," by Henry Adams. In the latter series will appear shortly: "James Monroe," by President D. C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, who has made a careful and exhaustive study of Monroe's political career, and of the condition of the country and the questions of public interest in his time; and later in the season, "Thomas Jefferson," by John

T. Morse, Jr.; and still later, "Daniel Webster," by Henry Cabot Lodge. It is believed that these two series, when completed, will form very important contributions to the literary and political history of America, in its various stages of formation and development, and that they will be greatly serviceable to those who wish to become familiar with the literature and statesmanship of this country.

Mr. John Burroughs,

Whose portrait, recently made for Houghton, Mifflin and Company's Portrait Catalogue, is reprinted here, has gained a transatlantic reputation, which will doubtless be largely increased by the publication of his "Winter Sunshine," by David Douglas, of Edinburgh. Mr. Douglas has made this arrangement both with Mr. Burroughs and with Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and proposes to issue the book in the very neat and tasteful style in which he has published some of Mr. Howells's charming stories.



The essays of Mr. Burroughs, which are included in his five volumes, "Wake Robin," "Winter Sunshine," "Birds and Poets," "Locusts and Wild Honey," and "Pepacton," have at once so much of the original freshness and charm of out-door life, and the additional charm of literary grace, that they are among the most delightful and satisfactory essays of their kind in the English language. Mr. Burroughs's observation and love of literature go hand in hand, and serve to render his essays unique in combining qualities which are frequently found separately, but are rarely found in conjunction. As the Boston *Transcript* says: "They are full of that delicious out-of-door feeling which one finds so seldom in printed volumes, and which no art can simulate. To read them is like wandering in woods and fields. The wind blows through them, the birds sing, the sun shines, and the water runs."

Letters of a Remarkable Woman.

The recently published volume of Letters by Lydia Maria Child has been received with a very hearty welcome, and the admiration of the freshness, originality, simplicity, and literary charm of the letters is even surpassed by the admiration excited by the nobility and unselfishness of character which the letters reveal. The Editor of the Easy Chair in Harper's Magazine (understood to be Mr. George William Curtis) says of them: —

The charm and value of letters as pictures of character and marginalia of history and additions to literature are shown in the delightful collection of Mrs. Child's letters, which has recently appeared. . . . Like all good letters of those whose character rather than genius is their distinction, they reveal the woman even more fully than her books. They show plainly the rare qualities of the writer. The phrase to describe Mrs. Child is joyous independence. Her sturdy, indomitable, and supreme conscience was paired with the gentlest and sweetest temperament; and while her absolute self-possession was as impervious to allurement and threat and temptation as a statue to heat, she was as unconscious of effort as the statue; and while her life, in its early renunciation of personal renown and gratified ambition, and in its quiet and steady dedication to an unselfish purpose, was truly heroic, it was a life gay and bright and cheerful, full of enjoyment of little things, and of interest in the highest.

Lowell Birthday Book.

The Longfellow, Whittier, and Emerson Birthday Books have been received with so much favor that a similar book has been prepared from the writings of Mr. James Russell Lowell. The plan of selection is the same as that which has proved so satisfactory in the previous books; the sentences chosen relate as closely as possible to the season and to the famous persons whose birthdays are noted. Those who know Mr. Lowell's prose or poetry will understand what a treasury of striking, beautiful, wise, and witty sentences they are, and how excellent a Birthday Book can be made up from them.

This book will merit no less popular favor than any of the three previous Birthday Books, and like those it will have a portrait, twelve illustrations, and blank spaces under each day for autographs and memoranda.

Hunt's Talks on Art. Second Series.

In 1875 was published, under the title "Talks on Art," a collection of wise, epigrammatic sentences on art and art methods by the eminent artist William M. Hunt. It attracted marked attention in both England and America by the originality, incisiveness, and unusual suggestiveness of the remarks which were made to his pupils, and were preserved by one of them, Miss H. M. Knowlton. A second series of Mr. Hunt's striking utterances has just been collected by Miss Knowlton, and published in the same style with the former series, and will be heartily appreciated by art students, by all who had the great privilege to know Mr. Hunt, and by all lovers of original, vigorous, unforgetable expression.

A Most Delightful Gypsy Book.

The London *Spectator* commends without qualification Mr. Leland's recent book on the Gypsies. It says: "Since literature became a profession, there has been an increasing rarity of those books which bear internal evidence of the fact that their writers enjoyed writing them, and that they were written for the sake of enjoyment; but Mr. Leland's books do provide such evidence, and they are accordingly very refreshing." It says: "The book is crammed with interesting matter," and concludes by remarking: "We have no hesitation in saying that this is the most delightful Gypsy book with which we are acquainted."

The Riverside Press

THIS illustration gives a view of the principal buildings and the grounds of the Riverside Press. It may gratify many of our readers to see how the establishment looks from which THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY is sent out, with numerous books which bear this imprint, now somewhat widely, and we hope favorably, known.

A portion of the main building, that upon the extreme left, is occupied by the publishing and mailing departments of Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The remainder is the manufactory, in which five to six hundred trained workers are busy in producing the multitude of books which this Press sends forth continually. The two lower floors are devoted to composition and printing, and the two upper to binding. In the press-room may be seen every variety of printing, from the careful, painstaking work done with hand-made paper upon a hand-press, to that turned out rapidly by cylinder steam-presses. In the bindery one sees, in various stages of progress, volumes of poetry, fiction, essays, travel, and whatever else is comprised in the best American and English literature.

In the rear of the main structure are the electrotyping and lithographic departments. The building at the right is one of the fire-proof safes, where are stored the valuable plates not in actual use upon the presses, and a large quantity of printed sheets awaiting their time to be bound in volumes.

The Riverside Press has its own savings-bank, library, fire-brigade, etc., and it is the purpose of its proprietors to make it in every respect a model printing-house. The favor with which its imprint is received, especially in books that have been selected for special honor, indicates that this purpose has already been in some degree realized.

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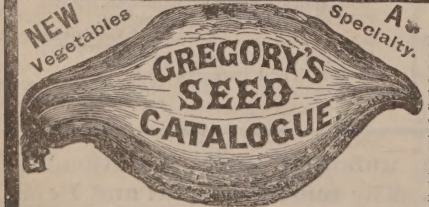

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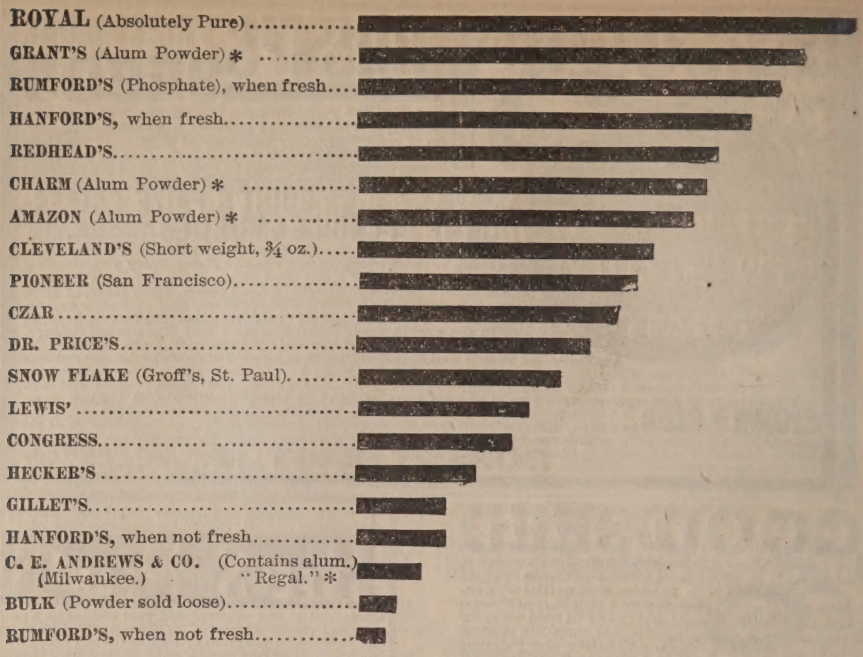

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DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LI.—NUMBER 306

APRIL, 1883

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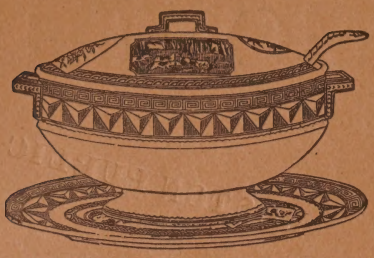

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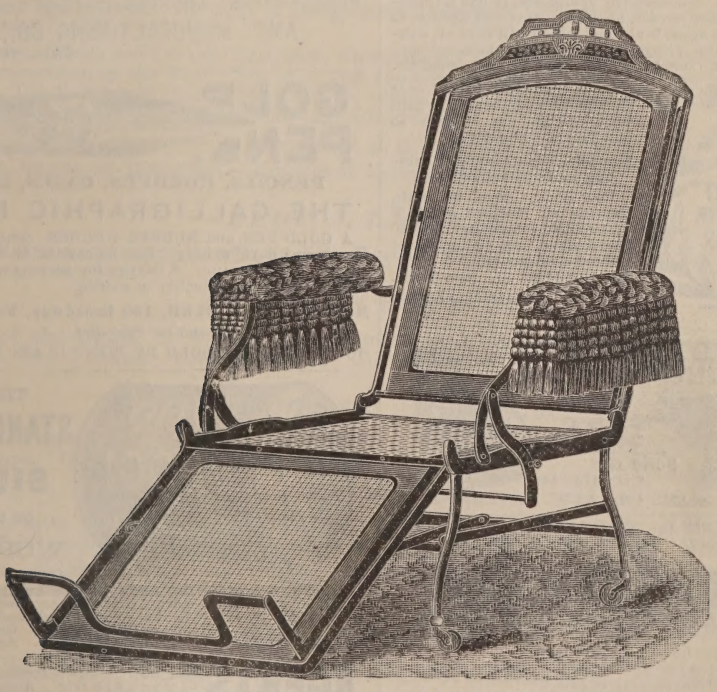

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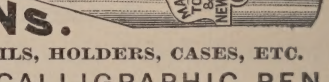

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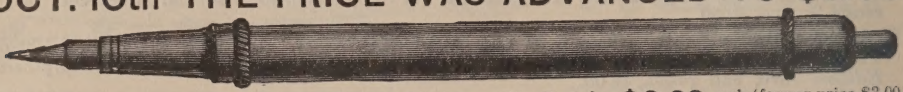

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Vol. LI. — APRIL, 1883. — No. CCCVI.

DAISY MILLER.

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MADAME DE KATKOFF.
ALICE DURANT.
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DAISY MILLER.
A WAITER.

ACT I. — *An Hotel on the Lake of Geneva.*
ACT II. — *The Promenade of the Pincian, Rome.*
ACT III. — *An Hotel in Rome.*

ACT I.

Garden and terrace of an hotel on the Lake of Geneva. The portico of the hotel to the left, with steps leading up to it. In the background a low parapet dividing the garden from the lake, and divided itself by a small gate opening upon a flight of steps which are supposed to descend to a pier. Beyond this a distant view of mountains and of the lake, with the Château de Chillon. Orange-trees in green tubs, benches, a few small tables and chairs.

SCENE I. MADAME DE KATKOFF, EUGENIO.

MADAME DE KATKOFF, *coming in as if a little startled, with a French book in a pink cover under her arm.* I believe he means to speak to me! He is capable of any impertinence.

EUGENIO, *following slowly, handsomely dressed, with a large watch-guard, and a courier's satchel over his shoulder. He takes off his hat and bows obsequiously, but with a certain mock respect.* Madame does me the honor to recognize me, I think.

MME. DE K. Certainly I recognize you. I never forget my servants, especially (*with a little laugh*) the faithful ones!

EUGENIO. Madame's memory is perhaps slightly at fault in leading her to speak of me as a servant!

MME. DE K. What were you, then? A friend, possibly?

EUGENIO. May I not say that I was, at least on a certain occasion, an adviser?

MME. DE K. In the way of occasions, I remember only the one on which I turned you out of the house.

EUGENIO. You remember it with a little regret, I hope.

MME. DE K. An immense deal —

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that I had n't dismissed you six months sooner!

EUGENIO. I comprehend the regret of Madame. It was in those six months that an incident occurred — (*He pauses.*

MME. DE K. An incident?

EUGENIO. An incident which it is natural that Madame should not have desired to come to the knowledge of persons occupying a position, however humble, near Madame.

MME. DE K., *aside.* He is more than impertinent — he is dangerous. (*Aloud.*) You are very audacious. You took away a great deal of money.

EUGENIO. Madame appears still to have an abundance.

MME. DE K., *looking at him a moment.* Yes, I have enough.

EUGENIO, *smiling.* Madame is to be congratulated! I have never ceased to take an interest in Madame. I have followed her — at a distance.

MME. DE K. The greater the distance, the better!

EUGENIO, *significantly.* Yes, I remember that Madame was very fond of her privacy. But I intrude as little as possible. I have duties at present which give me plenty of occupation. Not so much, indeed, as when I was in the employment of Monsieur de Katkoff: that was the busiest part of my life. The Russians are very exacting — the Americans are very easy!

MME. DE K. You are with Americans now?

EUGENIO. Madame sees that she *is* willing to talk! I am traveling with a family from New York — a family of three persons.

MME. DE K. You have no excuse, then, for detaining me; you know where to find conversation.

EUGENIO. Their conversation is not so agreeable as that of Madame! (*With a slight change of tone.*) I know more about you than you perhaps suspect.

MME. DE K. I know what you know.

EUGENIO. Oh, I don't allude to Madame's secrets. I should never be so indiscreet! It is not a secret to-day that Madame has a charming villa on this lovely lake, about three miles from Geneva.

MME. DE K. No, that is not a secret.

EUGENIO. And that though she leads a life of elegant seclusion, suited to the mourning which she has never laid aside — though she has lightened it a little — since she became a widow, Madame does not entirely shut her doors. She receives a few privileged persons.

MME. DE K., *aside.* What on earth is he coming to? (*Aloud.*) Do you aspire to be one of them?

EUGENIO. I should count upon it the day I should have something particular to say to Madame. But that day may never come.

MME. DE K. Let us hope so!

EUGENIO. Let us hope so! Meanwhile Madame is in a position to know as well as myself that — as I said just now — the Americans are very easy.

MME. DE K. The Americans?

EUGENIO. Perhaps, after all, Madame does n't find them so? Her most privileged visitor is of that nationality! Has he discovered — like me — that the Russians are very exacting?

MME. DE K., *looking at him a moment, then quickly, though with an effort.* The Russians, when their antagonists go too far, can be as dangerous as any one else! I forget *your* nationality.

EUGENIO. I am not sure that Madame ever knew it. I 'm an Italian Swiss, a native of the beautiful city of Lugano. Is Madame acquainted with Lugano? If she should go that way, I recommend the Hôtel Washington: always our Americans, you see! The Russians? They are the most dangerous people I know, and we gentlemen who take charge of families know everything.

Mme. de K. You had better add frankly that you traffic in your knowledge.

Eugenio. What could be more just? It costs us a good deal to get it.

Mme. de K., *to herself, after a pause.* It is best to know the worst, and have done with it. (*Aloud.*) How much do you want?

Eugenio. How much do I want for what? For keeping quiet about Mr. Winterbourne, so that his family shan't think he 's wasting his time, and come out from America to bring him home? You see I know even his name! He 's supposed to be at Geneva for purposes of study.

Mme. de K. How much do you want to go away and never let me see you again? Be merciful. Remember that I 'm not rich.

Eugenio. I know exactly the fortune of Madame! She is not rich, for very good reasons — she was exceedingly extravagant in her youth! On the other hand, she is by no means in misery. She is not rich, like the American lady — the amiable Mrs. Miller — whom I have at present the honor to serve; but she is able to indulge herself with the usual luxuries.

Mme. de K. It would be a luxury to get rid of you!

Eugenio. Ah, I 'm not sure that Madame can afford that; that would come under the head of extras! Moreover, I 'm not in want of money. The amiable Mrs. Miller —

Mme. de K., *interrupting.* The amiable Mrs. Miller is as great a fool as I?

Eugenio. I should never think of comparing her with Madame! Madame has much more the appearance of one who is born to command. It is for this reason that I approached her with the utmost deliberation. I recognized her three days ago, the evening she arrived at the hotel, and I pointed her out to Mrs. Miller as a Russian lady of great distinction, whose husband I had formerly the honor to serve in a very confidential position. Mrs. Miller has a daughter even more amiable than herself, and this young lady was profoundly impressed with the distinguished appearance of Madame.

Mme. de K. Her good opinion is doubtless of great value; but I suppose it 's hardly to assure me of that —

Eugenio. I may add that I did n't permit myself to make any further remarks.

Mme. de K. And your discretion 's an example of what you are capable of doing? I should be happy to believe it, and if you have not come to claim your reward —

Eugenio. My reward? My reward shall be this: that we leave the account open between us! (*Changing his tone entirely.*) Let me speak to you very frankly. Some eight years ago, when you were thirty years old, you were living at Dresden.

Mme. de K. I was living at Dresden, but I was not thirty years old.

Eugenio. The age does n't matter — we will call it twenty, if you like: that makes me younger, too. At that time I was under your roof; I was the confidential servant, on a very exceptional footing, of M. de Katkoff. He had a great deal of business — a great deal of diplomatic business; and as he employed me very often to write for him — do you remember my beautiful hand? — I was not so much a servant as a secretary. At any rate, I was in a position to observe that you had a quarrel with your husband.

Mme. de K. In a position? I should think you were! He paid you to spy upon me.

Eugenio. To spy upon you?

Mme. de K. To watch me — to follow me — to calumniate me.

Eugenio, *smiling.* That 's just the way you used to talk! You were always violent, and that gave one an advantage.

MME. DE K. All this is insupportable. Please to spare me your reminiscences, and come to the point.

EUGENIO. The point is this — that I got the advantage of you then, and that I have never lost it! Though you did n't care for your husband, you cared for some one else; and M. de Katkoff — with my assistance, if you will — discovered the object of your preference. Need I remind you of what followed the day this discovery became known to you? Your surprise was great, because you thought yourself safe; but your anger was even greater. You found me for a moment in your path, and you imagined — for that moment — that I was a Russian serf. The mistake had serious consequences. You called me by the vilest of names — and I have never forgotten it!

MME. DE K. I thank you for reminding me of my contempt. It was extremely sweet.

EUGENIO. It made you very reckless. I got possession of two letters, addressed to the person I speak of, and singularly rash compositions. They bear your signature in full.

MME. DE K. Can there be any better proof that I have nothing to be ashamed of?

EUGENIO. You were not ashamed then, because, as I have already remarked, you were reckless. But to-day you are wise.

MME. DE K., *proudly.* Whatever I have said — I have always signed!

EUGENIO. It 's a habit I appreciate. One of those letters I gave to M. de Katkoff; the other — the best — I kept for myself.

MME. DE K. What do you mean by the best?

EUGENIO. I mean — the worst!

MME. DE K. It can't be very bad.

EUGENIO, *smiling.* Should you like me to submit it to a few of your friends?

MME. DE K., *aside.* Horrible man! (*Aloud.*) That 's the point, then: you wish to sell it.

EUGENIO. No; I only wish you to know I have it.

MME. DE K. I knew that already. What good does it do you?

EUGENIO. You suspected it, but you did n't know it. The good it does me is this — that when, as sometimes happens to us poor members of a despised and laborious class, I take stock of my prospects and reckon up the little advantages I may happen to possess, I like to feel that particular one among them.

MME. DE K. I see — you regard it as a part of your capital. But you draw no income.

EUGENIO. Ah, the income, Madame, is accumulating!

MME. DE K. If you are trying to frighten me, you don't — very much!

EUGENIO. Very much — no! But enough is as good as a feast. There is no telling what may happen. We couriers have our ups and downs, and some day I may be in distress. Then, and only then, if I feel a pinch, I shall call on Madame. For the present —

MME. DE K. For the present, you only wish to insult me!

EUGENIO. Madame does injustice to my manners: they are usually much appreciated. For the rest of the time that we remain under the same roof — so to speak — I shall not again disturb your meditations.

MME. DE K. Be so good as to leave me.

EUGENIO. I wish Madame a very good morning! (*He goes into the hotel.*)

MME. DE K., *stands a moment, thinking.* That 's what it is to have been a fool — for a single moment! That moment reëchoes through eternity. He has shaken my nerves, and in this wretched garden one is always observed. (*Exit into the hotel.*)

SCENE II. MRS. COSTELLO, MISS DURANT, CHARLES REVERDY. *They come out of the hotel as Madame de Katkoff passes into it, looking at her attentively.*

REVERDY, *who carries a camp-stool.* That 's the biggest swell in the house — a Russian princess!

MRS. COSTELLO. A Russian princess is nothing very great. We have found one at every hotel.

REVERDY. Well, this is the best of them all. You would notice her anywhere.

MRS. C. The best bred people are the people you notice least.

REVERDY. She 's very quiet, any way. She speaks to no one.

MRS. C. You mean by that that no one speaks to her.

REVERDY, *aside.* The old lady 's snappish this morning: hanged if I 'll stand it! (*Aloud.*) No one speaks to her, because no one ventures to.

MISS DURANT. You ventured to, I think, and she did n't answer you. That 's what you mean by her being quiet!

REVERDY. She dropped her fan, and I picked it up and gave it to her. She thanked me with a smile that was a poem in itself: she did n't need to speak!

MRS. C. You need n't mind waiting on Russian princesses. Your business is to attend to us — till my nephew comes.

REVERDY, *looking at his watch.* As I understand you, he 's already due.

MRS. C. He 's a quarter of an hour late. We are waiting breakfast.

MISS D. I 'm afraid the delay will bring on one of your headaches.

MRS. C. I have one already, so it does n't matter!

REVERDY, *aside.* Very convenient, those headaches! (*Aloud.*) Won't you sit down, at least? (*Offering camp-stool.*) You know I don't come out for three minutes without our little implement.

MRS. C. I don't care for that; I 'll sit on a bench.

REVERDY, *aside.* She insists on my bringing it, and yet she won't use it! (*The ladies seat themselves, and he places himself between them, astride the camp-stool. He continues, aloud.*) If Mr. Winterbourne is already due, my holiday has legally begun.

MISS D. You won't lose anything by waiting. After he comes you will be at perfect liberty.

REVERDY. Oh yes, after that you won't look at me, I suppose! Miss Durant is counting very much on Mr. Winterbourne.

MRS. C. And I am counting very much on Miss Durant. You are to be very nice to him, you know.

MISS D. That will depend on how I like him.

MRS. C. That 's not what I brought you to Europe for — to make conditions. Besides, Frederick 's a perfect gentleman.

MISS D. You seem to wish me to promise to marry him. I must wait till he asks me, you know.

REVERDY. He will ask you if Mrs. Costello bids him. He is evidently in excellent training.

MRS. C. I have n't seen him for ten years: at that time he was a model nephew.

REVERDY. I should n't wonder if he were to turn out a regular "hard" one. That would be a jolly lark!

MRS. C. That 's not his reputation. Moreover, he has been brought up in Geneva, the most moral city in Europe.

REVERDY. You can't tell anything from that. Here am I, brought up in New York — and we all know what New York is. Yet where can you find a more immaculate young man? I have n't a fault — I 'm ashamed of myself!

MISS D. If Mr. Winterbourne is a little wild, I shan't like him any the less. Some faults are very charming.

REVERDY. Tell me what they are, and I 'll try and acquire them.

MRS. C. My dear Alice, I 'm startled by your sentiments. I have tried to form your taste . . .

MISS D. Yes, but you have only cultivated my dislikes. Those are a few of my preferences.

REVERDY. Tell us a few more of them — they sound awfully spicy!

MISS D. I 'm very fond of a certain indifference. I like men who are not always running after you with a camp-stool, and who don't seem to care whether you like them or not.

MRS. C. If you like rude men, they are very easily found. If I did n't know you were a very nice girl, I should take you for — I don't know what!

REVERDY. Miss Durant's remarks are addressed to me, and between you two ladies it 's hard to know what to do. You want me to be always at your elbow, and you make a great point of the camp-stool. Will you have it a little, for a change? (*Getting up and offering it. Mrs. Costello refuses with a gesture.*) I don't offer it to Miss Alice; we have heard what *she* thinks of it!

MISS D. I did n't speak of that piece of furniture: I spoke of the person who carries it.

REVERDY. The person who carries the camp-stool? Is that what I 've come to be known by? Look here, my dear friends, you ought to engage a courier.

MRS. C. To cheat us out of our eyes? Thank you very much!

REVERDY. A courier with a gorgeous satchel, and a feather in his hat — like those ladies from Schenectady!

MRS. C. So that he might smoke in our faces, as he does in theirs, and have his coffee with us after dinner, as he does with them? They 've ruined a good servant.

MISS D. They treat him as an equal; they make him their companion.

REVERDY. But they give him handsome wages — which is more than you do me!

MISS D. I 've no doubt they give him little tokens of affection, and locks of their hair. But that makes them only the more dreadful!

MRS. C. I 'm glad to see, my dear, that your taste is coming back to you!

REVERDY. Oh, if taste consists in demolishing Miss Daisy Miller, she can take the prize.

MISS D. Demolishing her? I should be sorry to take that trouble. I think her very vulgar: that 's all!

MRS. C. Miss Daisy Miller? Is that her distinguished name?

REVERDY, *aside.* Ah, we can't all be named Costello!

MRS. C. They are the sort of Americans that one does one's duty by not accepting.

REVERDY. Ah, you don't accept her?

MRS. C. I would if I could — but I can't. One should let Europeans know —

REVERDY. One should let them know?

MRS. C. That we are not all like that.

REVERDY. They can see it for themselves: she 's charmingly pretty.

MISS D. You are extremely impertinent.

REVERDY, *aside.* I put in one that time. (*Aloud.*) I can't help it; she 's lovely.

MRS. C. And is the mamma lovely, too? Has any one ever seen the mamma?

REVERDY. She 's sick in bed — she 's always sick.

MISS D. The courier sits with her, and gives her her medicine.

REVERDY. I hope you call that devoted, then?

MRS. C. It does n't matter, because the head of the family is the little boy. He orders the dinner; he has the best seat in the carriage.

REVERDY. He 's the most amusing

little specimen. He has the heart of a patriot in the body of a — (*Hesitates for a word.*)

Miss D. In the body of a grasshopper!

Reverdy. He hops a good deal, or, rather, I should say, he flies; for there is a good deal of the spread-eagle about him.

Miss D. He leaves his toys all over the hotel; I suppose you would say his plumes.

Reverdy. Well, he 's a dauntless American infant; a child of nature and of freedom.

Mrs. C. Oh, nature and freedom! We have heard too much of *them.*

Reverdy. Wait till you are stopped at the New York custom-house! The youthful Miller and I have struck up a friendship: he introduced me to his sister.

Mrs. C. You don't mean to say you spoke to her!

Reverdy. Spoke to her? Yes, indeed — and she answered me.

Miss D. She was not like the Russian princess!

Reverdy. No, she 's as little as possible like the Russian princess; but she 's very charming in another style. As soon as Mr. Winterbourne arrives (and you must excuse me for saying that he takes a deuce of a time about it), I shall console myself for the loss of your society by plunging into that of the Millers.

Mrs. C. You won't lose us, Mr. Reverdy: you can console yourself with *me.*

Reverdy. Oh, thank you!

Mrs. C. Frederick will devote himself to Alice.

Miss D. We had better wait till he comes! I have no patience with his delay.

Mrs. C. Neither have I, my dear; but I may as well take the opportunity of remarking that a young lady should n't seem too eager . . .

Miss D. Too eager?

Mrs. C. For the arrival of a gentleman.

Miss D. I see what you mean — more reserve. But simply before you . . .

Reverdy. And before me, please. Am I nobody?

Miss D. Nobody at all!

Reverdy. Well, I don't care, for I descry in the distance the adorable Miss Miller!

Miss D. I 'm glad she 's in the distance.

Reverdy. Ah, but she 's coming this way.

Miss D., *quickly.* I forbid you to speak to her.

Reverdy, *aside.* Ah, then I *am* somebody? (*Aloud.*) I can't cut the poor girl, you know.

Miss D. You need n't see her. You can look at me.

Mrs. C. She 's always wandering about the garden — the image of idleness and frivolity.

Reverdy. She 's not as serious as we, nor as well occupied, certainly; but she 's bored to death. She has got no one to flirt with.

Miss D. She shall not flirt with you, at any rate!

Reverdy. Do you wish me to hide behind a tree?

Miss D. No, you can sit down here (*indicating the bench beside her*), and take my parasol — so! — and hold it before your face, as if you were shading your eyes.

Reverdy, *with the parasol.* From Miss Daisy Miller? It 's true she 's very dazzling! (*Daisy enters from the right, strolling slowly, as if she has nothing to do, and passes across the stage in front of the others, who sit silent, watching her, Reverdy peeping for a moment from behind his parasol. "She was dressed in white muslin, with a hundred frills and flounces, and knots of pale-colored ribbon. She was bare-headed; but she balanced in her hand a large par-*

asol, with a deep border of embroidery; and she was strikingly, admirably, pretty." [1] *She looks at the others as she passes them, and goes out on the left — not into the hotel. Reverdy continues.*) Now, then, may I look out?

Miss D., *taking back her parasol.* She saw you, I'm happy to say.

Reverdy. Oh yes, I gave her a wink!

Mrs. C. That's the way she roams about —

Miss D. Seeking whom she may devour!

Reverdy. Poor little creature! I'm the only tolerably good-looking young man in the hotel.

Mrs. C. Mercy on us! I hope she won't get hold of Frederick!

Reverdy. Not if I can help it, dear Madam. I have never seen Frederick — but I mistrust Frederick.

Mrs. C. He's not at all in your style. He 's had a foreign education. He speaks a dozen languages.

Reverdy, *aside.* An awful prig, — I can see that.

Mrs. C. Let us hope that, thanks to his foreign education, he will be out of danger. Such people as that can only disgust him.

Reverdy. I know the style of fellow you mean — a very high collar and a very stiff spine! He speaks a dozen languages — but he does n't speak the language of Schenectady! He won't understand an American girl — he had better leave her alone.

Miss D. I'm very much obliged to you — for me!

Enter a waiter from the hotel.

Reverdy. Oh, you are not an American; you 're an angel!

The Waiter, *approaching with a bow.* The breakfast that Madame ordered is served.

Mrs. C., *to her companions.* It 's just twelve o'clock; we certainly can't wait any longer.

[1] From the story.

Miss D. I don't believe he 's coming at all!

Mrs. C. Ah, if I 've only brought on a headache for nothing!

Reverdy, *aside.* Won't he catch it when he arrives? (*They pass into the hotel, the waiter leading the way.*)

Scene III. Eugenio, *then* Winterbourne *and the* Waiter. *Eugenio comes out of the hotel, then looks about him and begins to call. He is without his hat and satchel.*

Eugenio. Meester Randolph! Meester Randolph! Confound that infernal child — it 's the fifth time this morning that I 've chased him round the garden! (*Stands calling again.*) Meester Randolph! Meester Randolph! He is always there when he 's not wanted and never when he is, and when I find him I have n't even the right to pinch his ear! He begins to kick like a little mule, and he has nails in his boots — for the mountains. Meester Randolph! Meester Randolph! Drat the little wretch — I 'm a courier, not a nurse! (*Exit to the right, while Winterbourne comes down from the hotel, followed by a waiter, the same who has just appeared, carrying a little tray with a service of black coffee.*)

Winterbourne. I 'll have my coffee here, it 's so close in the hotel. (*The waiter places the tray on a small table, which he draws up to a bench. Winterbourne takes out a card, on which, on his pocket-book, he writes a few words.*) And please to take that card to the lady whose name I have written there, and ask her when it will be convenient for her to see me.

The Waiter, *looking at the card.* The Russian lady who arrived three days ago? I will let you know, sir.

Winterbourne, *seated at the little table.* Wait a moment. Do you know whether Mrs. Costello has breakfasted?

The Waiter. Mrs. Costello? The lady with the young lady, and the gentleman also young?

WINTERBOURNE. I know nothing about her companions. A lady with her hair very high. She is rather — rather —

THE WAITER. Yes, sir, she is rather high altogether! When she gives an order —

WINTERBOURNE, *pouring out his coffee.* I don't ask you to describe her — I ask you if she has breakfasted.

THE WAITER. The party 's at table now, sir. I conducted them myself, five minutes ago. I think they waited for you, sir; they expected you to arrive.

WINTERBOURNE. I arrived an hour ago, by the train; but I was dusty, and I had to have a bath. (*Lighting a cigarette.*) Then while I dressed, to save time, I had my breakfast brought to my room. Where do they usually take their coffee?

THE WAITER. They take it in our beautiful garden, sir.

WINTERBOURNE. Very good. I will wait for them here. That 's all. (*The waiter reënters the hotel. Winterbourne puffs his cigarette.*) There is no use in being in a hurry. I want to be eager — but I don't want to be *too* eager. That worthy man is quite right; when Aunt Louisa gives an order, it 's a military command. She has ordered me up from Geneva, and I 've marched at the word; but I 'll rest a little before reporting at headquarters. (*Puffs his cigarette.*) It coincides very happily, for I don't know that, without this pretext, I should have ventured to come. Three days ago, the waiter said? A week ago, at the villa, they told me she had gone. There is always a mystery in that woman's movements. Yes, Aunt Louisa is rather high; but it 's not of *her* I 'm afraid! (*Puffs a moment in silence.*)

SCENE IV. WINTERBOURNE, RANDOLPH, *then* DAISY.

RANDOLPH. (*He comes in from the back, approaches Winterbourne, and stops.* "*The child, who was diminutive for his years, had an aged expression of countenance, a pale complexion, and sharp little features. He was dressed in knickerbockers, with red stockings, which displayed his poor little spindleshanks; he also wore a brilliant red cravat. He carried in his hand a long alpenstock, the sharp point of which he thrust into everything that he approached, — the flower-beds, the garden-benches. . . . In front of Winterbourne he paused, looking at him with a pair of bright, penetrating little eges.*" [1] *Winterbourne, smoking, returns his gaze.*) Will you give me a lump of sugar?

WINTERBOURNE. Yes, you may take one; but I don't think sugar is good for little boys.

RANDOLPH. (*He steps forward and carefully possesses himself of the whole contents of the plate. From these he still more carefully selects the largest lump, depositing the others in his pocket. Biting, with a grimace.*) Oh, blazes! it 's hard!

WINTERBOURNE. Take care, young man. You 'll hurt your teeth.

RANDOLPH. I have n't got any teeth to hurt; they 've all come out. I 've only got seven teeth. Mother counted them last night, and one came out afterwards. She said she 'd slap me if any more came out. I can't help it — it 's this old Europe. It 's the climate that makes 'em come out. In America they did n't come out; it 's these hotels!

WINTERBOURNE. If you eat all that sugar, your mother will certainly slap you.

RANDOLPH. She 's got to give me some candy, then. I can't get any candy here — any American candy. American candy 's the best.

WINTERBOURNE. And are American boys the best little boys?

RANDOLPH. I don't know. I 'm an American boy!

[1] From the story.

WINTERBOURNE. I see you are one of the best.

RANDOLPH. That is n't what my mother says, you can bet your life on that!

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, your mother 's too modest!

RANDOLPH, *astride his alpenstock, looking at Winterbourne.* She 's sick — she 's always sick. It 's this old Europe! Are you an American man?

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, yes, a fellow-citizen. (*Aside.*) I wonder whether I was once like that!

RANDOLPH. American men are the best.

WINTERBOURNE. So they often say.

RANDOLPH, *looking off to the left.* Here comes my sister. She 's an American girl.

WINTERBOURNE. American girls are the best girls.

RANDOLPH. Oh, my sister ain't the best. She 's always blowing at me!

WINTERBOURNE. I imagine that 's your fault, not hers. (*Daisy comes in from the left in the same manner as on her previous entrance, and on reaching the middle of the stage stops and looks at Winterbourne and at Randolph, who has converted his alpenstock into a vaulting-pole, and is springing about violently. Winterbourne continues, getting up.*) By Jove, how pretty!

DAISY. Well, Randolph, what *are* you doing?

RANDOLPH. I 'm going up the Alps. This is the way!

WINTERBOURNE. That 's the way they come down.

RANDOLPH. He 's all right; he 's an American man!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* It seems to me that I have been in a manner presented. (*Approaches Daisy, throwing away his cigarette. Aloud, with great civility.*) This little boy and I have made acquaintance.

DAISY. *She looks at him a moment serenely, and then, as if she had scarcely heard him, addresses Randolph again:* I should like to know where you got that pole!

RANDOLPH. The same way as you get your things. I made Eugenio buy it.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* With a little commission!

DAISY. You don't mean to say you 're going to take that pole to Italy?

WINTERBOURNE, *same manner.* Are you thinking of going to Italy?

DAISY, *looking at him, and then looking away.* Yes, sir.

WINTERBOURNE. Are you going over the Simplon?

DAISY. I don't know — I suppose it 's some mountain. Randolph, what mountain are we going over?

RANDOLPH. Going where?

DAISY. To Italy. (*Arranging her ribbons.*) Don't you know about Italy?

RANDOLPH. No, and I don't want to. I want to go to America!

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, Italy 's a beautiful place.

RANDOLPH. Can you get any candy there?

DAISY. I hope not! I guess you have had candy enough, and mother thinks so too.

RANDOLPH, *still jumping about.* I have n't had any for ever so long — for a hundred weeks!

DAISY. Why, Randolph, I don't see how you can tell — (*She pauses a moment.*) Well I don't care! (*Looks down at her dress, and continues to smooth her ribbons.*)

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* Does she accept my acquaintance or not? It 's rather sudden, and it would n't do at Geneva. But why else did she come and plant herself in front of me? She is the prettiest of the pretty, and, I declare, I 'll risk it! (*After a moment, aloud.*) We are very fortunate in our weather, are we not?

DAISY. Well, yes, we 've got nice weather.

WINTERBOURNE. And still more for-

tunate in our scenery. (*Indicating the view.*)

DAISY. Well, yes, the scenery 's lovely. It seems very mountainous.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah, Switzerland *is* mountainous, you know.

DAISY. I don't know much about it. We have only been here a week.

WINTERBOURNE, *smiling.* In a week one can see a good deal.

DAISY. Well, *we* have n't; we have only walked round a little.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* What a remarkable type! (*Aloud.*) You must be rather tired: there are plenty of chairs. (*Draws forward two of them.*)

DAISY, *looking at them a moment.* You 'll be very clever if you can get Randolph to sit.

WINTERBOURNE. I don't care a fig about Randolph. (*Daisy seats herself. Aside.*) Oh, Geneva, Geneva!

DAISY, *smoothing her ribbons.* Well, he 's only nine. We 've sat round a good deal, too.

WINTERBOURNE, *seated beside her.* It 's very pleasant, these summer days.

DAISY. Well, yes, it 's very pleasant. But it 's nicer in the evening.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah, much nicer in the evening. It 's remarkably nice in the evening. (*Aside.*) What the deuce is she coming to? (*Aloud.*) When you get to Italy you 'll find the evenings there! . . .

DAISY. I 've heard a good deal about the evenings there.

WINTERBOURNE. In Venice, you know — on the water — with music!

DAISY. I don't know much about it. (*With a little laugh.*) I don't know much about anything!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* Heaven forgive her, she 's charming! I must really ascertain . . . (*To Randolph, who has continued to roam about, and who comes back to them with his alpenstock, catching him and drawing him between his knees.*) Tell me your name, my beautiful boy!

RANDOLPH, *struggling.* Well, you drop me first!

DAISY. Why, Randolph, I should think you 'd like it!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* Jupiter, that is a little strong!

RANDOLPH, *liberating himself.* Try it yourself! My name is Randolph C. Miller.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* Alarming child! But she does n't seem to be alarmed.

RANDOLPH, *leveling his alpenstock at Daisy, who averts it with her hand.* And I 'll tell you *her* name.

DAISY, *leaning back serenely.* You had better wait till you are asked.

WINTERBOURNE. I should like very much to know your name.

RANDOLPH. Her name is Daisy Miller.

WINTERBOURNE, *expressively.* How very interesting!

DAISY, *looking at him, aside.* Well, he 's a queer specimen! I guess he 's laughing.

RANDOLPH. That is n't her real name — that is n't her name on her cards.

DAISY. It 's a pity that you have n't got one of my cards!

RANDOLPH. Her name is Annie P. Miller.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, I see. (*Aside.*) That does n't tell me much.

DAISY, *indicating Winterbourne.* Ask him *his* name.

RANDOLPH. Ask him yourself! My father 's name is Ezra B. Miller. My father ain't in Europe. My father 's in a better place than Europe.

WINTERBOURNE, *uncertain.* Ah, you have had the misfortune . . .

RANDOLPH. My father 's in Schenectady. He does a big business. He 's rich, you can bet your head!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* Oh, in Schenectady? I thought he meant in Paradise!

DAISY, *to Randolph.* Well, you need n't stick your pole into my eye!

RANDOLPH, *to Winterbourne.* Did n't I tell you she was always blowing? (*Scampers away and disappears.*)

DAISY, *looking after him.* He does n't like Europe; he wants to go back. He has n't got any boys here. There 's one boy here, but he 's always going round with a teacher.

WINTERBOURNE. And your brother has n't any teacher?

DAISY. Mother thought of getting him one, to travel round with us. But Randolph said he did n't want a teacher when school did n't keep; he said he would n't have lessons when he was in the cars. And we *are* in the cars most of the time. There was an English lady we met in the cars; her name was Miss Featherstone — perhaps you know her. She wanted to know why I did n't give Randolph lessons — give him instruction, she called it. I guess he could give me more instruction than I could give him! He 's very smart — he 's only nine.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* He might be ninety!

DAISY. Mother 's going to get a teacher for him as soon as we get to Italy. Can you get good teachers in Italy?

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, it 's the land of art — of science.

DAISY. Well, I guess he does n't want to study art; but she 's going to find some school, if she can. (*Pensively.*) Randolph ought to learn some more.

WINTERBOURNE. It depends upon what it is!

DAISY, *after a silence, during which her eyes have rested upon him.* I presume you are a German.

WINTERBOURNE, *rising quickly.* Oh dear, no! I should n't have ventured to speak to you, if your brother's mention of my nationality had not seemed a guarantee . . .

DAISY, *getting up.* I did n't suppose my brother knew. And you *do* speak queerly, any way!

WINTERBOURNE. I 'm a countryman of your own. But I should tell you that I have spent many years in this old Europe, as your brother says.

DAISY. Do you live here — in the mountains?

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* Does she think I 'm a goatherd? (*Aloud.*) No, I live just now at Geneva.

DAISY. Well, you *are* peculiar, anyhow!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* So are you, if you come to that. (*Aloud.*) I 'm afraid I have got rather out of the way — (*pauses for a moment.*)

DAISY. Out of the way of what?

WINTERBOURNE. Of making myself agreeable to the young ladies.

DAISY. Have n't they got any over here? I must say I have n't seen any! Of course I have n't looked out much for them.

WINTERBOURNE. You 've looked out more for the gentlemen!

DAISY. Well, at Schenectady I did n't have to look out.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* Queer place, Schenectady.

DAISY. I had so much society. But over here — (*She hesitates.*)

WINTERBOURNE. Over here?

DAISY. Well, you 're the first gentleman that has been at all attentive.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah, you see, they 're afraid!

DAISY, *continuing.* And the first I 've cared anything about!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* And to think that, at the beginning, *I* was afraid! (*Aloud.*) If they knew how kind you are they would be much less timid.

DAISY. I hate gentlemen to be timid. That 's only for us.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* "For us" is enchanting!

SCENE V. DAISY, WINTERBOURNE, EUGENIO, *who comes in hastily from the right, wiping his forehead.*

EUGENIO. Mademoiselle, I have been looking for an hour for Meester Ran-

dolph. He must be drowned in the lake!

DAISY. I guess he's talking to that waiter. (*Serenely.*) He likes to talk to that waiter.

EUGENIO. He should n't talk to waiters, Mademoiselle.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* Only to couriers — the hierarchy!

DAISY. I want to introduce you to a friend of mine — Mr. — Mr. — (*To Winterbourne.*) I declare, I don't know your name.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* To the courier? Excuse me!

EUGENIO, *very proper.* I have the honor of knowing the name of Monsieur.

DAISY. Gracious, you know everything!

EUGENIO, *aside.* The lover of the Katkoff! (*Aloud.*) I found Meester Randolph, but he escaped again.

DAISY. Well, Eugenio, you're a splendid courier, but you can't make much impression on Randolph.

EUGENIO. I do what I can, Mademoiselle. The lunch is waiting, and Madame is at the table. If you will excuse me, I will give up the chase. (*Glancing at Winterbourne, aside.*) Is he leaving the Katkoff for the child?

DAISY. You need n't be so grand, need he? (*To Winterbourne.*) It's not the first time you've been introduced to a courier!

WINTERBOURNE, *stiffly.* The very first.

EUGENIO, *aside.* He has never kept one. (*Aloud.*) If Mademoiselle will pass into the hotel! (*Aside again.*) The child is not for every one.

DAISY. Tell mother to begin — that I'm talking to a gentleman.

WINTERBOURNE, *protesting.* I shall be very sorry to incommode your mother.

DAISY, *smiling.* I like the way you say such things. (*Familiarly.*) What are you going to do all day?

WINTERBOURNE, *embarrassed.* I hardly know. I've only just arrived.

DAISY. I will come out after lunch.

WINTERBOURNE, *with extreme respect.* I shall be here, to take your commands.

DAISY. Well, you *do* say them! About two o'clock.

WINTERBOURNE. I shall not go far.

DAISY, *going.* And I shall learn your name from Eugenio.

EUGENIO, *aside.* And something else as well! He is not for the child. (*Follows Daisy into the hotel.*)

SCENE VI. WINTERBOURNE *alone, then* MADAME DE KATKOFF.

WINTERBOURNE. She's simply amazing! I have never seen them like that. I have seen them worse — oh, yes! — and I have seen them better; but I've never encountered that particular shade — that familiarity, that facility, that fragility! She's too audacious to be innocent, and too candid to be — the other thing. But her candor itself is a queer affair. Coming up to me and proposing acquaintance, and letting her eyes rest on mine! Planting herself there like a flower to be gathered! Introducing me to her courier, and offering me a rendezvous at the end of twenty minutes! Are they all like that, the little American girls? It's time I should go back and see. (*Seeing Madame de Katkoff.*) But I can hardly go while I have *this* reason for staying!

MME. DE K. (*She comes out of the hotel; she has still her book under her arm.*) They brought me your card, but I thought it better I should come and see you here.

WINTERBOURNE. I know why you do that: you think it's less encouraging than to receive me in-doors.

MME. DE K., *smiling.* Oh, if I could discourage you a little!

WINTERBOURNE. It's not for want of trying. I bore you so much!

MME. DE K. No, you don't bore me, but you distress me. I give you so little.

WINTERBOURNE. That 's for me to measure. I 'm content for the present.

MME. DE K. If you had been content, you would n't have followed me to this place.

WINTERBOURNE. I did n't follow you, and, to speak perfectly frankly, it 's not for you I came.

MME. DE K. Is it for that young lady I just saw from my window?

WINTERBOURNE. I never heard of that young lady before. I came for an aunt of mine, who is staying here.

MME. DE K., *smiling again.* Ah, if your family could only take an interest in you!

WINTERBOURNE. Don't count on them too much. I have n't seen my aunt yet.

MME. DE K. You have asked first for me? You see, then, it *was* for me you came.

WINTERBOURNE. I wish I could believe it pleased you a little to think so.

MME. DE K. It does please me — a little; I like you very much.

WINTERBOURNE. You always say that, when you are about to make some particularly disagreeable request. You like me, but you dislike my society. On that principle, I wish you hated me!

MME. DE K. I may come to it yet.

WINTERBOURNE. Before that, then, won't you sit down? (*Indicating a bench.*)

MME. DE K. Thank you; I'm not tired.

WINTERBOURNE. That would be too encouraging! I went to the villa a week ago. You had already left it.

MME. DE K. I went first to Lausanne. If I had remained there, you would n't have found me.

WINTERBOURNE. I'm delighted you did n't remain. But I'm sorry you are altering your house.

MME. DE K. Only two rooms. That 's why I came away: the workmen made too much noise.

WINTERBOURNE. I hope they are not the rooms I know — in which the happiest hours of my life have been passed!

MME. DE K. I see why you wished me to sit down. You want to begin a siege.

WINTERBOURNE. No, I was only going to say that I shall always see with particular vividness your little blue parlor.

MME. DE K. They are going to change it to red. (*Aside.*) Perhaps that will cure him! (*Aloud.*) Apropos of your family, have they come to Europe to bring you home?

WINTERBOURNE. As I tell you, I have n't yet ascertained their intentions.

MME. DE K. I take a great interest in them. I feel a little responsible for you.

WINTERBOURNE. You don't care a straw for me!

MME. DE K. Let me give you a proof. I think it would conduce to your happiness to return for a while to America.

WINTERBOURNE. To *my* happiness? You are confounding it with your own.

MME. DE K. It is true that the two things are rather distinct. But you have been in Europe for years — for years and years.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, I have been here too long. I know that.

MME. DE K. You ought to go over and make the acquaintance of your compatriots.

WINTERBOURNE. Going over is n't necessary. I can do it here.

MME. DE K. You ought at least to see their institutions — their scenery.

WINTERBOURNE. Don't talk about scenery, on the Lake of Geneva! As for American institutions, I can see them in their fruits.

MME. DE K. In their fruits?

WINTERBOURNE. Little nectarines and plums. A very pretty bloom, but decidedly crude. What book are you reading?

MME. DE K. I don't know what. The last French novel.

WINTERBOURNE. Are you going to remain in the garden?

MME. DE K., *looks at him a moment.* I see what you are coming to: you wish to offer to read to me.

WINTERBOURNE. As I did in the little blue parlor!

MME. DE K. You read very well; but we are not there now.

WINTERBOURNE. A quiet corner, under the trees, will do as well.

MME. DE K. We neither of us have the time. I recommend you to your aunt. She'll be sure to take you in hand.

WINTERBOURNE. I have an idea I shan't fall in love with my aunt.

MME. DE K. I'm sorry for her. I should like you as a nephew.

WINTERBOURNE. I should like you as a serious woman!

MME. DE K. I'm intensely serious. Perhaps you will believe it when I tell you that I leave this place to-day.

WINTERBOURNE. I don't call that serious: I call it cruel.

MME. DE K. At all events, it's deliberate. Vevey is too hot; I shall go higher up into the mountains.

WINTERBOURNE. You knew it was hot when you came.

MME. DE K., *after a pause, with significance.* Yes, but it's hotter than I supposed.

WINTERBOURNE. You don't like meeting old friends.

MME. DE K., *aside.* No, nor old enemies! (*Aloud.*) I like old friends in the autumn — the melancholy season! I shall count on seeing you then.

WINTERBOURNE. And not before, of course. Say at once you wish to cut me.

MME. DE K., *smiling.* Very good: I wish to cut you!

WINTERBOURNE. You give a charm even to that! Where shall you be in the autumn?

MME. DE K. I shall be at the villa — if the little blue parlor is altered! In the winter I shall go to Rome.

WINTERBOURNE. A happy journey, then! I shall go to America.

MME. DE K. That's capital. Let me give you a word of advice.

WINTERBOURNE. Yes, that's the finishing touch!

MME. DE K. The little nectarines and plums: don't mind if they *are* a trifle crude! Pick out a fair one, a sweet one —

WINTERBOURNE, *stopping her with a gesture.* Don't, don't! I shall see you before you go.

MME. DE K., *aside.* Not if I can help it! (*Aloud.*) I think this must be your family. (*Goes into the hotel.*)

SCENE VII. WINTERBOURNE, MRS. COSTELLO, MISS DURANT, REVERDY, *who come out of the hotel as Mme. de Katkoff enters it.*

REVERDY. We are always meeting the Russian princess!

MISS D. If you call that meeting her, when she never looks at you!

MRS. C. She does n't look at you, but she sees you. Bless my soul, if here is n't Frederick!

WINTERBOURNE. My dear aunt, I was only waiting till you had breakfasted.

MISS D., *aside.* He was talking with the Russian princess!

MRS. C. You might have sat down with us: we waited an hour.

WINTERBOURNE. I breakfasted in my room. I was obliged on my arrival to jump into a bath.

MISS D., *aside.* He's very cold — he's very cold!

WINTERBOURNE. They told me you were at table, and I just sat down here.

MRS. C. You were in no hurry to embrace me — after ten years?

WINTERBOURNE. It was just because of those ten years; they seemed to make you so venerable that I was pausing

— as at the entrance of a shrine! Besides, I knew you had charming company.

MRS. C. You shall discover how charming. This is Alice Durant, who is almost our cousin.

WINTERBOURNE, *smiling.* Almost? I wish it were quite.

MRS. COSTELLO. And that is Mr. Charles Reverdy.

REVERDY. Who is almost their courier!

WINTERBOURNE. I must relieve you of your duties.

REVERDY, *aside.* Oh, thank you, thank you! By George, if I 'm relieved I 'll look out for Miss Miller. (*Looks about him, and finally steals away.*)

MRS. C. My dear Frederick, in all this time you 've not changed for the worse.

WINTERBOURNE. How can you tell that — in three minutes?

MISS D., *aside.* Decidedly good-looking, but fearfully distant!

MRS. C. Oh, if you are not agreeable, we shall be particularly disappointed. We count on you immensely.

WINTERBOURNE. I shall do my best, dear aunt.

MRS. C. Especially for our sweet Alice.

MISS D. Oh, Cousin Louisa, how can you?

MRS. C. I thought of you when I invited her to come to Europe.

WINTERBOURNE. It was a very happy thought. I don't mean thinking of me, but inviting Miss Durant.

MISS D., *to Winterbourne.* I can't say it was of you I thought when I accepted.

WINTERBOURNE. I should never flatter myself: there are too many other objects of interest.

MRS. C. That 's precisely what we have been talking of. We are surrounded by objects of interest, and we depend upon you to be our guide.

WINTERBOURNE. My dear aunt, I 'm afraid I don't know much about them.

MRS. C. You 'll have a motive today for learning. I have an idea that you have always wanted a motive. In that stupid old Geneva there can't be many.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah, if there 's one, it 's enough!

MISS D., *aside.* If there 's *one?* He 's in love with some dreadful Genevese!

MRS. C. My young companion has a great desire to ascend a mountain — to examine a glacier.

MISS D. Cousin Louisa, you make me out too bold!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* She 's not bold, then, this one, like the other? I think I prefer the other. (*Aloud.*) You should go to Zermatt. You 're in the midst of the glaciers there.

MRS. C. We shall be delighted to go — under your escort. Mr. Reverdy will look after *me!*

MISS D., *glancing about for him.* When he has done with Miss Daisy Miller!

WINTERBOURNE, *smiling.* Even among the glaciers, I flatter myself I can take care of both of you.

MISS D. It will be all the easier, as I never leave your aunt.

MRS. C. She does n't rush about the world alone, like so many American girls. She has been brought up like the young ladies in Geneva. Her education was surrounded with every precaution.

WINTERBOURNE, *smiling.* With too many, perhaps! The best education is seeing the world a little.

MRS. C. That 's precisely what I wish her to do. When we have finished Zermatt, we wish to come back to Interlaken, and from Interlaken you shall take us to Lucerne.

WINTERBOURNE, *gravely.* Perhaps you 'll draw up a little list.

MISS D., *aside.* Perfectly polite, but

no enthusiasm! (*Aloud.*) I'm afraid Mr. Winterbourne is n't at liberty; he has *other* friends.

MRS. C. He has n't another aunt, I imagine!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* Fortunately not! (*Aloud to Miss Durant.*) It 's very charming of you to think of that.

MISS D. Possibly we are indiscreet, as we just saw you talking to a lady.

WINTERBOURNE. Madame de Katkoff? She leaves this place to-day.

MRS. C. You don't mean to follow her, I hope? (*Aside.*) It 's best to be firm with him at the start.

WINTERBOURNE. My dear aunt, I don't follow every woman I speak to.

MISS D., *aside.* Ah, that 's meant for us! Mr. Reverdy is never so rude. I'd thank him to come back.

MRS. C. On the 1st of October, you know, you shall take us to Italy.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah! every one is going to Italy.

MISS D. Every one? Madame de Katkoff, perhaps.

WINTERBOURNE. Madame de Katkoff, precisely; and Mr. Randolph C. Miller and his sister Daisy.

MRS. C. Bless my soul! What do you know about that?

WINTERBOURNE. I know what they have told me.

MRS. C. Mercy on us! What opportunity? —

WINTERBOURNE. Just now, while I had my coffee.

MISS D. As I say, Mr. Winterbourne has a great many friends.

WINTERBOURNE. He only asks to add you to the number.

MISS D. Side by side with Miss Daisy Miller?* Thank you very much.

MRS. C. Come, my dear Frederick, that girl is not your friend.

WINTERBOURNE. Upon my word, I don't know what she is, and I should be very glad if you could tell me.

MRS. C. That 's very easily done: she 's a little American flirt.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah! she 's a little American flirt!

MISS D. She 's a vulgar little chatterbox!

WINTERBOURNE. Ah! she 's a vulgar little chatterbox!

MRS. C. She 's in no sort of society.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah! she 's in no sort of society!

MISS D. You would never know her in America.

WINTERBOURNE. If I should never know her in America, it seems to me a reason for seizing the opportunity here.

MRS. C. The opportunity appears to have come to you very easily.

WINTERBOURNE. I confess it did, rather. We fell into conversation while I sat there on the bench.

MRS. C. Perhaps she sat down beside you?

WINTERBOURNE. I won't deny that she did; she is wonderfully charming.

MISS D. Oh! if that 's all that 's necessary to be charming —

MRS. C. *You* must give up the attempt — must n't you, my dear? My poor Frederick, this is very dreadful!

WINTERBOURNE. So it seems; but I don't understand.

MRS. C. What should you say at Geneva of a young woman who made such advances?

WINTERBOURNE. Such advances? I don't know that they *were* advances.

MRS. C. Ah! if you wish to wait till she invites you to her room!

WINTERBOURNE, *laughing.* I sha'n't have to wait very long.

MISS D., *shocked.* Had n't I better leave you?

MRS. C. Poor child, I understand that you shrink . . . But we must make it clear.

MISS D. Oh yes, we must make it clear!

WINTERBOURNE. *Do* make it clear; I want it to be clear.

MRS. C. Ask yourself, then, what they would say at Geneva.

WINTERBOURNE. They would say she was rather far gone. But we are not at Geneva.

MRS. C. We are only a few miles off. Miss Daisy Miller is very far gone indeed.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah! what a pity! But I thought, now, in New York —

MRS. C., *sternly.* Frederick, don't lift your hand against your mother country!

WINTERBOURNE. Never in the world. I only repeat what I hear — that over there all this sort of thing — the manners of young persons, the standard of propriety — is quite different.

MISS D. I only know how *I* was brought up!

WINTERBOURNE, *slightly ironical.* Ah, that settles it.

MRS. C. We must take him back with us, to see.

WINTERBOURNE. *Not* to see, you mean — not to see my dear little friend!

MRS. C. In the best society — never.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, hang the best society, then!

MRS. C., *with majesty.* I'm *exceedingly* obliged to you.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, *you* are the best society! And the little girl with the naughty brother is the worst?

MRS. C. The worst *I've* ever seen.

WINTERBOURNE, *rather gravely, laying his hand on her arm.* My dear aunt, the best, then, ought to be awfully good!

MISS D., *aside.* He means that for an epigram! I'll make him go and look for Mr. Reverdy. (*Aloud.*) I wonder what has become of Mr. Reverdy.

MRS. C., *sharply.* Never mind Mr. Reverdy; I'll look after him. (*To Winterbourne.*) If you should see a little more of those vulgar people, you would find that they don't stand the test.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, I shall see a little more of them — in a quarter of an hour. (*Looking at his watch.*) The young lady is coming back at two o'clock.

MRS. C. Gracious goodness! Have you made an appointment?

WINTERBOURNE. I don't know whether it's an appointment, but she said she would come back again.

MRS. C., *to Miss Durant.* My precious darling, *we* must go in. We can hardly be expected to assist at such a scene.

WINTERBOURNE. My dear aunt, there is plenty of time yet.

MISS D. Ah, no; she'll be before! Would you kindly look for Mr. Reverdy?

WINTERBOURNE, *extremely polite.* With the greatest of pleasure.

MRS. C. Later in the afternoon, if this extraordinary interview is over, we should like you to go with us into the town.

WINTERBOURNE, *in the same tone.* With the greatest of pleasure. (*Aside.*) They hate her ferociously, and it makes me feel sorry for her.

MRS. C., *to Miss Durant.* Quickly, my dear! We must get out of the way.

WINTERBOURNE. Let me at least see you into the house. (*Accompanies them into the hotel.*)

SCENE VIII. CHARLES REVERDY, RANDOLPH, *then* DAISY.

REVERDY, *coming in from behind with the child on his back.* The horrid little wretch! I'm like Sinbad the Sailor with the Old Man of the Sea! Don't you think you've had about enough?

RANDOLPH, *snapping a little whip.* Oh, no; I haven't had enough. I'll tell you when I've had enough.

REVERDY. Oh, come! I've galloped twenty miles; I've been through all my paces. You must sit still in the saddle a while. (*Pauses in front while Randolph bounces up and down.*) I'm playing horse with the brother to be agreeable to the sister; but he's riding me to death!

RANDOLPH, *still brandishing his whip.* I want you to prance about and to kick. Get up, sir; get up!

REVERDY, *aside.* It 's the devil's own game — here at the door of the hotel! (*Aloud.*) I'll prance about so that you'll come off.

RANDOLPH, *firm in his place.* If you throw me off, I 'll give you a licking! Get up, sir, get up!

REVERDY, *aside.* Damn the little demon! It was a happy thought of mine.

RANDOLPH, *kicking.* These are my spurs. I 'll drive in my spurs! Get up, sir, get up!

REVERDY. Oh misery, here goes! (*He begins to imitate the curveting of a horse, in the hope of throwing Randolph off, but, seeing Daisy issue from the hotel, suddenly stops.*)

DAISY, *staring.* Well, Randolph, what are you doing up there?

RANDOLPH. I'm riding on a mule!

REVERDY, *with a groan.* A mule? Not even the nobler animal! My dear young lady, could n't you persuade him to dismount?

DAISY, *laughing.* You look so funny when you say that! I'm sure I never persuaded Randolph.

RANDOLPH. He said if I would tell him where you were, he would give me a ride.

REVERDY. And then, when he was up, he refused to tell me!

RANDOLPH. I told you mother would n't like it. She wants Daisy and me to be proper.

REVERDY, *aside.* "Me to be proper!" He 's really sublime, the little fiend!

DAISY. Well, she does want you to be proper. She 's waiting for you at lunch.

RANDOLPH. I don't want any lunch: there 's nothing fit to eat.

DAISY. Well, I guess there is, if you 'll go and see.

REVERDY, *aside.* It 's uncommonly nice for me, while they argue the question!

DAISY. There 's a man with candy in the hall; that 's where mother wants you to be proper!

RANDOLPH, *jumping down.* A man with candy. Oh, blazes!

REVERDY, *aside.* Adorable creature! She has broken the spell.

RANDOLPH, *scampering into the hotel.* I say, old mule, you can go to grass!

REVERDY. Delightful little nature, your brother.

DAISY. Well, he used to have a pony at home. I guess he misses that pony. Is it true that you asked him that?

REVERDY. To tell me where you were? I confess I wanted very much to know.

DAISY. Well, Randolph couldn't tell you. I was having lunch with mother. I thought you were with those ladies.

REVERDY. Whom you saw me with this morning? Oh, no; they 've got another cavalier, just arrived, on purpose.

DAISY, *attentive.* Another cavalier — just arrived? Do you mean that gentleman that speaks so beautifully?

REVERDY. A dozen languages? His English is n't bad — compared with my French!

DAISY, *thoughtful.* Well, he looks like a cavalier. Did he come on purpose for them?

REVERDY, *aside.* What does she know about him? Oh, yes; they sent for him to Geneva.

DAISY. To Geneva? That 's the one!

REVERDY. You see, they want him to be always with them; he 's for their own particular consumption.

DAISY, *disappointed, but very simply.* Ah, then he won't come out at two o'clock!

REVERDY. I'm sure I don't know. (*The bell of the hotel strikes two.*) There it is. You 'll have a chance to see. (*Winterbourne, on the stroke of the hour, comes out of the hotel.*)

DAISY, *joyfully.* Here he comes! He 's too sweet!

REVERDY, *aside.* Oh, I say, she had made an appointment with him while I was doing the mule!

SCENE IX. REVERDY, *for a moment;* DAISY, WINTERBOURNE.

WINTERBOURNE, *to Reverdy.* I 'm glad to find you: Miss Durant has a particular desire to see you.

REVERDY. It 's very good of you to be her messenger. (*Aside.*) That 's what he calls relieving me!

WINTERBOURNE. You 'll find those ladies in their own sitting-room, on the second floor.

REVERDY. Oh, I know where it is. (*To Daisy.*) I shall be back in five minutes.

DAISY. I 'm sure you need n't hurry.

WINTERBOURNE. I have an idea they have a good deal to say to you.

REVERDY. I hope it is n't to complain of you! (*Goes into the hotel.*)

DAISY, *looking at Winterbourne a moment.* I was afraid you would n't come.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* She has a way of looking at you! (*Aloud.*) I don't know what can have given you such an impression.

DAISY. Well, you know, half the time they don't — the gentlemen.

WINTERBOURNE. That 's in America, perhaps. But over here they always come.

DAISY, *simply.* Well, I have n't had much experience over here.

WINTERBOURNE. I' m glad to hear it. It was very good of your mother to let you leave her again.

DAISY, *surprised.* Oh, mother does n't care; she 's got Eugenio.

WINTERBOURNE, *startled.* Surely, not to sit with her?

DAISY. Well, he does n't sit with her always, because he likes to go out.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, he likes to go out!

DAISY. He 's got a great many friends, Eugenio; he 's awfully popular. And then, you know, poor mother is n't very amusing.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah, she is n't very amusing! (*Aside*). Aunt Louisa was right: it is n't the best society!

DAISY. But Eugenio stays with her all he can: he says he did n't expect that so much when he came.

WINTERBOURNE. I should think not! I hope at least that it is n't a monopoly, and that I may have the pleasure of making your mother's acquaintance.

DAISY. Well, you *do* speak beautifully! I told Mr. Reverdy.

WINTERBOURNE. It was very good of you to mention it. One speaks as one can.

DAISY. Mother's awfully timid, or else I 'd introduce you. She always makes a fuss if I introduce a gentleman. But I do introduce them — the ones I like.

WINTERBOURNE. If it 's a sign of your liking, I hope you 'll introduce me. But you must know my name, which you did n't a while ago.

DAISY. Oh, Eugenio has told me your name, and I think it 's very pretty. And he has told me something else.

WINTERBOURNE. I can't imagine what he should tell you about me.

DAISY. About you and some one else — that Russian lady who is leaving the hotel.

WINTERBOURNE, *quickly.* Who is leaving the hotel! How does he know that?

DAISY, *with a little laugh.* You see it *is* true: you are very fond of that Russian lady!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* She is leaving the hotel — but not till six o'clock. (*Aloud.*) I have n't known you very long, but I should like to give you a piece of advice. Don't gossip with your courier!

DAISY. I see you 're offended — and

it proves Eugenio was right. He said it was a secret — and you don't like me to know it.

WINTERBOURNE. You may know everything, my dear young lady, only don't get your information from a servant.

DAISY. Do you call Eugenio a servant? He 'll be amused if I tell him that!

WINTERBOURNE. He won't be amused — he 'll be furious; but the particular emotion does n't matter. It 's very good of you to take such an interest.

DAISY. Oh, I don't know what I should do if I did n't take some interest! You do care for her, then?

WINTERBOURNE, *a little annoyed.* For the Russian lady? Oh, yes, we are old friends. (*Aside.*) My aunt 's right: they don't stand the test!

DAISY. I 'm very glad she is going, then. But the others mean to stay?

WINTERBOURNE. The others? What others?

DAISY. The two that Mr. Reverdy told me about, and to whom he 's so very devoted.

WINTERBOURNE. It 's my aunt and a friend of hers; but you need n't mind them.

DAISY. For all they mind me! But they look very stylish.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, yes, they are very stylish; you can bet your life on that, as your brother says!

DAISY, *looking at him a moment.* Did you come for them, or for the Russian lady?

WINTERBOURNE, *aside, more annoyed.* Ah, too many questions! (*Aloud.*) I came for none of them; I came for myself.

DAISY, *serenely.* Yes, that 's the impression you give me: you think a great deal of yourself! But I should like to know your aunt, all the same. She has her hair done like an old picture, and she holds herself so very well; she speaks to no one, and she dines in private. That 's the way I should like to be!

WINTERBOURNE. Ah, you would make a bad exchange. My aunt is liable to fearful headaches.

DAISY. I think she is very elegant — headaches and all! I want very much to know her.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* Goodness, what a happy thought! (*Aloud.*) She would be enchanted; only the state of her health . . .

DAISY. Oh, yes, she has an excuse; that 's a part of the elegance! I should like to have an excuse. Any one can see your aunt would have one.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, she has five hundred!

DAISY. Well, *we* have n't any, mother and I. I like a lady to be exclusive. I 'm dying to be exclusive myself!

WINTERBOURNE. Be just as you are. You would n't be half so charming if you were different. (*Aside.*) It 's odd how true that is, with all her faults!

DAISY. You don't think me charming: you only think me queer. I can see that by your manner. I should like to know your aunt, any way.

WINTERBOURNE. It 's very good of you, I 'm sure; but I 'm afraid those headaches will interfere.

DAISY. I suppose she does n't have a headache every day, does she?

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* What the deuce is a man to say? (*Aloud.*) She assures me she does.

DAISY, *turns away a moment, walks to the parapet, and stands there thoughtful.* She does n't want to know me! (*Looking at Winterbourne.*) Why don't you say so? You need n't be afraid; I 'm not afraid. (*Suddenly, with a little break in her voice.*) Gracious, she *is* exclusive!

WINTERBOURNE. So much the worse for her!

DAISY. You see, you 've got to own to it! Well, I don't care. I mean to be like that — when I 'm old.

WINTERBOURNE. I can't think you'll ever be old.

DAISY. Oh, you horrid thing! As if I were going to perish in my flower!

WINTERBOURNE. I should be very sorry if I thought that. But you will never have any quarrel with Time: he 'll touch you very gently.

DAISY, *at the parapet, looking over the lake.* I hope I shall never have any quarrel with any one. I 'm very good-natured.

WINTERBOURNE, *laughing.* You certainly disarm criticism — oh, completely!

DAISY. Well, I don't care. Have you ever been to that old castle? (*Pointing to Chillon, in the distance.*)

WINTERBOURNE. The Castle of Chillon? Yes, in former days, more than once. I suppose you have been there, too.

DAISY. Oh, no, we have n't been there. I want to go there awfully. Of course, I mean to go there. I would n't go away from here without having seen that old castle!

WINTERBOURNE. It 's a very pretty excursion, and very easy to make. You can drive, you know, or you can take the little steamer.

DAISY. Well, we were going last week, but mother gave out. She suffers terribly from dyspepsia. She said she could n't go. Randolph won't go, either: he does n't think much of old castles.

WINTERBOURNE, *smiling.* Ah, your brother is n't interested in historical monuments?

DAISY. Well, he 's generally disappointed. He wants to stay round here. Mother 's afraid to leave him alone, and Eugenio can't be induced to stay with him, so that we have n't been to many places. But it will be too bad if we don't go up to that castle.

WINTERBOURNE. I think it might be arranged. Let me see. Could n't you get some one to remain for the afternoon with Randolph?

DAISY, *suddenly.* Oh, yes; we could get Mr. Reverdy!

WINTERBOURNE. Mr. Reverdy?

DAISY. He 's awfully fond of Randolph; they 're always fooling round.

WINTERBOURNE, *laughing.* It is n't a bad idea. Reverdy must lay in a stock of sugar.

DAISY. There 's one thing: with you, mother will be afraid to go.

WINTERBOURNE. She carries her timidity too far! We must wait till she has got used to me.

DAISY. I don't want to wait. I want to go right off!

WINTERBOURNE. Ah, you can hardly force her to come, you know.

DAISY. I don't want to force her: I want to leave her!

WINTERBOURNE. To leave her behind? What, then, would you do for an escort?

DAISY, *serenely.* I would take you.

WINTERBOURNE, *astounded.* Me? Me alone?

DAISY, *laughing.* You seem about as timid as mother! Never mind, I 'll take care of you.

WINTERBOURNE, *still bewildered.* Off to Chillon — with you alone — right off?

DAISY, *eagerly questioning.* Right off? Could we go now?

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* She takes away my breath! (*Aloud.*) There 's a boat just after three.

DAISY. We 'll go straight on board!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* She has known me for a couple of hours! (*Aloud, rather formally.*) The privilege for me is immense; but I feel as if I ought to urge you to reflect a little.

DAISY. So as to show how stiff you can be? Oh, I know all about that.

WINTERBOURNE. No, just to remind you that your mother will certainly discover . . .

DAISY, *staring.* Will certainly discover?

WINTERBOURNE. Your little escapade. You can't hide it.

DAISY, *amazed, and a little touched.* I don't know what you mean. I have nothing to hide.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* Ah, I give it up! (*Seeing Eugenio, who comes out of the hotel.*) And here comes that odious creature, to spoil it!

SCENE X. WINTERBOURNE, DAISY, EUGENIO.

EUGENIO. Mademoiselle, your mother requests that you will come to her.

DAISY. I don't believe a word of it!

EUGENIO. You should not do me the injustice to doubt of my honor! Madame asked me to look for you ten minutes ago; but I was detained by meeting in the hall a lady (*speaking slowly, and looking at Winterbourne*), a Russian lady, whom I once had the honor to serve, and who was leaving the hotel.

WINTERBOURNE, *startled, aside.* Madame de Katkoff — leaving already?

EUGENIO, *watching Winterbourne.* She had so many little bags that she could hardly settle herself in the carriage, and I thought it my duty — I have had so much practice — to show her how to stow them away.

WINTERBOURNE, *quickly, to Daisy.* Will you kindly excuse me a moment?

EUGENIO, *obsequious, interposing.* If it's to overtake the Russian lady, Madame de Katkoff is already far away. (*Aside.*) She had four horses: I frightened her more than a little!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* Far away — without another word? She can be hard — when she tries. Very good. Let me see if I can be the same!

DAISY, *noticing Winterbourne, aside.* Poor man, he's stiffer than ever! But I'm glad she has gone. (*Aloud.*) See here, Eugenio, I'm going to that castle.

EUGENIO, *with a certain impertinence.* Mademoiselle has made arrangements?

DAISY. Well, if Mr. Winterbourne does n't back out.

WINTERBOURNE. Back out? I sha'n't be happy till we are off! (*Aside.*) I'll go anywhere — with any one — *now;* and if the poor girl is injured by it, it is n't my fault!

EUGENIO. I think Mademoiselle will find that Madame is in no state —

DAISY. My dear Eugenio, Madame will stay at home with you.

WINTERBOURNE, *wincing, aside.* If she would only not call him her "dear"!

EUGENIO. I take the liberty of advising Mademoiselle not to go to the castle.

WINTERBOURNE, *irritated.* You had better remember that your place is not to advise, but to look after the little bags!

DAISY. Oh, I hoped you would make a fuss! But I don't want to go now.

WINTERBOURNE, *decided.* I shall make a fuss if you don't go.

DAISY, *nervously, with a little laugh.* That's all I want — a little fuss!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* She's not so easy as she would like to appear. She knows it's a risk — but she likes the risk.

EUGENIO. If Mademoiselle will come with me, I will undertake to organize a fuss. (*A steamboat whistle is heard in the distance.*)

WINTERBOURNE, *to Daisy.* The boat's coming up. You have only till three o'clock.

DAISY, *suddenly decided.* Oh, I can be quick when I try! (*Hurries into the hotel.*)

WINTERBOURNE, *looking a moment at Eugenio.* You had better not interfere with that young lady!

EUGENIO, *insolent.* I suppose you mean that I had better not interfere with you! You had better not defy me to do so! (*Aside.*) It's a pity I sent away the Katkoff! (*Follows Daisy into the hotel.*)

WINTERBOURNE, *alone.* That's a singularly offensive beast! And what the mischief does he mean by his having been in *her* service? Thank heaven

she has got rid of him! (*Seeing Mrs. Costello, Miss Durant, and Charles Reverdy, who issue from the hotel, the ladies dressed for a walk.*) Oh, confusion, I had forgotten *them!*

SCENE XI. MRS. COSTELLO, MISS DURANT, CHARLES REVERDY, WINTERBOURNE, *then* DAISY.

MRS. C. Well, Frederick, we take for granted that your little interview is over, and that you are ready to accompany us into the town.

WINTERBOURNE. Over, dear aunt? Why, it's only just begun. We are going to the Château de Chillon.

MRS. C. You and that little girl? You'll hardly get us to believe that!

REVERDY, *aside, still with the camp-stool.* Hang me, why did n't I think of that?

WINTERBOURNE. I'm afraid I rather incommode you; but I shall be delighted to go into the town when we come back.

MISS D. You had better never come back. No one will speak to you!

MRS. C. My dear Frederick, if you are joking, your joke 's in dreadful taste.

WINTERBOURNE. I'm not joking in the least. The young lady 's to be here at three.

MRS. C. She herself is joking, then. She won't be so crazy as to come.

REVERDY, *who has gone to the parapet and looked off to right, coming back, taking out his watch.* It 's close upon three, and the boat 's at the wharf.

WINTERBOURNE, *watch in hand.* Not quite yet. Give her a moment's grace.

MRS. C. It won't be for *us* to give her grace: it will be for society.

WINTERBOURNE, *flattering.* Ah, but you *are* society, you know. She wants immensely to know you.

MRS. C., *ironical.* Is that why she is flinging herself at *you?*

WINTERBOURNE, *very gravely.* Listen to me seriously, please. The poor little girl has given me a great mark — a very touching mark — of confidence. I wish to present her to you, because I wish some one to answer for my honor.

MRS. C. And pray, who is to answer for hers?

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, I say, you 're cruel!

MRS. C. I'm an old woman, Frederick; but I thank my stars I 'm not too old to be horrified! (*The bell of the steamboat is heard to ring in the distance.*)

REVERDY. There 's your boat, sir. I 'm afraid you 'll miss it!

WINTERBOURNE, *watch still in hand, aside.* Three o'clock. Damn that courier!

MRS. C. If she does n't come, you may present her.

MISS D. She won't come. We must do her justice.

DAISY, *hurrying out of the hotel.* I say, Mr. Winterbourne I 'm as punctual as you! (*She wears a charming travelling-dress, and is buttoning her glove. Eugenio appears in the porch of the hotel, and stands there, with his hands in his pockets and with a baffled but vindictive air, watching the rest of the scene.*)

REVERDY. Alas, the presentation 's gone!

DAISY, *half aloud.* Gracious, how they glare at me!

WINTERBOURNE, *hurriedly.* Take my arm. The boat 's at the wharf. (*She takes his arm, and they hasten away, passing through the little gate of the parapet, where they descend and disappear. The bell of the steamer continues to ring. Mrs. Costello and her companions have watched them; as they vanish, she and Miss Durant each drop into a chair.*)

MRS. C. They 'll *never* come back!

MISS D., *eagerly.* Is n't it your duty to go after them?

REVERDY, *between the two, as if to the public.* They 'll be lovely company for the rest of the day!

Henry James, Jr.

PILLOW-SMOOTHING AUTHORS.

WITH A PRELUDE ON NIGHT-CAPS, AND COMMENTS ON AN OLD WRITER.

COTTON MATHER says of our famous and excellent John Cotton, "the Father and Glory of Boston," as he calls him, that, "being asked why in his Latter Days he indulged *Nocturnal Studies* more than formerly, he pleasantly replied, *Because I love to sweeten my mouth with a piece of Calvin before I go to sleep.*" *Hot* in the mouth, rather than sweet, we of to-day might think his piece of Calvin; but as a good many "night-caps" are both hot and sweet as well as strong, we need not quarrel with the worthy minister who has been with the angels for more than two hundred years.

It is a matter of no little importance that the mind should be in a fitting condition for sleep when we take to our pillows. The material "thought-stopper," as Willis called it, in the shape of alcoholic drinks of every grade, from beer to brandy, has penalties and dangers I need not refer to. Still greater is the risk of having recourse to opium and similar drugs. I remember the case of one who, being fond of coffee, and in the habit of taking it at night, made very strong, found himself so wakeful after it that he was tempted to counteract its effects with an opiate. It led to the formation of a habit which he never got rid of. We must not poison ourselves into somnolence.

Still, we must sleep, or die, or go mad. We must get a fair amount of sleep, or suffer much for the want of it. Among the means for insuring peaceful slumber at the right time, and enough of it, the frame of mind we take to bed with us is of the highest importance. Just as the body must have its ligatures all loosened, its close-fitting garments removed, and bathe itself, as it were, in flowing folds of linen, the mind should undress itself of its daily cares and thoughts as nearly as its natural obstinacy will permit it to do, and wrap itself in the lightest mental night-robes.

Now there are books that make one feel as if he were in his dressing-gown and slippers, if not as if in his night-gown. I have found a few such, and I have often finished my day with one of them, as John Cotton wound up his with Calvin. From a quarter to half an hour's reading in a book of this kind just before leaving my library for the bed-room has quieted my mind, brought in easy-going, placid trains of thought, which were all ready to pass into the state of dreamy forgetfulness, and taken the place which might have been held by the dangerous stimulant or the deadly narcotic. One of these books is that of which I shall say something in the following pages.

In passing a shop where books of every grade of cheapness are exposed I came upon an old edition of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. I always pity a fine old volume which has fallen into poor company, and sometimes buy it, even if I do not want it, that it may find itself once more among its peers. But in this case I was very glad to obtain a good copy of a good edition of a famous book at a reasonable and not an insulting price; for I remember being ashamed, once, when I picked up some Alduses at the cost of so many obsolete spelling-books. The prize which I carried home with me was a folio in the original binding, with the engraved title and in perfect preservation, the eighth edition, "corrected and augmented by the author," the date 1676. I had never thoroughly read Burton, and

I knew enough of the book to think it was worth reading as well as dipping into, as most readers have done. So I took it for my mental night-cap, and read in it for the last quarter or half hour before going to bed, until I had finished it, which slow process took up a year or more, allowing for all interruptions. I made notes of such things as particularly struck me, — brief references, rather, to them, — in pencil, at the end of the volume. It is with these I propose to entertain the reader, using them somewhat as a clergyman uses his text, which furnishes him a pretext that will stretch like an india-rubber band to hold whatever he chooses to have it.

The first edition of the Anatomy of Melancholy was published in 1624, the year after the first folio edition of the Plays of Shakespeare, the Poems having been long before the public. Burton quotes a passage from Venus and Adonis, referring to its author "Shakespeare" in the margin, and calling him in the text "an elegant poet of our time." I note a certain number of coincidences, which look as if Burton was familiarly acquainted with the Plays. Falstaff "lards the lean earth as he walks along." The scribblers, whom Burton found so numerous even in his day, "lard their lean books with the fat of others' works." John of Gaunt says of himself, —

"My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;"

and Burton says of life that it "is in the end dryed up by old age, and extinguished by death for want of matter, as a Lamp for defect of oyl to maintain it." Burton tells the Christopher Sly story from two old authors, but makes no allusion to Shakespeare's use of it.

"*Non omnem molitor quæ fluit unda videt.*"

"The miller sees not all the water that goes by his mill," says Burton.

"What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of,"

says Demetrius, in Titus Andronicus. Burton speaks of "Benedict and Betteris in the Comedy," with the marginal reference "Shakspeare." The name "Betteris" can hardly be a misspelling, but is probably a popular form of the Italian appellative.

Of the more or less curious words used by Burton, the following particularly attracted my attention. I will give them, or some of them, in their connection: —

"Of 15,000 *proletaries* slain in a battel, scarce fifteen are recorded in history, or one alone, the General perhaps."

"A good, honest, painful man many times hath a shrew to his wife, a sickly, dishonest, slothful, foolish, careless woman to his mate, a proud peevish *flurt*," and worse, if possible. The word which a generation or two ago meant a kind of half courtship between young people, is now applied to the more or less questionable relations of married persons tired of their own firesides.

He speaks of some demons, devils, or genii who as far excel men in worth as a man excels the meanest worm, "though some of them are inferior to those of their own rank in worth as the *black guard* in a Prince's Court."

Speaking of the excesses into which one who is fond of praise is liable to be led by his vanity, he says, after telling how one compares himself to Hercules or Samson, another to Tully or Demosthenes, another to Homer or Virgil, —

"He is mad, mad, mad, no *whoe* with him."

Certain "epicureal tenents" are "most accurately *ventilated* by Jo. Sylvaticus, a late Writer and Physitian of Millan."

On the same page is the well-known passage, "The Turks have a drink called *Coffa* (for they use no wine), so named of a berry as black as soot, and as bitter (like that black drink which was in use among the Lacedæmonians, and perhaps the same), which they still sip of, and sup as warm as they can suffer."

Burton must have been a bachelor,

for if he had been a married man he would never have dared talk of women as he did.

"Take heed of your wives' flattering speeches over night, and *curtain sermons* in the morning."

His vocabulary of satire abounds with happy expressions. "*Theologasters*" is credited to him, and what can be more descriptive than his expression "*collapsed ladies*"?

"*Bayards*," gapers, "stupid, ignorant, blind" creatures, "*dummerers*," impostors feigning dumbness, "Abraham men" pretending blindness, are no longer heard of; but when we hear that Jodocus Damhoderius "hath some notable examples of such counterfeit *Cranks*," we find that a word only recently come into common use is an old one recalled from the rich phraseology of the Elizabethan period. Burton recommends "*cowcumbers*" to such as are of too ardent a temperament. Tobacco he spells as we do, but speaks of it in a way that reminds us at once of Charles Lamb's often-quoted Farewell to the great vegetable, which it probably suggested: —

"*Tobacco*, divine, rare, superexcellent *Tobacco*, which goes far beyond all their Panaceas, potable gold and Philosophers stones, a soveraign remedy to all diseases. A vertuous herb, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used, but as it is commonly abused by most men, which take it as Tinkers do Ale, 't is a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, land, health, hellish, devilish and damned *Tobacco*, the ruine and overthrow of body and soul."

Burton makes great fun of the foolish old questions of the schoolmen and pedants, such as "*ovum prius extiterit an gallina*," — whether the egg or the hen came first into being. He is a good Protestant, and very bitter at times against the "Papists," but I cannot help suspecting his own orthodoxy. One is reminded of the more recent "Genesis and Geology" battles in reading such sentences as this: "But to avoid these Paradoxes of the earth's motion (which the Church of *Rome* hath lately condemned as heretical) our latter mathematicians have rolled all the stones that may be stirred: and to solve all appearances and objections, have invented new hypotheses and fabricated new systems of the World, out of their own Dedalean heads;" or, as we should say, projected them out of their own inner consciousness. You may find here the mill of conscience that grinds the souls of sinners, as expressed by "those *Ægyptians* in their *Hieroglyphics*," and the saying "*quod ideo credendum quod incredibile*," — it is to be believed because it is incredible, — from Tertullian. One is surprised in reading this book, more than any other that I am acquainted with, to find how much of the new corn comes out of the old fields. The quarrel between science and that which calls itself religion was the same, essentially, in the days of Burton and those older authors whom he quotes that it is now.

"Others freely speak, mutter and would persuade the world (as *Marinus Marcenus* complains) that our modern Divines are too severe and rigid against Mathematicians; ignorant and peevish in not admitting their true demonstrations and certain observations, that they tyrannize over art, science, and all philosophy in suppressing their labors (saith *Pomponatius*), forbidding them to write, to speak a truth, all to maintain their superstition, and for their profits sake. As for those places of Scripture which oppugn it, they will have spoken *ad captum vulgi*, and if rightly understood, and favorably interpreted, not at all against it." We find the same old difficulties, and the same subterfuges to escape from them that we have seen and still see in our own day. Doctrines which we have always thought of as belonging to our own theology are traced

to other and remote sources. Plato learned in Egypt that the devils quarrelled with Jupiter, and were driven by him down to hell. Others of our generally accepted beliefs he claims as of heathen parentage. "Twas for a politique end, and to this purpose the old Poets feigned those *Elysian* fields, their *Æacus*, *Minos*, and *Rhadamantus*, their infernal judges, and those *Stygian* lakes, fiery *Phlegeton's*, *Pluto's* Kingdom, and variety of torments after death. Those that had done well went to the *Elysian* fields, but evil doers to *Cocytus* and to that burning lake of Hell with fire and brimstone forever to be tormented."

"Old Probabilities" was anticipated by Lucian's Jupiter, who, as Burton says, spent much of the year, among other occupations, in "telling the hours when it should rain, how much snow should fall in such a place, which way the wind should stand in Greece, which way in Africk."

Never was there such a pawn-shop for poets to borrow from as the Anatomy of Melancholy. Byron knew this well, and tells the world as much. His own

> "Mountains interposed
> Make enemies of nations who had else,
> Like kindred drops, been mingled into one,"

may have been suggested by the *fluvio vel monte distincti sunt dissimiles*, which Burton gives without assigning its authorship. Herrick's beautiful

> "Gather ye rose buds while ye may,
> Old Time is still a-flying,"

finds its original more nearly in the lines Burton quotes from Ausonius than in the verse from the Wisdom of Solomon, from which it has been thought to have been borrowed: —

> "*Collige virgo rosas dum flos novus et nova pubes*
> *Et memor esto ævum sic properare tuum.*"

"Where God hath a Temple the Devil will have a Chappel," familiarly known in the couplet of Defoe, and referred by Mr. Bartlett to the "Jacula Prudentum," is found here also.

> "*Qui jacet in terra non habet unde cadat,*"

says Burton.

> "He that is down needs fear no fall,"

says Bunyan.

> "He that is down can fall no lower,"

says Butler, in Hudibras.

"To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace." So spoke George Washington.

"The Commonwealth of Venice in their Armory have this inscription, Happy is that City which in time of peace thinks of war. *Felix civitas quæ tempore pacis de bello cogitat.*" So says Burton.

> "*Qui desiderat pacem præparet bellum*"

is referred, in Familiar Quotations, to Vegetius, a Roman writer on military affairs, of the fourth century.

I read Mr. Emerson's complaint, in his first Phi Beta Kappa oration, that "the state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters, — a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man." Compare this with Burton's passage from Scaliger: "*Nequaquam nos homines sumus, sed partes hominis, ex omnibus aliquid fieri potest, idque non magnum; ex singulis fere nihil.*"

We have been in the habit of thinking that "liquor or fight" was a form of courtesy peculiar to our Western civilization. But we may learn from Burton that our German ancestors were before us in this social custom: "*How they love a man that will be drunk, crown him and honour him for it*, hate him that will not pledge him, stab him, kill him: A most intolerable offence, and not to be forgiven. *He is a mortal enemy that will not drink with him, as Munster* relates of the *Saxons.*" We all remember Byron's writing under the inspiration of gin. His familiarity with Burton may have supplied him with the suggestion, for Burton tells us that "our Poets drink sack to improve their inventions." We are surprised,

in reading the old author, to come upon ideas and practices which we thought belonged especially to our own time: —

"Such occult notes, Stenography, Polygraphy, *Nuncius animatus*, or *magnetical telling of their minds*, which Cabeus the Jesuit, by the way, counts fabulous and false."

If Burton had not been an irreclaimable bachelor, he would never have dared to make an onslaught like the following upon the female sex: —

"To this intent they *crush in their feet and bodies*, hurt and crucifie themselves, sometimes in lax clothes, one hundred yards I think in a gown, a sleeve, and sometimes again so close, *ut nudos exprimant artus*. Now long tails and trains, and then short, up, down, high, low, thick, thin, etc. Now little or no bands, then as big as cart-wheels; now loose bodies, then great fardingals and close girt," etc.

The trailing dresses which delicate ladies wore but a very few years ago, through our slovenly streets, were always an object of aversion to men, and seriously lowered the sex in their eyes. Nobody, however, seems to have taken the offense so much to heart as Sir David Lyndsay, — the old Scotch minstrel whom Sir Walter Scott speaks of as

> "Sir David Lyndsay of the mount,
> Lord Lyon king at arms."

Before the disagreeable fashion threatens us again, let us hope that our ladies will read the old poet's "Supplication in Contemption of *Side Tails;*" for this is the name he gave to the bedraggled finery with which showy women swept the sidewalks in his day, as they have done in ours, — *side* tails meaning only *long* dresses,

> "Whilk through the dust and dubs trails
> Three quarters lang behind their heels —
> Wherever they go it may be seen
> How kirk and causay they soop clean —
> In summer when the streets dries
> They raise the dust aboon the skies;
> Nane may gae near them at their ease
> Without they cover mouth and neese."

Sir David uses some harder words than these about the garments

> "Whilk over the mires and middings trails,"

and ends with a couplet doubtless very severe, but which fortunately few of us can interpret: —

> "Quoth Lindsay in contempt of the side tails
> That duddrons and duntibours through the dubs trails."

One can never be sure, in reading Burton, that he will not find his own thoughts, his own sayings in prose or verse, anticipated.

"So that affliction is a School or Academy, wherein the best Scholars are prepared to the commencements of the deity."

> Till dawns the great commencement day on every land and sea
> And *expectantur* all mankind to take their last degree.

It was a coincidence, and not a borrowing, for I had never read Burton when I wrote those lines. I do not believe there is any living author who will not find that he is represented in his predecessors, if he will hunt for himself in Burton. Even the external conditions of the residence of myself and my immediate neighbors are described as if he had just left us; for the dwellers in this range of houses on one side "see the ships, boats and passengers go by, out of their windows," and on the other look out into a "thoroughfare street to behold a continual concourse, a promiscuous rout, coming and going," — which conditions he considered as "excellent good" for the infirmity of which he was treating, or professing to treat, while he discoursed about everything.

What a passion many now famous in other pursuits have had for poetry, and what longings for the power to express themselves in harmonious numbers! Blackstone and Murray, John Quincy Adams and Joseph Story, at once occur to our memory. It was said that at one time every member of the existing British cabinet had published his

volume of verse. Every one remembers the story of Wolfe and Gray's Elegy. But I confess I was a little surprised to find a famous old scholar bewitched to such an extent as Burton represents him: "*Julius Scaliger* was so much affected with Poetry that he brake out into a pathetical protestation, he had rather be the author of twelve Verses in *Lucan* or such an Ode in *Horace* (Lib. 3, Ode 9) than Emperour of *Germany*." A charming little quarrel it is between Horace and Lydia, but one would hardly have expected such a juvenile outburst from a gray-beard old scholiast like Julius Cæsar Scaliger.

From page to page we get striking and life-like portraits of notable men of olden time. Here is a charming one of a great Dutch scholar and critic: —

"*Heinsius*, the keeper of the Library at *Leiden* in *Holland*, was mewed up in it all the year long; and that which to thy thinking should have bred a loathing, caused in him a greater liking.

"'*I no sooner* (saith he) *come into the Library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, their mother Ignorance, and Melancholy herself, and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones, and rich men that know not this happiness.*'"

And take as a background to this delightful picture the dreadful glimpse which this brief passage gives us: "*Servetus* the heretick that suffered in *Geneva*, when he was brought to the stake, and saw the executioner come with fire in his hand, *homo viso igne tam horrendum exclamavit, ut universum populum perterre facerit*, roared so loud that he terrified the people."

We are often surprised at finding there are good reasons for practices which seem to us quite singular, and even absurd. I remember the first time I wandered in the streets of an old European city, — Rouen, — I felt as if I was at the bottom of a deep crevice, looking up at a narrow ribbon of blue sky. I read in Burton, "In hot Countreys they make the streets of their Cities very narrow. *Monpelier*, the habitation and University of Physitians, is so built, with high houses, narrow streets to divert the suns scalding rayes, which *Tacitus* commends," etc.

There is but one street at the West End of our city, Boston, — the new part of it, — which one can walk through in the middle of a hot summer day without danger of a sun-stroke: that is Boylston Street. The front yards of all the others are so wide that the sidewalks are in full sunshine, while this is a shady refuge for the unfortunate prisoner *intra muros*.

I once amused myself with calculating how many grains of sand there would be in our earth if it was made of them. It was only necessary to see how many grains it took to make a line of an inch in length, and this number, if I recollect, was about a hundred, which gives a million to the cubic inch, and so on; and although one might miss a few grains in calculating the number of cubic feet in the oblate spheroid upon which we dwell, it was easy to come near enough for all practical purposes. But Burton reminds me that I was only doing what Archimedes had done before me.

He is severely satirical in speaking of the corrupt practices and the quarrels of doctors. He accuses them of taking all manner of advantage of their privileged intimacy. "*Paracelsus did that in Physick which Luther did in Divinity.*" "*A drunken rogue he was, a base fellow, a Magician, he had the Devil for his master, Devils his familiar companions, and what he did, was done by the help of the Devil.*" "Thus they contend and rail, and every Mart [*sic*] write Books *pro* and *con* and *adhuc sub judice lis est*; let them agree as they will, I proceed."

Not less sharp is he in commenting

upon the practices of another profession: "Now as for Monks, Confessors and Friers — under colour of visitation, auricular confession, comfort and penance, they have free egress and regress, and corrupt God knows how many."

"Mutual admiration" alliances are not the invention of this century, for Burton speaks of "mutual offices," "praise and dispraise of each other," "*mulus mulum scabit*," one mule scratches another. In that very amusing book, which has much in it that sounds like Dickens, with a great deal that is its own, the Reverend Jonathan Jubb is busy writing the Life and Times of Rummins, while Rummins is equally busy writing the Life and Times of the Reverend Jonathan Jubb.

I have said that Burton must have been a bachelor, and so he must have been; and the gentle sex will exclaim that he was a hard-hearted old wretch, too, for he says, "As much pity is to be taken of a woman weeping as of a Goose going barefoot."

Perhaps some wives with irritable husbands may like to hear the advice contained in his story of the honest woman "who, hearing one of her gossips by chance complain of her husband's impatience, told her an excellent remedy for it, and gave her withal a glass of water, which when he brauled she should hold still in her mouth, and that *toties quoties*, as often as he chid." This had such a good effect that the woman wished to know what she had mingled in her prescription, when her adviser "told her in brief what it was, *Fair Water* and no more: for it was not the water but her silence which performed the cure. Let every froward woman imitate this example, and be quiet within doors," and so on, giving his advice to the poor scolded woman as if she was to blame, and not the *brauling* husband! I am afraid the Cochituate will not be largely drawn upon by our matrons whose lords take their constitutional exercise in finding fault with their ladies.

I cannot be answerable for Burton's advice to women, but he gives some most sensible and kindly counsel to those who are abused by others, the substance of which is, Keep your temper and hold your tongue, but illustrated, amplified, made palpable and interesting by the large drapery of quotations in which it is robed, according to his habitual way of expanding and glorifying a maxim. "*Deesse robur arguit dicacitas*," or, as Dr. Johnson might have translated it, Verbosity indicates imbecility. Burton quotes the Latin phrase, and then pours out a flood of words to illustrate it.

That great modern naturalist, so well remembered, and so dear to many of us, used to remind me of the ancient observer and philosopher whom he admired, and in many points resembled.

"How much did *Aristotle* and Ptolomy spend? *Unius regni precium*, they say, more than a king's ransom; how many crowns *per annum*, to perfect arts, the one about his History of Creatures, the other on his *Almagest*." These are the words of Burton.

"How much," I once said to Agassiz, "would you really want for your Museum, if you could get it?"

"Ten millions!" was his immediate, robust, magnificent answer. "Ah!" I thought to myself, "what a pity there is not an Alexander for this Aristotle!" My wish came nearer fulfilment in after years than I could have dreamed at that time of its ever coming.

Even the puns and quibbles we have thought our own we are startled to find in these pages of Burton, which take, not the bread out of our mouths, perhaps, but at least the Attic salt which was the seasoning of our discourse. When we find him asking "What's matrimony but a matter of money?" we cannot help feeling that more jesting glideth through the lips than wots Joe

Miller of, or even my good friend Mr. Punch, whom I have never thanked as I ought to have done for the pretty compliment he paid me some time ago.

And now let any somnolent reader who has tried on my night-cap wake himself up, and take down excellent Mr. Allibone's great Dictionary of Authors and turn to *Burton*. He will find what a high estimate was placed upon the work I have been getting my scant *spicilegium* out of for his entertainment. It was greatly esteemed by Johnson, by Sterne, who showed his regard by helping himself to his pleasantry and pathos, and by various other less generally known writers. Byron says that if the reader has patience to go through the Anatomy of Melancholy "he will be more improved for literary conversation than by the perusal of any twenty other works with which I am acquainted."

I did not read it to equip myself for "literary conversation," but to predispose myself to somnolence; and if, as I hope, this article shall prove as effective in bringing about that result for the reader as the book was for myself, it will have fully answered my tamest expectations.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MODERN FICTION.

One of the worst characteristics of modern fiction is its so-called truth to nature. For fiction is an art, as painting is, as sculpture is, as acting is. A photograph of a natural object is not art; nor is the plaster cast of a man's face, nor is the bare setting on the stage of an actual occurrence. Art requires an idealization of nature. The amateur, though she may be a lady, who attempts to represent upon the stage the lady of the drawing-room, usually fails to convey to the spectators the impression of a lady. She lacks the art by which the trained actress, who may not be a lady, succeeds. The actual transfer to the stage of the drawing-room and its occupants, with the behavior common in well-bred society, would no doubt fail of the intended dramatic effect, and the spectators would declare the representation unnatural.

However our jargon of criticism may confound terms, we do not need to be reminded that art and nature are distinct; that art, though dependent on nature, is a separate creation; that art is selection and idealization, with a view to impressing the mind with human, or even higher than human, sentiments and ideas. We may not agree whether the perfect man and woman ever existed, but we do know that the highest representations of them in form — that in the old Greek sculptures — were the result of artistic selection of parts of many living figures.

When we praise our recent fiction for its photographic fidelity to nature we condemn it, for we deny to it the art which would give it value. We forget that the creation of the novel should be, to a certain extent, a synthetic process, and impart to human actions that ideal quality which we demand in painting. Heine regards Cervantes as the originator of the modern novel. The older novels sprang from the poetry of the Middle Ages: their themes were knightly adventure, their personages were the nobility; the common people did not figure in them. These romances, which had degenerated into absurdities, Cervantes overthrew by Don Quixote. But

in putting an end to the old romances he created a new school of fiction, called the modern novel, by introducing into his romance of pseudo-knighthood a faithful description of the lower classes, and intermingling the phases of popular life. But he had no one-sided tendency to portray the vulgar only; he brought together the higher and the lower in society, to serve as light and shade, and the aristocratic element was as prominent as the popular. This noble and chivalrous element disappears in the novels of the English who imitated Cervantes. "These English novelists since Richardson's reign," says Heine "are prosaic natures; to the prudish spirit of their time even pithy descriptions of the life of the common people are repugnant, and we see on yonder side of the Channel those *bourgeoisie* novels arise, wherein the petty humdrum life of the middle classes is depicted." But Scott appeared, and effected a restoration of the balance in fiction. As Cervantes had introduced the democratic element into romances, so Scott replaced the aristocratic element, when it had disappeared, and only a prosaic, bourgeoisie fiction existed. He restored to romances the symmetry which we admire in Don Quixote. The characteristic feature of Scott's historical romances, in the opinion of the great German critic, is the harmony between the aristocratic and democratic elements.

This is true, but is it the last analysis of the subject? Is it a sufficient account of the genius of Cervantes and Scott that they combined in their romances a representation of the higher and lower classes? Is it not of more importance how they represented them? It is only a part of the achievement of Cervantes that he introduced the common people into fiction; it is his higher glory that he idealized this material; and it is Scott's distinction also that he elevated into artistic creations both nobility and commonalty. In short, the essential of fiction is not diversity of social life, but artistic treatment of whatever is depicted. The novel may deal wholly with an aristocracy, or wholly with another class, but it must idealize the nature it touches into art. The fault of the bourgeoisie novels, of which Heine complains, is not that they treated of one class only, and excluded a higher social range, but that they treated it without art and without ideality. In nature there is nothing vulgar to the poet, and in human life there is nothing uninteresting to the artist; but nature and human life, for the purposes of fiction, need a creative genius. The importation into the novel of the vulgar, sordid, and ignoble in life is always unbearable, unless genius first fuses the raw material in its alembic.

When, therefore, we say that one of the worst characteristics of modern fiction is its so-called truth to nature, we mean that it disregards the higher laws of art, and attempts to give us unidealized pictures of life. The failure is not that vulgar themes are treated, but that the treatment is vulgar; not that common life is treated, but that the treatment is common; not that care is taken with details, but that no selection is made, and everything is photographed regardless of its artistic value. I am sure that no one ever felt any repugnance on being introduced by Cervantes to the muleteers, contrabandistas, servants and serving-maids, and idle vagabonds of Spain, any more than to an acquaintance with the beggar-boys and street gamins on the canvases of Murillo. And I believe that the philosophic reason of the disgust of Heine and of every critic with the English bourgeoisie novels, describing the petty, humdrum life of the middle classes, was simply the want of art in the writers; the failure on their part to see that a literal transcript of nature is poor stuff in literature. We do not need to go back to Richardson's time for illustrations

of that truth. Every week the English press — which is even a greater sinner in this respect than the American — turns out a score of novels which are mediocre, not from their subjects but from their utter lack of the artistic quality. It matters not whether they treat of middle-class life, of low, slum life, or of drawing-room life and lords and ladies; they are equally flat and dreary. Perhaps the most inane thing ever put forth in the name of literature is the so-called domestic novel, an indigestible, culinary sort of product, that might be named the doughnut of fiction. The usual apology for it is that it depicts family life with fidelity. Its characters are supposed to act and talk as people act and talk at home and in society. I trust this is a libel, but, for the sake of the argument, suppose they do. Was ever produced so insipid a result? They are called moral; in the higher sense they are immoral, for they tend to lower the moral tone and stamina of every reader. It needs genius to import into literature ordinary conversation, petty domestic details, and the commonplace and vulgar phases of life. A report of ordinary talk, which appears as dialogue in domestic novels, may be true to nature; if it is, it is not worth writing or worth reading. I cannot see that it serves any good purpose whatever. Fortunately, we have in our day illustrations of a different treatment of the vulgar. I do not know any more truly realistic pictures of certain aspects of New England life than are to be found in Judd's Margaret, wherein are depicted exceedingly pinched and ignoble social conditions. Yet the characters and the life are drawn with the artistic purity of Flaxman's illustrations of Homer. Another example is Thomas Hardy's Far from the Madding Crowd. Every character in it is of the lower class in England. But what an exquisite creation it is! You have to turn back to Shakespeare for any talk of peasants and clowns and shepherds to compare with the conversations in this novel, so racy are they of the soil, and yet so touched with the finest art, the enduring art. Here is not the realism of the photograph, but of the artist; that is to say, it is nature idealized.

When we criticise our recent fiction, it is obvious that we ought to remember that it only conforms to the tendencies of our social life, our prevailing ethics, and to the art conditions of our time. Literature is never in any age an isolated product. It is closely related to the development or retrogression of the time in all departments of life. The literary production of our day seems, and no doubt is, more various than that of any other, and it is not easy to fix upon its leading tendency. It is claimed for its fiction, however, that it is analytic and realistic, and that much of it has certain other qualities that make it a new school in art. These aspects of it I wish to consider in this paper.

It is scarcely possible to touch upon our recent fiction, any more than upon our recent poetry, without taking into account what is called the æsthetic movement, — a movement more prominent in England than elsewhere. A slight contemplation of this reveals its resemblance to the Romantic movement in Germany, of which the brothers Schlegel were apostles, in the latter part of the last century. The movements are alike in this: that they both sought inspiration in mediævalism, in feudalism, in the symbols of a Christianity that ran to mysticism, in the quaint, strictly pre-Raphael art, which was supposed to be the result of a simple faith. In the one case, the artless and childlike remains of old German pictures and statuary were exhumed and set up as worthy of imitation; in the other, we have carried out in art, in costume, and in domestic life, so far as possible, what has been wittily and accurately described as "stained-glass attitudes." With all its

peculiar vagaries, the English school is essentially a copy of the German, in its return to mediævalism. The two movements have a further likeness, in that they are found accompanied by a highly symbolized religious revival. English æstheticism would probably disown any religious intention, although it has been accused of a refined interest in Pan and Venus; but in all its feudal sympathies it goes along with the religious art and vestment revival, the return to symbolic ceremonies, monastic vigils, and sisterhoods. Years ago, an acute writer in the Catholic World claimed Dante Rossetti as a Catholic writer, from the internal evidence of his poems. The German Romanticism, which was fostered by the Romish priesthood, ended, or its disciples ended, in the bosom of the Roman Catholic church. It will be interesting to note in what ritualistic harbor the æstheticism of our day will finally moor. That two similar revivals should come so near together in time makes us feel that the world moves onward, if it does move onward, in circular figures of very short radii. There seems to be only one thing certain in our Christian era, and that is a periodic return to classic models; the only stable standards of resort seem to be Greek art and literature.

The characteristics which are prominent, when we think of our recent fiction, are a wholly unidealized view of human society, which has got the name of realism; a delight in representing the worst phases of social life; an extreme analysis of persons and motives; the sacrifice of action to psychological study; the substitution of studies of character for anything like a story; a notion that it is not artistic, and that it is untrue to nature to bring any novel to a definite consummation, and especially to end it happily; and a despondent tone about society, politics, and the whole drift of modern life. Judged by our fiction, we are in an irredeemably bad way. There is little beauty, joy, or light-heartedness in living; the spontaneity and charm of life are analyzed out of existence; sweet girls, made to love and be loved, are extinct; melancholy Jaques never meets a Rosalind in the forest of Arden, and if he sees her in the drawing-room he poisons his pleasure with the thought that she is scheming and artificial; there are no happy marriages, — indeed, marriage itself is almost too inartistic to be permitted by our novelists, unless it can be supplemented by a divorce, and art is supposed to deny any happy consummation of true love. In short, modern society is going to the dogs, notwithstanding money is only three and a half per cent. It is a gloomy business life, at the best. Two learned but despondent university professors met, not long ago, at an afternoon "coffee," and drew sympathetically together in a corner. "What a world this would be," said one, "without coffee!" "Yes," replied the other, stirring the fragrant cup in a dejected aspect, — "yes; but what a H. of a world it is with coffee!"

The analytic method in fiction is interesting, when used by a master of dissection, but it has this fatal defect in a novel, — it destroys illusion. We want to think that the characters in a story are real persons. We cannot do this if we see the author set them up as if they were marionettes, and take them to pieces every few pages, and show their interior structure, and the machinery by which they are moved. Not only is the illusion gone, but the movement of the story, if there is a story, is retarded, till the reader loses all enjoyment in impatience and weariness. You find yourself saying, perhaps, What a very clever fellow the author is! What an ingenious creation this character is! How brightly the author makes his people talk! This is high praise, but by no means the highest, and when we reflect we see how immeasurably inferior, in fiction,

the analytic method is to the dramatic. In the dramatic method the characters appear, and show what they are by what they do and say; the reader studies their motives, and a part of his enjoyment is in analyzing them, and his vanity is flattered by the trust reposed in his perspicacity. We realize how unnecessary minute analysis of character and long descriptions are in reading a drama by Shakespeare, in which the characters are so vividly presented to us in action and speech, without the least interference of the author in description, that we regard them as persons with whom we might have real relations, and not as bundles of traits and qualities. True, the conditions of dramatic art and the art of the novel are different, in that the drama can dispense with delineations, for its characters are intended to be presented to the eye; but all the same, a good drama will explain itself without the aid of actors, and there is no doubt that it is the higher art in the novel, when once the characters are introduced, to treat them dramatically, and let them work out their own destiny according to their characters. It is a truism to say that when the reader perceives that the author can compel his characters to do what he pleases all interest in them as real persons is gone. In a novel of mere action and adventure, a lower order of fiction, where all the interest centres in the unraveling of a plot, of course this does not so much matter.

Not long ago, in Edinburgh, I amused myself in looking up some of the localities made famous in Scott's romances, which are as real in the mind as any historical places. Afterwards I read The Heart of Midlothian. I was surprised to find that, as a work of art, it was inferior to my recollection of it. Its style is open to the charge of prolixity, and even of slovenliness in some parts; and it does not move on with increasing momentum and concentration to a climax, as many of Scott's novels do; the story drags along in the disposition of one character after another. Yet, when I had finished the book and put it away, a singular thing happened. It suddenly came to me that in reading it I had not once thought of Scott as the maker; it had never occurred to me that he had *created* the people in whose fortunes I had been so intensely absorbed; and I never once had felt how clever the novelist was in the naturally dramatic dialogues of the characters. In short, it had not entered my mind to doubt the existence of Jeanie and Effie Deans, and their father, and Reuben Butler, and the others, who seem as real as historical persons in Scotch history. And when I came to think of it afterwards, reflecting upon the assumptions of the modern realistic school, I found that some scenes, notably the night attack on the old Tolbooth, were as real to me as if I had read them in a police report of a newspaper of the day. Was Scott, then, only a reporter? Far from it, as you would speedily see if he had thrown into the novel a police report of the occurrences at the Tolbooth, before art had shorn it of its irrelevances; magnified its effective and salient points; given events their proper perspective, and the whole picture due light and shade.

The sacrifice of action to some extent to psychological evolution in modern fiction may be an advance in the art as an intellectual entertainment, if the writer does not make that evolution his end, and does not forget that the indispensable thing in a novel is the story. The novel of mere adventure or mere plot, it need not be urged, is of a lower order than that in which the evolution of characters and their interaction make the story. The highest fiction is that which embodies both; that is, the story in which action is the result of mental and spiritual forces in play. And we protest against the notion that the novel of the future is to be, or should be, merely

a study of, or an essay or a series of analytic essays on, certain phases of social life.

It is not true that civilization or cultivation has bred out of the world the liking for a story. In this the most highly educated Londoner and the Egyptian fellah meet on common human ground. The passion for a story has no more died out than curiosity, or than the passion of love. The truth is not that stories are not demanded, but that the born *raconteur* and story-teller is a rare person. The faculty of telling a story is a much rarer gift than the ability to analyze character, and even than the ability truly to draw character. It may be a higher or a lower power, but it is rarer. It is a natural gift, and it seems that no amount of culture can attain it, any more than learning can make a poet. Nor is the complaint well-founded that the stories have all been told, the possible plots all been used, and the combinations of circumstances exhausted. It is no doubt our individual experience that we hear almost every day — and we hear nothing so eagerly — some new story, better or worse, but new in its exhibition of human character, and in the combination of events. And the strange, eventful histories of human life will no more be exhausted than the possible arrangements of mathematical numbers. We might as well say that there are no more good pictures to be painted as that there are no more good stories to be told.

Equally baseless is the assumption that it is inartistic and untrue to nature to bring a novel to a definite consummation, and especially to end it happily. Life, we are told, is full of incompletion, of broken destinies, of failures, of romances that begin but do not end, of ambitions and purposes frustrated, of love crossed, of unhappy issues, or a resultless play of influences. Well, but life is full, also, of endings, of the results in concrete action of character, of completed dramas. And we expect and give, in the stories we hear and tell in ordinary intercourse, some point, some outcome, an end of some sort. If you interest me in the preparations of two persons who are starting on a journey, and expend all your ingenuity in describing their outfit and their characters, and do not tell me where they went or what befell them afterwards, I do not call that a story. Nor am I any better satisfied when you describe two persons whom you know, whose characters are interesting, and who become involved in all manner of entanglements, and then stop your narration; and when I ask, say you have not the least idea whether they got out of their difficulties, or what became of them. In real life we do not call that a story where everything is left unconcluded and in the air. In point of fact, romances are daily beginning and daily ending, well or otherwise, under our observation.

Should they always end well in the novel? I am very far from saying that. Tragedy and the pathos of failure have their places in literature as well as in life. I only say that, artistically, a good ending is as proper as a bad ending. Yet the main object of the novel is to entertain, and the best entertainment is that which lifts the imagination and quickens the spirit; to lighten the burdens of life by taking us for a time out of our humdrum and perhaps sordid conditions, so that we can see familiar life somewhat idealized, and probably see it all the more truly from an artistic point of view. For the majority of the race, in its hard lines, fiction is an inestimable boon. Incidentally the novel may teach, encourage, refine, elevate. Even for these purposes, that novel is the best which shows us the best possibilities of our lives, — the novel which gives hope and cheer instead of discouragement and gloom. Familiarity with vice and sordidness in fiction is a low entertainment, and of

doubtful moral value, and their introduction is unbearable if it is not done with the idealizing touch of the artist.

Do not misunderstand me to mean that common and low life are not fit subjects of fiction, or that vice is not to be lashed by the satirist, or that the evils of a social state are never to be exposed in the novel. For this, also, is an office of the novel, as it is of the drama, to hold the mirror up to nature, and to human nature as it exhibits itself. But when the mirror shows nothing but vice and social disorder, leaving out the saving qualities that keep society on the whole, and family life as a rule, as sweet and good as they are, the mirror is not held up to nature, but more likely reflects a morbid mind. Still it must be added that the study of unfortunate social conditions is a legitimate one for the author to make; and that we may be in no state to judge justly of his exposure while the punishment is being inflicted, or while the irritation is fresh. For, no doubt, the reader winces often because the novel reveals to himself certain possible baseness, selfishness, and meanness. Of this, however, I (speaking for myself) may be sure: that the artist who so represents vulgar life that I am more in love with my kind, the satirist who so depicts vice and villainy that I am strengthened in my moral fibre, has vindicated his choice of material. On the contrary, those novelists are not justified whose forte it seems to be to so set forth goodness as to make it unattractive.

But we come back to the general proposition that the indispensable condition of the novel is that it shall entertain. And for this purpose the world is not ashamed to own that it wants, and always will want, a story, — a story that has an ending; and if not a good ending, then one that in noble tragedy lifts up our nature into a high plane of sacrifice and pathos. In proof of this we have only to refer to the masterpieces of fiction which the world cherishes and loves to recur to.

I confess that I am harassed with the incomplete romances, that leave me, when the book is closed, as one might be on a waste plain, at midnight, abandoned by his conductor, and without a lantern. I am tired of accompanying people for hours through disaster and perplexity and misunderstanding, only to see them lost in a thick mist at last. I am weary of going to funerals, which are not my funerals, however chatty and amusing the undertaker may be. I confess that I should like to see again the lovely heroine, the sweet woman, capable of a great passion and a great sacrifice; and I do not object if the novelist tries her to the verge of endurance, in agonies of mind and in perils, subjecting her to wasting sicknesses even, if he only brings her out at the end in a blissful compensation of her troubles, and endued with a new and sweeter charm. No doubt it is better for us all, and better art, that in the novel of society the destiny should be decided by character. What an artistic and righteous consummation it is when we meet the shrewd and wicked old Baroness Bernstein at Continental gaming-tables, and feel that there was no other logical end for the worldly and fascinating Beatrix of Henry Esmond! It is one of the great privileges of fiction to right the wrongs of life, to do justice to the deserving and the vicious. It is wholesome for us to contemplate this justice, even if we do not often see it in society. It is true that hypocrisy and vulgar self-seeking often succeed in life, occupy high places, and make their exit in the pageantry of honored obsequies. Yet always the man is conscious of the hollowness of his triumph, and the world takes a pretty accurate measure of it. It is the privilege of the novelist, without introducing into such a career what is called disaster, to satisfy our innate love of justice by letting us see the true nature of

such prosperity. The unscrupulous man amasses wealth, lives in luxury and splendor, and dies in the odor of respectability. His poor and honest neighbor, whom he has wronged and defrauded, lives in misery, and dies in disappointment and penury. The novelist cannot reverse the facts without such a shock to our experience as shall destroy for us the artistic value of his fiction, and bring upon his work the deserved reproach of indiscriminately "rewarding the good and punishing the bad." But we have a right to ask that he shall reveal the real heart and character of this passing show of life; for not to do this, to content himself merely with exterior appearances, is for the majority of his readers to efface the lines between virtue and vice. And we ask this not for the sake of the moral lesson, but because not to do it is, to our deep consciousness, inartistic and untrue to our judgment of life as it goes on. Thackeray used to say that all his talent was in his eyes; meaning that he was only an observer and reporter of what he saw, and not a Providence to rectify human affairs. The great artist undervalued his genius. He reported what he saw as Raphael and Murillo reported what they saw. With his touch of genius he assigned to everything its true value, moving us to tenderness, to pity, to scorn, to righteous indignation, to sympathy with humanity. I find in him the highest art, and not that indifference to the great facts and deep currents and destinies of human life, that want of enthusiasm and sympathy, which has got the name of "art for art's sake." Literary fiction is a barren product, if it wants sympathy and love for men. "Art for art's sake" is a good and defensible phrase, if our definition of art includes the ideal, and not otherwise.

I do not know how it has come about that in so large a proportion of recent fiction it is held to be artistic to look almost altogether upon the shady and the seamy side of life, giving to this view the name of "realism;" to select the disagreeable, the vicious, the unwholesome; to give us for our companions, in our hours of leisure and relaxation, only the silly and the weak-minded woman, the fast and slangy girl, the *intrigante* and the "shady," — to borrow the language of the society she seeks, — the hero of irresolution, the prig, the vulgar, and the vicious; to serve us only with the foibles of the fashionable, the low tone of the gay, the gilded riff-raff of our social state; to drag us forever along the dizzy, half-fractured precipice of the seventh commandment; to bring us into relations only with the sordid and the common; to force us to sup with unwholesome company on misery and sensuousness, in tales so utterly unpleasant that we are ready to welcome any disaster as a relief; and then — the latest and finest touch of modern art — to leave the whole weltering mass in a chaos, without conclusion and without possible issue.

And this is called a picture of real life! Heavens! Is it true that in England, where a great proportion of the fiction we describe and loathe is produced; is it true that in our New England society there is nothing but frivolity, sordidness, decay of purity and faith, ignoble ambition and ignoble living? Is there no charm in social life, — no self-sacrifice, devotion, courage to stem materialistic conditions, and live above them? Are there no noble women, sensible, beautiful, winning, with the grace that all the world loves, albeit with the feminine weaknesses that make all the world hope? Is there no manliness left? Are there no homes where the tempter does not live with the tempted in a mush of sentimental affinity? Or is it, in fact, more artistic to ignore all these, and paint only the feeble and the repulsive in our social state? The feeble, the sordid, and the repulsive in our social state nobody denies, nor does

anybody deny the exceeding cleverness with which our social disorders are reproduced in fiction by a few masters of their art; but is it not time that it should be considered good art to show something of the clean and bright side?

This is preëminently the age of the novel. The development of variety of fiction since the days of Scott and Cooper is prodigious. The prejudice against novel-reading is quite broken down, since fiction has taken all fields for its province; everybody reads novels. Three quarters of the books taken from the circulating library are stories; they make up half the library of the Sunday-schools. If a writer has anything to say, or thinks he has, he knows that he can most certainly reach the ear of the public by the medium of a story. So we have novels for children; novels religious, scientific, historical, archæological, psychological, pathological, total-abstinence; novels of travel, of adventure and exploration; novels domestic, and the perpetual spawn of books called novels of society. Not only is everything turned into a story, real or so called, but there must be a story in everything. The stump-speaker holds his audience by well-worn stories; the preacher wakes up his congregation by a graphic narrative; and the Sunday-school teacher leads his children into all goodness by the entertaining path of romance; we even had a President who governed the country nearly by anecdotes.

The result of this universal demand for fiction is necessarily an enormous supply, and as everybody writes, without reference to gifts, the product is mainly trash, and trash of a deleterious sort; for bad art in literature is bad morals. I am not sure but the so-called domestic, the diluted, the "goody," namby-pamby, un-robust stories, which are so largely read by school-girls, young ladies, and women, do more harm than the "knowing," audacious, wicked ones, also, it is reported, read by them, and written largely by their own sex. For minds enfeebled and relaxed by stories lacking even intellectual fibre are in a poor condition to meet the perils of life. This is not the place for discussing the stories written for the young and for the Sunday-school. It seems impossible to check the flow of them, now that so much capital is invested in this industry; but I think that healthy public sentiment is beginning to recognize the truth that the excessive reading of this class of literature by the young is weakening to the mind, besides being a serious hindrance to study and to attention to the literature that has substance.

In his account of the Romantic School in Germany, Heine says, "In the breast of a nation's authors there always lies the image of its future, and the critic who, with a knife of sufficient keenness, dissects a new poet can easily prophesy, as from the entrails of a sacrificial animal, what shape matters will assume in Germany." Now if all the poets and novelists of England and America to-day were cut up into little pieces (and we might sacrifice a few for the sake of the experiment), there is no inspecting augur who could divine therefrom our literary future. The diverse indications would puzzle the most acute dissector. Lost in the variety, the multiplicity of minute details, the refinements of analysis and introspection, he would miss any leading indications. For with all its variety, it seems to me that one characteristic of recent fiction is its narrowness, — narrowness of vision and of treatment. It deals with lives rather than with life. Lacking ideality, it fails of broad perception. We are accustomed to think that with the advent of the genuine novel of society, in the first part of this century, a great step forward was taken in fiction. And so there was. If the artist did not use a big canvas, he adopted a broad treatment. But the tendency now is to push analysis of in-

dividual peculiarities to an extreme, and to substitute a study of traits for a representation of human life.

It scarcely need be said that it is not multitude of figures on a literary canvas that secures breadth of treatment. The novel may be narrow, though it swarms with an hundred personages. It may be as wide as life, as high as imagination can lift itself; it may image to us a whole social state, though it puts in motion no more persons than we made the acquaintance of in one of the romances of Hawthorne. Consider for a moment how Thackeray produced his marvelous results. We follow with him, in one of his novels of society, the fortunes of a very few people. They are so vividly portrayed that we are convinced the author must have known them in that great world with which he was so familiar; we should not be surprised to meet any of them in the streets of London. When we visit the Charter House School, and see the old forms where the boys sat nearly a century ago, we have in our minds Colonel Newcome as really as we have Charles Lamb and Coleridge and De Quincey. We are absorbed, as we read, in the evolution of the characters of perhaps only half a dozen people; and yet all the world, all great, roaring, struggling London, is in the story, and Clive, and Philip, and Ethel, and Becky Sharpe, and Captain Costigan are a part of life. It is the flowery month of May; the scent of the hawthorn is in the air, and the tender flush of the new spring suffuses the Park, where the tide of fashion and pleasure and idleness surges up and down, — the sauntering throng, the splendid equipages, the endless cavalcade in Rotten Row, in which Clive descries afar off the white plume of his lady-love dancing on the waves of an unattainable society; the club windows are all occupied; Parliament is in session, with its nightly echoes of imperial politics; the thronged streets roar with life from morn till nearly morn again; the drawing-rooms hum and sparkle in the crush of a London season; as you walk the midnight pavement, through the swinging doors of the cider-cellars comes the burst of bacchanalian song. Here is the world of the press and of letters; here are institutions, an army, a navy, commerce, glimpses of great ships going to and fro on distant seas, of India, of Australia. This one book is an epitome of English life, almost of the empire itself. We are conscious of all this, so much breadth and atmosphere has the artist given his little history of half a dozen people in this struggling world.

But this background of a great city, of an empire, is not essential to the breadth of treatment upon which we insist in fiction, to broad characterization, to the play of imagination about common things which transfigures them into the immortal beauty of artistic creations. What a simple idyl in itself is Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea! It is the creation of a few master touches, using only common material. Yet it has in it the breadth of life itself, the depth and passion of all our human struggle in the world, — a little story with a vast horizon.

It is constantly said that the conditions in America are unfavorable to the higher fiction; that our society is unformed, without centre, without the definition of classes, which give the light and shade that Heine speaks of in Don Quixote; that it lacks types and customs that can be widely recognized and accepted as national and characteristic; that we have no past; that we want both romantic and historic background; that we are in a shifting, flowing, forming period which fiction cannot seize on; that we are in diversity and confusion that baffle artistic treatment; in short, that American life is too vast, varied, and crude for the purpose of the novelist.

These excuses might be accepted as fully accounting for our failure, — or shall we say our delay? — if it were not for two or three of our literary performances. It is true that no novel has been written, and we dare say no novel will be written that is, or will be, an epitome of the manifold diversities of American life, unless it be in the form of one of Walt Whitman's catalogues. But we are not without peculiar types; not without characters, not without incidents, stories, heroisms, inequalities; not without the charms of nature in infinite variety; and human nature is the same here that it is in Spain, France, and England. Out of these materials Cooper wrote romances, narratives stamped with the distinct characteristics of American life and scenery, that were and are eagerly read by all civilized peoples, and which secured the universal verdict which only breadth of treatment commands. Out of these materials, also, Hawthorne, child endowed with a creative imagination, wove those tragedies of interior life, those novels of our provincial New England, which rank among the great masterpieces of the novelist's art. The master artist can idealize even our crude material, and make it serve.

These exceptions to a rule do not go to prove the general assertion of a poverty of material for fiction here; the simple truth probably is that, for reasons incident to the development of a new region of the earth, creative genius has been turned in other directions than that of fictitious literature. Nor do I think that we need to take shelter behind the well-worn and convenient observation, the truth of which stands in much doubt, that literature is the final flower of a nation's civilization.

However, this is somewhat a digression. We are speaking of the tendency of recent fiction, very much the same everywhere that novels are written, which we have imperfectly sketched. It is probably of no more use to protest against it than it is to protest against the vulgar realism in pictorial art, which holds ugliness and beauty in equal esteem; or against æstheticism gone to seed in languid affectations; or against the enthusiasm of a social life which wreaks its religion on the color of a vestment, or sighs out its divine soul over an ancient pewter mug. Most of our fiction, in its extreme analysis, introspection and self-consciousness, in its devotion to details, in its disregard of the ideal, in its selection as well as in its treatment of nature, is simply of a piece with a good deal else that passes for genuine art. Much of it is admirable in workmanship, and exhibits a cleverness in details and a subtlety in the observation of traits which many great novels lack. But I should be sorry to think that the historian will judge our social life by it, and I doubt not that most of us are ready for a more ideal, that is to say a more artistic, view of our performances in this bright and pathetic world.

Charles Dudley Warner.

A POET.

THREE things he knew: the shock that sorrow brings,
The woodland's secrets, and one woman's heart.
These made the gamut of his flame-wrought art, —
Grief, truth, and love: from these the poet springs.

L. Frank Tooker.

A NEW PARISHIONER.

It was about half past ten o'clock in the forenoon, and the time of year was late September. Miss Lydia Dunn was busy in her kitchen, where the faded sunlight lay across the floor, and the after-breakfast work was beginning to give way to the preparations for dinner. Miss Dunn had lived alone through a good many years, but, to use her own favorite remark, she always treated herself as if she were a whole family.

"I found myself living at the pantry shelves, quick as mother died," she said. "It did n't seem to be worth while to set a table and get a lot of dishes about just for one. I got so I stopped the baker every time he come by, and the end of it was I did n't eat any oftener than I could help. I took to being low in my mind, and thought I wa' n't ever going to be any more use in the world; and I was always reading some yaller old sermon books, that I never should if I had been well; it seemed as if they had been laying about the house hoping to get a chance to gnaw somebody, for they worked me up dreadfully. Mother and I had lived together so long that I missed her, — seemed as if I could n't never get used to living alone; but at last it come to me what part o' the trouble was, and I set right to, and from that day to this I 've given myself three good regular meals every day. I tell you, you must feed folks same as you do creaturs, if you want to get any kind o' work out of 'em."

It was certainly a blessing to other people that Miss Dunn had come to this wise decision, for, after the death of her mother, who had needed all her daughter's care in the later years of her life, she had always been more than ready to use her freedom and strength and good sense in other people's behalf. She had a great deal of sound discretion, and a quick insight into men and things on which she valued herself not a little, as well she might. If she had been bad-tempered she would have been feared, for she had a quick wit and a bitter impatience with shiftiness and deceit; but her bark was worse than her bite, and one after another of her neighbors and townspeople were helped by her over hard places in their lives, and every year they grew more strongly attached to her. It is true that she was often thought a little hard, and that she gained the ill-will of some of her associates, whose lives were not wholly spent in following the paths of rectitude. She sometimes felt sorry that there was nobody who belonged to her, or who really loved her because they were of the same flesh and blood. It is a rare thing to find a woman of her age in a New England village who has no near relations; for when there was less intercourse with the rest of the world than nowadays, and families were larger, the people were apt to be closely connected by frequent intermarriages, and it made a community of interest and a clannishness which had many advantages in spite of its defects. Now that the young people go from the farming communities to the shops and factories of the larger towns, they are surer to marry strangers and foreigners than their old schoolmates and playmates, and the state of society in these latter days in such a town as Walton is pretty well disintegrated.

Miss Dunn's grandfather had been the minister of Walton for forty years. That of itself gave her a right to assert herself in parish matters, and her inherited love of reading and thinking helped her to look oftener at the principles and causes of things than at their incidents and effects. The elder people of the

town still turned back with reverence to the deeds and opinions of old Parson Dunn, and gave an honored place in their councils to his upright and straightforward granddaughter.

On this Friday morning she felt uncommonly well and active, and had been scurrying about her house ever since she had waked, sweeping and dusting, and putting things to rights generally. She remembered her mother's saying that all out-doors always seemed to try to get under cover before cold weather, and she angrily threw away the collections of dust and lint which she swept up in one room after another. When she had finished her own room she came out, bringing the broom and dustpan and duster all at once, and before she began to get dinner she stood for a minute before the small glass in the case of the kitchen clock. The big gingham handkerchief was still tied over her head, to keep the dust off, and she took a good look at herself.

"You 're getting along in years, that 's a fact, Lyddy Dunn," said she, good-naturedly; and then she sighed, and put away the handkerchief in its drawer, and went forward with some preparations for dinner.

The house in which she lived was one that her grandfather had bought in his last days, and in which his son had lived after him. There was no village in Walton, at least in that part of it, but farm joined farm, and there was no waste land. The main road of the town traversed a long ridge from end to end; the old church stood at the very top, blown by all the winds of heaven, like a ship on the high seas, and on the southern slope, close at the road-side, was Miss Dunn's house.

The front of it faced the south, and the front door opened into a prim little garden, where some sheltered hollyhocks and china asters still lingered; beyond was an orchard, where many of the old trees had died or been blown down, and had been replaced by young ones. The leaves were falling fast now, but nothing held on better than the apple and lilac-leaves, and these were growing browner, and rustling louder when the wind blew, day by day. Miss Dunn was very fond of her house. The main part of it had two rooms on each floor; but the lower roof of it, that covered the big kitchen and down-stairs bedroom and the great kitchen-chamber, was older than the other, and was gambrel-shaped, and had for its centre an enormous chimney, that was, as it should be, the warm heart of the house.

The outer kitchen door opened to the road in a most hospitable fashion, and some smooth gray flagstones, like a stray bit of sidewalk, led along under the kitchen windows as far as the front gate. Miss Dunn suddenly bethought herself to sweep these, and fetched her second-best broom. There was a pleasant fragrance of faded leaves in the air; the sunshine was very warm, and the maple leaves seemed to have fallen too soon on the thick green grass, which still looked as fresh as if it were June. In the lowlands far below, there was a most lovely blur and haze with the misty air and the colors of the trees; the sky was cloudless but a little dim, and the snowberry bushes rustled so over the fence, in the breeze that came past the corner of the house, that our friend looked around at them as if somebody had spoken. A little stick, that was shaped like some thin, twisted mockery of a human being, was lying against the kitchen door-step, as if it had tried to climb in and had failed; and Lydia Dunn stooped to pick it up, and perched it on the outside window-sill, where it stood with one foot crooked into the little staple to which the blind was sometimes hooked, and seemed to look into the kitchen wistfully.

Miss Dunn smiled as she looked at it, and had a feeling flit over her that something was going to happen; there was

an uncanny look about the strange bit of a lilac bush. She caught the sound of an approaching footstep, and as quick as one of the leaves that were flittering about at her feet she went back into the house again. She knew well enough the familiar figure that was still some distance away down the road, and was sure that she was to have a visit. She was much attached to Jonas Phipps, and quite dependent on his assistance in her housekeeping, but she always felt a little antagonistic and on the off-side of things when he first made his appearance.

"Of course he must put into port here for his dinner, when I 've had a busy forenoon!" she said angrily, and began to change the kettles about on the stove; and she whisked the tea-kettle over to the sink as if she were putting it in jail for its sins, but it went on singing cheerfully, as if it had a good conscience.

Presently the latch clicked, and Mr. Jonas Phipps came in at the door, closing it softly after him; and as he felt at once that unmistakable lack of welcome which was not unusual, he dropped his hat on the floor beside the chair he dropped himself into, and took a long breath to show that he was much fatigued. He was a lame man, and there was something appealing about him, as well as something indescribably shrewd and quick, — the helplessness of a wounded and hampered fox or other cunning creature, that has not the physical strength to make the best use of its instincts.

"There, do spudge up a little, Jonas," said Miss Lydia, moving to and fro about the kitchen as fast as she could. "You remind me of an old limp calico bag that 's hung up against the wall, — nothing to take out of it, and every chance to put in."

Jonas brightened up at once, and sat erect, as if his hostess had furnished him with a backbone.

"You always have your joke," said he, chuckling. "Ain't nothing I could do for you to-day, I expect?"

"I 'm about out of kindling wood," said Miss Dunn doubtfully. "I suppose you know that as well as I do. I thought you were going to get Otis's boy to help you, and cut me up a good lot of small wood some time this week. You 'd better stop, now you 're here, — though to-morrow will do just as well, and you can come earlier in the forenoon."

"To-morrow and Monday — I 've got to be off both them days," said Jonas, not without pride. "You 'll have to take me when you can git me, for once;" and putting on his much-battered hat he shuffled toward the door that led out to the woodshed. "Have you heard — I spose you have — that Henry Stroud, old Ben Stroud's oldest son, has come back, and is stopping over to Whitehouse's tavern? He was over here driving about yesterday afternoon, and he stopped to have some talk with me. I had an errand over Donnell's way to help him get in his cabbages, but they 'd got them all in before I got there. I thought it was Thursday he wanted me, but when I got there he said it was Wednesday;" and Jonas was silent, as if he wished to respectfully give place to the scolding Miss Dunn commonly furnished him with at such confessions of his laziness.

But she merely laughed, and then asked, "What 's he here for? He can't think that anybody is in distress to see him."

"I don't know what he come for, unless he wanted to look round his old haunts. He bespoke me to go up to his father's place with him to set things to rights in the burying lot. I told him I was n't much of a hand for such things now, 'count of my lameness, but I 'd do what I could. He was real friendly and free-spoken, and knowed me right away. Him and me 's about of an age, — sixty-two in the month of January next;"

and Jonas went slowly out to the woodshed, and began to chop the large sticks of pine into kindlings with leisurely blows, as if there were no hurry about either that or anything else.

"Well, I do declare!" said Miss Lydia Dunn. "I wonder what will happen next!" She longed to question Jonas further, but she did not; and later, when the soup that she had been warming for her own dinner was in readiness to be eaten, she carried out a comfortable bowlful to him, and set it down without a word.

"Now I call that real clever of ye," said Mr. Phipps. "I was just 'lowing I 'd better be getting home to my dinner," — which was a great lie, since he had been sniffing the fragrance of the soup and expecting this provision eagerly for at least half an hour.

"I suppose Henry Stroud must have aged a good deal?" she asked, lingering for a minute in the doorway.

"Not so much as you might suppose, seeing he 's been gone thirty-five years, — no, forty years it must be, or rising forty. It was the fall after his father died, and Henry was out of his time the spring before. Well, he 's got the ginooine Stroud looks; he 's featured for all the world like the old man. I know it was forty years sence he died, because that was the year we moved over to the Ashby place, — fork of the roads as you go to Knowles's mills. The house is been gone this gre't while."

"There, your soup 'll all get cold, Jonas," said Miss Dunn impatiently, and at once retreated to the kitchen, fearing that the accounts of the changes of residence of the Phipps family might otherwise be continued all the rest of the afternoon. Jonas liked nothing better than to tell long stories, involving infinite ramblings and details, to any audience he was able to muster.

That evening Miss Dunn stood looking out of the window down the road, noticing the lights in the houses. She always had a fancy for sitting a while in the twilight, after supper, which came early at this time of year, when the days were growing so short; and before she lit her lamp she liked to take a survey of the neighborhood and of the sky. The stars were bright and the weather was satisfactory, but from one of the three houses which were in sight there was an unusual radiance, and our friend saw at once, to her surprise, that there was a lamp in the best parlor. Nothing could be more amazing than this, and at first Miss Dunn thought that some member of the family had gone into the room on an errand, it being used as to its closet for a treasure chamber.

"I hope that old Mr. Singer has n't been taken with one of his bad ill turns," she said to herself, anxiously. "I know they always keep some spirit in that closet." But the light shone steadily on, like a beacon, until there was no room for doubt that the Singers had company to tea.

At last Miss Dunn composed herself to her evening's work of knitting and reading together, and resolutely drew and bolted the close shutters and lighted the lamp. She was very fond of reading, but there was only a small harvest of books to be reaped in Walton, and she was just then working her way through a dull memoir of an injudicious and unhappy man who had mistaken his calling and tried to preach. The book was written by some one who ought to have profited by this sad example; and Miss Dunn, who knew a good book when she saw it, but would usually rather have a dull one than none at all, soon read the less and knitted the more, until the leaves of the volume fluttered up unheeded, and she lost her place without observing it. She really had too much to think about, herself, to give her mind to other people's thoughts. Her excitements and pleasures were like the pasturage that sheep find near the sea; like those delicious nibbles close to the

rocks, which have a flavor that no inland field can give to its plentiful grass blades. Henry Stroud had come back. He had once shown a great liking for her, when they were boy and girl, which she had disdained and her family disapproved. More than this, which was a half-forgotten memory, at that very moment an unknown company was assembled under her neighbor's roof. What dismal tale of a life that had made its failures through stupidity could wile her mind from such diversions? It was difficult to even guess at the reasons that had led to Mr. Stroud's return. His history was little known to his old acquaintances, except that at one time he had been very rich in South America, and had afterwards failed in his business. And after saying to the subject of the memoir that he was an old dromedary, if ever there was one, Miss Lydia Dunn gave herself up to reflection, until she was so sleepy that she could hardly stumble off to bed. The lights were not out even then at the Singers'.

Early the next morning, Mary Ann Singer came up the road with a little pitcher to borrow some yeast, and Miss Lydia gave her a cordial welcome.

"We 're sort of behindhand this forenoon," the visitor said, "for we had company last night."

"I noticed the best room was lighted up," said Miss Dunn, with the full expectation of hearing all about it.

"You see, just before tea we saw a buggy drive up, and a stranger come in and asked to see the folks. I thought he was an agent or something, but it was a Mr. Stroud, who used to live here when he was a boy. He has been most all over the world, and he 's come back to see the old place. I just wish you could have heard him talk; it was splendid. He says he don't know but he may settle here, — for summers, at any rate. His health 's broke down, being in hot climates, and he said two or three times he did n't mean to do any more business. I guess he 's rich; he looked as if he had means. He inquired for you, and said he was going to call and see you."

"Much obliged to him," said Miss Dunn grudgingly.

"He 's stopping over to Whitehouse's tavern," said Mary Ann. "I never saw anything better than the clothes he had on, and everything about him spoke of wealth. He said he had been to see the minister, and he meant to do something for the church, on account of his mother's being a member."

"More 'n ever his father was," said Miss Dunn. "I ain't going to say anything 'gainst Henry Stroud without having seen him these forty years; but he wa'n't much thought of as a young fellow, and his father cheated my poor old grandfather out of about all he had, except this place. I don't like the breed; but then, as I say, I ain't going to run a man down I don't know."

"He seemed to be religious," said Mary Ann, who was unwilling to have the glory of her guest tarnished in this way; and Miss Dunn responded that religion ought to make some difference, if it was the real kind; after which young and inexperienced Miss Singer went away with the yeast, somewhat crestfallen.

"Guess they must be going to bake Sunday, if they have n't got their bread a-going yet," thought Miss Dunn. "I 'd 'a' put it to rise after he went off, last night, if it had been me; but I suppose they were all so betwattled they did n't know which end they was on. I should think it would be a lesson to 'em to air out that south setting-room once or twice a month. Between being scared of the dust in the summer and not using it after the cold weather come, the air don't get changed three times a year. And come to heat it up with an air-tight stove!"

The next day being Sunday, and the weather being fair, there was an unusu-

ally large congregation in the church; and the news of the stranger's coming having flown far and wide, all eyes were ready to follow him, as he walked up the aisle behind the minister to the parsonage pew. The minister's wife betrayed a consciousness of being in unaccustomed society; and when the guest and the parson both waited to usher her into the pew, it was most annoying to stumble and almost fall over the crickets, on the way to her seat. Her face was very red, as she picked herself up, and even the children all looked that way as they heard the loud and sudden noise.

Mr. Stroud listened intently to the sermon. He was a good-looking man, but he had a difficulty in looking you straight in the eyes, and he was dressed in a way that his former townspeople could not fail to admire. And when the service was over, and the Sunday-school was assembled, Mr. Peckham, the minister, called upon Brother Stroud to lead in prayer; and Brother Stroud prayed long and eloquently, greatly to the approval of his hearers. It was really very pleasant to find that a man so distinguished in his appearance had so good a memory for his old friends. He seemed to remember everybody who remembered him, and was always ready to remind his old acquaintances of things that had happened before he went away, while he spoke of the departed members of the parish to their living connections with much interest and sympathy. On that first Sunday there was a great loitering about and hand-shaking; in fact, there was not the usual hurry to get the horses unfastened and to start for home. Miss Dunn said to herself often, in those first days, that she could understand the young folks running after him, but she should think the old ones, that had known him root and branch, would rather wait a while. She could not explain even to herself the feeling of antipathy that rushed over her at the first sight of him. She grudged all the deference and civilities that were shown him, and yet she was obliged to acknowledge that he deserved consideration, and that he was fine-looking and had a good manner, — "a way with him," most of the people said. He seemed disposed to be very friendly and generous. The young people admired him a good deal, and from the very first he received great attention and hospitality.

Mr. Peckham was more delighted with this new parishioner than any one else, for he saw in him the promise of help for some of his cherished projects. His predecessor had been an old-school parson, preaching sound and harmless sermons twice on every Sunday; exchanging with his brother ministers with due regularity and suitable infrequency. Old Mr. Duncan had been much loved and respected. The joys and sorrows of his congregation rarely were disconnected from him; for he was a cheerful soul, most fatherly and kind, and was not instinctively set aside entirely to the performance of ecclesiastical rites and ceremonies. Under his care the church and parish existed in a most comfortable fashion, and the average of things was kept up year after year. It was somewhat of a shock to the parishioners to find that Mr. Peckham considered all these years unfruitful, and the revival which followed his teachings, or led them, in the first winter of his settlement, seemed to cast blame, by contrast, on the orderly progress of the former additions to the church membership. Mr. Peckham was an earnest, excitable, self-denying little man, though his self-denials were often in furtherance of his own selfish ends. He was ambitious and ascetic, and he was apt to be dyspeptic and low in his mind, which he and his parishioners occasionally mistook for anxiety and discouragement over the wickedness and willfulness of this world in general. He liked to have a good deal going on, though

he bewailed the exhaustive nature of a clergyman's work; and just now he was trying hard to get the people of his parish to build a vestry, or small chapel-like building, for the benefit of the Sunday-school and of evening meetings.

But the slow old farmers were not disposed to move in a hurry. They were too tired and sleepy to go to any meetings after dark, especially when they lived far from the church, as most of them did; and unless there was something that really promised a sufficient reward of excitement and interest, they held their evening meetings at home. They had an unexpressed conviction that the large attendance at the revival meetings of the winter before could not be expected to last, though Mr. Peckham were never so eloquent. One old man, who was rarely absent from his pew on Sundays, from one end of the year to the other, said impressively to his neighbor, as they unfastened their horses from the long, well-gnawed hitching-rail at the back of the church, "I don't see, Silas, why there 's any need we should build a second-sized meetin'-house, for the good o' the six or eight women folks who goes reg'lar to the evening meetin's. There 's double the expense for heatin' the two buildin's every Sunday, and long 's they always had the Sabbath-school in the meetin'-house, I don't see why they can't continue," — which was very old-fogyish doctrine to the minds of some young people, and particularly to the mind of Mr. Peckham.

Sometimes the minister had felt himself to be unappreciated and mistaken, because his people balked like unruly horses, and would not follow him in the carrying out of his cherished plans, and so he welcomed this sympathetic and apparently rich stranger with open arms. He could not resist saying that it was sometimes hard for a man who had had a wider outlook over the world to suit himself to the limited ideas of a country parish. If the truth were known, he had been born and brought up in much the same sort of a community; but he had been a fly on the wheel of a large theological school, and imagined himself to be the possessor of a far greater knowledge of the world and of human nature than is apt to fall to the lot of most men, especially clergymen. It is a strange fact that the training of that profession aims so seldom at a practical acquaintance and understanding with the fellow-creatures whom it is empowered to direct and advise. The theories which are laid down in books are often as dangerous for the clergyman to follow as for the physician.

Mr. Stroud had accepted an invitation to spend a few days at the parsonage, and that evening he opened his heart to the minister in a gratifying way, and spoke freely of his aims and projects.

"I have been a busy man until this last summer," he said; "but I have had a serious illness, and my physicians ordered me to free myself from all business cares. As I have told you, I am alone in the world; and having to leave New Orleans for a colder climate, I did not know at first which way to turn. I have always had an inclination to return to my boyhood's home, if merely to pay a visit to the hills and fields, and I must confess that I was quite unprepared for the affection that overcame me at the sight of the old places and faces. I do not think that I have much time to live, and I have made up my mind to stay here and make it my home for the present, at any rate. I have had an eventful life, and the repose of such a place as this is eminently soothing. I am much touched by the interest that my coming seems to have aroused, and I shall take pleasure in trying to prove myself a friend to these good neighbors, and a worthy member of your church and parish."

There was a good deal of dignity

about Mr. Stroud, and a deep tone of humility and pathos when he spoke of his loneliness, and of his almost ended life, and his desire to make the most of his last days, which almost overcame the little minister, and he grasped his new parishioner's hand.

"I foresee a strong helper in you, my dear sir," he said softly, "in the good work I am trying to do. I hope you will command my services as pastor and friend." And a league was formed between them.

As the autumn days went on, Mr. Stroud became a familiar sight, as he drove or walked slowly along the country roads. His expedition with Jonas Phipps to the family burying-ground on the old Stroud farm had resulted in his spending much money in the fencing and grading of it, and the broken and fallen stones were replaced or put to rights carefully. It happened that the present owners of the farm had built a new house, and were living more comfortably than most people in Walton, and the arrangement was made that Mr. Stroud should go there to board. Mrs. West, the farmer's wife, was much courted and questioned by her acquaintances; and being a somewhat sentimental soul, as well as a lover of a good story, she had many an interesting fact to communicate. All the neighbors knew how many newspapers Mr. Stroud took, and how many letters he had to answer; what beautiful shirts he wore, and how he gave next to no trouble, and hardly ever could bear to speak of his wife, and that he liked a dinner of boiled fowls better than most anything, and every day went down to the burying lot, as if it were all he had in the world. In society he was a very agreeable man; he talked well, though he was rather pompous, and it became the fashion to defer to him upon any questions of the outside world's affairs.

Everybody followed this leader but Miss Lydia Dunn. Strange to say, she liked him less and less; she was prejudiced to an unwarrantable degree. It made no difference to her that he made long and eloquent prayers; that he was going to give a new library to the Sunday-school, and had spoken of her as the proper person to select it in company with the minister. He had called upon her within a week or two of his arrival in town, and from the minute she gave him the first steady look out of her sharp-sighted eyes, and he turned away, a little embarrassed, to admire the view from the windows, she would join in none of the praise of him with which the air was filled, and listened to the petty gossip about his acts and affairs with an ill-concealed impatience. She doubted him, she did not know why. She reproached herself, and fought the feeling she had toward him most bitterly at first; but it was of no use. She feared that the townspeople thought she cherished the old grudge against the name, and hated him for his father's sins; but dislike and distrust him she certainly did, and she could not deceive other people or herself.

It is unnecessary to say that she was in the minority, for all Walton treated him like a king. His money seemed to be at everybody's service, when it suited his pleasure to hear the hints with which his ears were filled. He helped one farmer to lift a mortgage, with which the recklessness of a dissipated son had burdened him; he visited more than one poor old soul, and left a bank-note in her hand when he said good-by. He found a cousin of his mother living alone, very feeble and poor, in a dilapidated house in a distant part of the town; and he had the house repaired, and hired a strong young woman to take care of things, with the assurance that he would be responsible for all bills. He came forward liberally with his subscription to every good work that was undertaken, whether religious or secular, and people

began to wonder how Walton had ever got on without him.

The announcement of his crowning piece of generosity came just before Thanksgiving. Jonas Phipps, whom Miss Lydia Dunn had carefully engaged to come early on the Monday morning to aid her in the severer duties of housekeeping, came loitering down the hill about eleven o'clock, as if nobody in the world were in the least hurry. Miss Lydia had been in a blazing rage with him for at least three hours, and received him in ominous silence; but he sat down, and dropped his hat beside him, and began to rub his lame leg diligently.

"I do' know 's I 'm going to be good for anything this winter," he whined dolefully; and Miss Dunn snapped him up with exceeding promptness: —

"Folks would be astonished if you was!"

"I hoped you would n't lay it up against me for my being late this morning," he apologized. "I should ha' got here before eight, but they hailed me from the parsonage. Mr. Stroud, he was there a'ready, and they said they were going to run the lines for the new vestry as soon as the men come from Walpole."

"What new vestry?" asked Miss Lydia, coming out from the pantry with a dish in her hand, ready to forget all private grievances in hearing this interesting news.

"Then you ain't heard that Mr. Stroud is going to build one? Well, I was only acquainted with the facts this morning. I found I could be o' some use, and I s'posed you would n't be very particular about having of me round until you were about through with the washing."

"Don't you know I never wash the Monday of Thanksgiving week?" and Miss Dunn stood ready again to fight her own battles. "You know just as well as I do that I wanted you here early, and now I 've been so put back in my work that I 'm ready to say I don't want you to show yourself inside my doors again. I can't be so bothered and fretted. You 're worse than ever you were, and there 's no disguising it."

Jonas gave a heavy sigh. "It 's going to be a real ornamental building, I heard some of 'em say. It 'll set in the far corner of the lot, between them two balm-o'-Gilead trees. Mr. Stroud was saying he should have liked to get into it this winter, but winter plastering is always a-cracking. They 're going to haul the stone for the foundation from Beckett's quarry, and they 'll do that right off. They 'll be getting jealous of us over to Raynham. Gives like a prince, don't he? I tell you, we 're awful fortunate to have such a man come among us. Mis' Peckham was saying yesterday, when I was over to the parsonage, that he 'd give some kind of a hint to the minister about a new communion service."

"The old one 's good enough," barked Miss Dunn. "I ain't one that wants to do away with all the old associations. And, for my part, I don't like to see anybody *too* good. My father always used to say, 'When you see anybody too good, look out for 'em.' I don't know anything against Henry Stroud, but he ain't got the mean Stroud look out of his face, if he has got rich and pious."

"I thought 't was right to go accordin' to Scriptur'; 'By their works ye shall know 'em,'" Jonas suggested with considerable spirit; but he was doomed to have his loyalty quenched, for Miss Dunn retorted that he had better be meditating on that verse for his own good.

"But I ought to be ashamed of twitting you or throwing disrepute on anybody," said the good woman. "And I tell you *honest*, Jonas, I wish I had a more Christian feeling about that man. I know folks says it 's jealousy, and that I ain't able to forget his father's cheating my grandfather; but if I 'd liked him, and believed he was a straightforward man, I never would have thought of

keeping any old grievances. There ain't any of us but has lived down some of our old sins we 're ashamed to think of now, and it 's fair to look at a man as he is, and not go raking up old matters. It seems to me as if he was kind of buying his way into heaven out of his pocket, and as if he liked to be king of his company, and the big man of the place, now he 's come back to it. I don't like the looks of him; but as for the good he does, that 'll stay after him."

"You always do have good judgment," said Jonas. "I can't say I got the measure of him the first time I see him. He had a kind of meaching cast o' countenance, though you can't tell by the looks of a toad how far he 'll jump. But when you come to see how he spends his money right and left, and the good he does with it, and hear how he leads in prayer, I don't see how anybody can speak agin him. Miss Singer said it fetched the tears right out o' her eyes to hear him lamenting his sins as he does in the evening meeting, as if he was the wickedest man there."

"Perhaps he 's only telling the truth," said Miss Dunn, and Jonas rose in indignation.

"I don't see how you can talk so on-Christian!" he said. "But there," he added, in a milder tone, "we all have our feelin's about such things, and I do' know but what it 's as well to be honest about 'em." Jonas could not help being mindful of Miss Dunn's kindness and generosity and patience, which had lasted year in and year out; for his slender fortunes would be slenderer still without her assistance. He and his mother, a very old and almost helpless woman, lived in a house that was one of the most ancient and shiftlessly kept of any in that region, and Jonas hardly ever descended the hill toward it from Miss Dunn's without some plate or basket of food, or other help to the housekeeping. Beside this lame man and the woman of nearly ninety years, there was a little orphan niece of Jonas's, who was growing up under that cheerless roof. There were so few really poor people in Walton that great capital was made of these; and the sewing society sewed for them, and the church, of which old Mrs. Phipps had been a somewhat unsatisfactory member, paid their rent, and some bills beside. Miss Dunn did not believe in making dependents and paupers of them. She insisted that people should work when they could, and be paid for it, and unless Jonas rendered her some service she had nothing to give him, though he hung round despairingly, and rubbed his knee with no end of devotion and apparent distraction of pain.

As the cold weather came on, it was told sadly from one parishioner to another that Mr. Stroud's health was failing, and he really did look feeble and old. The people with whom he made his home gave dismal accounts of his sufferings from bad attacks of pain, and every Sunday, when he took his seat in church, pitying eyes followed him. The stories of his generosities still went on. He met the Phipps child going home from school, one November day, and took her into his wagon and drove her to the Walton store, where he bought her a hood and mittens, and some cloth for a dress, and a big shawl, which never could be folded small enough for her, or so that the corner of it would not trail on the ground and gather little sticks. He gave the minister an encyclopædia and a new winter overcoat, and the Sunday-school library was promised, and was to be Mr. Stroud's Christmas present to the Sunday-school. The old deacons, who had been for many years chief authorities in parish matters, — without whose slow consent nothing had heretofore been done, — found themselves ignored and completely set aside. Everything was to be done as Mr. Stroud and the minister saw fit. The deacons, no

doubt, felt a certain sorrow at their degradation, but they could only swim with the stream, and express their thankfulness for the zeal of the brother who had come among them.

Everybody drifted with this current but Miss Dunn, and at last her antagonistic feeling became a cause of great sorrow to her. She searched her heart for the sin of envy and malice, but with all her prayer and penance she could cultivate no better charity toward her neighbor. It was curious that, in spite of wind and rain, the crooked little twig still clung to her kitchen window-sill, and looked in at her every morning as she opened the shutter. It seemed as if it held a dwarfed and wretched soul within its ragged bark; and our friend connected it in her thoughts, she could not tell why, with the stranger and his coming. She felt that she ought to be charitable, and that it was wicked to hate without cause; but Mr. Stroud was still outside the pale of her affections, and the lilac twig that looked like a man still clung outside the window, in the cold. She could not throw it away, but she wished every morning that it might have blown away in the night, and so have freed her from its haunting unpleasantness. She had not believed before that she was superstitious, and altogether this was a troubled time in her life; but the days grew shorter and shorter, the stones for the foundation of the vestry went crawling up the long hill, load after load, and she filled her cellar fuller of provisions than ever, and set her face resolutely toward getting through with another long, hard Walton winter.

It was curious that Mr. Stroud seemed eager to be friendly with Miss Dunn. He treated her with great respect and deference, and appeared to take no notice of her abrupt and slighting manner toward him, though many of the lookers-on accused her of disgraceful rudeness. She said to herself many times that she would treat him civilly; but she did not always succeed, and she became conscious that the new parishioner was anxious to gain her good will, in spite of it. His manner toward her was called long-suffering and really Christian by his admirers; and, if the truth must be told, Miss Dunn became unpopular with her neighbors, and felt herself to be alone on the losing side, a most unhappy minority of one. She would not have believed that some of the people who had always been her friends could have thrown off the old ties so easily; and it hurt her pride not a little, for she had always been a person of great consequence and influence, and had been faithful and dutiful to the very utmost. She was often slighted and set aside, in these autumn days, and her opinions were seldom sought or listened to. She would have been more than human if she had not remembered how well she had served her towns-folk in their hours of need, and had carried a kind heart and ready hand to help in their days of pleasuring, year after year. She felt very sorry when the thought came to her that her friends were suspecting her of jealousy.

Mr. Stroud had been very friendly and talkative when he had called upon Miss Dunn, soon after he came to Walton, and she had received him with more show of interest than she was able to muster afterward. He did not repeat the visit until one afternoon in the middle of December, when, with much surprise, she saw him drive up to the fence, and after fastening his horse, cover him up carefully, as if he meant to make a long call. Luckily the sitting-room was well warmed already from the kitchen, and Miss Lydia had time to touch a match to the pine-cone kindlings of the fire that was laid in the Franklin stove; and by the time she had somewhat stiffly ushered in her guest, he could have thought the fire was already half an hour old.

They talked about the weather, and how the snow kept off, and about an old person in the neighborhood who was near death, and with whom Miss Dunn had been watching; and at last there fell an awkward silence, and the longer it continued the harder it became to say anything.

"I have been much pained at discovering that my father was much in fault toward your family," said Mr. Stroud at last, with a good deal of effort. "I wish I had known it sooner; but you will easily understand that, leaving home early in life as I did, and forming new associations, I knew nothing of it. I am anxious now to make restitution. I should have done so years ago if I had known. I cannot say how deeply I regret the disgrace" — and the visitor looked pained and troubled; and as he seemed to feel so keenly the shadow that rested on his name, Miss Dunn's kind heart came to his rescue.

"I should let bygones be bygones, if I was you," she said. "And your mother, you know, was a most excellent woman; as good a neighbor as there was in Walton. Yes, your father got my grandfather to sign for him, and made promises to him that he knew was lies. It was very hard on the poor old gentleman, but I don't put it down against you, and I don't want you to think there 's any account between us. I 've got enough to carry me through, unless something extra should happen. You 've been doing for the good of the parish, and so we 'll say no more about it."

But Mr. Stroud met this generous speech — generous in other ways than in its refusal of the payment of a debt — in a cold-hearted way.

"You are very kind," he said, "but I shall insist upon paying you the amount of the principal, — the original sum that your grandfather lost. I should be glad to include the interest also, but I fear I am not able at this time, without impairing some good work that I have hoped to do" — he was about to add "in other directions," but checked himself in time. "I will make restitution to you so far as I can," and the visitor leaned his head on his hand, and gave a heavy sigh. It was very still in the little sitting-room; the fire had passed the ardor of its youth, and the pine-cones and crow-sticks having snapped and crackled away up the chimney, the sound walnut and maple sticks were now burning lazily but steadily. The picture of old Parson Dunn looked down solemnly from the wall, and for a minute his granddaughter felt inadequate to the occasion.

"If it is to satisfy your own feelings and conscience," she said at last, "I shall put no bar in your way; but I see no use in it and no need of it. I will tell people that you offered to do it, and that I refused to take it, and" —

"I care nothing for the praise of men." The guest flushed, and was somewhat nettled at this, and Miss Lydia felt that she had spoken unkindly in her frankness. She did not know how to soften her speech, and said nothing; wishing more and more that Mr. Stroud would end this quixotic business call, and go away.

She took a good look at him, and was shocked to see how much he was changed and how ill he looked. Her long experience in taking care of sick people had made her eyes quick to see the signs of disease, and she felt a thrill of pity for him and shame for her own uncharitableness, and spoke again, more kindly than before: —

"I want you should let bygones be bygones, Mr. Stroud."

"You are most considerate," he answered; "but I came prepared to give you my note for the six thousand dollars, with six per cent. interest from date. If I am living, I will pay it within a year; if not, you will look to my executors;" and with a most impressive and solemn manner he drew a folded paper

from his pocket. Miss Dunn looked at him and looked at the paper; she did not know whether to laugh or cry.

She urged him to stay to tea, when, after a few minutes, he rose from his chair and made ready to go. He looked about the room, and appeared to be struck by its old-fashioned comfort and warm, plain snugness. "You have a most enviable home," he said, in a way that instantly suggested his being only a boarder in Walton, and a sick man at that. Miss Dunn stood by the kitchen window, and watched him climb, with a good deal of effort, into his carriage, and afterward watched the wagon far down the hill and out of sight. Then she sat down, and looked at the note which she had been holding fast in her hand. "Lord forgive me for my wickedness," she said, "but I can't like that man, and I never want to touch his money." She went into the front room, and laid the bit of paper on the table, and sat down again and looked at it. "He lied when he said he did n't know about it," she told herself indignantly. "He was a boy of sixteen or seventeen when it happened, and nobody talked of anything else." But she thought for the hundredth time that if he were a cheat, somebody ought to have distrusted him beside herself; and after all, what had he done but good since he came to Walton?

For the next day or two it must be confessed that Miss Dunn's heart was greatly softened toward the new parishioner. She thought of him a great deal, as she went about her work, and she kept herself awake nearly the whole of one night, — a thing which seldom happened in connection with her own affairs, though she had lost many a night's rest in the interest of other people. She said to herself over and over again that she had no right to sit in judgment, and that she was simply finding fault with the man for being himself and doing things in his own way. "I might as well blame the cat because she is n't a dog," she told herself. "I ought to wait, any way, until Henry Stroud does one piece of mischief here in Walton." And little by little, in spite of her instinct, which continued its quiet warning, she persuaded herself first into toleration, and then into pity and interest. For would not she be very well off as to money, since this late repayment of a debt had changed her carefully managed provision into a comfortable property, and was not Henry Stroud the cause of the difference? She had been richer than many of her neighbors, but she had often been anxious lest the end of the year might find her in debt; and the off-years of the apple orchard and the drouth that lessened her hay-crop forced her to self-denials and economies most trying to her generous nature. Then the thought of the man's illness and failing health would haunt her, and she wished she had a chance to suggest some simple remedies that would be likely to make him more comfortable. His loneliness appealed to her sympathy, for she knew the hardships of it only too well, though the fact remained that nothing had ever tempted her to invite another solitary woman to share her home.

On the second day, while the note still lay untouched on the sitting-room table, and when she felt more shaken and tired than was usual with her, even at her busiest seasons, she stood late in the morning at the kitchen door. The day was uncommonly mild for the season, and the house had seemed a little lonely. For a wonder, none of the neighbors had been in; not even Jonas Phipps had strayed along; and she had not spoken to any one all the day before, indeed, since she had parted from Mr. Stroud himself. She leaned against the door, and looked up and down the road. She would really have liked to see somebody coming, with whom she could exchange greetings; but nobody was in

sight, up the hill or down, and she gave a little sigh, and then bestowed her attention upon the bits of leaves and little sticks that the wind of the night before had swept off the grass to the flagstones, and had piled against the doorstep. She thought it looked untidy, and briskly went in again to get her broom with which to set the disorders to rights. It was time to take something out of the oven, and this made a little delay; and when she returned to the outer world she saw a wagon approaching, and saw also that its driver was Mr. Stroud.

Her first impulse was to dart back into the kitchen, but it was quite too late for that, and she returned the salutation with considerable friendliness. Mr. Stroud half checked his horse, and there was a moment of awkwardness, which Miss Dunn ended by speaking in flattering terms of the weather.

"Won't you get out and come in?" she asked, being possessed by a sense of great obligation; and added, "I 've just taken a pan of gingerbread out of the oven; perhaps you would relish a piece. It 's what my grandmother used to call betwixt hay and grass, as to dinner and breakfast."

Mr. Stroud seemed pleased by this unwonted show of hospitality, and turned his horse toward the hitching-post at once, while his hostess' heart misgave her at the thought of her fireless sitting-room, and the litter of pans and dishes that possessed the kitchen table. But her guest appeared unconscious of any lack of dignity in his reception, and took the rocking-chair by the front window, and proceeded to eat two large pieces of the hot gingerbread, that must have seriously impaired his appetite for dinner. He looked entirely out of place in the kitchen, however, and made Miss Dunn somewhat uncomfortable; it would have suited her much better if she could have asked him into the sitting-room, but, contrary to her usual custom, she had kept the door shut all the morning.

They talked about nothing that was very interesting, with a good deal of earnestness. Miss Dunn had a little feeling of embarrassment, which was doubled when Mr. Stroud, after having declined further supplies of gingerbread, said in a pointed way, "I have enjoyed thinking of my visit here the day before yesterday."

"I 'm sure I was pleased to see you," untruthfully responded Miss Lydia.

"I think you have a very pleasant home; it is a thing for which we cannot be too grateful to a kind Providence," and he sighed heavily.

Miss Dunn had been afraid that he would make some allusion to the note for six thousand dollars, and showed her gratitude at being spared that by saying, "How is your health, Mr. Stroud? Seems to me you have picked up a little."

But Mr. Stroud sighed again, and shook his head sadly. "I don't seem to have gained," he said.

"I know of some excellent teas for your complaints," she suggested. "Folks laugh nowadays at some o' the old-fashioned remedies, but I must say I like 'em as well as any. I don't think they 've had their day yet."

"I should be very grateful for help," said the guest, "and I wish I could thank you for your sympathy;" and he gave her a look that said so much that it set Miss Lydia's heart into a great flutter; but the next minute she flushed, and was angry with herself for being such a fool, and the old feeling of dislike and distrust crept over her, surely and suddenly.

If Jonas Phipps had been the angel Gabriel, she could not have been more grateful to him for his friendship and assistance in paying her a morning visit at that particular moment, and she offered him the plate of gingerbread with a feeling of real affection.

Jonas selected the largest piece, and disappeared through the woodshed door,

by which he had entered; and Mr. Stroud also took his departure, after making some further expressions of his gratitude. Miss Dunn's brain was in a whirl, but she sought Jonas, and offered him rebuke after rebuke, until he left some long-neglected wood-splitting in self-defense, and went limping away with a piece of board and two stakes and the axe, to mend a broken place in the far corner of the orchard fence; and there he dwelt in unmolested safety until dinner-time.

That afternoon Miss Dunn went out on an errand of mercy to an invalid neighbor, who lived a mile or two away, and did not allow herself to think about her own affairs in peace until she sat down alone, after supper. Then there was nothing else to be done, and she began to feel very much upset. There was an unmistakable meaning and intention quite separate from any words that Mr. Stroud had said to her that morning, and she was both angry and pleased together. She could not fight down the certainty that she was no longer young, and that she was quite alone in the world; that it would be a blessed thing to have some one near her who loved her dearly and would take care of her. It would make life a great deal more interesting if she were doing her round of every-day work for somebody else's sake, as well as her own. It would be a great victory won from certain members of the parish, also single women, if she became the wife of Mr. Stroud; and she was not without ambition. But, on the other hand, though he was the greatest man in Walton, he was still a Stroud; and she smiled grimly as she thought that some of her own ancestors would be disturbed in their graves at the thought of her marrying one of that family. And it was a doubtful question whether she was wise in undertaking the care of a sick man; for, in spite of her skill in nursing, he might not be going to spend much more time in this world. At last she rose impatiently, and marched off to bed, and said to herself the last thing before she went to sleep, "I guess I'd better wait until I've heard more about it, before I begin to worry myself; but he need n't think I'm going to run after him the way some folks have."

She was almost ashamed when she found herself thinking about the new parishioner the first thing in the morning, and called herself an old fool; but there was, after all, satisfaction in the thought of his admiration of her gingerbread, and she recalled some ignominious failure that Mrs. West, his present hostess, had made in the cake line at a parish supper, not long before, and she wondered if the poor man were often treated to such cooking as that. She went into the front room and took up the bit of paper which he had given her, and smoothed it out, and looked at the clerkish, regular writing with interest. "I dare say he would have to go to New York and round on business," she told herself, and then thought with awe and satisfaction of his wealth. "I always did think I should like traveling," she said; and then was so angry with herself, that if Jonas had appeared at that moment it would have fared cruelly hard with him.

But a little later in the day the tide of her feeling turned, for Jonas came bravely in to offer his congratulations for her good fortune. Miss Dunn had not spoken of Mr. Stroud's repayment of the old debt to any one. She had known that it would be right and just, and had been girding up her strength to the fray. Somebody else had been before her, and it must have been none other than her benefactor himself. It will easily be imagined how the story of this great piece of generosity flew from house to house, and Jonas said that everybody knew of it all over town, in answer to Miss Lydia's startled inquiry. This spoilt everything, and the new

growth of interest was crushed, and the world was seen to be the same world as before, only more in shadow than ever, and our friend hardly knew why she was so provoked and disappointed. She said to herself that it was no use to go against your nature, and she knew what sort of a man he was the first time she set eyes on him; if other folks did n't, the worst was their own. But she went about the house drearily, and Jonas, who was promptly dismissed, though he was sure she wished him to fill a certain water hogshead from the orchard spring, reported at the next neighbor's that Miss Lyddy was taking her prosperity dreadful hard. For his part, he wondered whether she was kind of mortified, or whether she was scared to stay alone with so much money in the house.

It was a great relief on the next day, which was Sunday, that there was so deep a fall of snow that even so constant and devoted a church-goer as our heroine was obliged to stay at home. Though she was glad of this excuse from facing her accusing neighbors, they felt it to be a loss of entertainment; and perhaps it was for the satisfaction of these deferred hopes of seeing her come into church that the Wednesday evening meeting was uncommonly well attended. It was a clear, bright night, and the Sunday's snow was trodden into capital sleighing, and as good walking as can ever be in country roads. It was a long while since the moon had had to light so many Walton people to the Wednesday meeting, and it was for anything but to say their prayers together.

The new parishioner sat in his accustomed seat near the pulpit, and Miss Dunn sat in her old family pew, which was on the side and faced the congregation. She would not have sat anywhere else for untold gold, and she made so much effort to look unconcerned that her cheeks were red with excitement, and her hands shook when she held the hymn-book. Mr. Peckham spoke with great feeling of his pleasure at meeting so large a congregation, and Mr. Stroud prayed, and two women made an ostentatious use of their pocket-handkerchiefs for several minutes afterward. The old deacons followed in their turn, the hymns were sung, and the meeting was possessed of a good deal more fervor than usual. Mr. Peckham had read a few verses from the book of the Revelation, and was explaining them earnestly. Miss Dunn had felt as if this meeting were to be in some way personal and condemnatory of herself; but as the hour went on she quite recovered her self-possession, and the horrors of her position as regarded Walton society became much less.

At the last of the evening, while Mr. Stroud himself was speaking, she heard the door of the church open, and looking around she saw two men come quickly in and seat themselves in the pew nearest the door. From her own pew at the side of the church she could look up and down the aisle, and she saw these strangers give a little nod at each other, and look amused as they listened to the speaker. She loitered in her pew for a few minutes after the meeting was over, as was her habit, and spoke to one and another of her friends as usual. She had a great anxiety not to do anything uncommon, and when she was half-way down the aisle she felt herself to have regained her equilibrium. Old Mrs. Bangs, who was waiting by the stove for the deacon to get his horse ready, and bring him round from the rail to the church door, caught at her sleeve as she went by, and after speaking about the meeting and some general matters added bluntly, "Well Lyddy, you can't say anything against Mr. Stroud, now. I 'm sure he has done handsome by you."

"I 've never meant to say anything against him," answered Miss Dunn; "but I think he was foolish to do what he has. I tried to persuade him out of it, I 'm sure." And just at this moment Mr.

Stroud and the minister came by, and Miss Dunn, who had for a few moments forgotten the two strangers, noticed just then that they were still in the pew next the door.

One of them stepped forward and spoke to Mr. Stroud, who looked disturbed and shocked. He leaned back against the pew, and acted as if he were much in despair. The two men watched him, and seemed to be waiting, and it was only a minute before he turned to Mr. Peckham, and said, — Miss Dunn being so near that she heard every word, — "I find I must take a long, cold journey to-night. My presence is needed in New York, and I must go at once to catch the train at Walpole."

Mr. Peckham expressed his sorrow for this, his friend being so feeble and sensitive to cold. He said a good deal in trying to urge him to wait until morning; but after one look at the grim messengers, Mr. Stroud politely waived the arguments, and buttoned up his overcoat and went out into the moonlight night. One of the strangers got into the sleigh with him, and the other followed alone; and that was the last that was seen of the New Parishioner, and the last of his illustrious reign in Walton.

"My conscience!" said Jonas Phipps, one day early in the spring, when he made his first appearance at Miss Dunn's after a long illness. "How come you to see through that cheat, when all the rest of us was so taken in? I don't know 's Mr. Peckham is ever going to git over it. We all took him to be spending money by the fistful, and most of it was nothing but givin' his note and saying 'Charge it to me,' as if he was the great Lord Gull. Nobody had any kind of doubt but what his pockets was lined with money. Not but what it wa'n't a kind of dreadful thing that he should ha' died all alone in his bed over there to Walpole. I s'pose 't was that long ride in the cold and his being upset by the officers pouncing on to him so, — right in the meeting-house. He did spend some honest money though: I can think o' four or five hundred dollars he left in one place and another whilst he was here."

Miss Dunn said nothing, and after reflecting a while Jonas went on: —

"He was gifted in prayer more than most, now, was n't he? I think, being a sick man, and knowing it, after he defaulted down South there, he thought he would be as religious as he could while he had time. He must have felt as safe here as anywhere. They pronounced his name different down South, you know. Strude they called it; and somebody was telling me folks thought it was likely he 'd been going under another name, any way. Land! there 's all that foundation stone for the vestry laying up there on the meetin' house yard. I wonder when they 're going to raise. And the parish 's got to pay for that new library he gave it for a Christmas present. Run an awful rig, did n't he? I 've sometimes thought he was a little sprung. How he did strut about, and all the women made everything of him but you," said Jonas, trying to turn a pretty compliment to Miss Dunn's discretion. "I wonder who paid the bills for his funeral? Nobody seemed to know at the time."

"It was just as well if they did n't," said Lydia Dunn, looking a little conscious. "Now, Jonas Phipps, we 've both got work to do, and lives to live, and that poor creature 's gone to his last account; we have n't any business with him, as I know of. He could n't help being a Stroud, and the sins he could help he 's had a chance to be ashamed of before this. For my part, I don't want to hear another thing about him. But I do thank my stars I never made a fool of myself, and I wish others, for their sakes, could say as much. I guess I had trouble o' mind enough to last me one while. I don't know as some folks

knows what honesty is: you might as well blame a black and white cat for not being a good mouser."

"How 's that little gray cat turned out, you started to raise along in the winter?" interrupted Jonas earnestly; and Miss Dunn replied, not without a smile, that she seemed to be a likely kitten.

"Any way, folks thinks a sight of your opinion," said Jonas again. "And mother, she sticks to it you did me a sight more good than the doctor. She says I never should ha' pulled through if it had n't been for the time you spent a-watching of me, and them things you recommended. I guess everybody has to allow that in the long run you 've done more good than Stroud," and grateful Mr. Phipps rubbed his eyes with his coat sleeve. "I told the minister so last time he come to see me. 'Rising sixty year,' says I, 'she 's been doing of good works!'" But at this Miss Lydia looked displeased. "He 's dreadful ashamed, now, about having took up with Stroud so. 'Talk 's cheap,' says I to Mr. Peckham, 'and Stroud was great on talk.'"

"Now, Jonas Phipps," said Miss Lydia, "there was nobody who kept round Henry Stroud any closer than you did. You always were telling me how rich he was, and how much he gave away, and everything he 'd been doing, and what an addition he was to the place."

"It did look like it for a time," said Jonas humbly. "Even you would ha' liked him if you could, but your good judgment would n't allow. Seems dreadful dull since I got about again, not hearing anything about his goin's-on. Asa Singer was telling of me, as I come up the hill, — he called me in to get me to try a bar'l of cider they 'd just tapped for spring use, he said there wa'n't an apple in it but what was sound, and it did go to the right spot, I tell ye, — Asa was telling of me that a bill come from somewheres South only yesterday. I wonder what he 'd 'a' done if he had n't died; they all say he had n't much money by him."

Miss Dunn felt a sense of nearness to the edge of a precipice. She often remembered, in these days, that she had taken at least one step in a most dangerous direction. She had called herself names all winter long, and felt like a hypocrite when people complimented her on her superior discretion. It is a most humiliating thing to lose one's self-respect, and she never could forget that for a few hours she had been in peril of defeat, and of being bought over, like the rest. She had allowed herself to glance at the temptation, and she could make no excuse for herself. The Lord had made her a woman, to be sure, but she need not have been a silly one.

Jonas went on with his reflections: "I can't believe but what he 'd done better if he 'd had a longer chance. He was a great hand for a meeting, and he seemed to want to do well by everybody; but they say he 'd had to clear out from three or four places running, and some thinks he may have got the money he spent here by gambling."

"It 's no kind of use to make a man out worse than he is," said Miss Dunn angrily, "and for my part I am sick to death of hearing about Henry Stroud. I hoped it had blown over a little, but I suppose it 's natural you should want to take your turn at it. First, folks was all pecking at me because I would n't bow down and worship him, and now they want me to throw rocks at his tomb-stone. They go just like a pack of sheep over a stone wall; one gets her nose over, and all the rest think they 've got to die if they don't follow. He 's gone to his last account, and we 'd better let him alone."

It was easy enough to say this, but the subject continued to be an interesting one, and provoked frequent discussions for many months afterward, in that neighborhood. It was some time before

the residents of surrounding towns could resist asking such Walton people as ventured to stray away from home what had become of the great man they used to have over there, or if they had moved into the new vestry yet.

As for the twig at the window, the outer blind got loose one windy winter night, and struck against it and set it free, and it was blown along the frozen snow far down the hill and out of sight; and in the morning Miss Dunn felt lighter-hearted, because she missed it from its place. It seemed to her that she was growing old and notional. She had felt as young as ever until that winter, for her girlhood had been a dutiful and quiet one. It was fortunate that she found so much to do inside her house and out, and everybody said that her front yard was the handsomest in Walton that summer; the flowers bloomed in great splendor, and her two best china vases from the parlor mantel-piece were filled for the adornment of the pulpit Sunday after Sunday. Even Jonas Phipps did not suspect, as he toiled in her company, that sad thoughts often assailed her, and could not be driven away either by a double diligence in her solitary housekeeping, or by her painstaking care that the garden pinks and lilies should be untroubled by weeds.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

LOVE'S OPPORTUNITY.

Early they came, yet they were come too late.
The tomb was empty; in the misty dawn
Angels sat watching, but the Lord was gone.
Beyond earth's clouded daybreak far was he, —
Beyond the need of their sad ministry.
Regretful stood the three, with doubtful breast;
Their gifts unneeded, and in vain their quest.

The spices, — were they wasted? Legend saith
That, flung abroad on April's gentle breath,
They course the earth, and evermore again
In spring's sweet odors they come back to men.
The tender thought? Be sure he held it dear;
He came to them with words of highest cheer,
And mighty joy expelled their heart's brief fear.

Yet happier that morning, happier yet,
I count that other woman in her home,
Whose feet impatient all too soon had come;
Who ventured chill disfavor at the feast,
'Mid critic's murmurs sought that lowliest Guest,
Broke her rare vase, its fragrant wealth outpoured,
And gave her gift aforehand to her Lord.

Sophie Winthrop Weitzel.

AN EARLY HUMANIST.

Some three hundred and seventy years ago, Sir Thomas More, then a rising barrister, not long married, and already set, by the favor of young King Harry, on the high-road to honor and to martyrdom, translated and adapted out of the Renaissance Latin in which it was first written, published, and dedicated as a New Year's gift to his "right entirely beloved sister in Christ, Joyeuce Leigh," the life of John Pico della Mirandola.

The quaint little black-letter quarto, long since become a prize among book-fanciers, bears at the foot of its last printed page the ever-interesting note, "Emprynted at London in the Flete-street at the Sygne of the Sonne, by me Wynkyn de Worde." There is no date, but Stapleton, one of More's early biographers, fixes the year at about 1510. He tells us that when, by the advice of his director, Dean Colet, More finally renounced the purpose, long cherished in secret, of embracing the religious life, he "determined to set before his eyes some renowned layman, to whose example he might conform his own living." And as he reviewed in his mind "all those, whether at home or abroad, who were at that time eminent for learning and piety," the name of the celebrated Pico occurred to him as the most illustrious of all. Stapleton also says that the work was undertaken "more for his own edification than for the sake of communicating it to others, *although for that also;*" whence we may surmise that it was published almost as soon as completed. "I therefore, mine *heartly* beloved sister,"[1] says the translator in his dedicatory preface, "in good luck of this new year, have sent you such a present as may bear witness to the happy continuance and gracious increase of virtue in your soul; and whereas the gifts of other folk declare that they wisheth their friends to be worldly-fortunate, mine testifieth that I desire to have you godly-prosperous."

The figure thus selected by the future Lord Chancellor for his reverent consideration was indeed one of the most radiant and winning conspicuously presented to the eyes of that eager generation. Pico della Mirandola, the "phœnix of spirits," the knight-errant of the classical revival, had been but sixteen years dead, when he was thus enshrined. He might well, could we imagine his swift career retarded and prolonged for a very few years only beyond the allotted seventy, have witnessed the triumphant death of his English biographer for the faith to which he himself clung with so impassioned a loyalty. And there is something so striking and touching in the close kinship between these two *âmes d'élite* and the contrast in their fates, and the old world English into which More has rendered the life of Pico has so strong an individuality, and is, for the most part, so peculiarly apt and beautiful, that we have chosen to base on extracts from his works our own reminiscences of the great Italian humanist. The purely picturesque aspect of Pico's life was treated by Mr. Pater, not long ago, in a charming essay. More followed a biographer whose personal and party bias led him to dwell too exclusively, it may be, upon the reverse or ascetic side. In the living man, the two were fused into a singularly sweet and symmetrical whole, — a gracious type, or prophecy of a type, which passed too

[1] The lady thus distinguished was not the own sister of Sir Thomas More, for he had but two, whose names were Elizabeth and Joanna. She was probably the child, by a previous marriage, of the second or third wife of Sir John More, the father of Thomas, both of whom were widows when married to him.

quickly, and for whose reappearance the world may, in some sort, be said to have waited ever since in vain.

The biography of which More's is a considerably abridged translation was written by John Francis Pico, the nephew and namesake of its subject, who had enjoyed the confidential friendship of his young uncle, and to whom the latter made over during his life the greater part of his large possessions. The difference in the ages of the two men was small, for the elder Pico was the youngest of a large family.[1] He was born at Mirandola, February 24, 1463, "Pius II. being then the vicar of Christ his church, and Frederic, the third of that name, ruling the Empire." More gives a certain ceremonious prominence to his hero's fabulously high descent at the same time that he affects to overlook it: "John Picus, of his father's side, was descended of the worthy lineage of the Emperor Constantine, by a nephew of the said emperor called Picus, from whom all the ancestors of this Johan Picus undoubtedly bear that name. But we shall let his ancestors pass, to whom, though they were right excellent, he gave again as much honor as he received." This last remark, indeed, is quoted from John Francis, who, however, puts the Emperor Constantine into a parenthesis, and gives particulars about the immediate ancestry of his kinsman which More omits. Even he, however, makes no mention of the wildest and darkest passage in the family annals, an intensely Italian episode, recalling that most heart-rending page of the Inferno which immortalizes the torment of Ogolino della Gerhardesca. Francesco Pico della Mirandola, a Ghibelline chief, was made *podestá* of Modena in 1310, and expelled by the Guelphs July 8, 1312. Restored by the Emperor Henry VII. and raised to royal power, he grossly abused his office, and finally sold the city for fifty thousand florins to Passerino Bonacossi, a lord of Mantua, and retired to Mirandola. Bonacossi, impatient to recover his money, surprised Mirandola in 1321, took Francesco prisoner, and murdered him and two of his sons in their dungeon. A third son, Nicolo Pico, escaped; and when, seven years later, the Bonacossis were driven by the Gonzagas out of Mantua and Modena, this Nicolo joined the victors, but demanded and obtained, as the price of his adhesion, that Francesco Bonacossi, the son of Passerino, should be given up to him, to be starved in the prison where his own father and brothers had suffered death.

There was therefore a strain sufficiently dark and fierce in the blood of the man whose birth, to the dilated eyes of his own star-gazing generation, was ushered in by the fairest of prodigies. "For," says More, — in this case quite literally translating the original, — "a marvellous sight was there seen before his birth. There appeared a fiery garland, standing over the chamber of his mother while she travailed, and suddenly vanished away. Which appearance was, peradventure, a token that he who should that hour, in the company of mortal men be born, in the perfection of understanding should be like the perfect figure of that round circle or garland, and that his excellent name should, round about the circle of the whole world, be magnified; whose mind should alway, as the fire, aspire upward unto heavenly things, and whose fiery eloquence should with an ardent heat in time to come worship and praise Almighty God with all his strength. And, as the same suddenly vanished, so should this fire soon,

[1] The Life in question was prefixed to the earliest edition of Pico's complete works, published at Bologna in 1496, or only two years after his death. Their popularity is shown by the fact that two other editions had been published — one at Venice in 1498, and one at Reggio in 1506, — before Sir Thomas's translation was made. Another very beautiful edition was published in Venice in 1557, and a fifth, now reckoned the standard, at Basle, in 1572.

from the eyen of mortal people, be hid."

There follows a minute pen-portrait of Pico in his boyish prime, which fully justifies the tradition, inseparable from his name, of extraordinary personal beauty: "He was of feature and shape seemly and beauteous; of stature goodly and high, of flesh tender and soft, his visage lovely and fair, his color white intermingled with comely reds, his eyen gray and quick of look, his teeth white and even, his hair yellow and not too *piked*" (or elaborately dressed).

His prodigious aptitude for learning appeared at a very early age. Taught by private tutors at home, in the little court of Mirandola, under the supervision of his mother, the accomplished Julia dei Boiardi, until he was fourteen years of age, he was then sent to the University of Bologna to study canon law. He was destined for the church, in the mind of his mother, who dreamed of seeing this last and brightest of her offspring who knows how eminent an ecclesiastic? But at the end of two years — that is to say, at sixteen — "he fell from it, yet lost not his time therein, since he compiled a breviary or *summe* upon all the decretals, in which, as briefly as possible, was compressed the effect of all the whole great volume. After this, as a desirous *enserchour* (*cupidus explorator*) of the secrets of nature, he left these common trodden paths, and gave himself wholly to speculation and philosophy, as well human as divine."

It is time to pause for a moment, and consider what sort of world that was which claimed the first glad activities of this precocious mind, and under the compulsion of what manner of *zeitgeist* he forsook the sober path which had been marked out for him, and gave himself to secular study. It was full sunrise, though misty as yet, in the world of modern thought; in Italy, the most dazzling moment of the Renaissance in letters, unquestionably, if not yet in art. The whole country was enjoying a peace, of halcyon brevity. Lorenzo the Magnificent, at the age of thirty-one, was the assured ruler of Florence; a year having passed since the quelling of the Pazzi conspiracy, in which his own life had been attempted, and his brother Giuliano slain behind the high altar in the Duomo. Marsilio Ficino had just finished his translation of the works of Plato into Latin, having been trained from boyhood for this especial work in the household of the Medici. Angelo Poliziano, the first of Italian poets after Petrarch, and the first of Latin poets since the end of the classic age, had begun the translation of Homer into Latin verse; had dramatized the fable of Orpheus; had sung, in his melodious *stanze*, of the prowess of the fallen Giuliano and the tragic death of his lady, the beautiful Simonetta, for whom all Florence had wept aloud, when she was carried to her vernal grave, two years to a day before her murdered lover. Savonarola had taken his Dominican vows, and was preparing himself, by a life of mortification and prayer, for his coming career as a preacher in Florence. With every one of these ever memorable men the beautiful young Prince of Mirandola was destined, within a few years, to come into the most intimate personal relations: with Lorenzo and Poliziano, in light poetic rivalries, as well as in May masques and midnight dances, and all the extravagant trifling rife in Florence in the hour when the tide of her glory was just upon the turn; with them also, but more particularly with Marsilio Ficino, in his graver pursuits, — in the oriental studies which the two may be said to have inaugurated, and in the preparations of the Platonic academy; with the Prior of San Marco, as the religious counselor of his later and more austere days.

From Bologna, the young student of philosophy went first to Ferrara, — his

elder brother, Galeotto, having married Bianca d'Este, sister of Ercole, the reigning Duke. There he remained for a year or more, under the tuition of the celebrated Giambattista Guarino, and thence he returned for a while to Mirandola in 1481. A letter of Pico's, written from Mirandola in this year to Angelo Poliziano in Florence, proves that he had already made acquaintance with some members of that renowned circle of which he was presently to become the star. From Mirandola he went, with a private tutor, Manuello Adramiteno, to Pavia, to perfect himself in the Greek language; from Pavia, for a time to Padua; and his first recorded visit to Florence took place in 1483, when he had just completed his twentieth year.

He came, thus juvenile in years and fascinating in person, with the fame of a scholar and the prestige of a prince; and his welcome in the first society of the place and time may be imagined. His earliest literary efforts were in the line of that romantic and amorous verse, both Latin and Italian, which was at that time cultivated by Lorenzo and Poliziano. In a note to the latter, written in 1484, Pico says, "I am vacillating between poetry, letters, and philosophy, and I doubt the desire to keep a foot in both stirrups will prevent my becoming either a poet, an orator, or a philosopher." Not long after the date of this letter, Pico submitted to Poliziano five books of verses for correction. "Be to me," he gracefully entreated, "*judice æquo, non iniquo*, — I mean severe, not indulgent." Poliziano recommended a few alterations, — "after the example," as he said, "of him who found fault with the sandals of the goddess of beauty, because he could find none with herself," and because a few verses had seemed to him "only of equestrian rank, while the rest were patrician and senatorial." To this courtly apology, Pico replied with thanks for the corrections, and complained only that the censor had been too indulgent. "No one," he protested, "could object to die by the sword of such a friend." To the same period of his early success in the Gay Science and social popularity in Florence belong two letters of Pico's, which acquired a certain celebrity. The one was a eulogy of the poems of Lorenzo de' Medici, addressed to that potentate himself, and awarding him the palm over both Dante and Petrarch! The other was to Ermolao Barbaro, a young Venetian ecclesiastic, three years older than Pico, and only less brilliant in his scholastic promise, afterward made Patriarch of Aquileia by Innocent VIII., and who died a year later than Lorenzo, a year earlier than Pico and Poliziano; swept away, he also, before his prime, by that strange blast of mortality which devastated the first blossoming of the Italian revival ere its fruit had had time to form. The letter to Ermolao treated of the scholastic style, which Pico describes as *barbarous but exact*. "The philosophers," said he, "have no need to adorn their writings *con amore*. It is enough for them to speak the truth, and to care for this only." Ermolao notices a certain superciliousness in the tone of this dictum, but says it may well be pardoned on the score of Pico's extreme youth, and also because of the elegance of the style in which he himself pleads for the barbarisms of other philosophers.

There are no letters of Pico's dated from Italy between the middle of the year 1485 (his twenty-second) and the early part of 1486. The interval comprises his first visit to the University of Paris, where he learned what he calls "*il linguaggio parisienne*," and where he received a new and powerful impulse to deeper philosophic, and especially Platonic, studies; where, finally, he first conceived the audacious idea of his own grand philosophic adventure. This was nothing less than an attempt to establish the essential concord between Pagan-

ism, more particularly Platonism, and Christianity, in nine hundred theses, which, after the fashion of the day, the boyish champion proposed to set up in Rome itself; inviting scholars from all parts of the world to come thither and dispute with him *de omni re scibili*, and magnificently offering to pay the expenses of such as were too poor to undertake the journey.

In pursuance of this purpose, Pico returned to Florence from Paris, in April, 1486; and then occurred an episode in his life, solitary of its kind, entirely passed over by his nephew, from motives obvious enough, and not altogether dishonorable, — an episode of which More may possibly have been entirely ignorant, but which seems to us quite essential to a perfect picture and full understanding of the man. Up to that time he had been hardly less conspicuous for the purity of his life than for the charm of his presence and the precocity of his attainments. But in May of this year, amid the preparations for his grand encounter with the wits of all the world, he fell captive to the allurements of Margarita, the wife of Giuliano Marotti de' Medici, a distant and seemingly rather obscure relative of the great family whose home was at Arezzo. We know that this lady was beautiful, or that the young Mirandolano thought her so, and we know very little else to her advantage. She was of inferior birth, even to her husband, and a widow when married to Giuliano; whence it would appear that, like the first love of many less famous men, she must have been older than her princely adorer.

Howbeit, having given out that he was going to Rome to set up his much-talked-of theses, he sent forward his luggage, and started, with about twenty followers, both horse and footmen, arriving on the afternoon of the 9th of May at a small village called Il Bastardo. Thence he pushed forward by night toward Arezzo, and took up his lodging outside the walls; where, at ten A. M. of the following day, he captured Margarita, on her way, with a child and a servant, to hear mass in the old cathedral outside the walls, lifted her upon his own good steed, and rode away. An alarm was instantly raised, the storm-bell rung to gather the people of Arezzo, chase given, and the fugitives presently overtaken; when, after a sharp skirmish between the two bands, the lady was recovered and carried back "*a grandissimo honore*" by her proper lord, while Pico and his chancellor were made prisoners. All the powerful friends and connections of Pico — Lorenzo in Florence, and the Estes in Ferrara — at once interceded in his behalf, and soon obtained his release; but the adventure was a humiliating and inauspicious one, and may very well have helped to create a prejudice against him in Rome. Several letters to Lorenzo de' Medici on the subject are preserved in the archives of Florence; one from Giuliano Marotti de' Medici himself. He forgave his wife with great facility, albeit one of his own servants, who had been engaged in the fray, insists, in a letter to Lorenzo, that she mounted into the saddle quite of her own free will (*come inamorata e ciecha di si bel corpo*).

The most serious impression produced by this unfortunate and slightly absurd business seems to have been on the mind of the young knight-errant himself, whose expressions, in subsequent letters, of humble and remorseful regret, show a delicacy of conscience and a refinement of spirit sufficiently rare in the Italy of that day. There is a letter of Pico's to Andrea Corneo, of Urbino, written in October of the same year, in reply, seemingly, to one in which his correspondent had urged him to forsake the study of philosophy for a stirring and civic life (*vitam actuosam et civilem*) in the service of some greater prince. Pico repels the suggestion warmly, and professes, in his most eloquent Latin,

an unwavering devotion to higher and more disinterested aims. All this part of the letter is quoted by Sir Thomas More,[1] and is very fine in his translation. But he breaks off abruptly, and interpolates a "Fare ye well" before what is, to us, the most interesting and touching part of the original letter. Pico expresses his sense of Andrea's generosity in being willing to excuse "what took place near Florence," by the example of "kings David and Solomon, not to speak of Aristotle" (!); but he says that he cannot so easily forgive himself. "These palliations, and, as it were, screenings, thy friend embraces not, nor loves; rather he repels, refuses, rejects them. He grieves over his sin. He defends it not." Others may deem it an excuse to say "naught is weaker than man, naught stronger than love;" but for himself, he will only plead that it was his first fall, and that he was ignorant and rash. "He who puts to sea for the first time may well be overcome of Neptune; but if he twice make shipwreck upon the same rock, let none pity or stretch forth a hand to save him. But enough of this, for it is thy friend's desire, 'hujusmodi facti memoriam non solum aliquo modo literis tradi sed quod sequens vita faciat obliterari penitus.'" Notwithstanding the forlorn play of words upon *literæ*, we recognize here the very accent of that true compunction which the author of the Imitation says it is better to feel than to be able to define. Even the use of the third person deepens the effect of ingenuous shame. We would far rather know that a young man so singularly tempted erred once in this way, and never again, than to believe him incapable of erring at all.

The unpracticed gallant eventually pursued his interrupted journey to Rome, and there his nine hundred Conclusiones were at last published in December of the same year, 1486. The discussions were advertised to begin after the Epiphany, permission for the same having, of course, been previously obtained of the reigning pontiff, Innocent VIII. But no discussions ever came off. A great clamor immediately arose, against both the theses and their author, a charge of heresy was preferred, and the public disputations were arrested by papal edict until this charge should have been investigated. John Francis Pico, as quoted by More, says briefly that "it was through the envy of his malicious enemies that Pico could never bring about to have a day for his *dispicions* appointed," and that there was plenty of bitter personal feeling against him among the members of the papal court there is no reason to doubt. His youth, his prestige, his pretensions, were a sufficient guarantee for that. But the theses, as we attempt to peruse them now, really constitute so amazing a *mélange* of mystical fancies, and crude physical speculations of pietism, Platonism, and magic, "and sundry matters sought out as well of the Latin authors as the Greek, and partly set out of the secret mysteries of the Hebrews, Chaldees, and Arabics, and many things drawn out of the old obscure philosophy of Pythagoras, Trismegistus, and others, and many things strange to all folk, except right few special excellent men," that the word *heresy* could have had little meaning in those days, if they had not incurred suspicion of it.[2]

Before the commission of inquiry,

[1] He, however, mistakes the date of the letter, which is Perugia (Perusiæ), not Paris, October 16, 1486. Pico did not start on his second journey to Paris until the close of 1487.

[2] We translate a half dozen out of the nine hundred theses, chosen absolutely at random, as a specimen of their range and quality: —

Form is generated by accident.

Christ, in the last judgment, will judge not merely in his human nature, but *according to* his human nature.

No definition is adequate to the thing defined.

There is a *natural right hand* (dextrum) in heaven, which never changes, as the parts of the globe do change.

Apollo is the solar intelligence; Æsculapius, the lunar.

Nothing in the universe is susceptible either of

Pico was permitted to appear from time to time, and defend his positions, and so the case dragged on until midsummer. That it was going against the defendant must have been evident long before its close. Pico himself clearly foresaw it, as we know from a subsequent letter of his to Lorenzo de' Medici.[1] But he adds firmly that he considered himself amenable for his opinions to the Holy Father alone, and free to defend and explain them until the pontiff had actually pronounced his interdict. At what time Pico's Apologia, or defense of thirteen out of the nine hundred propositions, was actually prepared was a disputed point even in his life-time; and it is still one of interest to determine, since it touches not only his loyalty as a Catholic, but his veracity as a gentleman. The brief of Innocent VIII., which condemned the theses in general and forbade their open discussion, while at the same time it distinctly declared their author to be free from censure, was dated August 5, 1487,[2] but it was not issued until the 15th of the following December. The Apologia, which was dedicated to Lorenzo, was certainly not published until some days, at least, after the issue of the brief, but it was dated some months earlier than the latter, or May 31, 1487. Pico's enemies accused him of having contumaciously prepared his apology after receiving the papal edict, had it printed with great secrecy in a cave near Naples, and disingenuously *antedated* it by seven months. This, in the letter to Lorenzo, already mentioned (August 27, 1489), Pico most earnestly and explicitly denies; affirming that the interdict, so long threatened and suspended, was not issued until after he had left Rome, on his second journey to France; and that, when it overtook him on the road, upon the 6th of January, 1488, his apology had already been dispatched to Lorenzo. Pico's word was quite enough for that independent potentate, and indeed for all who loved him; and we may add that it is, upon the whole, borne out by the character of the Apologia, which is rather a development or commentary than a defense, and which concerns itself with thirteen propositions only, and those not specially selected in the brief for censure. The tone of the dedication to Lorenzo, and of the *envoi* appended to the apology, is that of a man sincerely, and even distressfully, desirous of *guarding against* misunderstanding. He points out that many of the theses refer purely to profane matters, were advanced by him as probabilities only, and were never intended for general reading, but for private debate among the learned; and finally he beseeches that they may be read no more, either by his friends or his enemies, in their original bald form, but only with the explanations herein offered.

But, however honestly intended in the first place, the apology had been prepared on a rumor of papal disapprobation, had been gotten before the world through a species of quibble, and its effect was to add fuel to the fire already raging at Rome against the young phi-

death or corruption; hence, as a corollary, life is everywhere, Providence everywhere, immortality everywhere.

It is not within the power of man, as a free agent, to believe an article of faith, or disbelieve it, as he will.

[1] Dated August 27, 1489; preserved in the archives of Florence.

[2] Von Reumont says 1486, but it is evident that in this case the usually exact biographer of Lorenzo the Magnificent has made a mistake of a year. Pico was not in Rome at all, so far as we know, during the summer and autumn of 1486, the months immediately succeeding the Arezzo affair. In Pico's published correspondence, beside the letter to Andrea Corneo, already quoted, written at Perugia, in October, 1486, there is another to an unknown friend, dated in November of the same year, in which he says that he cannot answer certain questions pertaining to the study of Hebrew, and especially the works of Josephus, "*because his books have preceded him to Rome.*" The year 1487, which Von Reumont supposes Pico to have passed in France, was really his year of suspense and disappointment at Rome. His second visit to France was a brief one, comprising only the earliest months of the year 1488.

losopher. Lorenzo, and the literary world of Florence both lay and clerical, received it with enthusiasm, and as early as January 19, 1488, we have the first of a long series of very spirited letters on the part of Lorenzo to Lanfredini, the Florentine ambassador at the papal court, urgently requesting, not to say demanding, a reconsideration of his favorite's case, and his full restoration to ecclesiastical favor. But Innocent remained immovable. It was one thing, as he once remarked to Lanfredini, to oblige Lorenzo in *the matter of his boy* (that is to say, by making a cardinal, at fourteen, of Giovanni de' Medici, afterwards Leo X.), and another to yield upon a point of doctrine. Tacitly, however, he suffered Pico to return to Italy, and live there unmolested; and accordingly, in the spring of the same year, 1488, we find him back in Florence, which he never quitted again save for one short visit to Ferrara. Sometimes he was a member of Lorenzo's household, at Careggi or in town; sometimes he lived in his own rural villa of Querceto, the music of whose whispering oaks yet lingers in its name; oftenest of all, toward the last, in the Abbey at Fiesole, with that glorious view ever beneath his eyes, which almost pains the stranger out of colder lands when he beholds it first, so far he feels its beauty and significance to transcend his feeble appreciation.

But the glimpses of Pico's daily life during this latter residence in Florence, which we soon begin to discern in the letters and memoirs of the time, reveal a man deeply changed from the fiery and self-confident champion of letters, who had made his splendid *début* there two years before. No outward charm is missing, but a something is added, of remote and unearthly radiance. Just so swiftly and completely as he embraced all other knowledge, he had learned, in that interval, the vanity of ambition and acquirements of love and fame. Despite the misconceptions under which he suffered so keenly, life still smiled for the Prince of Mirandola as it has rarely smiled for any man. But for him, at twenty-five the spell of life was broken; "and despising the blast of vainglory which he before desired, now with all his mind he began to seek the glory and profit of Christ his church, and so began to order his conscience that from thenceforth he might have been approved, though his enemy were his judge."

It is not possible for us heartily to sympathize with the satisfaction of Pico's austere kinsman, when he goes on to say that "he now burned those books which, in his youth of wanton bliss, he had made in the vulgar tongue." On the contrary, we would give more for a fragment of the love poems, so tenderly corrected by Poliziano, than for the whole of those "noble books of commentary upon the Scriptures, which testify both his angelic wit, his ardent labor, and his profound erudition, — some of which we have, and some, as an inestimable treasure, we have lost." All the literary work that he was yet to do lay more or less in this direction, but his zeal for study was not one jot abated. "Great libraries, — it is marvelous with what celerity he read them o'er;" and "seven thousand ducats he laid out in the gathering together of volumes of all manner of literature."

Another writer of that period, Paolo Cortese, thus describes Pico's manner of life in Florence and Fiesole at this time: "He studied not less than twelve hours a day, with extraordinary intensity of attention. In the morning, as he himself tells us in his letter to Battista Mantonana, he applied himself to his work on the concord between Plato and Aristotle. The afternoon he reserved to his friends and for recreation; and therein, to soothe his soul of its cares, he touched the strings of the lyre, or married to music the verses which

he had himself composed, or read the poets and orators. The evening he consecrated to meditation on the sacred pages, the which brought him great satisfaction, both of the intellect and heart. 'Philosophy,' he once said to this same friend, 'seeks truth; theology finds it; religion hath it.'"

Combined with his ever-growing spiritual steadfastness and mental concentration, there is, however, something touching and ominous in the state of personal detachment and bodily unrest revealed by the following anecdote, as we have it embodied in More's quaint phraseology: "Wedding and worldly business, he fled almost alike. Notwithstanding, when he was *axed* once in sport whether of those two burdens seemed lighter, and which he would choose, if he should of necessity be driven to one, and at his election; *which* he sticked thereat awhile, but at last he shook his head, and a little smiling, he answered that he had liever take him to marriage as the thing in which was less servitude and not so much jeopardy. Liberty above all things he loved, to which both his own natural affection and the study of philosophy inclined him, and for it he was always wandering and flitting, and would never take himself to any certain dwelling. . . . Of outward observances he gave no very great force. We speak not of those observances which the church demandeth, for in those he was diligent, but we speak of those ceremonies which folk bring up — setting the very service of God aside — which is, as Christ says, to be worshipped in spirit and in truth."

The study of the Hebrew Scriptures, in which he now so ardently engaged, was virtually a study to find Plato and Aristotle in them. His darling aim continued to be that of establishing the original divinity and oneness, at their source, of all religions, — the essential identity, in all times and places, of that "true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." His first essay in exegesis — if his strained and visionary interpretations can be held to deserve the name — was the Heptaplo, or Seven Expositions upon the Days of Genesis, published in June, 1489, and dedicated, like the Apologia, to Lorenzo. It was a fixed and characteristic idea of Pico's that God had never suffered the deepest mysteries of any faith to be committed to writing; that the visible text ever conveyed only the lower and more literal meaning, behind which the docile spirit may seek and find the symbolical and the celestial. The Heptaplo professed to indicate the hidden significance of the Mosaic cosmogony. It has little interest for modern readers, save as it "blazes" the solitary path followed by the author's mind, for whom, however, it did not help to smooth matters at Rome.[1] The treatise De Ente et Uno, published two years later, and dedicated to Poliziano, gives a stricter and more cogent development to many of the views advanced in the Heptaplo; and though embodying something like the Pythagorean idea of the divinity of number, has always been reckoned by the learned in philosophy as Pico's most substantial work. To nearly the same period belong several meditations on the Psalms; an elaborate commentary upon a son-

[1] Pico's manly simplicity, we may say his truly marvelous *naïveté* and unworldliness, is nowhere more conspicuous than in the letter to Lorenzo of August 29, 1489, in which he appears to be so confident that the Heptaplo, just published, will have set him quite right with the church that he even suggests an outline of the form of exculpation to be used by his Holiness, requesting Lorenzo to see that it is put in the proper official shape. Lanfredini, whose position was certainly a difficult one, had to write to Lorenzo that this really would not do, and that the Holy Father was becoming daily more incensed against them both. In October of the same year, however, Lanfredini is able to report some signs of relenting, and good Marsilio Ficino told Pico to be patient; for that he knew, *by astrological signs*, that he would erelong be relieved of all censure, — as indeed he was, but only by Innocent's successor, Alexander VI., and after Lorenzo's death.

net by his friend and almoner, the poet Benivieni, translated into English, fifty years later, by the poet Thomas Stanley, under the title of A Discourse upon Platonick Love; and the fragment of a tract against the astrologers. The latter reveals instincts in the matter of physical investigation which proved prophetically just, and it was enthusiastically commended by Savonarola, under whose rapidly ascendant spell Pico passed more completely than any other member of the inner Medicean circle. Poliziano, on the contrary, told Pico, in an impatient epigram, that he was wasting his powers upon such work, and that his "style was too good for a generation of jugglers." Pico's last literary work, destined also to remain unfinished, was a treatise on the harmony between Plato and Aristotle. His views on this head had already been foreshadowed in the Apologia, and Marsilio Ficino had said of him, when that work appeared, in the high-flown phraseology of their circle, that he ought, by rights, to be styled the Duke rather than the Count of Concord,[1] since "he had reconciled Jews and Christians, Peripatetics and Platonists, Greeks and Latins."

It does not answer to depend entirely upon John Francis Pico and More for the events of Mirandola's latest years, for the reason that the nephew became one of Savonarola's most fanatical adherents, — was indeed the first and chief biographer of the Dominican; opposed in principle, therefore, to the whole Medicean party, and unwilling to dwell upon his uncle's close affiliation with them. But we may safely follow for a little our most sympathetic guide, while we "pass over those powers" of his hero's soul "which appertain to understanding and knowledge, and speak of them which belong to the achieving of noble acts. The year before his death, to the end that, all charge and business of lordship set aside, he might lead his life in rest and peace . . . all his patrimony and dominion, that is to say, the third part of the Earldom of Mirandola and of Concordia, unto John Francis his nephew he sold; and that so good cheap that it seemed rather a gift than a sale. All that ever he received of this bargain, partly he gave out to poor folk, partly he bestowed on the buying of a little land" (the villa of Querceto) "to the finding of him and his household. And over that much silver vessel and plate, with other precious and costly household utensils, he divided among poor people. He was content with mean fare at his table, howbeit somewhat yet retaining of the old plenty in dainty viand and silver vessel. Every day, at certain hours he gave himself to prayer. To poor men alway, if any came, he plenteously gave out his money; and not content to give them only that he had himself, he wrote to a certain Florentine, a well lettered man" (the sacred poet Girolamo Benivieni) "whom he singularly loved, that he should with his own money ever help poor folk, and give maidens money to their marriage, and always send him word what he had laid out, that he might pay him again. . . . He was of cheer always merry, and of so benignant nature that he was never troubled with anger. He said once to his nephew that, whatsoever should happen, he could never, as him thought, be moved to wrath but if his *chystes* perished, in which his books lay that he had, with great travail and watch, compiled. But forasmuch as he considered that he labored only for the love of God and profit of his church, and that he had dedicate unto Him all his works, his studies and his doings, and sith he saw that sith God is almighty they could not miscarry but if it were either by his commandment or by his sufference, he verily trusted, sith God is all-good, that He would not suffer him to have that occasion of heaviness.

[1] Pico's full title was Prince of Mirandola and Count of Concordia.

O very happy mind, which none adversity might oppress and which no prosperity might enhance! . . . In renaying the shadow of glory he labored for very glory, and was come to that *prick of perfect humility* that he little forced whether his works went out under his own name or not, so that they might as much profit as if they were given out under his name. . . . The little affection of an old man or an old woman to Godward he set more by than by all his own knowledge, as well of natural things as godly. And oftentimes, in communication, he would admonish his familiar friends how greatly these mortal things bow and draw to an end, how slipper and how falling it is that we live in now; how firm and how stable it shall be that we shall hereafter live in. The same thing in his book which he entitled De Ente et Uno lightsomely he treateth; where he interrupteth the course of his *dispicion*, and turning his words to Angelo Poliziano to whom he dedicateth that book he writeth in this wise: 'But now behold, my well-beloved Angel, what madness holdeth us? Love God while we be in this body. We rather may than either know Him, or by specch utter Him.' . . . Liberality in him passed measure, for so far was he from the beginning of any diligence to earthly things, that he seemed somewhat *besprent with the freckle of negligence.* His friends often admonished him that he should not all utterly despise riches; showing him that it was his dishonesty and rebuke when it was reported that his negligence and setting naught by money gave his servants occasion of deceit and robbery. Nevertheless that mind of his, which evermore only cleaved fast in contemplation, and the *euchering* of nature's counsel, could never let down itself to the consideration and overseeing of these base, abject, and vile earthly trifles. His high-steward came on a time to him, and desired him to receive his account of such money as he had, in many years, received of his, and brought forth his book of reckoning. Pico answered him in this wise: 'My friend, I know well ye *have mought* oftentimes, and may yet deceive me, and ye list; wherefore the examination of these expenses shall not need. There is no more to do. If I be aught in your debt, I shall pay you by and by, and if you be in mine pay me; — either now, if ye have it, or hereafter, if ye be now not able.'"

The contemporary memoirs of the tragical last decade of the fifteenth century in Florence abound in references to Pico: now as active at the sessions of the nascent Platonic Academy, in the halls or open *loggie* of Careggi; now as deep in theological discourse with Savonarola in the library of San Marco. The places which knew these vivid spirits are strangely unaltered in three hundred and ninety years. One has to shake himself free of their mysterious contact, rather than spur his imagination to recall them there. It was probably under Savonarola's influence that Pico began divesting himself of his wealth in 1493. We know, from the funeral sermon preached in the Duomo by the Prior of St. Mark's, that he had used his utmost influence to induce Pico to assume the Dominican vow; and, very possibly, had both lived long into the dark days to come, he might have succeeded. Already, a year previously, the first lightning-stroke had fallen. Lorenzo fell gravely ill; and — it is useless to shudder at the accounts we have of the medical practice which he underwent — for the magnificent tyrant of his fair native land, the poet, the gallant, the philosopher, the ardent friend, the most sumptuous and the most unscrupulous of citizens, the end was come at forty-two. Poliziano was always at his bedside, the black-oak, red-canopied bed in the homely palace chamber, by which to-day the stranger may linger till he loses himself. We must make room for

the poet's own tearful account of Pico's last appearance there, contained in a letter of Poliziano's to Jacopo Antiquario : —

" And when he was near to death at Careggi, looking gently at me as was his wont, he said, ' O Angelo, art thou here ? ' and lifting his languid arms, he earnestly pressed both my hands. I could not restrain my sobs, which nevertheless I endeavored to conceal by turning away my face. But he, not in the least overcome, continued to clasp my hands in his. When, however, he perceived that my distress prevented me from speaking, little by little, he let me go. And I ran quickly into the neighboring cabinet and gave vent to my sorrow and weeping. Afterwards I dried my eyes and returned, and the instant he perceived me, he asked for Pico della Mirandola. I told him that Pico had remained in the city for fear of burdening him by his presence. ' And I,' said Lorenzo, ' if I had not feared that the journey would incommode him, would entreat to see him and speak with him for the last time before I leave you all.' ' Shall I then send for him ? ' said I. ' Do so,' he said, and as soon as might be, it was done. Pico came and took his place at the bedside. And I too dropped at his knees, that I might the better hear, for the last time, the now feeble voice of my master. Good God, with what courtesy, I may say caresses, Lorenzo welcomed him ! He began by asking pardon for having put him to so great trouble. He besought him to consider it as a sign of the love and friendship which he had for him. He said that he should die the more willingly for having seen once more so beloved a friend. After that he passed, as was his wont, to pleasant and familiar talk. Nay, he even jested with us, and ' I could wish,' said he, ' that death had at least delayed until your library had been filled.' "

Immediately after Pico's withdrawal Savonarola was admitted, for that terrible last interview of which such contradictory accounts have been given to the world. John Francis Pico, whose life of Savonarola was probably compiled from materials furnished him by the brethren of San Marco, is responsible for the statement, so generally received, that the prior refused absolution to Lorenzo because he would not promise to restore the liberties of Florence. Setting aside the vanity of such a demand at such a moment, and the impossibility of complying with it, the story is quite inconsistent with the narrative of Poliziano, — a devoted, though perhaps partial, eye-witness ; and we may observe, as tending to sustain the truth of the latter, that Savonarola could not have refused Lorenzo absolution, since he had already received extreme unction at other hands before even Pico arrived.

This was in July, 1492. In May, 1493, the new Pope, Alexander VI., issued a brief, relieving the Prince of Mirandola of all censure in the matter of the theses, and removing the ban from his works. In September of the same year, Pico, " feeling that his life was accomplished," made his will ; devising all the real estate with which he had not yet parted to the Hospital of Santa Maria Novella, and the residue of his personal property to his brother Antonio. Poliziano and Savonarola both witnessed the will. One more short year, full of civic trouble and agitation as of spiritual peace, and, in the late autumn of 1494, under the dim skies and amid the dropping rose-leaves of the Florentine November, with the " drums and tramplings " of a French army already beginning to echo along the Val d'Arno, Pico fell ill of a mortal fever. Once again let us yield the pen to More. No words can describe the final scene so fittingly as his : —

" After that he had received the holy body of our Saviour, when they offered unto him the crucifix, . . . that

he might, ere he gave up the ghost, receive his full draught of love and compassion, and the priest demanded him whether he firmly believed the crucifix to be the image of him that was very God and very man . . . and such other things as they be wont to inquire of folk in that case, Pico answered him that he not only believed but most certainly knew it. His nephew Albert spake of release from suffering, but Pico answered that he welcomed death rather as the release from sin. He asked also all his servants' forgiveness, — if he had ever, before that day, offended any of them. . . . He lay always with a pleasant and merry countenance, and in the very twitches and pangs of death, he spake as though he beheld the heavens open. And all that came to him and saluted him, offering their service, with very loving words he received, thanked and kissed. . . . And in this wise into the hands of our Saviour he gave up his spirit."

It was the 17th of November, 1494. The gates of Florence had been opened to the army of Charles VIII. of France that very day. The narrow streets were full of sullen din; the bravest hearts in the city were heaviest. But the struggle was just over in the chamber of the agonizing, when there entered two of the French king's own physicians, sent by their master to bear letters of compliment to the sufferer, and "do him all the good they might."

There is a little story, well enough authenticated, which reflects, as from a score of facets, the spirit and the foibles of the time. Prophecy, as we know, was coming much into fashion, and a certain sickly Camilla Rucellai was become a noted seer. She had stated some years before that "Pico would die in the time of the lilies," and they taxed her with it now. "Oh," replied the adroit visionary, "I meant the lilies of France."

Savonarola had also his vision, which he described somewhat minutely in the sermon already mentioned, preached in the Duomo after Pico's death. He beheld his friend in the penal fire, but was able to assure the Florentines that his detention would be but brief, and was due entirely to his reluctance to enter the Dominican order. This may be classed with Savonarola's other visions.

The prince was buried in the cloister of San Marco, in a white robe and scarlet cap. Long years afterward, we are told by an Italian writer on the Incorruzione Naturale dei Cadaveri, the tomb was opened by two of the brethren of St. Mark, and the remains were seen therein still fresh and undecayed. The epitaph upon the cloister wall is daily scanned by vagrants out of "antipodal" regions, of which the poet could have dreamed but vaguely in 1494, despite his confident prediction of a world-wide fame: —

"Johannes jacet hic Mirandola; cætera norunt
Et Tagus et Ganges, *forsan et Antipode.*"

The world of to-day "knows the rest" quite as well as the inquisitive fifteenth century knew it. Pico della Mirandola died at thirty-two, disappointed of his chief ambition, and leaving behind him no work commensurate with his renown for learning and ability. Of the vast and miscellaneous mass of his acquirements, the greater part was singularly useless; nor have his speculations, whether in physics or philosophy, proved particularly fruitful as seeds of later discovery. Yet he has always been counted, and justly, among the pioneers of modern progress. His was the merit of a mind wide open to inspiration from every quarter of God's universe, and chivalric in the disinterestedness of its devotion to truth, and he has enriched the world by the jewel of an exquisite human memory.

Harriet Waters Preston.

HEREDITY.

A SOLDIER of the Cromwell stamp,
With sword and prayer-book at his side,
At home alike in church and camp:
Austere he lived, and smileless died.

But she, a creature soft and fine, —
From Spain, some say, some say from France:
Within her veins leapt blood like wine, —
She led her Roundhead lord a dance!

In Grantham church they lie asleep;
Just where, the verger may not know.
Strange that two hundred years should keep
The old ancestral fires aglow!

In me these two have met again;
To each my nature owes a part:
To one, the cool and reasoning brain;
To one, the quick, unreasoning heart!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CRAZE.

WOULD to heaven there were unquestionable evidence that Bacon did write the plays contained in the famous folio volume published at London in 1623! Would that, as there is now what some folk think it fine to call "a consensus" of critical opinion that the lady of the last century who decided that it was Ben Jonson who "wrote Shikspur" was wrong (although even that, it would seem, is not sure beyond a doubt), it might be made as clear as the sun in the heavens that her rival female critics of our own day are right in proclaiming Francis Bacon the man! True, this decision, like the other, affects in no way the value or the interest of the plays. It neither lessens nor enlarges their significance as regards the material, the mental, or the moral condition of the English people at the time when they were produced; for the statesman-philosopher and the player-poet were strictly contemporaries, and lived at the same time in the same city. The question (if it were a question) is not at all akin to that, for example, which has been so long discussed, and which is not yet decided, as to the authorship of the Iliad and the Odyssey. For that is not a mere effort of curiosity to find out whether those poems were produced by a blind ballad-singer who spelled his name *Homer*, or by an open-eyed epic poet of some other name, but a question as to the period of the production of the poems, as to their purpose, as to the condition of the society in which they were produced, as to the intellectual record embodied in their language, and as to the

historical value of the incidents which they profess to record. It is a question which touches the origin, the character, and the development of the most remarkable people and the brightest, richest, and most influential civilization of antiquity. But whether Hamlet, King Lear, and Othello were written by Francis Bacon, or by William Shakespeare, or by John Smith, so they were written by an Englishman, in London, between the years 1590 and 1610, affects in no way their literary importance or interest, their ethnological or their social significance, their value as objects of literary art, or their power as a civilizing, elevating influence upon the world. The question (if it were a question) is merely a large variety of that small sort of literary puzzles which interest pene-literary people, of the sort who are disturbed to the profoundest shallows of their minds by uncertainty as to who is the author of that foolish saying, "Consistency, thou art a jewel," and who search volumes of Familiar Quotations and vex other folk with letters there-anent, in hopes to allay the agitation of their souls.[1] For one, I avow myself wholly indifferent upon the subject. What is Shakespeare to me, or what am I to Bacon? They are no more. Even what they were when they lived concerned only themselves and their personal friends. What they did is of the greatest moment to the world for all time; but it would be of the same value, the same interest, the same potential influence, whether the Novum Organum and the Comedy of Errors were written by either of them, or by both, or by neither, or whether Shakespeare wrote the Novum Organum and Bacon the Comedy of Errors. I am no partisan of William Shakespeare's. I take no more interest in him, *qua* William Shakespeare, than the United States troops appeared to take in the battle sometimes called the Bladensburg races. I should not feel aggrieved or injured to the value of the pen with which I am writing if it were proved that the Stratford yeoman's son, who went to London and became rich in the theatrical business, was as incapable of writing his very name as his father and his mother were; but every man of common sense, and even a little knowledge of the literary and dramatic history of the times of Elizabeth and James I., has the right to feel aggrieved and injured when the productions of the two greatest minds of modern times are made the occasion of a gabble of controversy, the sole foundation of which is a petty parade of piddling, perverted verbal coincidences, which have no more real significance than the likeness of the notes of two cuckoos, or of two cuckoo clocks. And therefore *placeat Diis* that there might be discovered, under the hand and seal of William Shakespeare, a confession that he was an impostor, and that the Earl of Southampton and Ben Jonson and John Heminge and Henry Condell, and the people of London generally, were dupes, and that Francis Bacon did write Titus Andronicus and the Comedy of Errors, and so forth through the list. There would be so much more passed to the credit of him who perhaps was "the greatest, wisest," but was surely not "the meanest, of mankind."[2] That is all. This fuss would be over, "and soe well ended."

The subject is one upon which some very worthy and very "literary" people are in a sad state of mind, and about which they have been going on in a more or less spasmodical way for some years; and now there comes about it a stout handsome volume of six hundred and twenty-five pages, which represents

[1] Or who spring to life in the discovery that Hamlet should say that he is "to the manor born." I have certainly received fifty letters, indeed many more than fifty, suggesting this new reading. A man who could make it should no more be trusted with a copy of Shakespeare than a boy of nine years old with a revolving razor.

[2] See Evenings with a Reviewer, by James Spedding, 2 vols. 8vo, 1883: see also The Personal History of Lord Bacon, by Hepworth Dixon.

so much genuine enthusiasm and such an amount of honest, thorough, systematic work on the part of an intelligent, accomplished gentlewoman, that to treat it as it must be treated, only upon its merits, is an ungrateful and almost a forbidding task.[1] The occasion of this volume and the substance of it are furnished by some memorandums of words, phrases, proverbs, adages, and so forth in Bacon's handwriting, which seem to have been made by him perhaps for reference, and possibly for the improvement of his style. They fill fifty sheets or folios, as we are told, and they are preserved in the well-known Harleian Collection of manuscripts in the British Museum. Known long ago, they were described by Spedding, Bacon's able and accomplished editor, who, however, did not deem them of sufficient importance to be included in his great edition of Bacon's writings. It would have been well if they had been left to moulder in their fitting obscurity; for they tell the world nothing that it did not know before; and so far as Bacon himself is concerned, they add nothing to his reputation either for wisdom or for knowledge, certainly nothing for scholarship or for critical acumen. In fact, they are at best only the dust and sweepings of his study; such stuff as everybody, except those whose literary appetite is a small sort of curiosity about distinguished people, would gladly see put to real service to mankind in the kindling of fires or other like domestic function. Their editress, however (Spenser says "poetress," and Ben Jonson "conqueress;" why may we not say editress?), brings them now to light with a higher purpose than the mere gratification of petty literary curiosity. She fancies (fancies! believes, with a faith which would remove mountains, if faith indeed were such an uncommon carrier) that they establish beyond all reasonable doubt the claim which she and a few fond fellow-worshipers have set up for Bacon to the authorship of the plays which William Shakespeare, in his lifetime, claimed as his; which all his personal friends, and more, his personal enemies, believed to be his; and which have been accepted as his for nearly three hundred years, not only by the world in general, but by all the scholars and critics who were thoroughly informed upon the subject: — a not illaudable purpose, and one which she has pursued with such a touching union of fervor and singleness of heart, and such perfection of that candor which disdains to take advantage by any concealment or dexterous perversion, — common accompaniments of enthusiasm, — that the result of her labors cannot be contemplated without sadness, and, moreover, without sorrow that it cannot be treated with patience, hardly with decorum.

The theory which this great mass of unconnected memorandums is published to sustain is simply this: Bacon must have written out these words and phrases and proverbs for his own use. Some few of them are found in his acknowledged writings, but the most of them he did not use in those writings; and between these, and indeed between a great number of them, and certain passages of the Shakespeare plays there is (so says enthusiasm) such likeness, either in word or in thought, that the unavoidable conclusion is that he wrote the plays. The logic is of the lamest; for it ignores practically, if not avowedly, the fact that these words and phrases and adages are in their very essence the common property of the world, — were the common property of the world at the time that Bacon made these memorandums; and that Bacon made them for his own convenience chiefly because they were such common property.

[1] *The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies (being private notes, circa* 1594, *hitherto unpublished) of Francis Bacon, illustrated and elucidated by passages from Shakespeare.* By Mrs. Henry Pott. With Preface by E. A. Abbott, D. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Moreover, the painful and elaborate deploying of the passages in the plays which are supposed to sustain this theory, or, to speak rightly, this fancy, exhibits no identity of phrase or of thought which will sustain this conclusion, or indeed a conclusion of any kind, about them. There is only one way of showing what and how great the failure is; and that is the examination of some of the most striking of the sixteen hundred and fifty-five memorandums which, with their accompanying illustrative passages, make up the bulk of this big book. The process may be wearisome; but if our task is to be performed at all, it is unavoidable.

The very first memorandum which is illustrated is most characteristic of the whole of this inept and absurdly inconclusive performance. It is,—

"Corni contra croci. Good means against badd, hornes to crosses." (Promus, 2.)

This is illustrated by five passages from the plays, of which here follow four: —

"And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross." (3 Henry VI., IV. iv.)

"I have given way unto this cross of fortune."
(Much Ado About Nothing, IV. i.)

"And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you do cross his humor."
(1 Henry IV., III. ii.)

"I love not to be crossed.

"He speaks the mere contrary. Crosses love not him." (Love's Labour 's Lost, I. ii.)

This is a hapless beginning; for except in the last line of the last quotation, "cross," although it has the same sound and is spelled with the same letters, is really not the same word that appears in Bacon's memorandum. Although etymologically the same, as an expression of thought it is not the same; for it means a wholly different thing. The cross in the Promus adage is the material cross (+), produced by the setting together of two straight rods or sticks at right angles. It is the cross of the crucifix, used figuratively to represent the influence of divine goodness and self-sacrificing love. On the other hand, the horns of the adage are the horns of Satan, which are used to typify the spirit of evil. Thus the opposition of good and evil was expressed. Moreover, the crucifix, or any cross, as that of a sword-hilt, was supposed, even in Bacon's time, to have the power of exorcising evil spirits. Satan himself could not face it. An impressive scene it is in Faust where the throng of armed men draw their swords, and present to Mephistopheles, not their points or their edges, but their cross-hilts, from the sight of which he hides his eyes and shrinks away. This is the cross, and this the meaning of the Promus adage. But in all the instances cited above from Shakespeare the word "cross" means merely opposition, movement against, and (except in the third and fourth cases) consequent disaster. "This cross of fortune" is, This disastrous opposition of fortune; "When you do cross his humour" is, When you do vexatiously run counter to his humor. So in the other cases. In these passages there is not the remotest suggestion of the cross of the crucifix which is to be opposed, as a token of divine love and power, to the horns of Satan, as the embodiment of evil. The notion of any connection between them and the adage is preposterous. We are told at the end of the illustrative passages that the word occurs "thirty times" in Shakespeare's plays, which any one might see by consulting Mrs. Clarke's Concordance. So it might have occurred three thousand times, and with just as little significance or pertinence to the matter in hand. As well cite in illustration of the Promus adage,

"Cross-patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;"

and very much better,

"Ride a cock horse
To Danbury-cross;"

for at Danbury there was such a cross as Bacon had in mind.

Because this is the first example, and because it is so very characteristic and typical an example, of these marvelous illustrations of the coincidences between the Shakespeare plays and Bacon's Promus, more time and attention have been given to it than can be spared to those which follow; through the fretful array of which we must push rapidly.

We turn a leaf, and at the top of the page we find, "Nolite dare sanctum canibus, — Give not that which is holy unto dogs" (Promus, 11); which is illustrated by the following passage from As You Like It: —

"*Celia.* Why cousin! . . . not a word?
Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.
Celia. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs."

Again a typical example of a sort of "illustration" which swarms through these pages. It is absolutely without importance, and without significance of any kind. For, as the reader will doubtless have already seen, the words in the Promus are from the New Testament (Matt. vii. 6); they were known all over Europe, and had surely been in constant colloquial use for centuries before Bacon was born. And there are hundreds of just such meaningless illustrations in this volume.

It is difficult to keep one's countenance, even if the effort should be made, when we find Bacon's memorandum (Promus, 24) of Virgil's "Procul, o procul este profani" (Away, away, ye profane), illustrated by Falstaff's outbreak upon Nym and Pistol: —

"Rogues, hence! avaunt! vanish like hailstones! go!"

In the newest fangle of Shakespearean or anti-Shakespearean criticism are we required to assume as a postulate that a dramatist of the Elizabethan period was unable to use his mother tongue in a plain, direct, and somewhat effective manner, without reference to a commonplace book of the Latin classics?

Our next example is one of a sort not uncommon, in which the same word occurs in both Promus and play, but with a meaning wholly and absolutely opposite. It is the following: "Semper virgines furiæ" (Promus, 43); in which Erasmus notes the remarkable fact that the Furies are always represented as maidens, as angels are always masculine. The illustration here is from Much Ado About Nothing: —

"Her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December."

In this speech, Benedick, on the contrary, expresses his surprise; he regards it as an extraordinary combination that virginal beauty should be accompanied by sharp temper and a shrewish tongue, — a union that would not have astonished Erasmus, nor, indeed, Bacon.

These illustrations of Bacon's commonplacing by the Shakespeare plays frequently present us, on the one hand, an adage or a phrase so long known the civilized world over that no repetition nor use of it by any writer in any language, within the last five hundred years, would be stronger proof of acquaintance with any other writer who also used it than the assertion that there was a sun in the heavens would; and, on the other, a string of passages which have not only no relation to the phrase to be illustrated, but none to each other; and which are like a class in a district school, — Yankees, Irish, Germans, French, and Italians; all bawling out together at the word of command; some right and some wrong, none with any real understanding of what they are saying, and having in blood, in speech, or in purpose no semblance of kindred, coherence, or unity. Of this sort is the following: —

"Et justificata est sapientia a filiis suis, — Wisdom is justified of her children." (Promus, 249.)

This, again, is from the New Testament (Matt. xi. 19), and was the com-

mon property of Europe for centuries before Bacon's time; its English form having been nearly as well known as the Ten Commandments or the Lord's Prayer three hundred years before Bacon was born. It means, we need hardly say, that the children of wisdom justify (that is, prove) their parentage by their conduct; they "behave as sich," — an adage equally true with "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," or with "Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined." This has the following illustrations: —

"And make us *heirs* of all eternity." (Love's Labour 's Lost, I. i.)
"Earthly godfathers of heaven's lights." (*Ib.*)
"This *child* of fancy." (*Ib.*)
"The first *heir* of my invention." (Dedication to Venus and Adonis.)
"The *children* of an idle brain." (Romeo and Juliet, I. iv.)

What possible connection or relation is discoverable between these passages and the declaration in regard to the children of wisdom? There is none, except that in the one, as in the others, the idea of childhood or of heirship is presented. Had Elizabeth given her young Lord Keeper a monopoly of these?

Passing rapidly on, among these memorandums we find the very familiar phrase "*Prima facie*" (Promus, 299); the illustration of which (Love at first sight. As You Like It, III. v. 81; Troilus and Cressida, V. ii.; Tempest, I. ii.) I pass by in mute admiration, as I do that of our next example, "A catt may look on a kynge" (Promus, 489); which is supposed to be the origin of the following question and answer: —

"*Ben.* What is Tybalt?
Mer. More than prince of cats." (Romeo and Juliet, II. iv.)

That is, I would pass it by, leaving it to stand in staring ineptness and puerility, but for its flagrant exhibition of a kind and degree of ignorance of Shakespeare's writings which is characteristic of the Bacon-saving Shakespearean. For the reason of Juliet's cousin being called prince of cats by the witty Mercutio is that "Tybert, Tybalt, Thibault" (all really one name), means a cat, just as "Graymalkin" and "Tabby" do in English. Tybert is the name of the cat in the Middle Age apologue, Reynard the Fox. And in the old Italian story of Romeo and Julietta, which furnishes the whole substance of the Shakespeare tragedy, Juliet's cousin is named Tibaldo. This story was translated by Arthur Brooke into an English poem, Romeus and Julietta, and published at London in 1562; and this poem it is that was dramatized into the great English tragedy. In it, Juliet's cousin's name is Tybalt. So far, then, is it from being true that he was called prince of cats because Francis Bacon wrote among his commonplaces, "A catt may look on a kynge" (shade of Aristotle, what an inference!), that it is absolutely impossible that the Promus memorandum had any connection with Mercutio's speech; for Juliet's quarrelsome kinsman was made known to all English readers by his typical name in a rhymed story, which was well known (and which soon became popular) at a time when the future philosopher and Lord Chancellor was in long clothes, — he having been born in the year before that in which Brooke's Romeus and Julietta was published. His Promus memorandum could have had no more to do with the calling Tybalt prince of cats than it had with the origin of Puss in Boots.

"Neither too heavy nor too hot" (Promus, 651), a saying which was applied to a bold thief, who would steal anything not too heavy or too hot for him to carry, is illustrated by sixteen passages from the plays, not one of which has the slightest connection with it or similarity to it, except the presence of one of the two common English words, "heavy" and "hot;" as may be

gathered from the fact that the first is, "Are you so hot, sir?" (1 Henry V., III. ii.), and the last, "Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plautus too light." (Hamlet, IV. ii.)

Perhaps one of the most startling of these illustrations is that of "a ring of gold on a swynes snout" (687); which degrading satirical comparison is presented as the origin of Romeo's beautiful extravagance "like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear." The absurdity of this is not all apparent without a consideration of the whole of the lover's simile: —

> "It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
> Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;"

which is but a variation of the passage in the XXVIIth Sonnet: —

> "Save that my soul's imaginary sight
> Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
> Which like a jewel hung in ghastly night
> Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new."

It would seem, then, that the solemn figure of Night with her dark, begemmed robe was suggested to the author of Romeo and Juliet by a pig's snout, with a ring in it to keep him from rooting.

That memorandum 706, "Laconismus," from Erasmus's Adagia, should be illustrated by "Like the Romans in brevity" is Hibernian in its blundering, as the Laconians were not Romans, but Greeks, which Francis Bacon surely knew. But as the illustration is from King Henry IV., perhaps it was the embryo Pistol who put in his oar here. He was in the habit of talking of Trojan Greeks and Phrygian Turks, and the like two-headed monsters.

Many others of Bacon's Promus memorandums are from Erasmus; and at meeting among them the one here following, every true American heart must flutter with joy and pride: —

"Riper than a mulberry. (*Maturior moro*, — Of a mild, soft-mannered man," etc.) Promus, 869.

Did Bacon, — tell us, did he, — looking forward nearly three centuries, project his all-creative mind into the dramatic future of this country, and in this memorandum give the New World the germ of the great mulberry, Colonel Mulberry Sellers? It must be so. The colonel, beyond a doubt, was a mild, soft-mannered man. How is it possible that anybody could have dreamed of a mulberry, unless the word had been previously commonplaced by Bacon! Perish the thought! The discovery of the Promus establishes, beyond a question, that Mulberry Sellers is Bacon's boon to America.

In like manner we learn that Charles Reade has hitherto been most unjustly credited with the conception of one of his own novels; for as number 959 of the Promus memorandums we find "Love me little, love me long;" and what more is needed to show where Mr. Reade found the title and the motive of his charming book?

In memorandum 1544, "Soleil qui luise au matin, femme qui parle latin, enfant nourrit de vin, ne vient point à bonne fin," who can hesitate for a moment at discovering that we have the origin of that admirable poetical embodiment of common sense and common experience,

> "Whistlin' gals an' crowin' hens
> Never comes to no good ends"?

But this part of our subject is becoming too grave and serious, and I must bring it to a close with an illustration of a lighter and more amusing nature; to wit, the following: —

"Nourriture passe nature." (Promus, 1595.)

This adage, it need hardly be said, means that breeding is a second nature, stronger than that with which a man is born. Would it be believed, without the evidence of black and white before us, that, in proof that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, the first and principal illustration of this adage is the following passage from Pericles? —

> "Those mothers, who, to nousle up their babes
> Thought not too curious, are ready now

To eat those little dárlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life."
(Act I. Scene iv.)

The italic emphasis of the third line is mine; and I have thus distinguished it, because as an illustration of "Nourriture passe nature," it surpasses all the Shakespearean jokes that I have had the good fortune to encounter. There are five hundred mortal octavo pages of proofs and illustrations, of which the foregoing are fair examples, that Francis Bacon wrote William Shakespeare's thirty-seven comedies, histories, and tragedies! One more of them shall delay us a moment. Promus memorandum 1404 is "O the;" and this wholly senseless union of words is seriously illustrated by the following passages, of which it is assumed to be the origin: "O the heavens!" "O the devil!" "O the time!" "O the gods!" "O the good gods!" "O the vengeance!" "O all the devils!" "O the Lord!" "O the blest gods!" It is needless to give the titles of the plays from which they are taken. When Benedick said that he should die a bachelor he did not think that he would live to be married. When I wrote the foregoing assertion about Shakespearean jokes I had not read this number of the Promus and its illustrations. They bear the palm. The fair editress might have deprived us of our laugh if she had perceived that the meaningless "O the," which could be the origin of nothing, is a mere irregular phonetic spelling of *oath*, — *othe*, in which the first letter was accidentally separated from the second, which is shown by the immediately following memorandums: (1405) "O my L[ord] S^{r}," (1406) "Beleeve it," (1409) "Mought it please God that," or, "I would to God." Why Bacon wrote down phrases like this, here and elsewhere, seems inexplicable; but that is not to the purpose.

What is evidently regarded as the strong point of this array of evidence in favor of the Baconian origin of the Shakespeare plays is Folio 111 of the Promus. It is indorsed by Bacon, "Formularies and Elegancies;" and it contains forty-five memorandums (1189–1233) of phrases either of salutation or of complimentary remark in connection with the time of day, or what has been known time out of mind in the English language, and among people of English blood and speech, as giving the time of day. First among these memorandums is "Good morrow" (1189); we find also among them "Good matens" (1192), "Good betimes" (1193), "Bon iouyr, Bon iour bridegroome" (1194), "Good day to me, and good morrow to you" (1195), and the pretty conceit, "I have not said all my prayers till I have bid you good morrow" (1196). Here Bacon's enthusiastic champion throws down the gauge and takes a stand so boldly, and maintains it so earnestly, that it would be both unfair and unwise not to set forth fully the point upon which she joins issue. It is asserted that this folio generally, and particularly in these phrases of morning salutation, supports "a reasonable belief that these Promus notes are by the same hand that penned Romeo and Juliet." The ground of this reasonable belief is that these forms of salutation, although they "are introduced into almost every play of Shakespeare, . . . certainly were not in common use until many years after the publication of these plays," and that "it appears to be the case" (*risum teneatis?*) that "they were of Bacon's introduction." This is insisted upon again and again: as, for example, "It certainly does not appear that, as a rule, any forms of morning and evening salutation were used in the early part of the sixteenth century, nor, indeed, until after the writing of this folio (111), which is placed between the folios dated December, 1594, and others bearing the date January 27, 1595;" and again, "It

seems to have been the practice for friends to meet in the morning, and to part at night, without any special form of greeting or valediction;" and again, "In Ben Jonson's plays . . . there is hardly one, except in Every Man in his Humour, where you twice meet with 'good morrow.' But this play was written in 1598, a year after Romeo and Juliet was published, and four years after the date usually assigned to that tragedy. 'Good morrow' might have become familiar merely by means of Romeo and Juliet; but it does not appear that it had become a necessary or common salutation," etc.; and yet again, "It is *certain* that the habit of using forms of morning and evening salutation was not introduced into England prior to the date of Bacon's notes, 1594."

This is the most amazing assertion, and this the most amazing inference, that exists, to my knowledge, in all English critical literature. If the assertion had been made in connection with another subject, and the inference had been drawn in regard to a point of less general interest than the influence of Bacon or of Shakespeare upon the manners and speech of their time, or even if they had not been here trumpeted so triumphantly as a note of victory, they might well have been passed by in smiling silence. But the circumstances give them an importance not their own; and the confident manner in which they are set forth, with an array of citation that may be mistaken for proof, might mislead many readers whose knowledge of the subject is even less than that which is shown by the compiler of this volume.

First, the fact asserted is in its very nature so incredible that it could not be received as established upon any merely negative evidence. That any civilized, or half-civilized, people of the Indo-European race should have existed in the sixteenth century without customary salutation and valediction at morning and evening could not be believed, upon the mere absence of such phrases in their literature. Such absence, if it existed, would have to be accounted for upon some other supposition. This is one of those cases in which reasoning *a priori* is of more weight than negative evidence. A society so beyond civility as to be without forms of salutation would be one in which neither a Bacon nor a Shakespeare would be possible. But leaving this point without further remark, it is to be said simply that the assertion is absolutely untrue; and with the assertion goes, of course, the inference drawn from it. Mrs. Pott herself furnishes evidence against it. For she is very candid; and indeed, were her knowledge and her critical ability only equal to her candor and her industry, she would have produced a very valuable and interesting work, or — none at all. She has painfully searched an almost incredible number of books of the Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan period, for the purpose of illustrating and maintaining her thesis, and has even catalogued the results of her examination. Hence alone her careful readers are able to see, even if they did not know it before, that such forms as "good morrow," "good night," "good bye," and the like, are used by these writers of that time: Gascoigne, Stubbs, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Beaumont, and Heywood, all of them men who wrote between 1580 and 1620; and to these there might be numerous additions. Is it to be believed that these writers put into the mouths of their personages phrases of this nature which were not in common colloquial use? But we are told that people began suddenly, and all at once, to say "good morrow," and the like, to each other, because Francis Bacon had elaborated those phrases in his Promus, and introduced them in his Romeo and Juliet to the English people. Bacon is made equivalent to the

hunger which "*expedivit* [Persius's] *psittaco suum* χαιρε." Will any one not bitten and mad with the Bacon-Shakespeare œstrum believe this, or pause for one moment in doubt over its preposterous incredibility? But even our Bacon enthusiast is, in candor, obliged to confess one fact which is mortal to the theory which she has undertaken to maintain. We are told in a footnote, and in one of the appendices, that since the volume was compiled its editress, or some one for her, has discovered that the salutation "good morrow" occurs in the dialogue of John Bon and Master Person [parson], which was printed in 1548, nearly half a century before Bacon jotted down his Promus, and, what is something to the purpose, thirteen years before he was born.

"*The Parson.* What, John Bon! Good morrowe to thee!

John Bon. Nowe good morrowe, Mast. Parson, so mut I thee." [1]

The fact that Gascoigne published in 1587, before Bacon was born, two poems, Good Morrow and Good Night, had been set aside, or "got over," by the astonishing plea that these were only titles, and not colloquial uses of these phrases! (But if they were not known as salutations, with what propriety were they used as titles?) And as to John Bon and Master Person, there is a despairing attempt to show that "good morrow" was not a morning salutation, and that "the first use for that purpose seems to be in Romeo and Juliet." Great Phœbus, god of the morning, for what, then, was good morrow used? Surely, the force of self-delusion could no further go.

To have given so much time to the examination of this frantic fancy would have been more than wasteful, were it not that within its petty convolutions is involved another, which is of as much importance as anything can be that is connected with this subject. It is fortunate, *ad hoc*, that the point was made; for it is fatal to the whole bearing of this Promus upon the Bacon theory of the Shakespeare plays. It is so because we have, according to the Bacon-saving-Shakespeare folk themselves, Bacon's own testimony that English people, of all sorts and conditions, were in the constant habit of using salutations, particularly in the morning.

In the Second Part of King Henry VI., Act III. Sc. i., is the following passage: —

"*Queen.* We know the time since he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admired him for submission.
But meet him now, be it *in the morn*,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by," etc.

The bearing of this passage is such, it is so broad, so clear, so direct, and its testimony comes from such a quarter, that it might be well to leave the point upon which it touches without another word of remark; but it may also be well to set forth its full importance and significance. It will be seen that here, according to those who proclaim that Bacon is Shakespeare, and that they are his prophets, Bacon himself declares that at the time when *he* wrote this passage "every one" in England said good morning; that it was recognized as so general and absolute a requirement of good manners that the omission of it gave occasion for censure. Now this passage, although it is found in the Second Part of King Henry VI., appears originally, word for word, in a play of which Bacon (or, as some un-illuminated people believe, Shakespeare) was one of the writers, called The First Part of the Contention of the Two Noble Houses of York and Lancaster, which was worked over into the Henry VI. play, and which must have been in existence in the year 1591, as it is referred to in a book published in 1592. Whence we see that this dec-

[1] So mut [or mote] I thee = so might I thrive; so may I prosper.

laration of Bacon the playwright as to giving the time of day "in the morn" by "every one" antedates the memorandum of Bacon the Promus writer at least three years. According, therefore, to people with whose fancies we are now dealing seriously, Bacon himself tells us that he did *not* teach the people of England to bid each other good morrow by writing Romeo and Juliet; and perhaps even they — the Bacon-Shakespeare folk — are now beginning to suspect that the writer of John Bon and Master Person and the poet Gascoigne, when they used "good morrow" and "good night," were merely repeating phrases which were even commoner than mere household words, and had been so in England for centuries.

And yet again, this passage, which appears in The First Part of the Contention and in the Second Part of King Henry VI., is one of those as to the authorship of which there is no doubt. Whatever his name was, the writer of it was the writer of the Shakespeare plays. Whoever wrote that passage wrote also As You Like It, Hamlet, King Lear, and Othello, and the rest. And this man, as we have seen, was not the one who felt it necessary to potter over a Promus of elegancies in salutation to justify him in the use of "good morrow." For, moreover, this man had used this phrase in at least five plays which preceded the Promus and Romeo and Juliet. It occurs (as any one may see by referring to Mrs. Clarke's Concordance) in Love's Labour 's Lost, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Titus Andronicus, King Richard III., and A Midsummer-Night's Dream, all of which are earlier than Romeo and Juliet, as it should seem that any person who ventured to write upon this subject would know.[1] That Romeo and Juliet brought "good morrow" into use in England as a morning salutation is impossible; the notion that any writer brought it into use in the reign of Elizabeth, or within centuries of that reign, is, to any person competent to have an opinion upon the subject, ridiculously absurd.

We have, however, not yet seen the extreme of the ignorance which is displayed in this attempt to show that the writer of the Promus was also the writer of Romeo and Juliet. In this folio (111) of the Promus, memorandum 1200 is "romẽ;" upon which we find the following comment in the Introductory Essay to this volume: —

"One can scarcely avoid imagining that the solitary word 'romẽ,' which is entered six notes (44) farther on in the Promus with a mark of abbreviation over the *e*, may have been a hint for the name of the bridegroom himself. It has been suggested that 'romẽ' may be intended for the Greek work ῥώμη = *strength*, and that the mark may denote that the vowel (*e*) is long in quantity. The objection to this suggestion is that Bacon frequently uses a mark of abbreviation, whilst in no other Greek word does he take any heed of quantity; but were it so, it would not extinguish the possibility that the word may have been intended as a hint for the name of

[1] What ignorance may, and generally does, accompany the effort to transmute Shakespeare into Bacon is shown here in regard to this very question of the date of the production of Romeo and Juliet. It is remarked in the Introductory Essay (page 68), "The publication of Romeo and Juliet is fixed at 1597, and its composition has been usually ascribed to 1594–5. . . . Recently, however, Dr. Delius has proposed the date 1592 for the composition of Romeo and Juliet, on the ground that a certain earthquake which took place in 1580 is alluded to by the Nurse (I. iii.) as having happened eleven years ago." Wonderful discovery on the part of the German doctor! Wonderful discovery of the German doctor by our editress! This point as to the bearing of the Nurse's earthquake on the date of the play was made by Tyrwhitt *more than a hundred years ago*, and has been discussed by every considerable editor since. The notes upon it in Furness's variorum edition of Romeo and Juliet fill two pages. Proposed by Dr. Delius! But if ignorant English-speaking folk will run after strange gods, they cannot complain if they are led into trouble.

Romeo, alluding perhaps to the strength of the love which is alluded to in the following passages," etc.

If what we have seen before is amazing, the gravity of this is astounding. A hint for the name of the bridegroom! An allusion in Greek to the strength of his passion! Why, who that has the slightest and most superficial acquaintance with the origin of Shakespeare's plays does not know that the name of the bridegroom in this tragedy was furnished by the old poem, of which it is a mere dramatization, — a poem familiar to the people of London for years before the tragedy was produced, or the Promus memorandums written, — and that it came into that poem from a story which had been told and retold by various writers for generations? The "name of the bridegroom" was settled in Italy, centuries before Bacon or Shakespeare could write it. The writer of the tragedy took all its principal personages, and their names with them, from the old poem, and he would not have thought of such a thing as changing the name of its hero. He chose his plot *because* it was that of the old popular story of the sad fate of the two lovers, — Romeo of the Montagues and Juliet of the Capulets, — with which he wished to please his audience, by putting it before them in a dramatic form. There was no occasion for a hint as to the name of the bridegroom; he had been baptized long before.

It seems very strange to be obliged to treat such fancies even with a semblance of respect; but these are characteristic of the methods by which this foolish fuss is kept up, and is pressed upon the attention of the uninformed, or the more easily deceived half-informed, as if it were a serious literary question.

As to this Promus memorandum "romē," if it has any connection with Romeo and Juliet, which is not at all probable, it may possibly be of this nature: The Italian pronunciation of Romeo is *Romēo*; but Brooke, in his poem Romeus and Juliet, published in 1562 (and consequently Shakespeare in his tragedy), accented it upon the first syllable, whether in the Latin or the Italian form, as will appear by the following passage: —

"Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with plesaunt cheere,
And glad she was her Romeus approched was so neere.
At thone side of her chayre her lover Romeo
And on the other syde there sat one cald Mercutio."

The distortions of proper names, in this manner, by English writers of the Elizabethan period are monstrous and ridiculous. For example, Robert Greene, a university scholar, not only deprives poor Iphegenia entirely of the *ei* in her name, Ιφιγηνεια, but actually pronounces it *If-fij-in-ay*: —

"You 'll curse the hour wherein you did denay
To join Alphonsus with Iphigena.
. . . . . .
And so by marriage of Iphigena
You soon shall drive the danger clear away."
(Alphonsus, Act III.)

Now it is just not impossible that Bacon, having read Brooke's poem, or seen Shakespeare's play, made a memorandum, imperfect and obscure, as to either the proper pronunciation, or the customary English mispronunciation, of the *e* in *Romeo;* but, nevertheless, we may be pretty sure that his "romē" had no more to do with *Romeo* than his "good morrow" with the appearance of that phrase in Shakespeare's plays, or its use by English people.

To one stumbling-block in the path of the Bacon-Shakespeare theorists they seem to be quite blind, — the Sonnets. They busy themselves with Bacon's writings, the plays, and the concordance; and with their eyes fixed upon the one point which they hope to attain, these headlong literary steeple-chasers, with their noses in the air, look right over this obstacle, which is one of many, each one of which would bring them to

the ground. They have little to say about it; and what they do say is not at all to the purpose. If there is one fact in literary history which, upon moral grounds, upon internal and external evidence, is as certain as any recorded fact in general history, or as any demonstrated mathematical proposition, it is that the writer of the plays was also the writer of the sonnets, both of which bear the name of Shakespeare. In spirit, in manner, and in the use of language, their likeness is so absolute that if either one of the two groups had been published anonymously, there would have been no room for doubt that it was by the writer of the other. Now the sonnets, or a considerable number of them, had been written before the year 1597; for, as all students of the literature of the period know, they are mentioned by Francis Meres in his Palladis Tamia, which was published in 1598. They were not then published; they were not written for the public, as Meres tells us; they were not printed until eleven years afterwards, when they were procured for publication in some surreptitious or *quasi*-surreptitious way. Meres mentions them as Shakespeare's "sugred sonnets among his private friends." Now, if Bacon wrote the plays, he also wrote the sonnets: and consequently we must believe that the lawyer, philosopher, and statesman, who at twenty-six years of age had planned his great system of inductive investigation, who never took his eye from that grand purpose; who was struggling with unpropitious fortune, who had difficulty in procuring the means of living in modest conformity to his position as a gentleman of good birth and high connection, who was a hard-working barrister conducting great public as well as private causes, an active member of Parliament, and a scheming, if not an intriguing, courtier, occupied himself, not only in writing plays, for which he might have got a little (for one like him a very little) money, but in writing fanciful sonnets, — not an occasional sonnet or two, but one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, more than Wordsworth inflicted upon the world, — which were not to be published or put to any profitable use, but which he gave to an actor, to be handed about as his own among his private friends, for their delectation and his own glory. This Bacon did, or he did not write the plays. That he did so is morally impossible; and indeed the supposition that he could have done so is too monstrously absurd to merit this serious examination of its possibility. Besides all which, there are many of these sonnets, and they by no means the least meritorious or the least characteristic of them, that are of such a nature in their subjects and their language and their allusions that any one at all acquainted with Bacon's tastes, or his moral nature, would hesitate at accepting them, would revolt from accepting them, as his, even upon positive and direct testimony. Bacon certainly did not write the sonnets; and therefore, as certainly, he did not write the plays. (It shames me to seem to rest such a decision upon a formula of grave and sober reasoning.) There is no visible avoidance of this conclusion.

And now we are face to face with what is, after all, the great inherent absurdity (as distinguished from evidence and external conditions) of this fantastical notion, — the unlikeness of Bacon's mind and of his style to those of the writer of the plays. Among all the men of that brilliant period who stand forth in the blaze of its light with sufficient distinction for us, at this time, to know anything of them, no two were so elementally unlike in their mental and moral traits and in their literary habits as Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare; and each of them stamped his individuality unmistakably upon his work. Both were thinkers of the highest order; both, what we somewhat

loosely call philosophers: but how different their philosophy, how divergent their ways of thought, and how notably unlike their modes of expression! Bacon, a cautious observer and investigator, ever looking at men and things through the dry light of cool reason; Shakespeare, glowing with instant inspiration, seeing by intuition the thing before him, outside and inside, body and spirit, as it was, yet moulding it as it was to his immediate need, — finding in it merely an occasion of present thought, and regardless of it, except as a stimulus to his fancy and his imagination: Bacon, a logician; Shakespeare, one who set logic at naught, and soared upon wings, compared with which syllogisms are crutches: Bacon, who sought, in the phrase of Saul of Tarsus, — that Shakespeare of Christianity, — to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good; Shakespeare, one who, like Saul, loosed upon the world winged phrases, but who recked not his own rede, proved nothing, and held fast both to good and evil, delighting in his Falstaff as much as he delighted in his Imogen: Bacon, in his writing, the most self-asserting of men; Shakespeare, one who, when he wrote, did not seem to have a self: Bacon, the most cautious and painstaking, the most consistent and exact, of writers; Shakespeare, the most heedless, the most inconsistent, the most inexact, of all writers who have risen to fame: Bacon, sweet sometimes, sound always, but dry, stiff, and formal; Shakespeare, unsavory sometimes, but oftenest breathing perfume from Paradise, grand, large, free, flowing, flexible, unconscious, and incapable of formality: Bacon, precise and reserved in expression; Shakespeare, a player and quibbler with words, and swept away by his own verbal conceits into intellectual paradox, and almost into moral obliquity: Bacon, without humor; Shakespeare's smiling lips the mouthpiece of humor for all human kind: Bacon, looking at the world before him and at the teaching of past ages with a single eye to his theories and his individual purposes; Shakespeare, finding in the wisdom and the folly, the woes and the pleasures, of the past and the present only the means of giving pleasure to others and getting money for himself, and rising to his height as a poet and a moral teacher only by his sensitive intellectual sympathy with all the needs and joys and sorrows of humanity: Bacon, shrinking from a generalization even in morals; Shakespeare, ever moralizing, and dealing even with individual men and particular things in their general relations: both worldly-wise, both men of the world, and both these master intellects of the Christian era were worldly-minded men in the thorough Bunyan sense of the term: but the one using his knowledge of men and things critically in philosophy and in affairs; the other, his synthetically, as a creative artist: Bacon, a highly trained mind, and showing his training at every step of his cautious, steady march; Shakespeare, wholly untrained, and showing his want of training even in the highest reach of his soaring flight: Bacon, utterly without the poetic faculty even in a secondary degree, as is most apparent when he desires to show the contrary; Shakespeare, rising with unconscious effort to the highest heaven of poetry ever reached by the human mind. To suppose that one of these men did his own work and also the work of the other is to assume two miracles for the sake of proving one absurdity, and to shrink from accepting in the untaught son of the Stratford yeoman a miraculous miracle, that does not defy or suspend the laws of nature.

Many readers of The Atlantic probably know that this notion that our Shakespeare, the Shakespeare of As You Like It and Hamlet and King Lear, was Francis Bacon masking in the guise of a player at the Globe Theatre

is not of very recent origin. It was first brought before the public by Miss Delia Bacon (who afterwards deployed her theory in a ponderous volume, with an introduction by Nathaniel Hawthorne, — who did not advocate it) in an article in Putnam's Magazine for January, 1856. Some time before that article was published, and shortly after the publication of Shakespeare's Scholar, it was sent to me in proof by the late Mr. George P. Putnam, with a letter calling my attention to its importance, and a request that I would write an introduction to it. After reading it carefully and without prejudice (for I knew nothing of the theory or of its author, and, as I have already said, I am perfectly indifferent as to the name and the personality of the writer of the plays, and had as lief it should have been Francis Bacon as William Shakespeare) I returned the article to Mr. Putnam, declining the proposed honor of introducing it to the public, and adding that, as the writer was plainly neither a fool nor an ignoramus, she must be insane; not a maniac, but what boys call "loony." So it proved: she died a lunatic, and I believe in a lunatic asylum. I record this incident for the first time on this occasion, not at all in the spirit of I-told-you-so, but merely as a fitting preliminary to the declaration that this Bacon-Shakespeare notion is an infatuation; a literary bee in the bonnets of certain ladies of both sexes, which should make them the objects of tender care and sympathy. It will not be extinguished at once; on the contrary, it may become a mental epidemic. For there is no notion, no fancy or folly, which may not be developed into a "movement," or even into a "school," by iteration and agitation. I do not despair of seeing a Bacon-Shakespeare Society, with an array of vice-presidents of both sexes, that may make the New Shakspere Society look to its laurels. None the less, however, is it a lunacy, which should be treated with all the skill and the tenderness which modern medical science and humanity has developed. Proper retreats should be provided, and ambulances kept ready, with horses harnessed; and when symptoms of the Bacon-Shakespeare craze manifest themselves, the patient should be immediately carried off to the asylum, furnished with pens, ink, and paper, a copy of Bacon's works, one of the Shakespeare plays, and one of Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's Concordance (and that good lady is largely responsible for the development of this harmless mental disease, and other "fads" called Shakespearean); and the literary results, which would be copious, should be received for publication with deferential respect, and then — committed to the flames. In this way the innocent victims of the malady might be soothed and tranquillized, and the world protected against the debilitating influence of tomes of tedious twaddle.

As to treating the question seriously, that is not to be done by men of common sense and moderate knowledge of the subject. Even the present not very serious, or, I fear, sufficiently considerate, examination of it (to which I was not very ready, as the editor of the Atlantic will bear witness) provokes me to say almost with Henry Percy's words, that I could divide myself and go to buffets for being moved by such a dish of skimmed milk to so honorable an action. It is as certain that William Shakespeare wrote (after the theatrical fashion and under the theatrical conditions of his day) the plays which bear his name as it is that Francis Bacon wrote the Novum Organum, the Advancement of Learning, and the Essays. The notion that Bacon also wrote Titus Andronicus, The Comedy of Errors, Hamlet, King Lear, and Othello is not worth five minutes' serious consideration by any reasonable creature.

Richard Grant White.

BIRD-SONGS.

Why do birds sing? Has their music a meaning, or is it all a thing of blind impulse? Some bright morning in March, as you go out-of-doors, you are greeted by the notes of the first robin. Perched in a leafless tree, there he sits, facing the sun like a genuine fire-worshiper, and singing as though he would pour out his very soul. What is he thinking about? What spirit possesses him?

It is easy to ask questions until the simplest matter comes to seem, what at bottom it really is, a thing altogether mysterious; but if our robin could understand us, he would, likely enough, reply: —

"Why do you talk in this way, as if it were something requiring explanation that a bird should sing? You seem to have forgotten that everybody sings, or almost everybody. Think of the insects, the bees and the crickets and the locusts, to say nothing of your intimate friends, the mosquitoes! Think, too, of the frogs, and the hylas, and the salamanders! If these cold-blooded, low-lived creatures, after sleeping all winter in the mud,[1] are free to make so much use of their voices, surely a bird of the air may sing his unobtrusive song without being cross-examined concerning the purpose of it. Why do the mice sing, and the monkeys, and the bats? Why do you sing, yourself?"

This matter-of-fact Darwinism need not frighten us. It will do us no harm to remember, now and then, "the hole of the pit whence we were digged;" and besides, as far as any relationship between us and the birds is concerned, it is doubtful whether we are the ones to complain.

But avoiding "genealogies and contentions," and taking up the question with which we began, we may safely say that birds sing, sometimes to gratify an innate love for sweet sounds; sometimes to win a mate, or to tell their love to a mate already won; sometimes as practice, with a view to self-improvement; and sometimes for no better reason than the poet's, — "I do but sing because I must." In general, they sing for joy; and their joy, of course, has various causes.

For one thing, they are very sensitive to the weather. With them, as with us, sunlight and a genial warmth go to produce serenity. A bright summer-like day, late in October, or even in November, will set the smaller birds to singing, and the grouse to drumming. I heard a robin venturing a little song on the 25th of last December; but that, for aught I know, was a Christmas carol. No matter what the season, you will not hear a great deal of bird music during a high wind; and if you are caught in the woods by a sudden shower in May or June, and are not too much taken up with thoughts of your own condition, you will hardly fail to notice the instant silence which falls upon the woods with the rain. Birds, however, are more or less inconsistent (that is a part of their likeness to us), and sometimes they will sing most freely when the sky is overcast.

But their highest joys are by no means dependent upon the moods of the weather. A comfortable state of mind is not to be contemned, but beings who are capable of deep and passionate affection recognize a difference between comfort and ecstasy. And the peculiar

[1] There is no Historic-Genealogical Society among the birds, and the robin is not aware that his own remote ancestors were reptiles. If he were, he would hardly speak so disrespectfully of these batrachians.

glory of birds is just here, in the all-consuming fervor of their love. It would be commonplace to call them models of conjugal and parental faithfulness. With a few exceptions (and these, it is a pleasure to add, not singers), the very least of them is literally faithful unto death. Here and there, in the notes of some collector, we read of the difficulty he has had in securing a coveted specimen: the tiny creature, whose mate had been already "collected," would persist in hovering so closely about the invader's head that it was hard to shoot him without spoiling him for the cabinet by blowing him to pieces!

Need there be any mystery about the singing of such a lover? Is it strange that sometimes he is so enraptured that he can no longer sit tamely on the branch, but must dart into the air, and go circling round and round, singing as he flies?

So far as song is the voice of emotion, it must vary with the emotion; and every one who has ears must have heard once in a while a song of quite unusual fervor. I have seen a least fly-catcher who was almost beside himself; flying in a circle, and repeating breathlessly his emphatic *chebec*. And once I found a wood pewee in a somewhat similar mood. He was more quiet than the least fly-catcher, although he too sang on the wing, but I have never heard notes which seemed more expressive of happiness. Many of them were quite new and strange, although the familiar *pewee* was introduced among the rest. As I listened, I felt it to be an occasion for thankfulness that the delighted creature had never studied anatomy, and did not know that the structure of his throat made it improper for him to sing. In this connection, also, I recall a cardinal grosbeak, whom I heard several years ago, on the bank of the Potomac River. An old soldier and I were visiting the Great Falls, and as we were clambering over the rocks this grosbeak began to sing; and soon, without any hint from me, and without knowing who the invisible musician was, my companion remarked upon the uncommon beauty of the song. The cardinal is always a great singer, having a voice which, as European writers say, is almost equal to the nightingale's; but in this case the more stirring, martial quality of the strain had given place to an exquisite mellowness, as if it were, what I have no doubt it was, a song of love.

Every kind of bird has notes of its own, so that a thoroughly practiced ear would be able to discriminate the different species with nearly as much certainty as Professor Baird would feel after an examination of the anatomy and plumage. Still this strong specific resemblance is far from being a dead uniformity. Aside from the fact, already mentioned, that the characteristic strain is sometimes given with extraordinary sweetness and emphasis, there are often to be detected variations of a more formal character. This is noticeably true of robins. It may almost be said that no two of them sing alike; while now and then their vagaries are conspicuous enough to attract general attention. One who was my neighbor last year interjected into his song a series of four or five most exact imitations of the peep of a chicken. When I first heard this performance, I was in company with two friends, both of whom noticed and laughed at it; and some days afterwards I visited the spot again, and found the bird still rehearsing the ridiculous medley. I conjectured that he had been brought up near a hen-coop, and, moreover, had been so unfortunate as to lose his father before his notes had become thoroughly fixed; and then, being compelled to finish his musical education by himself, had taken a fancy to practice these chicken calls. This guess may not have been correct. All I can affirm is that he sang exactly as he might have

been expected to do, on that supposition; but certainly the resemblance seemed too close to be accidental.

The variations of the wood thrush are fully as striking as those of the robin, and sometimes it is impossible not to feel that the artist is making a deliberate effort to do something out of the ordinary course, something better than he has ever done before. Now and then he prefaces his proper song with many disconnected, extremely *staccato* notes, following each other at very distant and unexpected intervals of pitch. It is this, I conclude, which is meant by some writer (who it is I cannot now remember) who criticises the wood thrush for spending too much time in tuning his instrument. But the fault is the critic's, I think; to my ear these preliminaries sound rather like the recitative which goes before the grand *aria*.

Still another singer who delights to take liberties with his score is the towhee bunting, or chewink. Indeed, he carries the matter so far that sometimes it seems almost as if he suspected the proximity of some self-conceited ornithologist, and were determined, if possible, to make a fool of him. And for my part, being neither self-conceited nor an ornithologist, I am willing to confess that I have once or twice been so badly deceived that now the mere sight of this *Pipilo* is, so to speak, a means of grace to me.

One more of these innovators (these heretics, as they are most likely called by their more conservative brethren) is the field sparrow, better known as *Spizella pusilla*. His usual song consists of a simple line of notes, beginning leisurely, but growing shorter and more rapid to the close. The voice is so smooth and sweet, and the acceleration so well managed, that, although the whole is commonly a strict monotone, the effect is not in the least monotonous. This song I once heard rendered in reverse order, and the result was so strange that I did not suspect the identity of the singer till I had crept up within sight of him. Another individual of the species, who has passed the last two seasons in my neighborhood, sings the song double; going through it in the usual way, and then, just as you expect him to conclude, catching it up again, *Da capo*.

But birds like these are quite outdone by such species as the song sparrow, the white-eyed vireo, and the Western meadow lark, — species of which we may say that each individual bird has a whole repertory of songs at his command. The song sparrow, who is the best known of the three, will sing one melody perhaps a dozen times, then change it for a second, and in turn leave that for a third; as if he were singing hymns of twelve or fifteen stanzas each, and sang each hymn to its appropriate tune. It is something well worth listening to, common though it is, and may easily suggest a number of questions about the origin and the meaning of bird music.

The white-eyed vireo is a singer of astonishing spirit, and his sudden changes from one theme to another are sometimes almost startling. He is a skillful ventriloquist, also, and I remember one in particular who outwitted me completely. He was singing a well-known strain, but at the end there came up from the bushes underneath a querulous call. At first I took it for granted that some other bird was in the underbrush; but the note was repeated too many times, and came in too exactly on the beat.

I have no personal acquaintance with the Western meadow-lark, but no less than twenty-six of his songs have been printed in musical notation, and these are said to be by no means all.[1]

Others of our birds have similar gifts, though no others, so far as I know, are

[1] Mr. C. N. Allen, in Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, July, 1881.

quite so versatile as these three. Several of the warblers, for example, have attained to more than one set song, notwithstanding the deservedly small reputation of this misnamed family. I have myself heard the golden-crowned thrush, the black-throated green warbler, the black-throated blue, the yellow-rumped, and the chestnut-sided, sing two melodies each, while the blue golden-winged has at least three; and this, of course, without making anything of slight variations such as all birds are more or less accustomed to indulge in. The best of the three songs of the blue golden-wing I have never heard except on one occasion, but then it was repeated for half an hour under my very eyes. It bore no resemblance to the common *dsee, dsee, dsee*, of the species, and would appear to be seldom used; for not only have I never heard it since, but none of the writers seem ever to have heard it at all. However, I still keep a careful description of it, which I took down on the spot, and which I expect some future golden-wing to verify.

But the most celebrated of the warblers in this regard is the golden-crowned thrush, otherwise called the oven-bird and the wood-wagtail. His ordinary effort is one of the noisiest, least melodious, and most incessant sounds to be heard in our woods. His *song* is another matter. For that he takes to the air (usually starting from a tree-top, although I have seen him rise from the ground), whence, after a preliminary *chip, chip*, he lets fall a sudden flood of notes, in the midst of which can usually be distinguished his familiar *weechee, weechee, weechee*. It is nothing wonderful that he should sing on the wing, — many other birds do the same, and very much better than he; but he is singular in that he strictly reserves his aerial music for late in the afternoon. I have heard it as early as three o'clock, but never before that, and it is most common about sunset. Writers speak of it as limited to the season of courtship, but I have heard it almost daily till near the end of July. But who taught the little creature to do this, — to sing one song in the forenoon perched upon a twig, and to keep another for afternoon, singing that invariably on the wing? and what difference is there between the two in the mind of the singer?

It is an indiscretion ever to say of a bird that he has only such and such notes. You may have been his friend for years, but the next time you go into the woods he will likely enough put you to shame by singing something not even hinted at in your description. I thought I knew the song of the yellow-rumped warbler, having listened to it many times, — a slight, characterless thing, sharp and unmusical. But coming down Mount Willard one day in June, I heard a warbler's song which brought me to a sudden halt. It was new and beautiful, — more beautiful, it seemed at the moment, than any warbler's song I had ever heard. What could it be? A little patient waiting (while the black-flies and mosquitoes "came upon me to eat up my flesh"), and the singer appeared in full view, — my old acquaintance, the yellow-rumped warbler.

With all this strong tendency on the part of birds to vary their music, how is it that there is still such a degree of uniformity, so that, as we have said, every species may be recognized by its notes? Why does every red-eyed vireo sing in one way, and every white-eyed vireo in another? Who teaches the young chipper to trill, and the young linnet to warble? In short, how do birds come by their music? Is it all a matter of instinct, inherited habit, or do they learn it? The answer seems to be that birds sing as children talk, by simple imitation. Nobody imagines that the infant is born with a language printed upon his brain. The father and mother may never have known a word of any

tongue except the English, but if the child is brought up to hear only Chinese, he will infallibly speak that, and nothing else. And careful experiments have shown that the same is true of birds.[1] Taken from the nest just after they leave the shell, they invariably sing, not their own so-called natural song, but the song of their foster-parents; provided, of course, that this is not anything beyond their physical capacity. The notorious house sparrow (our "English" sparrow), in his wild or semi-domesticated state, never makes a musical sound; but if he is taken in hand early enough, he may be taught to sing, so it is said, nearly as well as the canary. Bechstein relates that a Paris clergyman had two of these sparrows whom he had trained to speak, and, among other things, to recite several of the shorter commandments; and the narrative goes on to say that it was sometimes very comical, when the pair were disputing over their food, to hear one gravely admonish the other, "Thou shalt not steal!" It would be interesting to know why creatures thus gifted do not sing of their own motion. With their amiability and sweet peaceableness they ought to be caroling the whole year round.

This question of the transmission of songs from one generation to another is, of course, a part of the general subject of animal intelligence, a subject much discussed in these days on account of its bearing upon the modern doctrine concerning the relation of man to the inferior orders.

We have nothing to do with such a theme, but it may not be out of place to suggest to preachers and moralists that here is a striking and unhackneyed illustration of the force of early training. Birds sing by imitation, it is true, but as a rule they imitate only the notes which they hear during the first few weeks after they are hatched. One of Mr. Barrington's linnets, for example, after being educated under a titlark, was put into a room with two birds of his own species, where he heard them sing freely every day for three months. He made no attempt to learn anything from them, however, but kept on singing what the titlark had taught him, quite unconscious of anything singular or unpatriotic in such a course. This law, that impressions received during the immaturity of the powers become the unalterable habit of the after life, is perhaps the most momentous of all the laws in whose power we find ourselves. Sometimes we are tempted to call it cruel. But, if it were annulled, this would be a strange world. What a hurly-burly we should have among the birds! There would be no more telling them by their notes. Thrushes and jays, wrens and chickadees, finches and warblers, all would be singing one grand medley.

Between these two opposing tendencies, one urging to variation, the other to permanence (for Nature herself is half radical, half conservative), the language of birds has grown from rude beginnings to its present beautiful diversity; and whoever lives a century of millenniums hence will listen to music such as we in this day can only dream of. Inappreciably but ceaselessly the work goes on. Here and there is born a master-singer, a feathered genius, and every generation makes its own addition to the glorious inheritance.

It may be doubted whether there is any real connection between moral character and the possession of wings. Nevertheless there has long been a popular feeling that some such congruity does exist; and certainly it seems reasonable to expect that creatures who are able to soar at will into the heavens should also have other angelic attributes. But, be that as it may, our friends, the birds, are undeniably a good example for us in several respects. To mention only

[1] See the paper of Daines Barrington in Philosophical Transactions for 1773; also, Darwin's Descent of Man, and Wallace's Natural Selection.

one, how delightful is their observance of morning and evening song! In spite of their industrious spirit (and few of us work more hours daily), neither their first nor their last thoughts are given to the question, What shall we eat, and what shall we drink? Possibly their habit of saluting the rising and setting sun may be thought to favor the theory that the worship of the god of day was the original religion. I know nothing about that. But it would be a sad change if the birds, declining from their present beautiful custom, were to sleep and work, work and sleep, with no holy hour between, as is too much the case with the being who, according to his own pharisaic notion, is the only religious animal.

In the season, however, the woods are by no means silent, even at noonday. Many species (such as the vireos and warblers, who get their living amid the foliage of trees) sing as they work; while the thrushes and others, who keep business and pleasure more distinct, are often too happy to go many hours together without a hymn. I have even seen robins singing without quitting the turf; but that is unusual, for somehow birds have come to feel that they must get away from the ground when the lyrical mood is upon them. This may be a thing of sentiment (for is not language full of uncomplimentary allusions to earth and earthliness?), but more likely it is prudential. The gift of song is no doubt a dangerous blessing to creatures who have so many enemies, and we can readily believe that they have found themselves safer to be up where they can look about them while they are thus publishing their whereabouts.

A very interesting exception to this rule is the Savannah sparrow, who sings habitually from the ground. But even he shares the common feeling, and stretches himself to his full height with an earnestness which is almost laughable, in view of the result; for his notes are hardly louder than a cricket's chirp. Probably he has fallen into this lowly habit from living in meadows and salt marshes, where bushes and trees are not readily to be come at; and it is worth noticing that, in the case of the skylark and the white-winged blackbird, the same conditions have led to a result precisely opposite. The sparrow, we may presume, was originally of a humble disposition, and when nothing better offered itself for a singing-perch easily grew accustomed to standing upon a stone or a little lump of earth; and this practice, long persisted in, naturally had the effect to lessen the loudness of his voice. The skylark, on the other hand, when he did not readily find a tree-top, said to himself, "Never mind! I have a pair of wings." And so the lark is famous, while the sparrow remains unheard-of, and is even mistaken for a grasshopper.

How true it is that the very things which dishearten one nature and break it down, only help another to find out what it was made for! If you would foretell the development, either of a bird or of a man, it is not enough to know his environment, you must also know what there is in him.

We have possibly made too much of the Savannah sparrow's innocent eccentricity. He fills his place, and fills it well; and who knows but that he may yet outshine the skylark? There is a promise, I believe, for those who humble themselves. But what shall we say of birds that do not even try to sing, and that, although they have all the structural peculiarities of singing birds, and must, almost certainly, have come from ancestors who were singers? We have already mentioned the house sparrow, whose defect is the more mysterious on account of his belonging to so highly musical a family. But *he* was never accused of not being noisy enough, while we have one bird who, though he is ranked with the oscines, passes his

life in almost unbroken silence. Of course I refer to the waxwing, or cedar-bird, whose faint, sibilant whisper can hardly be thought to contradict the foregoing description. By what strange freak he has lapsed into this ghostly habit, nobody knows. I make no account of the insinuation that he gave up music because it hindered his success in cherry-stealing. He likes cherries, it is true; and who can blame him? But he would need to work hard to steal more than does that indefatigable singer, the robin. I feel sure he has some better reason than this for his Quakerish conduct. But, however he came by his stillness, it is likely that by this time he plumes himself upon it. Silence is golden, he thinks the supreme result of the highest æsthetic culture. Those loud creatures, the thrushes and finches! What a vulgar set they are, to be sure, the more 's the pity! Certainly if he does not reason in some such way, bird nature is not so human as we have given it credit for being. Besides, the waxwing has an uncommon appreciation of the decorous; at least, we must think so if we are able to credit a story of Nuttall's. He declares that a Boston gentleman, whose name he gives, saw one of a company of these birds capture an insect, and offer it to his neighbor; he, however, delicately declined the dainty bit, and it was offered to the next, who, in turn, was equally polite; and the morsel actually passed back and forth along the line, till, finally, one of the company was persuaded to eat it. I have never seen anything equal to this; but one day, happening to stop under a low cedar, I discovered right over my head a waxwing's nest with the mother-bird sitting upon it, while her mate was perched beside her on the branch. He was hardly out of my reach, but he did not move a muscle; and although he uttered no sound, his behavior said as plainly as possible, "What do you expect to do *here*? Don't you see *I* am standing guard over this nest?" I should be ashamed not to be able to add that I respected his dignity and courage, and left him and his castle unmolested.

Observations so discursive as these can hardly be finished; they must break off abruptly, or else go on forever. Let us conclude, then, with expressing our hope that the cedar-bird, already so handsome and chivalrous, will yet take to himself a song; one sweet and original, worthy to go with his soft satin coat, his ornaments of sealing-wax, and his magnificent top-knot. Let him do that, and he shall always be made welcome; yes, even though he come in force and in cherry-time.

Bradford Torrey.

UNLOVED.

PALER than the water's white
Stood the maiden in the shade,
And more silent than the night
Were her lips together laid;

Eyes she hid so long and still
By lids wet with unshed tears,
Hands she loosely clasped at will,
Though her heart was full of fears. . . .

Never, never, never more
May her soul with joy be moved;
Silent, silent, silent — for
He was silent whom she loved!

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

STAGE BUFFOONS.

SCHLEGEL has remarked that every stage has had its merryman or jester. Man, being the animal who laughs and weeps, has required, in every country in which the drama has been developed, that this form of entertainment should offset the tears. Perhaps it was because there was so much weeping that the clown became indispensable to the *dramatis personæ*. In general characteristics he has been the same everywhere, but in smaller topical details he has changed according to his country. The inquiry as to the nature of histrionic buffoons is more interesting than the world, to judge by its literature on the subject, has ever imagined. To know a man by his companions is a very feeble indication of character. "Tell me what thou laughest at," is far more searching. The inexplicable laughter of Ashmodai, or Asmodeus, before the Rabbis is the most dramatically unearthly touch in all the Talmud. The laughter of women at witless remarks, like that of a negro beholding Niagara, or of a Spaniard at seeing a horse disemboweled, suggests that the ideal jesters of each of these types of mankind would be strangely different.

The contrast between Indian and Greek thought is nowhere more forcibly marked than in the conceptions of the dramatic merryman evolved by these two great branches of the Aryan race. In the Hindu theatre, in some particulars singularly like the English, the rôle of jester is given to a Brahman. He who by right of caste is entitled to religious respect is on the stage made ridiculous. The Vidushaka, as he is called, is the companion and friend of the hero of the play, whom he loves with the devotion of a Sancho Panza. He is not quite like the clown of any other theatre, but combines the peculiarities of the Greek parasite and the Italian Pantaleone with a clerical piety all his own, and an incomparable greediness. If Queen Mary thought the word *Calais* would be engraved on her heart, because of the foremost place it occupied in her thoughts, by the same rule the word *Food* would be stamped in large letters on that of the Vidushaka; that is, if his stomach leaves him room for one. His insatiable appetite unfits him for any higher or even lower emotions. Much of the humor peculiar to jesters in all ages and countries has depended upon their grotesque appearance.

If the Greek gods, as represented by Homer, could laugh at Vulcan because he was lame, it is not surprising that mortals have felt justified in making merry over the physical deformities of their fellow-men, until noses large out of all proportion and crooked backs have become badges of buffoonery. But the grotesqueness of the Vidushaka's exterior is usually caused by his costume, and not by any natural unsightliness; perhaps because to the Hindus bodily malformation is so associated with the idea of divinity that it seems beautiful. Another source of amusement to the majority of men is the

sight of physical suffering. The pleasure Romans found in the combats of gladiators, that Spaniards derive from their bull-fights and English and Americans from prize-fights, is given in a lesser degree by the rude practical jokes and the tumblings and writhings of buffoons. As a rule, it makes very little difference who gets the beating. But it is natural that the Hindu jester should be always the victim of the joke, since for a Brahman to chastise another man would never have been remarkable. This has happened only too often in real life. Yet to see a Brahman fooled and ill treated must always have been honey and nectar to proud Vaisyas and poor crushed Sudras; their delight, no doubt, being enhanced when, as in the play of Ratnavali, or The Necklace, the attack was made by women.

There was no special jester in the old Greek comedy, where all were comic, and where the principal jesting consisted in personal satire. But the law finally forbade the dramatist to satirize any one by name, and after the time of Aristophanes comedy acquired a form more familiar to moderns. The new dramatists, instead of confining themselves to the mythological world, borrowed characters from human life, and presented them in every-day situations. In the end, they contented themselves with a certain number of dramatis personæ, whose individual line of action never varied, the only change being the manner in which they were grouped together. The slave of the new comedy was the real buffoon, though the part played by the parasite was farcical enough. The facetiousness of the slave was not particularly brilliant. Attic wit in his case, seems to have consisted in a comic mask and garments of corresponding exaggeration. In addition to looking ridiculous, his duty was to tease, torment, and deal out blows. If, as Athenæus tells us, the Tyrrhenians flogged people to the sound of the lute, the Greek jester acted to the accompaniment of flogging. Sometimes he was a simpleton and coward; at others, a rogue and a braggart. Occasionally the Pantaloon or scapegoat of the farce was represented by a Scythian, who to the Greeks and Romans was a delightful subject for laughing-stock. He was their Irishman or Dutchman, and they enjoyed his broken Greek or Scyth-pidgin. It is a curious fact that Lodge, the old English dramatist, makes the clown in one of his plays talk broken French, to add to the comic effect.

The Greeks, who loved life, aimed at making it as beautiful and harmonious as possible. Therefore, when popular taste called for a buffoon, the part was assigned to a slave, who, as the meanest member of society, properly ministered to the lower emotions. All the harmony of social life would have been destroyed had those whom the people respected become typical of licentiousness or stupidity. But in India the Brahmans, who teach life to be a delusion and activity a snare, are, through their superiority of caste, heirs to by far the greatest share of those earthly pleasures which they pronounce unreal. The falseness of their position has apparently never struck them, and their simplicity, born of too great sensuality, has fitted them to the rôle of Vidushaka, or priestly jester. In a life where nothing is real, he who is most deceived by the illusion is the greatest fool. This is the lesson taught by the pious clown of the Hindu theatre. In one country Lilliputians laughed at a captured Gulliver; in the other it was the giant who was amused by the pigmies. Both these countries have had additional buffoons or mountebanks, not unlike the jugglers and tumblers still to be seen at our country fairs. In Greece the Magodos was a great favorite with the people. He did not belong to the regular theatre, though his performances, as Aristoxenus said, were like comedy. He traveled alone up and

down the land, capering like a Satyr and joking like a Momus, and was most glorious during the Lenæan festival, when, seated on a wagon, "he sang low songs to drums and cymbals loud, and jested with the idle passers-by." In India the Bhanrs, who correspond to the Magodi, are even to-day popular jesters. Then there is another buffoon, who appears only in the pantomimes, or Gatras, the Hindu "Mysteries" which illustrate the adventures of Krishna. Among the Bengalese, during these representations, two characters, called respectively Narada and Vasyadeva, go through a series of tricks interspersed with songs and dances, very much in the manner of some of our Western burlesque actors. In fact, Krishna himself is a very jovial jester, as befits the god of genial pleasure.

Latin comedy was derived from the Greek, and Plautus and Terence were direct imitators of Hellenic comedians. But Italy had her own jesters. The Romans borrowed the famous Atellanæ Fabulæ from the Oscans, the aboriginal inhabitants of Italy. They were rude, improvised dialogues, with no object but burlesquing and lively satire of popular vices and follies. Born before Roman civilization, they have survived to our times. Even their gestures, which form a very copious sign language, appearing on thousands of Etrusco-Greek vases, are all preserved at the present day in Naples, as is shown by the canon Andrea de Joris.[1] One might almost rewrite their farces from these hand hieroglyphs. Maccus, Bucco, and Pappus were the most famous, and their antics and jests were always welcomed as a cheerful relief, after the gloom attendant upon the performance of a tragedy. Their costumes answered the purpose of the Prologue in Bottom's play of Pyramus and Thisbe, since they announced the part each was to enact. These jesters were at once recognized by the audience, just as Punch and Harlequin are to-day: the one by his large nose and hump; the other, by his party-colored dress, his wand, and his mask. Maccus was always the hero, though all were equally buffoons. He was insolent, vulgar, and witty, with a little of the comic ferocity of his successor, Pulcinello. He was represented with bald head, enormous ears, and nose of the Jewish type, and was doubly hump-backed. His ugliness was keenly enjoyed by a race of warriors like the Romans, who necessarily prided themselves upon straight limbs and fine physiques. He wore a tunic and slippers, and at each corner of his mouth were small silver coins. His malicious nature, gross as his face, led him into adventures in which he was not always successful. Bucco was a glutton, boaster, and bare-faced liar, who would have cheerfully committed any felony or folly for the sake of a good supper. Pappus was a jealous, avaricious old man, defiant and credulous. He was the original, probably, of Tartaglia and Pantaleone. Besides these, there were Dossemus, a pompous pedant, like the later Italian Dottoce; Manducus, a frightful ogre, who opened his mouth and showed all his teeth, as if he would like nothing better than to swallow the whole world; and Lamia, an ogress, whose pleasant duty was to devour little children. Some archæologists have disputed as to the origin of Maccus. They argue, from the Jewish cast of features in those representations of him which have been preserved, that the Hebrews had carried into their Egyptian captivity little puppets or dolls, which were their children's playthings, and which their captors appropriated. From Egypt these could easily have passed into Greece or Italy, and this possibly was the case. There were

[1] In La Mimica degli Antichi investigata nel Gestire Napoletano, Naples, 1832. For a reproduction in English of all that is important in this work, with much additional matter of interest, vide Sign Language among North American Indians, by Lieutenant-Colonel Garrick Mallery, U. S. A., Washington, 1881.

one or two points of resemblance between the Egyptian and the Greek and Roman buffoons. The fox's tail was one of their most characteristic emblems, as indeed it was of jesters throughout the East. Reynard had early become a type of cunning, and he entered largely into ancient symbolization. His tail was the insignia of jesting; and to this day the licentious buffoons who accompany the Ghawazi into Egypt either carry in their hands or fasten to their nether garments this badge of the profession. The Mimes and Sannios of Rome, who could be hired to contribute entertainment at public festivals or at private banquets, must be mentioned in any account of histrionic clowns. From the former descended the jesters, who, during the early ages of Christianity, penetrated into almost every European country, and kept alive the old buffooneries, until these were again given a place in the drama; while the latter is the original of Harlequin, who in some parts of Italy, as in England, is still known as Zani. The Sannio wore a particularly grotesque mask, the mouth of which was not unlike that of the gargoyles on mediæval cathedrals. He carried the wand, without which the ancient jester would have been as incomplete as a bishop without his crosier.

"The people will amuse themselves," D'Israeli says, in his Curiosities of Literature, "though their masters may be conquered; and tradition has never proved more faithful than in preserving popular sports." Even after the new civilization had destroyed the pagan theatre, and while the new drama was not yet formed, the Atellani continued their performances and retained their popularity, and the merryman was everywhere a welcome guest. For though people lived in daily expectation of the end of the world, and religion taught that all earthly pleasures were evils, men could not subdue their desire for laughter. In addition to the fool, who, during the Dark Ages and early mediæval period, occupied such an important post in royal courts, in papal and episcopal palaces, and in squires' halls, there were the wandering jongleurs and minstrels, who united to their song-singing and harp-playing the duties of jugglers and buffoons. At court festivities and at the country fairs, then the great occasions for merry-making, they performed in pantomimes, and often improvised comic dialogues. The church and her clergy inveighed against them, but monks and nuns, even the professors of asceticism, received them with open arms. So great was the monastic attachment to these emissaries of Satan that the brethren of an English convent once thrust from their gates two poor mendicant friars, who at first sight had been mistaken for minstrel mountebanks. Indeed, it was to wean the affection of the people from such worldly entertainments that the Mysteries were made ludicrously lively. This end was so successfully attained that markets and mysteries became terms for pleasure, and the same amount of amusement was derived from Playes of Miracles and Marriages.

In the Mysteries we have the beginning of the modern drama, and in them Satan, a queer combination of Ahriman, Loki, and Pan, as jester outrivaled the buffoons of market fairs. The jolly horned and cloven-footed satyr-demon, who grinned from gray cathedral walls and jested in legend and romance, became the Merry-Andrew of the stage. The German proverb, *Der Teufel ist Gott's Affe* (the devil is God's ape), was thus verified. Just as the Hindu loves to ridicule the Brahman, who is his master, so the European, in the ages of faith, amused himself at the expense of Satan, his greatest enemy. Jean Paul has said that it is only when men firmly believe in their religion that they can ridicule it. It was when Satan was most feared that he was most travestied

and caricatured. A queer proof of this lies in the fact that to-day, while the comic demon is omitted from the Passion Play at Oberammergau, he is still retained in the same representation in Spain, which is the most truly devout of all Catholic countries. The devil, as jester, was so popular that sometimes, as in a German Mystery of the fifteenth century, eight were introduced into one performance. Hans Sachs, in his sacred plays, still retained him as chief jester. There is a bill of a painter, who was employed at the playhouse in the Dutch town of Alkmaar, which testifies to the importance of this character: —

Imprimis, made for the clerks a hell.

Item, the pavilion of Satan.

Item, two pairs of devil's breeches.

Item, a shield for the Christian knight.

Item, have painted the devils whenever they played.

Item, some arrows and other small matters.

Even after the clown took his place on the English stage, there seem to have been regrets for the old favorite. Ben Jonson, who gives such life-like pictures of the people and customs of his times, makes one of his characters exclaim, "My husband, Timothy Tattle, — God rest his poor soul! — was wont to say, there was no play without a fool and a devil in 't; he was for the devil still, God bless him! The devil for his money, would he say. I would fain see the devil." The thrashing of one demon by another was considered irresistibly laughable. Gross ribaldry was often introduced into the rôle, and scurrilous indecencies were indulged in, even in connection with the Crucifixion. The mere mention of sin or the flames of hell made the demon-jesters "readie to burste with laughter." In an English Mystery, a devil tells us the *ne plus ultra* of a joke, that

> "Soules cam so thyk now late unto helle,
> As ever
> Our porter at Helle gate
> So halden [held] so strate [strict],
> Up erly and downe late,
> He rystys [rests] never."

Occasionally, some other character was introduced as buffoon, as, for example, the jester of King Herod's court, in the Massacre of the Innocents; but the devil was always the favorite.

In the Moralities his part fell to Vice, who carried a wooden sword instead of a wand, and who, says Ben Jonson,

> "in the fit
> Of mimicry gets th' opinion of a wit."

In the oldest Moralities Satan still appeared, and was teased and badgered by evil, as it was only just he should be, after his long reign as chief tormentor and distributer of blows. This was probably the origin of Punch, in the puppet show, making off with the devil. The custom of associating jollity and laughter with Satan led to extraordinary results. Misery and sin were joined in a grotesque, but to us repulsive, fellowship with mirth, and finally even death was allied with folly. It was as if rank poisons and healthy fruits, growing side by side, had become so intertwisted as to be inseparable. In dances, satires, and pictures, Death, as the symbol of drollery, was a favorite jest or jester. Men and women in skeleton masks danced in the very graveyards, while their painted and embroidered representations adorned the walls of churches and castles. This famous *Danse Macabre* culminated in Holbein's Dance of Death, which is an expressive witness of the unnatural extremes to which morbid fancies, under the cloak of religion, can be carried.

Mysteries and Moralities gradually degenerated into coarse burlesques of Scripture. Under the influence of the Reformation and the Renaissance, the people pronounced them stupid and in bad taste, and the clergy condemned them as immoral and irreverent. Thus attacked on all sides, they and their devil and death buffoons perished before the advance of the new culture. With

the modern revival of the drama usage at first required a merryman of the stage. The mediæval spirit of grotesque and child-like mirth grew doubly strong immediately before its disappearance. In proportion as the public became more refined the folly of professional jesters seemed to grow coarser, and the pleasure of the people in it greater. In England the clown continued to be so popular that he was the principal personage in every sport and amusement. It was the fashion, among all who could pay for it, to keep a private jester, who, says Lodge, in his Wit's Miserie, "laughes intemperately at every little occasion, and dances about the house, leaps over tables, outskips men's heads, trips up his companion's heeles, burns sack with a candle and hath all the feats of a lord of misrule in the countrie." So it followed that liveliness, superior or at least equal to that he had at home, should be required at seasons and places of public merry-making. No court pageant was complete without a clown. He danced in the morris, capered around the Maypole, played in the pantomime of country fairs, and every great holiday was the signal for him to don the motley coat. "There 's nothing in a play like to a clown," was the then prevailing opinion. In France, the Enfans Sans Soucis, with their *sottises*, drove the Confrérie de la Passion and the Clercs de Bezoche from the dramatic boards. Tabarin, with wit of coarseness far beyond that of Rabelais, collected crowds around the stand of the charlatan Monor, the seller of a wonderful balm, while the theatres were deserted. "All amusement has disappeared since Tabarin departed from us," the Parisians declared, when this *farceur*, to whom Molière is said to have owed many of his best points, left the city.[1] Cardinal Richelieu laughed immoderately over a farce played by Gros-Guillaume, Gautier-Garguille, and Turlupin, in which the first named, a very Daniel Lambert in size, was dressed up like an old woman. His eminence was so pleased with the talents of these three friends that he enrolled them with the regular comedians of the theatre. Actors and audiences have never given themselves up to such intemperate raillery and such foul jokes as they did at the Hôtel Bourgogne, in Paris, at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

It was not only natural, but imperative, that a character so keenly appreciated by all classes as the buffoon should be assigned a place in the new drama. In Spain, the rôle fell upon the Gracioso, a facetious and familiar servant. It was his special function to swear in a manner that would have satisfied Panurge, in his wrath against Tronillogan; and the drollery of his oaths was increased for the devout Spaniard by the fact that every saint in the calendar, as well as many out of it, was called upon. In England, the jester appeared in tragedy as well as in comedy, and the part was given to a professional fool or to a clownish servant. But already in Shakespeare's time we find the privileges of this character, which at first had "as large a charter as the wind," more and more restricted. "Let those that play your clowns," Hamlet says to the play-actors, "speak no more than is set down for them," — which shows that the license originally allowed them was fast losing favor. The giving and taking of blows, and the ridiculous situations, which had constituted much of the fun of the clowns and droll servants in his early plays, were later exchanged for more refined and purer wit. There is a great contrast between the humor of the two Dromios, or of Launce and Speed, and that of Touchstone, or the fool in King Lear. In Germany, the buffoon, though retained in the scriptural dramas which

[1] Vide Les Œuvres de Tabarin et Autres Pièces Tabarinique. Préface et Notes par Georges de Hermonville. Paris. 1858.

succeeded the Mysteries, was not always countenanced. As early as 1585, Duke Albert, of Prussia, forbade by decree the appearance of "stage devils, fools, and other abominable masks," in these performances. In France, tragedy and comedy were separated by a line as distinct as that which divided the aristocracy from the *bourgeois*, and the presence of a jester was permissible only in the latter. Molière, in the Italian style which had become fashionable, relied for success upon the conventional situations in which ridiculous valets, pedants, and braggarts were placed. But even he and his admirers recognized that witty dialogue and keen, satirical humor are truer elements of genuine comedy than burlesque parody. People have not yet ceased to laugh at absurd costumes, monstrous masks, and grotesque posturings, but the laws of modern taste require that these should not be presented on the legitimate stage. The sphere of the real merryman or clown has long been limited to farces, in which all his surroundings are as ridiculous as himself, to pantomimes, and to puppet shows.

Italy was the cradle land of the modern species of jester, quite as truly as she was the home of the papacy. In that country, the old Sannio, or Zany, and the Mimes, who had survived as favorite carnival characters, were, in the fourteenth century, introduced on the comic stage. Like the legendary dragon, which, when one of its heads is cut off, can produce seven to replace it, each buffoon, when restored to something like his old dignity, reappeared with fresh energy in several new varieties. It was a sign of awakening interest in this world and in human life that men who had been wont to laugh their heartiest at the expense of the other world and the things of religion began to hold up for derision the faults and short-comings of their fellow-beings. The name of the Italian jesters is legion. Their masks and costumes, immortalized by the etchings of Callot, were in themselves ridiculous, and the fun peculiar to each was so well known to the spectator that

> "The very peeping out of one of them would have
> Made a young man laugh though his father lay a-dying."

The dialogue was so subordinate to appearance and droll situations that it was often left to the improvisation of the actors. The Italians, with their strong dramatic instinct and powers of improvising, usually made it sprightly enough; but witty conversation never was the important factor it is in real comedy. It would be impossible to enumerate all these buffoons, since each Italian city has had its special types, differing from the others in titles and attributes. But there are a few who have been made specially prominent because the follies they typified were world-wide, and not peculiar to certain cities or provinces. Thus, there was the Dottore, first created to ridicule the doctors of Bologna, but who in main characteristics is brother to all quacks. He always carried a volume of Aristotle in his hand, and from it read passages, which, serious in their actual signification, became farcical through his interpretation. He interspersed his conversation with quotations, delivered in a manner worthy of a Mrs. Malaprop, and was profuse in Latin and Greek phrases of startling construction. Every theatre has had its Capitano Spavento, or Bobadil. On the Italian comic stage it was the Capitano, who, in anticipation of danger, could not be stopped by "a river of blood," but who, when the reality came, turned and fled at the first attack with a garden-squirt. "We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have," says the wise Rochefoucauld, "as by those we affect to have." The absurdity of the Capitano's cowardice was forgotten in the exquisite drollery of his vaunted bravery.

In words he was a Hotspur; in action, a Bob Acres. All the names given to him were indicative of his poltroonery. He was known as Spavento, "horridly frightful;" Spezza-fer, "shiver-spear;" and Spavento de Val Inferno, "terror from the infernal regions." Later, when the Spaniards were in Italy, his titles were Sangre e fuego, "blood and fire," and Matamoro, "Moor-killer." Though the French had their own Capitano in Molière's Sganarelle, who armed himself with a coat of mail, and then explained it to be a protection against possible rain, and who never attacked his enemy until the latter's back was turned, still the Italian jester was borrowed by them. He retained his old name, and was usually known as Le Capitaine Matamore, though this was sometimes changed to Le Capitaine Fracasse. Like the Spanish hero, he wore a large nose, which has been very generally made indicative of cowardice. Underneath his pictures these two lines are always found: —

"Tout m'aime ou tout me craint, soit en paix, soit en guerre,
Je croquerais un prince aussi bien qu'un oignon."

(All love or fear me, in war and in peace, for I would crunch a prince as readily as an onion.)

Tartaglia and Pantaleone were two foolish old dotards, who had not learnt the art of growing old gracefully. The former, who was always represented as very large and fat, was a Neapolitan creation. His peculiarity was an inability to express his ideas in words, which far exceeded that of the household dog or the young Briton, though the powerlessness of expression in these two has been declared to be the most pathetic on record. When speech was granted to Tartaglia, it came in a torrent of inane witticisms and vile jests, which he delivered with an air of great propriety and seriousness. The combination of senility, sensuality, stupidity, cowardice, and obscenity in one rôle seems to have had a demoralizing effect on the actor. As a rule, Tartaglias off the stage have spent much of their time in prison, but no one has thought the worse of them on that account; the reality, bad as it may have been, being infinitely better than the acted part. There are growlings and grumblings to-day about unruly servants; if the Scapin and Scaramouch of the stage are faithful types, our maids and footmen are angels compared to those of earlier ages. To judge by the swarms of comic valets in the old theatres, the only attendants to be had in the good old days of chivalry and romance were, if clever, wicked, and if good so stupid that their goodness availed nothing. When a master was honest, his servants conspired against him; when the former was a rogue, the latter joined in league with him. Scapino, converted by the French into Scapin, was the most celebrated of the roguish crew, and usually waited upon the Dottore, who gave him plentiful opportunities for sly joking. He originally used the dialect of Bergamo, which at one time was proverbial for the number of cheats and knaves among its population. He was witty and cunning, and, if not absolutely a coward, thought discretion the better part of valor, and when in danger relied upon his legs for safety. Liar, pander, and thief, he was as fond of changing his master as his Irish successor is to-day, and his best beloved pastime was laying waste the hearts of susceptible *soubrettes*. Then there was Scaramouch, who, according to his own account, had been a nobleman, but was now reduced by cruel reverses of fortune to menial servitude. More unconscientious than Scapin, he also excelled him in cowardice. Fear paralyzed him, but, while trembling from head to foot, he would maintain a show of valor. "Who 's afraid?" he would cry, when, crouching under chair or table, he tried to evade the blows of Pul-

cinello. "Away with the weak courage of the lamb, I say! Mine is the daring of the wolf!" It was in this character that Tiberio Fiurelli succeeded in making Louis XIII., gravest of all men, laugh. Poor, stupid Pierrot, with his occasional outbreaks of keen, wicked humor, and Brighella, stupidest of all stupid valets, intriguer, and pander, but as brave as the Capitano was cowardly, often disputed the honors with Scapin and Scaramouch. As if these characters were not droll enough, a regular clown was usually added to the dramatis personæ; and it was in filling this part that Salvator Rosa achieved a success of which he was almost as proud as of his fame as painter.

But among all the Italian jesters there are two who have always occupied the foremost rank in the affections of the people, and who have been so thoroughly domesticated all over Europe and America that they seem like natives in lands which have adopted them. Pulcinello and Harlequin are to their fellow-actors what Achilles and Ulysses were to the heroes of the Homeric epics. In Italy, the adventures of Pulcinello are not confined to the performances of puppets; the part is played by men quite as often as by marionettes. On the Neapolitan stage alone there are two: one, stupid and awkward, the victim of every one's mischief; the other, a cheat and a cunning fool, who indulges in practical jokes at the expense of his nearest and dearest associates. In proof of his popularity, D'Israeli tells the story of an Italian gentleman, a scholar and a man of refinement, who, when living in London, so missed the jokes of Pulcinello that at great trouble he had a company of puppets brought from Italy, for his own private delectation. And, adds D'Israeli, the sentiment awakened in him by the tin whistle, though of a different nature, was equal in intensity to the tenderness aroused in the Swiss patriot by the Ranz des Vaches. To account for the English name Punch given to Pulcinello, some scholars contend that it is derived from the Indian-Romany word *panj*, — that is, five, — and that this buffoon was first brought to England by gypsies. Further confirmation of their theory might be found in the fact that this hero's costume is always red and yellow; and, as all versed in gypsy lore know,

> "Blue and pink for the Gorgiee
> But red and yellow for Romany."

Though Punch is never seen off the puppet stage except in Italy, he must be included in the list of modern jesters. In the old times puppets were as popular as living actors, and their *répertoire* was not as restricted as it is now. Legend hath it that it was from a puppet performance of Faust that Goethe first derived the idea of writing his play. Dr. Johnson saw no reason why marionettes should not perform Macbeth; and indeed Henry Rowe, better known as the "York Trumpeter," had his own version of that tragedy arranged for his troop of puppets. Punch at first appeared indiscriminately in any play, even in those of a scriptural character. One of his most famous jokes, at one time, was his remark to Noah, in the puppet version of the Flood, when the patriarch was safely housed in the ark: "Hazy weather, Master Noah!" The truth is, the plot has ever been of little account,

> "Provided Punch — for there 's the jest —
> Be soundly maul'd and plague the rest."

Every one is familiar with the modern hero of the puppet stage, who beats his dog, kills Scaramouch, murders his child because it cries, slays poor faithful Judy, who commits the crime of asking for her offspring, hangs Jack Ketch, and, as a last stroke of diplomacy, puts an end to the devil himself, after which he sagely remarks he has nothing more to fear. He is gayly mischievous or stolidly brutal, according to the nationality and temperament of his showman.

A French paper, some years since, feelingly commented upon the great brutality of the English Punch, when compared with the more polished villainy of the French Polichinelle, or Guignol. The writer of the article concluded by declaring that the wickedness of the former could not possibly be represented in France, as it would make all the dear little French children faint in their nurses' arms! Of the comparative indecency of Guignol and Punch, who is, if murderous, at least "moral," he says nothing.

In Germany, Punch is often replaced by the national buffoon Hanswurst, or Jackpudding, to whom a part was given in the old popular dramatic version of Faust.

Harlequin has passed through a varied and checkered career. On his first appearance on the Italian stage, he was a greedy, stupid valet, always blundering and stumbling; but Goldoni converted him into a "child of nature," bright, witty, and jolly, and without the least vulgarity. In France, he lost his chief roguish characteristics, and figured as a moral wit; while in England, as Fielding says, the "gentleman of that name is not at all related to the French family, for he is of a much more serious disposition." Christmas harlequinades are entirely an English invention, and in the present form are credited to Weaver, a dancing-master in Shrewsbury in the last century. They are a faint revival of the old court pageants, which were given during the holiday season. A hidden meaning has been discovered in these pantomimes, and the adventures of the actors therein have been carried back into the dim dawn of history, and connected with the rites of Egyptian, Cabiric, and Mithraic mystics. Harlequin is no less a personage than Hermes; Columbine is Psyche, the soul; and Pantaloon is Charon, who, shamefully neglecting his office as ferryman, engages the services of the clown, or Momus, in the pursuit of Psyche. This may be, and perhaps, when looking on at a pantomime, we are unconsciously participating in Mysteries that were celebrated in caverns and shielded with secrecy. But if so, how the gods have

> "Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
> Fallen from their high estate"!

In our degenerate days the clown, and not Harlequin, is the central figure of the pantomime. As the electric light outshines gas, so have his more sprightly charms overshadowed the magical powers of Harlequin and the grace of Columbine. The last survival of a "goodlie and merrie companie," he has combined in his one person almost all the traits of his predecessors. His costume is usually that of the old court fool; his whitened face is his inheritance from Gros-Guillaume, who was the first to use this substitute for a mask; his greediness is like that of the Hindu Vidushaka. As Pantaloon's servant, he bears some kinship to the Greek slave and French valet; and his "Here-we-are-again" is an echo of the "Halloe" with which the devil of the Mysteries greeted his audience. Just as it is impossible to tell wherein lies the charm of certain beauty, so it is difficult to define the humor of the pantomime clown. Mere skill as an acrobat or grimacer is not in itself sufficient. Above and beyond this there must be a *bonhommie*, a spice of Falstaffian good fellowship, which is as indispensable as it is indescribable. Grimaldi possessed this attraction to a wonderful extent. Once, owing to illness, he had been replaced at Sadlers Wells Theatre by a man named Bradbury, who was such an excellent gymnast that Grimaldi feared his own popularity had been destroyed. The first night he acted, after his recovery, he and Bradbury were to appear in alternate scenes. The latter began the performance; but when he attempted to continue the part, after Grimaldi

had been on the stage, the people hissed him off, and would have nothing more to do with him, though it was his benefit night. Grimaldi could not compete with him as a leaper or jumper, but he had that nameless charm which brought him at once *en rapport* with his audience.

In the circus, the clown divides the honors with the crowds of Amazons, wild riders of the prairies, giants, dwarfs, and all the great natural and artificial wonders. He is always in the ring; he tumbles and talks, jests and jumps, laughs and leaps. His gymnastic feats are subordinate to his "gift of the gab." Like Athenæus, he prepares a "delicious feast of words." Some poets have lived solely through the merits of one poem, and many clowns become famous from one very poor joke. There was one American favorite who was popular for years, owing to an absurd story of an experiment to convert pancakes into bed-coverings; the experiment failing because, when he awoke, shivering, it was always to find that he had eaten his counterpane. Another made his reputation simply by joking in Pennsylvania "Dutch."

The clown as assistant of the itinerant doctor or merchant is not a new creation. He was in existence among the Greeks. A satirical picture on an old Greek vase represents Apollo carrying on a brisk business as a quack mountebank. He was known in the times of Charlemagne, and, as we have seen, it was in this character that Tabarin distinguished himself. To-day, in the East, especially in Japan, it is common for street venders to entice patrons to their stalls by the tumblings of acrobats and the jokes of jesters. The quack, or the "fakir," in America sets up his stand in the busiest part of the town, as his prototype did, long ago, in the sunlit streets of Athens. The clown lolls by his side, making hideous faces and playing inane tricks, whereby he attracts idlers and pleasure-seekers. Like the chorus in Greek tragedies, he gives his explanation and opinions of the words and actions of the principal actor. His remarks are usually delivered *sotto voce*, and accompanied by a feint of suffocated and uncontrollable mirth. His volubility is most astonishing. He out-Herods Herod, while the ease with which his partner can keep up a steady flow of conversation about nothing has no parallel in history, save perhaps in the Goliards of the Middle Ages.

There is, it is true, no buffoon in the legitimate drama of the present day, but this, unfortunately, may not imply purer and more refined dramatic taste in the public. Among the most popular and paying performances now are spectacular pieces and burlesques, the actors in which compare rather unfavorably with the clowns of the Elizabethan age. The latter were often coarse enough, but their fun was that of exuberant animal spirits, whereas that of their modern successors is too often the outcome of vulgarity. Theatre-goers in our age, however, can sit through a comedy or tragedy unenlivened by the presence of a clown, and this would have been an impossibility in the old times.

Elizabeth Robins.

RECENT BIOGRAPHIES.

To call the volumes in the series of American Men of Letters biographies is merely to avoid a more refined description. So far as they fulfill the avowed purpose of the series they are not biographies, but critical studies based upon biographic and historic material. The lives of literary men resolve themselves so easily into this class of literature that one may easily think the distinction a forced one; yet it is true that the life of no man, whether of action or of letters, can fairly be read until we can reach some middle ground of judgment, which is made up of both exterior and interior views. We need to see the man as the world in which he lived saw him, and we need also to see him from the nearer cover of his home, and if possible to look upon the world from his side.

Mr. Lounsbury, in his study of Cooper,[1] started under the disadvantage of having no access to the private Cooper. The filial obedience of his children to their father's wish has kept the shutters up in the great novelist's house, and Mr. Lounsbury had no opportunity of knowing the man beyond what any student of literature and character might have. He has used this common opportunity, however, as no one else has used it, and by his diligence and critical acumen has really rescued the personality of Cooper from oblivion. It cannot, indeed, be said that Cooper's best known novels excite a strong desire to become acquainted with the author. This is, in part, because the time when one reads them most enthusiastically is not the time of personal curiosity; but the chief reason is in the nature of the works themselves, which create an interest in the object, not the subject. If there was an original of Leatherstocking, one would be zealous in his effort to get at him; but the creator of Leatherstocking has kept himself detached from the character.

We may take it almost as a piece of good fortune for Cooper that he has been compelled to wait for Mr. Lounsbury, and the generation which will first read Mr. Lounsbury's book. Of all men, Cooper demands the judgment of a scientific mind, and that Mr. Lounsbury has; while the temper of the reading public is favorable to a just, impartial measure of a writer who holds a conventional eminence in the annals of American literature. More than this, Cooper's fervid, almost apoplectic patriotism stands a far better chance of generous appreciation now than it did when he was alive, because the criticism which his patriotic nature vented upon his country can be regarded in a historic, and not a personal, view.

At all events, Mr. Lounsbury has given us in detail the grounds for a clear understanding of Cooper's nature, as it was revealed in writing, speech, and action to the public. We repeat that the understanding would probably have been corrected, had the material been possible for a disclosure of his family life; but the very scrupulousness with which Cooper secluded this forms a silent but powerful witness to the strength of his affection and the integrity of his character in the innermost relations. It is every way probable that Cooper's injunction, forbidding his family to authorize any life of him, grew out of his sense of the sanctity of the person, reinforced by his experience of the coarseness and vulgar insolence of many of his contemporaries. They stopped short of nothing in their slander, and he

[1] *James Fenimore Cooper.* By THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY. [American Men of Letters.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

who had been fighting them bitterly in life would give them no advantage by his death.

The circumstances of Cooper's life which resulted from his literary occupation have afforded Mr. Lounsbury the largest field for his biographic activity, because they called for the most diligence in a historical student. Thus the purely literary history and the literary criticism are somewhat slight, and we are a little disappointed that Mr. Lounsbury should have contented himself with a few generalizations, all the more that these frequently afford acute comments on Cooper's genius. As a quiet illustration of Cooper's weaknesses, the following passage is singularly happy: "Cooper, indeed, exemplified in his literary career a story he was in the habit of telling of one of his early adventures. While in the navy he was traveling in the wilderness bordering upon the Ontario. The party to which he belonged came upon an inn, where they were not expected. The landlord was totally unprepared, and met them with a sorrowful countenance. There was, he assured them, absolutely nothing in his house that was fit to eat. When asked what he had that was not fit to eat, he could only say, in reply, that he could furnish them with venison, pheasant, wild duck, and some fresh fish. To the astonished question of what better he supposed they could wish, the landlord meekly replied that he thought they might have wanted some salt pork. The story was truer of Cooper himself than of his innkeeper. Nature he could depict, and the wild life led in it, so that all men stood ready and eager to gaze on the pictures he drew. He chose too often to inflict upon them, instead of it, the most commonplace of moralizing, the stalest disquisitions upon manners and customs, and the driest discussions of politics and theology."

Thus, again, he gives an insight into Cooper's method when he says of him, "He had a full artistic appreciation of the impressiveness of the unknown. For in stories of this kind [sea-tales] the vagueness of the reader's knowledge adds to the effect upon his mind, because, while he sees that mighty agencies are at work in perilous situations, his very ignorance of their exact nature deepens the feeling of awe they are of themselves calculated to produce." We wish that here, or in the admirable summary in the last chapter, Mr. Lounsbury had made more of that essential attribute of Cooper's power which consists in the dominance of the great forces of nature, — the sea, the storm, the woods, the prairie. It was the expression of this power in literature which made Cooper justly great, and rendered his petty slips in English ineffectual to turn men's attention away from his work.

In connection with this, there was opportunity for an interesting study of the causes of Cooper's popularity in Europe, and, by comparison with Irving, a criticism upon the impact of America upon European life and thought. There is a distinct reference to Cooper, we are sure, in such work as that of Châteaubriand and his school, and the philosophic succession is in the relation subsisting between Walt Whitman and the English poets of the day. The contrast between an overwrought civilization and a savagery which has physical freedom is one which has more than once left its impress upon literature.

It is, however, as we have said, upon the circumstances of Cooper's literary life that Mr. Lounsbury has expended his greatest care; and these circumstances were of such unceasing warfare that we are really obliged to the industrious student for leading us safely through the recital of the separate conflicts. The humorous side of the fight is recognized by Mr. Lounsbury, and thus we are saved from the dreariness which might otherwise have been our fate. These wrangles, though starting

often from petty occasions, frequently involved interesting questions of manners and politics, and by means of the narrative one gets a novel glimpse of society in America, when it was in its most crude and formative condition. The conflict between Cooper's democratic principles and his aristocratic tastes is extremely interesting, and the battle of frogs and mice which we are invited to witness is much more than a burlesque upon a greater Iliad. The reader rises from Mr. Lounsbury's book with an admiration for Cooper and an interest which lead him to regret strongly that the opportunity for an intimate acquaintance cannot be granted. The book, indeed, excites a stronger desire to know Cooper familiarly than do the novels themselves. In the absence of this familiar knowledge, we have, at any rate, the outlines of a most interesting character, and the clue to an important literary study.

To pass from Cooper to Ole Bull is to change all the circumstances of life, and yet to keep some of the common phases of character. The literary artist in the one case, the musical artist in the other, possessed an individuality in which a stout self-assertion was a very positive element. Even on the artistic side a nice comparison might be made; for Cooper was scarcely more the interpreter, through literature, of a large, forceful nature than was Ole Bull, with his violin, a singer of the wild, rushing, and impending nature of Norway. Each was a passionate patriot, though the conditions of the two countries rendered the forms which the patriotism assumed somewhat divergent. In a subtle yet entirely frank way, the great Norwegian musician is made, in the volume devoted to his memory,[1] to appeal to the reader, not simply through his musical genius, but through his generous Norse spirit, which was identified in a striking manner with the hopes and purposes of modern Norway. To the American, the figure of Ole Bull was that of an improvisatore, who appeared suddenly and unexpectedly in this city or that, and kept great audiences under a magic spell. A poetic haze surrounded him, which was deepened and colored by the popular identification of him with the "rapt musician" of Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn. How many recognized at once the picture which the poet drew! —

> "And ever and anon he bent
> His head upon his instrument,
> And seemed to listen, till he caught
> Confessions of its secret thought, —
> The joy, the triumph, the lament,
> The exultation and the pain;
> Then, by the magic of his art,
> He soothed the throbbings of its heart,
> And lulled it into peace again."

Never was there seen here so poetic a figure, and the public were entirely indifferent to the criticisms with which Ole Bull was assailed by members of the musical profession. The charm of his presence, and of what seemed his improvisation, was acknowledged and obeyed.

It is much, therefore, that this charm returns through the paler medium of a book, and that there is added a new presentation in the vigorous, enthusiastic Norse patriot. There is a certain thinness about the life of a musician who is only or chiefly an artist, but the warm current of national feeling which pervades this history gives a robustness to the figure of the great artist. Indeed, this Norwegian spirit appears to have possessed the writer of the book; and she has so completely effaced herself in her labor that there is even an accent, so to speak, in the style of the memoir, and the reader half suspects that he is reading a translation from the Norwegian. We have rarely seen a biography so wholly reflective of the subject, and in the entire subordination of herself

[1] *Ole Bull: A Memoir.* By Sara C. Bull. With Ole Bull's Violin Notes, and Dr. A. B. Crosby's Anatomy of the Violinist. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

Mrs. Bull has achieved the highest results. Greater praise we cannot give than to say that the writer never once makes us think of her; but when the book is ended we wish to turn and thank her warmly.

The *naïveté* which we are so apt to find in any native expression of Northern life characterizes this book, and the reader is admitted to the most delightful knowledge of Ole Bull's childhood, with its instinctive musical tone, to his struggling youth, and to his generous manhood. The anecdotes, which follow one another with a careless grace, are felicitous interpreters of the life; and by examples, rather than by cold analysis, Mrs. Bull permits us to get glimpses of her husband's nature. The accumulation of these illustrations leaves at length a fairly complete picture of the man; and this method is especially suited to display the character of a person so unique as Ole Bull, — a man who refuses to be classified, but maintains a singular integrity. There is only one omission which we note: if more could have been said of Ole Bull's disastrous attempt at establishing a Norwegian colony in America, the story would have had a special interest for American readers.

As it is, the book will be especially welcome here, because the musician, who was an ardent Norseman, and yet by his art and career a citizen of the world, may almost be said to have taken out his naturalization papers in this country. In spite of the disagreeable encounters which he had with individual Americans, and of the experience which he had with the country when it was in the uncouth condition which maddened Cooper, he had a poet's vision of America, and saw here the unbounded opportunities for the realization of dreams which he had for his little Norway. The hearty faith which he had in America was repaid by the genuine admiration which Americans showed for him, and this delightful memoir, which does so much because it attempts so little, will help to keep his memory green.

It chances that the same season brings us the life of another European,[1] who became even more identified with American life than Ole Bull. Francis Lieber was born in 1800, and was a boy soldier in a Prussian regiment at the battle of Waterloo, where he was severely wounded. He went afterward with some young German enthusiasts to fight the battles of Greece, but was thoroughly disenchanted, and, making his way back to Rome, had the good fortune to fall into the hands of Niebuhr, who received him into his house as tutor to his son Marcus. He returned to Berlin, but met with so much tyrannical treatment at the hands of his government, which seemed determined to regard him with suspicion, and even to deny him the education and service which were to make him a worthy citizen, that he broke away in despair from his country, and sought refuge in England. There he led a precarious life as teacher, but made a great gain in the person of his faithful wife, and after a brief stay turned his face to these shores. He opened a swimming-school in Boston; but quickly becoming known to the best men, he received aid and encouragement which led to an engagement as translator and editor in charge of the Encyclopædia Americana. This work and other literary enterprises gave him substantial reputation, and he was invited to the chair of history and political economy in the University of South Carolina. He went to South Carolina in 1835, and in spite of the uncongeniality of his surroundings — for Dr. Lieber was a man who hungered for large intellectual intercourse with men — he remained there more than twenty years. He hated slavery with a philosophical

[1] *The Life and Letters of Francis Lieber.* Edited by Thomas Sergeant Perry. With Portrait. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1882.

hatred, and his professional teaching was in direct opposition to the institution: but he was a German, and thus less obnoxious than a Northern citizen would have been who should have held the same views; and he was a large man, of genial nature, who attached his pupils and associates to himself. He was, besides, recognized as an eminent man, and policy as well as personal regard forbade open hostility toward him.

He was always an exile there, however, in his own mind, and he breathed more freely and naturally when he left South Carolina, in 1857, and accepted a similar position in connection with Columbia College. He now made his residence in New York, where he remained until his death, in 1872. His life in the South, so difficult to interpret fully, brought a terrible affliction upon him; for his eldest son died in the service of the Confederacy, a name which stood for a serious offense against history in the father's eyes. His younger sons served in the Union army, and he himself lent his pen and counsel vigorously to the same cause.

This life, so varied and romantic, is told in the letters, which form, almost exclusively, the contents of the volume of life and letters. Mr. Perry's work has been to select from a large and most interesting correspondence such passages as would tell Dr. Lieber's fortunes and convey a clear idea of his political principles. In this he has succeeded; for, whatever material he may have been forced to omit, that which remains is abundantly illustrative of a great man, not only in his public aspect, but in many of the more private relations of life. In the earlier part of the work Mr. Perry has supplied context for the letters, and out of the full store of his own information has put the reader into clearer possession of the facts requisite for an intelligent apprehension of Lieber's youth. We regret that he has not continued this excellent course throughout the volume. While the letters largely interpret themselves, the reader has a right to the directer statement of a biographer. He is left too often to guess at matters which a few words from Mr. Perry would have made intelligible. What was the mission to Europe, of which he writes in his diary, September 19, 1834? What is the "inclosed" to which he refers in a letter to Hillard, October 4, 1854, as filling him with bitterness of heart and a sense of utter helplessness? Was there nothing to be said regarding the temporary estrangement from Sumner except what Dr. Lieber himself reports? What was the vote of which Sumner wrote him in 1864? Lieber appears to have held some post in connection with the archive office of the war department. Exactly what was it, and what was the nature of his work? Did the bill, prepared by Lieber at General Garfield's instance, to establish a record of naturalization, become a law? These and other questions are raised by the book, and ought to have been answered in their places by Mr. Perry.

In spite of this defect, the narrative of Lieber's life is so graphically related by the letters that we are grateful to the editor for withholding any formal biography. It was a scholar who underwent the varied experience recorded in the book, and the strange union of activity and thought renders Lieber's life exceptional among the lives of scholars. Above all, the generous proportions of the man rise before the reader. There was something so Continental in his political speculations that they have a fascination for the student. He carried two countries in his head and his heart; for America and Germany found ample room in his affections and interest. The great lines on which his thought moved made him a welcome companion for statesmen and publicists, while the predominant ethical cast of his mind rendered his counsel especially valuable. There was, besides, so practical a use of

his principles that they did not discharge themselves in mere intellectual vapor, but were constantly employed in settling questions of expediency.

The letters which fill the volume are addressed to persons who in the main were in public life, and they are rich in illustration of our history. It gives one a curious sense of the simplicity of our early national life to find President Adams visiting Dr. Lieber's swimming-school, and taking a header; and one comes almost to know Lieber's correspondents through his letters to them. The absence of mere tattle and the presence of personal references of a higher order make the volume one in which the reader will find entertainment without the loss of his own self-respect. He is not obliged, as some one has said, to shut the doors of his room when he reads it. He will get a little glimpse also of Dr. Lieber's own generous weaknesses, and come to look with an amused feeling for the unfailing pamphlet which Dr. Lieber wrote a definite number of years ago, whenever any public question arises.

It is more to the purpose that the reader will find in these animated letters a fragmentary yet forcible presentation of those great political principles which were elaborated in Dr. Lieber's writings, especially his Political Ethics and Civil Liberty; and many, doubtless, will lay aside this work with a resolution to attack the somewhat formidable volumes, which represent high thoughts of the greatest value. Much that Dr. Lieber wrote has become inwrought in the political writings of other men, and his ideas are found in current speculations; his correspondence served to make these ideas known, and he was the teacher of thousands of young men. That these ideas should be studied in the very form in which they were cast is desirable; but after all, even though the volumes may stand unopened, the life of Dr. Lieber has entered American history, and this volume will preserve the record for a grateful people.

LAW AND LAWYERS IN LITERATURE.

A NOVEL or a play without a lawyer in it is rare and unconventional. Wills have to be made, criminals to be tracked, and family secrets to be ferreted out or locked up in the incommunicable bosom of the legal adviser. Somewhere or other in its development the literary worker finds a fillip for his story, if not a basis for all of it, in the tangles and mysteries of jurisprudence. Many resources of both scenery and character are opened to him by the law; but not content with the legitimate advantages which it affords, the unscrupulous *littérateur* twists and tortures it to suit his purpose, without regard for its letter or its spirit. When necessary, indeed, he creates a judicial system entirely and peculiarly his own, and under it adjudicates for his litigious puppets with a license which reflects less credit on his knowledge than on the ingenuity of his imagination.

This is one of the aspects of literature in its relation with law which Mr. Irving Browne writes of in his recent volume,[1] and he shows that it is not the minor novelists alone who err. Some of the greater authors are as absurdly inaccurate as those of little note and the reckless young ones, who take a cavalry dash at all things, and are not in the

1 *Law and Lawyers in Literature.* By IRVING BROWNE. Boston: Soule and Bugbee. 1882.

least shy of the wildest improbabilities. Trollope, Reade, Lever, Fenimore Cooper, Samuel Warren, and the late Lord Lytton are among the offenders whom Mr. Browne quotes, though it is known that the author of The Caxtons, on one occasion at least, took the precaution, which may be commended to all story-writers, of submitting his hypothetical case to counsel. The law has many pitfalls, indeed, for those who attempt to explore its mazes without some professional knowledge of them; and when the author involves his characters in a lawsuit, he usually involves himself in a variety of grotesque errors. Mr. Browne singles out for exception a story by Mr. P. Deming, published in The Atlantic Monthly for April, 1882, of which he flatteringly says, "I have never read anything more correctly realistic." But the law of most story-writers is little different from the comical judges and juries of Mr. Gilbert's travesties.

Mr. Browne's book is not exclusively devoted to the legal solecisms of careless writers of fiction, however. It embraces extracts from the chief dramatists, historians, essayists, and moralists who have written or spoken about law and lawyers. It contains extracts from Juvenal, Aristophanes and Ammianus Marcellinus, Wycherley and Emerson, Napoleon Bonaparte, Miss Edgeworth, and Cruikshank's Comic Almanacks. "The law and the lawyer," says the compiler, "have oftener been the subject of animadversion and ridicule on the stage than any other class and profession. . . . Perhaps the playwrights, themselves originally ostracized, desired to bring down a powerful class to their own level. . . . The vulgar playwright, supplemented by a vulgar actor, never fails to bring down the house by caricaturing an attorney. We will not waste our time over him, but will review the more respectable dramatists, and their method of portraying our subject."

Mr. Browne takes the slurs which have been cast upon his profession very much to heart, and in a triumphant manner he remarks that, in proportion to the carelessness and indifference, or the hostility and envy, with which learned men are regarded when they are not wanted, are the slavishness of the dependence and the implicitness of the trust which are shown when their services are necessary. "And so, when a man wants a contract or a will drawn, or to sue, or to defend a suit, or to get rid of his wife, or to prevent his wife from getting rid of him, or to rescue his own estate, or to capture somebody else's, he retains legal counsel, and forgets all about his long speeches and long bills, his wig and his gown and his green bag, his willingness to serve the first paying comer, and his zeal, which, like the affliction of the hired mourner in the East, is at the service of his client, without much regard to his deserts." So, too, the clergyman who has been called a hypocrite, and the physician who has been called a murderer, are hurriedly summoned and respectfully listened to the moment that sickness and death threaten.

But though Mr. Browne ignores "the second-rate novelist" and "the vulgar playwright," he seems to have found little in praise of lawyers elsewhere; and an imposing number of the authors whom he quotes revile and satirize the delays, quibbles, and sordidness of the profession. Judged by his work, the novelists and dramatists deal gently with the knights of the coif, compared with the poets, moralists, historians, and essayists.

The poets quoted are almost without exception scornful. Juvenal describes a lawyer who, with "pick-lock tongue, perverts the law;" and Quarles, speaking of the golden age, says, —

> "There was no client now to wait
> The leisure of his long-tail'd advocate."

Sewell, in his tragedy of Sir Walter Raleigh, refers to "the unskilful lies,

hot from his venal tongue," uttered by a lawyer; and Boileau excuses himself for his desertion of law by asking, —

"Can I in such a barbarous country bawl,
And rend with venal lungs the guilty hall;
Where innocence does daily pay the cost,
And in the labyrinth of law is lost;
Where wrong by tricks and quirks prevails o'er right,
And black is by due form of law made white?
E'er I a thought like this can entertain,
Frost shall at midsummer congeal the Seine."

Thomson, also, is unflattering, and writes of the toils of law, which "dark insidious men" have perverted to "lengthen simple justice into trade;" Swift has his fling, both in prose and verse; Southey was fond of associating the devil and lawyers; and few things ever written have been as savage as Shelley's lines to Lord Chancellor Eldon. Coleridge wrote a somewhat coarse epigram against lawyers; and Moore, describing a visit of the devil to London, says, —

"Away he posts to a man of law,
And oh, 't would make you laugh to 've seen 'em,
As paw shook hand, and hand shook paw,
And 't was 'Hail, good fellow, well met' between 'em."

American poets have had little to say about the law, but of the only two mentioned by Mr. Browne one is Bryant, who, referring in some verses to his early experiences in a law office, regrets that he is

"Forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with a barbarous pen,"

a drudgery from which he was fortunately relieved.

The chapter in which are embraced the sayings of moralists, essayists, historians, and satirists contains a few complimentary quotations, but here, again, are many gibes at the law. Ammianus Marcellinus speaks in his Roman history of lawyers as "that tribe of men who, sowing every variety of strife and contest in thousands of actions, wear out the door-posts of widows and the thresholds of orphans, and create bitter hatred among friends, relations, or connections who have any disagreement." Napoleon describes lawsuits as a social cancer. "My code," he adds, "had singularly diminished lawsuits, by placing numerous causes within the comprehension of every individual. But there still remained much for the legislator to accomplish. Not that I could hope to prevent men from quarreling, — this they have done in all ages; but I might have prevented a third party in society from living upon the quarrels of the other two, and even stirring up disputes to promote their own interest. It was, therefore, my intention to establish the rule that lawyers should never receive fees except when they gained causes. Thus, what litigations would have been prevented!" Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham and Lord Chancellor of England under Edward III., said of lawyers that they "indulge more in protracting litigation than in peace, and quote law, not according to the intention of the legislator, but violently twist his words to the purpose of their own machinations."

In this chapter, however, Mr. Browne manages to elicit some eulogy out of the authors whom he has consulted. Sir Philip Sidney recognizes in the lawyer one who "seeketh to make men good. . . . Our wickedness maketh him necessarie and necessitie maketh him honorable." Owen Feltham, speaking of the profession, says, "They have knowledge and integrity, and being versed in books and men, in the noble acts of justice and of prudence, they are fitter for judgement and the regiment of the world than any men else that live." Burke attributed the untractable spirit of the American colonists in a large measure to their general study of the law, which, he says, "renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources. In other countries, the people, more simple, and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill-

principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil, and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze."

De Tocqueville has the most exalted opinion of American lawyers. "The special information," he says, "which lawyers derive from their studies insures them a separate rank in society, and they constitute a sort of privileged body in the scale of intellect. . . . If I were asked to place the American aristocracy, I should reply, without hesitation, that it is not among the rich, who are united by no common tie, but that it occupies the judicial bench and bar." Again, contrasting American lawyers with others, he says, "A French observer is surprised to hear how often an English or American lawyer quotes the opinion of others, and how little he alludes to his own; while the reverse occurs in France. There the most trifling litigation is never conducted without the introduction of an entire system of ideas peculiar to the counsel employed, and the fundamental principles of law are discussed in order to obtain a perch of land by the decision of the court. This abnegation of his own opinion and this implicit deference to the opinion of his forefathers, which are common to the English and American lawyer, this servitude of thought which he is obliged to profess, necessarily give him more timid habits and more conservative inclinations in England and America than in France."

But, as Mr. Browne truly says, if this friendly critic had an opportunity to observe the workings of the American courts at the present time he would find occasion to change his opinion. The "opinion of our forefathers" receives little respect, and the decisions of the highest courts alter the rules of law on nearly every given point from year to year; nay, even from one term of court to another, and on the gravest constitutional questions.

We have already called attention to Mr. Browne's solicitude for the good name of his profession. Whenever he discovers a word in behalf of it, he refers to the author with reciprocal approbation; but the kindly word is infrequent, and his interesting book shows that some very eminent persons have entertained as low an opinion of lawyers as the creators of the pettifogging attorneys whose vulpine proclivities season the inferior melodrama.

His work indicates that he possesses the compiler's qualification of knowing where to look for interesting material; but when, as he frequently does, he constitutes himself a critic of the authors whom he quotes, he is not always successful. He is resolutely rancorous when he thinks that his profession has been unduly aspersed. One of the best scenes in A Modern Instance is confidently described as being "tolerably exciting, but cheap;" the ever vivacious Lever is uncivilly compared to an old woman; Lord Lytton is hastily classed as mediocre; Samuel Warren is disposed of as being "an amiable and funny but rather mean-spirited barrister;" and Fenimore Cooper, also, is dismissed as a second-rate person. Of Mr. Trollope Mr. Browne says, "If I were called on to designate the most brilliant writer of fiction of the present century, I should hesitate; but if I were required to name the dullest, I could not hesitate a moment in awarding this voluminous writer the palm." This may be offered as a specimen of Mr. Browne's criticisms, which certainly do not add to the value of his book.

MEMORIALS OF ROSSETTI.

"EGOTISM," says Thackeray, "is good talk. Even dull biographies are pleasant to read." This, while true enough in a general sense, is too elastic a statement to be serviceable in criticism, which must draw its meshes close if it would ascertain what is worth keeping. Of egotism there is certainly something in the two volumes on Rossetti now given to the world so punctually, within less than a year after his death; and noticeably in the work of Mr. T. Hall Caine,[1] which we shall consider first. Curiously enough, this egotism comes to the front by reason of the writer's effort to preserve his modesty in explaining why he must allude so much as he does to himself and his own work. He consumes, besides, a good deal of time in brief dissertations on the most desirable mode of arranging his material, and in expressing various literary opinions, which are not always strictly relevant. To this, however, he is in part constrained by the circumstances of his first acquaintance with Rossetti, which had its origin in a correspondence growing out of his public championship of the poet before he knew him. It does not, of course, follow that, because there is egotism, there is also dullness; yet we cannot escape the conviction that, if Mr. Caine had confined himself to the plainest and most succinct narrative form, he would have given us a much more valuable record and one much pleasanter to read than that which he has produced. Another disadvantage under which Mr. Caine labors, as well as Mr. William Sharp, in his more formal work, is the supposed necessity of dwelling at considerable length on the beauties of Rossetti's several longer poems. Critical or laudatory opinion is really not what we crave from these writers, both of whom are young; and Mr. Caine is most interesting when he adheres, as in the first chapter, to a recital of events in the early part of the poet's life, or, as in the closing chapters, to incidents and impressions of his actual intercourse with him. It was the singular fortune of the author of these Recollections, although the junior of Rossetti by twenty-five years, to become his intimate friend, housemate, and to some extent confidant, during the final twelvemonth of that remarkable poet-painter's life; and such a fact alone gives permanent value to whatever he may have to tell from his own observation. As an example of the unprofitable matter with which he too often clogs his pages, this sentence may be cited: "The Blessed Damozel is a conception dilated to such spiritual loveliness that it seems not to exist within things substantially beautiful, or yet by aid of images that coalesce out of the evolving memory of them, but outside of everything actual." It seems to us that the view stated in these extraordinarily infelicitous terms does a radical injustice to Rossetti's exquisite youthful masterpiece, which simply could not exist without the aid of images that "coalesce out of" memories of the substantially beautiful; and we sincerely hope that the English Renaissance is not destined to crumble into the dust and rubbish of such verbiage as this. There are various traces of hasty composition in the volume, as where letters are spoken of as being "called forth in the course of an intercourse;" and again, where it is said that "his *reception* of my intimation of an intention to call upon him *was received*," etc. But, passing over the fact that Mr. Caine has no style and relates his story cumbrously, we are able to derive a good deal of satisfaction from the glimpses

[1] *Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.* By T. HALL CAINE. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1883.

which he gives of a singular and striking person, who will undoubtedly hold hereafter a distinctive place in the annals of English poetry, and one of great importance relative to the development of English art in our time. There is, apparently, not a great deal to be told in the way of incident connected with the subject's career. The son of an Italian poet and patriot, who was obliged to fly from Naples in 1820, he was born in England, and was christened Gabriel Charles Dante (as we learn from Mr. Sharp), but dropped the middle name, and reversed the others, so that he has passed into history as Dante Gabriel Rossetti. At the age of eighteen he wrote the Blessed Damozel; and by the time he was twenty he had also written a powerful, though short, artistic romance, executed in somewhat archaic style, called Hand and Soul, and had painted a crude but remarkable picture, The Girlhood of Mary Virgin, which still holds high rank. Both his poetic and his pictorial work were marked by maturity at the very start, so that they do not offer any spectacle of striking changes or developments, unless it be in those two late ballads, The King's Tragedy and The White Ship, which indicate a tendency to become more objective, impersonal, and dramatic than he had previously been. Mr. Caine says Rossetti saw this tendency, and had resolved not to write anything more as from himself; but that was not long before his sudden death, at fifty-two. At thirty-two he married a Miss Siddall, who had been his model, and herself showed talent in painting; but his wife, resorting to laudanum for relief from neuralgia, died by an overdose of the poison when they had been married only two years. This event appears to have thrown a heavy shadow over the whole of Rossetti's subsequent life. Becoming more and more subject to insomnia, he was led by medical advice to use chloral, gradually became a slave to the drug, and was eventually killed by it, although for some years he did not feel its evil effects, and pursued his avocation as a painter with great success. There was an alarming nervous collapse in 1872, from which he recovered; but his days were thenceforth embittered by the delusions attendant on the use of chloral, until within a few weeks of his death. At that time, a partial paralysis occurring, he was forced by his physician to abandon chloral at once and wholly. There was a terrible struggle of nature; he was delirious for many hours. At length he came to himself, calm, happy, freed from the old delusions, and looking forward healthily to fresh achievements. But the crisis had occurred too late, and his long-undermined vitality soon flickered and faded out. Although he had no English blood in him, he regarded himself as entirely an Englishman. He had never been out of England except for one tour in Holland, undertaken as a young man, where he was lastingly impressed by Memmeling and Jan Van Eyck, and two brief visits to Paris. "He seemed always to me an unmistakable Englishman," says Mr. Sharp, "yet the Italian element was frequently recognizable."

We judge from Mr. Caine's account that, since it was possible for him to leave off chloral at all, his life might have been prolonged and rendered much brighter had his friends earlier insisted on forcibly restraining him from the ruinous indulgence. But it must be remembered that they had an individual of exceptional difficulty to deal with; a man imperious and forceful, though also tender and dependent, — one who had always, no doubt, been morbidly sensitive and seclusive. For example, during the two years before Mr. Caine met him he had not been out of his house afoot, excepting when he walked in the garden at its back; and on the occasion of the garden — the leasehold of which had been severed from that of the house — being plowed up, pre-

paratory to building, he remained immured for a week. It is only confirmatory of the impression many must have received from the simple reading of Rossetti's poems to have Mr. Caine declare a belief that "irresolution, with melancholy, lay at the basis of his nature." Into the causes of the morbidness, unquestionable as it is, we can hardly penetrate with comprehensiveness until further data are provided; but we suspect that they lay in the physical as well as mental constitution of Rossetti. At all events, it is clear, from his poetry, that his mind was one which brooded over every phase of being laid before it with an intensity that passed almost at once into pain. He was like a person born too far-sighted, whose every effort to contract the gaze upon the near objects of daily life must result in a straining pressure upon eye and brain; he looked *through* existing things, in order to get at their spiritual basis and meaning; yet at the same time few men have been gifted with a more precise, vivid, and colorific vision for immediate physical beauty than he. This simultaneous fixing of the mind on the near and the far, the substance and the essence, was very possibly the fundamental cause of his melancholy. There could hardly be a more exact illustration of passion in its literal and etymological sense of "suffering" than his mental nature affords; for, with him, all emotion was so acute that it became a pang and a burden. This explains the oppressive atmosphere of which we are conscious in reading his strong, often beautiful poems, which are heavy with compressed meaning and packed phrase, like a too-honeyed cluster of tube-roses or magnolia-blooms. It gives us the key, also, to that misunderstanding of his spiritual aims by sundry critics, which caused him so much unhappiness. In contemplating the wonder and fairness of the body, he was doubtless aware of a perception in himself that reached out towards the most subtile and refined significance of what he beheld; and, to convey this, what more natural than that he should depict in the most glowing words the physical presence that awoke such a perception? But, in doing so, he frequently lost the spiritual significance, and some readers saw nothing in the result but a "fleshly" picture. We have not the least thought of accusing his intention, but we think that, owing to his overstrained sensibility, his execution laid him fairly open to misunderstanding. Beauty became his disease. Composition itself was an anguish to him. "I lie on the couch," he said, speaking to Mr. Caine of the way in which his poems were produced, "the racked and tortured medium, never permitted an instant's surcease of agony until the thing on hand is finished." Strikingly consonant with this sad and impassioned personality were the habits and surroundings of the man. Mr. Caine makes no secret of the dismal influence which he himself felt on first going into Rossetti's habitation at 16 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, known as Tudor House, from the tradition that Elizabeth Tudor once lived there, and supposed to be the one that Thackeray took as a model for the home of the Countess of Chelsey, in Henry Esmond. On another page he says that when he left the house, "outside, the air breathed freely. Within, the gloom, the mediæval furniture, the brass censers, sacramental cups, lamps, and crucifixes conspired, I thought, to make the air heavy and unwholesome." Mr. Caine observes of Rossetti, "He constantly impressed me, during the last days of his life, with the conviction that he was, by religious bias of nature, a monk of the Middle Ages;" and further, "His life was an anachronism. Such a man should have had no dealings with the nineteenth century: he belonged to the sixteenth, or perhaps the thirteenth, and in Italy, not Eng-

land." The inference is, perhaps, too obvious to be well founded; in the Middle Ages this identical Rossetti might have failed of his development altogether, but precisely the conflict between his inherent tendencies and our modern conditions enabled him to become a new and valuable force, at a time when one was needed, though he himself may have been in a measure the victim of the conflict. It is quite natural that many should have supposed, from the known fact of Rossetti's retired mode of life and the quiet exclusiveness which has characterized the group to which he belonged, — that of Morris, Swinburne, Madox Browne, Burne Jones, Watts, Stanhope, and the like, — that he was indifferent to the merits of distinguished contemporaries with whom he had no outward affiliation; but Mr. Caine's testimony must quite dissipate this notion. There is ample evidence that he cordially admired Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Robert Browning, and various less known poets of his period. "Probably," he once said, "the man does not live who could write what I have written more briefly than I have done," — an utterance which involves something of pardonable over-estimate; but the sense of his own power seems not to have excluded the sincerest appreciation of what others were doing. With equally frank criticism of himself, he wrote in a letter, "All poets nowadays are redundant except Tennyson." The eighth chapter of this volume, which consists mainly of extracts from the poet's letters, contains a number of extremely interesting remarks on the English sonnet in general and in particular, and bears amazing testimony to the persistence of his intellectual activity, even under the deadly sway of the drug to which he was subjected. It is a pity that Mr. Caine did not decide to give the letters in full, seeing what encomiums he has passed upon them as comparable with the best in English literature in "freedom of phrase, in power of throwing off parenthetical reflections always faultlessly enunciated, in play of humor, often in eloquence, . . . sometimes in pathos.' His selections produce but a fragmentary effect, yet they give one an intimate insight into Rossetti's taste for careful study of the poetic art and its history in England. That he possessed a true critical faculty is not made evident, even in connection with his frequent and minute revision or amplification of his own published pieces; but indirectly, a knowledge is gathered of the elaborate way in which a great deal of his own work must have been built up, notwithstanding that he sometimes wrote very rapidly. Here may be mentioned an emphatic maxim which escapes him in one of these letters: "Conception, *fundamental brain-work*, is what makes the difference in all art. Work your metal all that you like, but first take care that it is gold, and worth working." His humor comes out pleasantly in this passage: "I am sure I could write one hundred essays, on all possible subjects (I once did project a series under the title Essays Written in the Intervals of Elephantiasis, Hydrophobia, and Penal Servitude), without once experiencing the 'aching void,' which is filled by such words as 'mythopœic' and 'anthropomorphism.' I do not find life long enough to know in the least what they mean." This certainly is an unexpected burst from the author of Dante at Verona, and brings us to know him and like him better as a man.

It is interesting to hear that Rossetti spoke of Mrs. Carlyle as "a bitter little woman;" and though he added that she was always kind to the poor, this phrase may some time serve to mitigate the offenses of the great humorist and historian in the eyes of those who have shown so much vindictiveness towards him since the publishing of the Reminis-

cences. There is but one other kindred allusion to a public contemporary, and that is to Longfellow, who called upon him, but "seemed to know little about painting as an art," and also made the mistake of supposing that it was Rossetti's brother who was the poet. Rossetti's own dictum upon the painter's art is a trifle unexpected: that it depends upon unwritten rules, which are as systematically to be taught as arithmetic; and that, aside from "fundamental conception, . . . the part of a picture that is not mechanical is often trivial enough." That Rossetti did not see more of the famous men and women about him, and that, accordingly, he appears in the memorials of him as rather mournfully alone and unrelated, is due to the unhealthy isolation in which he dwelt. Mr. Caine has a remark of no little penetration on the cause of his retirement: "There are men who feel more deeply the sense of isolation amidst the busiest crowds than within the narrowest circle of intimates. . . . Perhaps, after all, he wandered from the world rather from the dread than with the hope of solitude."

Mr. Caine's outline of this peculiar character as he saw it has a certain jagged and uncomely reality, which will inevitably make it an important contribution: he has drawn from the life sympathetically, yet relentlessly. On the other hand, Mr. William Sharp, himself a poet, though far more sympathetic, and going deeply into the characteristics of Rossetti's product in two arts, presents a portraiture which, because it is less unconventional and less detailed than the other, does not yield so graphic an impression.[1] Mr. Sharp, however, says, "Again and again I have seen instances of those marvelous gifts which made him at one time a Sydney Smith in wit and a Coleridge in eloquence," and adds this description of Rossetti's appearance: "He was, if anything, rather over middle height, and, especially latterly, somewhat stout; his forehead was of splendid proportions, recalling instantaneously to most strangers the Stratford bust of Shakespeare; and his gray-blue eyes were clear and piercing, and characterized by that rapid penetrative gaze so noticeable in Emerson." Touches like these, by calling up the personal presence, are of more service just now than many pages devoted to discriminating and appreciative study upon the writings or the pictures. It transpires also, in Mr. Sharp's record, that Rossetti, at about the age of twenty, was greatly impressed by Browning's poems; wrote to Browning; afterwards painted his portrait; and projected, but only half carried out, some designs illustrating works of his. He at last "held Tennyson to be the greatest poet of the period, and he was gratified as if by a personal pleasure when Mr. Watts, also an ardent believer in Tennyson, wrote his fine sonnet to the Laureate. . . . He appreciated to a generous extent the poetry of present younger writers, but failed to see in nine tenths of it any of that originality and individual *aura* that characterize work that will stand the stress of time." It is not hard to conceive how a man who united with his own artistic mastery so much cordial admiration for that of others; who, if sometimes unjust and harsh to his friends, was always manfully and pathetically penitent afterwards; who had such great powers of conversation, and was so susceptible to feeling that he could seldom read his own poems aloud without shedding tears, — how such a man should have won a number of devoted friends, and should have exercised a potent influence on the art of his period, difficult though that influence may be to trace through all its channels. Mr. Sharp devotes only one chapter to the Life. This is succeeded by a chapter on the Pre-Raphaelite idea, historical, but taking

[1] *Dante Gabriel Rossetti.* A Record and a Study. By WILLIAM SHARP. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

besides a controversial tone, which is inadvisable at this late day. The best point in it is the author's establishing of a connection between the Pre-Raphaelite movement and the Tractarian stir at Oxford, made by Newman, Pusey, and Keble. Religion and art at that time were "closelier" drawn together, and a few artists banded themselves in favor of choosing higher themes, and working them out with an earnestness and faithfulness that were devotional. Nevertheless, Mr. Sharp thinks, the primary impulse of these men was one of skeptical revolt against the feeble traditions of English art, which was in part a reflex of the prevailing skepticism in science and philosophy. Although it wears a mask of paradox, such a theory of the movement doubtless rests upon truth, and would account for the points of serious divergence between the Pre-Raphaelites and the Tractarians, who had in common a desire to rekindle the devout enthusiasms of the mediæval time. Mr. Sharp gives an extended account of The Germ, the organ of the "Brotherhood," and quotes suggestively from its contents; so that we get from him what it is now very difficult, for American readers in particular, to obtain elsewhere. The rest of the volume is assigned to a close and long review of Rossetti's complete labors as both painter and poet. His pictures in water-color and oils, his sketches and replicas, are all described in chronological order; and a table at the end of the book presents a still fuller list of the three hundred and ninety-five pictorial productions which Rossetti left, with their dates and ownership attached. We own to a good deal of weariness in toiling through these chapters, which, being without any kind of illustration, place the frightful tax on the mind of reimagining, by aid of a few bald words, the pictures enumerated. But there can be no doubt that for purposes of reference Mr. Sharp's review will remain exceedingly convenient, in fact indispensable, to students of modern art. It cannot be said that his critical survey of the poetical works is of equal worth, although he gives a good many curious facts as to corrections made by the author in different editions, and shows a commendable independence in his judgments. In one instance Mr. Sharp seems to us strangely undiscerning: that is, where he refers to the peculiar and impressive design called How They Met Themselves as being simply a pictorial representation of the Doppelgänger legend. The whole penetrating and fine significance of the design in question lies in the marvelous variation between the actual lovers and their doubles, whom they meet in the forest, — a variation introduced without disturbing the likeness. The spectral pair represent the man and woman as they once were, and show an ideality, a youthful grace and fervor, which the real man and woman have lost. These latter find themselves confronted, by this apparition, with the tragedy of their own slow, unsuspected deterioration. But if he has failed in his interpretation here, Mr. Sharp makes amends by his fine analysis (pages 114 and 115) of the female facial type which Rossetti created, — the type that reappears in many of his works, and is perhaps his most remarkable contribution to art. As Mr. Sharp well says, "there are occasions when the intensity of its inner significance is so strong as to constrain the beholder to the strange spiritual personality represented, *alone*, leaving him altogether oblivious to the details of the rendering."

Mr. Sharp's style, unfortunately, is often loose and ungrammatical. He speaks of "regarding" a picture "a fine production," instead of "considering" it so; and in another place says exactly the opposite of what he means, thus: "The pressure of as many commissions for pictures as he could . . . execute . . . prevented *little* being done" upon a proposed work of translation. Perhaps his

masterpiece of bad construction is the clause, "Reflecting as it does in undertone the subdued murmur of 'wan water, wandering water weltering,' and for the reason that the cause of its beauty is not at first perceptible is doubtless how it grows more and more with every reading, till, I am certain, with many it becomes one of the chief favorites." But all this does not prevent him from laying his finger with precision on "the constant union of poetic emotion with artistic idea in everything that came from the pencil or the brush of Dante Rossetti," as the circumstance which raised the painter high above the plane of English art in general. He also notes that Rossetti's development in painting was much slower than his literary growth: in poetry he matured almost immediately, but there was a long term during which his pictorial work was crude. This fact, as we apprehend it, points indirectly to his possession of a larger possibility as an artist than as a poet, which required a longer period for its realization. In painting he perfected a depth and splendor of coloring which is unrivaled except by that of Titian and Giorgione; but to English literature he did not add anything, we think, of corresponding distinctiveness or importance, nor did he in that field invent anything so original as the facial type already mentioned. Therefore, although a master in both his arts, he will, unless our estimate be falsified by time, stand higher as a painter than as a poet. His poems were rather the accompaniment of his art than the results of a nature inclined by its deepest promptings to expression in language; they were the musical overflow of a genius too richly endowed to find complete satisfaction even in the art to which it was best adapted. Their being in a manner secondary, notwithstanding the strong individuality with which they are imbued, may be one reason why they reflect so much more of the bitterness and sadness of life than his pictures do. But, whatever conclusion we may reach on this head, we are indebted to Mr. Caine and Mr. Sharp for making us better acquainted with the source from which both the pictures and the poems proceeded. Mr. Caine's book contains, furthermore, a striking photograph of Rossetti, which brings before us his singular, sensuous, melancholy, intent visage, with the noble forehead and the "bar of Michael Angelo" between the eyes; and Mr. Sharp has had reproduced as a frontispiece a beautiful design, in which the poet inclosed his transcript of the sonnet on the sonnet,

"A sonnet is a moment's monument,"

which, the lettering in one corner records, "*D. G. Rossetti pro matre fecit.*" It is a mournful study that is laid before us in these volumes, that of a greatly gifted man, whose life was clouded by sorrow and blasted by a fatal weakness. He comes before us as a sort of Keats (without the joy), who had weathered adversity and gained middle life only to become a hypochondriac, whom no successes could console; while in his weakness, and in the sloth he himself condemned, he resembles a Coleridge modified into the pure artist. But, in addition, he is himself; and it is of this self, which has been indicated to us only in its salient points, that we should like to know more. It is to be hoped that those who knew Rossetti longest and most intimately will join their forces with his friend Theodore Watts (another artist and poet) in perfecting an adequate biography.

A FRENCHMAN IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1881.

THERE is a curious contrast between the Souvenirs of M. de Bacourt, which were noticed in the Atlantic for February, and the Impressions of the Vicomte d'Haussonville, which are now before us.[1] It would be difficult to imagine a more striking picture of the marvelous progress of the United States than is presented by a comparison of De Bacourt's description of the crude, unformed civilization, the undeveloped society, the uncomfortable every-day existence which he found here in 1840, and that given by the Vicomte d'Haussonville of the impressions which he gathered during his hasty visit in 1881, as one of the guests of the nation at the Yorktown celebration. One can hardly believe that the two men are writing about the same country. It must be admitted, however, that the difference between the United States in 1840 and in 1881 is hardly more marked than the contrast between De Bacourt and D'Haussonville themselves. The former was a shallow, narrow-minded man, feeble, discontented, and possessing but little imagination. The latter is a shrewd and careful observer, liberal, kindly, generous, with a great deal of imagination, and a pleasant tinge of French romanticism, at which he himself is strongly inclined to smile a little sadly as one of the memories of youthful days.

There are many passages which show M. d'Haussonville to have a strong sense of humor, and he is invariably good-tempered; but his book is sober and thoughtful, with no effort to be brilliant or witty, and ought to find many readers in this country. It well repays, both in interest and instruction, a careful perusal.

In a necessarily brief notice it is impossible to examine such a book as this as minutely as it deserves, or to do more than touch upon some of its most salient points. It may be said at the outset that M. d'Haussonville found nothing of "that strange and eccentric character which Frenchmen always foolishly expect to find in America." Another peculiarity is that he was thoroughly grateful for the sincere and hearty hospitality which was shown him. As he gracefully says, in speaking of a fire in New York, he could not help wondering "whether one of the committee which had received us in the morning had not pushed his gallantry so far as to set fire to his house, in order to give us the pleasure of seeing it extinguished."

M. d'Haussonville has something to say on a large variety of subjects, and his remarks show great justice and keenness of apprehension. It will surprise some of our Europeanized Americans to learn that he considers our press, even of the second and third class, to have far more news and to be much better edited than the French journals. He also found the former, despite their bitter political articles, singularly free from talk and gossip about private individuals, or about those persons who really desire privacy, and he adds that "*les faits scandaleux et les procès scabreux*" which occupy so large a space in such newspapers as the Paris Figaro are with us relegated to their proper place in a separate column.

He examined with great care, and on the whole sums up very accurately, the state of our politics; defining the republicans as the centralizing, and the democrats as the states-rights, party,—a description which has perhaps more historical than contemporary exactness.

[1] *À Travers les États Unis.* Notes et Impressions. Par LE VICOMTE D'HAUSSONVILLE, Ancien Député. Paris: Calmann Lévy, Éditeur 1883.

The old memories and passions of the war, he thinks, are not dead, but the predominant, overmastering feelings at present are love for the Union and national pride. In his judgment, not only slavery, but secession as well, is effaced forever, and those who look for another separatist movement will be wofully disappointed, as they were when the country submitted without a murmur to the decision of the electoral commission. He studied with some care the results of the rebellion, and after every allowance for the evils it brought he says finely, after giving an account of his visit to Arlington, "After all, only a great people is capable of a great civil war."

At the same time, his admiration of results does not blind him to existing evils. He points out the demoralizing mischief of the reconstruction period, and finds the perils which now menace us in the political corruption that crops out in our cities and in our great national departments. He regards the "spoils system" as part of the same deteriorating influence, and looks upon the inferior character and ability of men in politics and public life as a great misfortune. But M. d'Haussonville also believes that a reaction has begun; that public opinion, outside of active politicians, is a mighty force, and is both sound and strong. He hopes most, however, from the well-regulated love of liberty, characteristic of the race; the law-abiding instinct shown in the popular deference, as he puts it, for the policeman's "*baton;*" and the strong religious respect, in the existence of which he has more faith than most Americans. M. d'Haussonville says too that signs are not wanting to indicate the appearance of a higher class of men in politics, from which he draws encouragement as to our future. Although our political defects are marked, and even dangerous, he has no idea that they will prove fatal, and is of opinion that we have the ability to rise to the level of our unequaled opportunities. His views of our politics, and of our political prospects, without being very rosy or extremely optimistic, are on the whole cheerful, and praise and blame are both awarded with much moderation. He is perfectly satisfied, moreover, that those of his countrymen who speak of us as in a state of decadence are not only very ignorant and prejudiced, but utterly mistaken.

On social matters M. d'Haussonville is no less correct than on matters political, and is far more amusing. In one place, he says that he wishes those who think there are no classes in America would come here and see for themselves. Social distinctions appeared to him very rigid, and affection for the past and for tradition very strong, — two easily explicable facts, which surprised him not a little. The latter admirable quality is part of the conservatism of the English race, and it is peculiarly vigorous in the United States from the very fact that our history is so brief and our own especial past so limited. As to the social distinctions in a country where all distinctions have been swept away, so far as law and constitutions can do it, it is only natural that, from their inherent weakness and necessary frailty, they should be more jealously guarded than in other lands, where they are fortified by statute, custom, and authority. Yet the democracy and the equality are none the less real because these harmless and rigid social distinctions exist in the United States. Apart from outward graces and refinements, our manners are, on the average and at bottom, better than those of any other people, and for a very simple reason. Democracy destroys forms, but it demands and breeds the kindliness and good-nature which are the essence of the best manners; and this fact M. d'Haussonville recognizes and admits. He makes an honest confession on this point after

describing the Pullman-car conductor on the train to Chicago to whom he was formally introduced. After shaking hands the conductor discussed with him the French reception in Rhode Island and many other topics; all of which seemed to the Vicomte rather absurd, especially when he pressed a fee of two dollars into his friend's willing hand. But when he comes to the end of this little incident, he frankly grants that the conductor was, in all essentials, a better-mannered man than any of his class in Europe; and hence follows the further admission of this as a general truth applicable to the people of a country at large. In whatever he says about society, however, M. d'Haussonville shows that penetrating perception of which his race is sometimes capable, and he places his finger with unerring accuracy upon that which is at once our most distinguished social peculiarity and our chief defect. The passage is worth quoting: "En Amérique lorsque vous partez pour une ville quelconque, on vous dit invariablement, 'Vous verrez là de très jolies jeunes filles, — *very pretty girls.*' En France on dirait, de très jolies femmes. Toute la différence dont je parle se traduit par l'emploi de ces deux mots. En Amérique, c'est pour les jeunes filles qu'est organisé le mouvement social, — bal, cotillons, matinées, parties de campagne, tout roule sur elles; et les jeunes femmes, sans en être exclues, n'y prennent qu'une part restreinte, le plus souvent sous prétexte de chaperonner une ou plusieurs sœurs, cousines, ou amies. Les jeunes personnes vont également beaucoup au théâtre, dînent seules en ville, ou vont faire des séjours chez des amies mariées. . . . En un mot, elles comprennent la vie telle que la comprend cette vieille ballade du *Gâteau de la mariée*, qu'on récite ou qu'on récitait autrefois en Bretagne à chaque jeune fille le jour de ses noces: —

"Vous n'irez plus au bal,
Madame la mariée,"

et qui se termine par cet avertissement funèbre: —

"Ce gâteau est pour vous dire
Qu'il faut souffrir et mourir."

Nothing could be happier or more clever than this description of the system which prevails everywhere in the United States except in Washington, where it is necessarily limited by circumstances. American society, as now carried on, is maintained solely for the benefit of young girls, and is generally little better than a marriage mart. The parents launch their offspring as well as possible, and display their wares to the greatest advantage, but the business of the market is carried on chiefly by the young girls themselves, instead of by their mothers as in England and Europe. There is no special objection to this method of transacting the business, but it is preposterous that young girls and their affairs should overshadow and shut out everything and everybody else. The result of this absorption in one class and one pursuit is that American society is often insufferably dull and flat. It is made up too exclusively of ignorant girls and their attendant boys. Half the education of a cultivated and attractive woman is of course that which is derived from society and from the world; and yet American society is almost wholly given up to the business of entertaining and marrying those who are necessarily wholly destitute of such an education. Another effect of the prevalence of social principles of this description is the supremacy of that most rustic and unattractive of habits, the pairing system, which converts society into a vast aggregation of *tête-à-têtes*. This prevails all over the world to a greater or less extent, but it should never reign supreme. The upshot of the whole thing with us is to drive out of society nearly all married people, — for marriage under such a system is destructive of social value; nearly all unmarried women over twenty-five, who

are thought to have overstayed their market; and, finally, a considerable proportion of the unmarried men of thirty and upwards. In other words, except at a few large balls and receptions, all the best and most intelligent part of society is usually lacking. It has been pushed aside, and is obliged to find all its social amusement in small coteries of its own. This retirement is of course voluntary, because the pairing system ruins general society, and makes it, in fact, impossible in the best and truest sense. A clever young Englishman not long ago expressed his surprise at the fact that, whenever he asked who a lady of a certain age, as the French say, might be, he was invariably told, not that she was Mrs. Blank, but that she was the mother of Miss Blank. The girl, like the boy, is properly the most insignificant member of society. When a young man goes forth into the world, he starts at the bottom of the ladder, and works his way up. The same rule should apply to young women in society. They have their place, and it is an important one; but they should not start in social life at the top, and then slowly descend. Such a system is against every law of nature or of art, and with its inevitable concomitant of universal tête-à-têtes makes really attractive general society impossible. We place the social pyramid upon its apex instead of upon its base, and then wonder that it is a poor, tottering, and unlovely object.

M. d'Haussonville is remarkably accurate in all his statements, not only about society, but about everything which he noticed, and which offered food for reflection. We have detected but two errors, and for only one of them is the author wholly responsible. He says, in speaking of Washington's diary, that the entry of December 13, 1799, was the last, and that on the following night the general was found dead in his bed. Washington died of laryngitis on the night of December 14th, after twenty-four hours of acute suffering. He was perfectly conscious to the end, and, far from being found dead in his bed, died surrounded by his family and friends. The other mistake was due to a Catholic bishop in Rhode Island, who informed M. d'Haussonville that the Roman Catholics were the most numerous of the Christian sects in the United States. The census of 1870, to which the bishop referred, does not give the number of communicants, as the bishop said, but the number of church sittings. By that census the Roman Catholics stood fourth, being surpassed in numbers by the Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians. The Methodists are three times, the Baptists twice, and the Presbyterians twenty per cent. larger than the Roman Catholics. The Baptists and Methodists together comprise nearly half of the whole population of the country. But it would be obviously unfair to hold M. d'Haussonville responsible for the misstatements of a Roman Catholic priest.

We have spoken of the contrast between M. d'Haussonville and M. de Bacourt, but there is one point of resemblance which curiously justifies what we said of Frenchmen in our former notice, with reference to their lack of the adventurous, colonizing spirit which has made the English race so great and powerful. M. d'Haussonville talked with the emigrants on the Canada, during his voyage to this country, and wondered greatly at their courage. "Rather than boldly break," he says, "with the memories and the affections which help man to support life, I should prefer to continue to suffer where I have lived, and die where I was born." But, unlike M. de Bacourt, M. d'Haussonville admires the hardy spirit of the colonist and emigrant, and appreciates its importance and meaning. The French names of towns in the United States led him to mourn that the empire of France in the New World has departed, and that

her influence, except in the matter of woman's dress and comic opera, is wholly extinct. "O France!" he cries, "chère patrie si douloureusement aimée, es-tu donc définitivement vaincue dans la grande lutte des nations, et comme la Grèce antique, en es-tu réduite à te venger du monde en lui donnant tes vices!" He concludes with an appeal to his country to at least preserve its love for the ideal, its sense of beauty, and its preference of beauty to utility, and ends with the wish that she may deserve to be called, as she has been named, the poet of nations, — a very strange idea in regard to a race which, with all its achievements, is almost wholly destitute of any really great poetry.

CARLYLE AND EMERSON.

THAT one day which Emerson made "look like enchantment," in the poor house of the lonely hill-country where Carlyle was biding his time, may well be reckoned memorable and fortunate in the annals of literature. It knit together, at the beginning of their career, the two men who were to give, each in his own land, the most significant and impressive utterance of spiritual truth in their age. Mutual respect and open sympathy arose in their hearts at first sight, and soon became a loyal and trustful affection, which, endeared by use and wont, proved for almost fifty years one of the best earthly possessions that fell to their lot. Throughout this period, except for a few brief weeks, they lived separate, and hence this Correspondence[1] is a nearly complete record of their friendship as it was expressed in words and acts. On our side of the ocean was Emerson, at Concord: freed from pressing care by his competency of twenty thousand dollars; serene in his philosophy of "acquiescence and optimism;" working in his garden or walking by Walden Pond; discovering geniuses among the townspeople; lecturing in the neighborhood, or jotting down essays for his readers, — "men and women of some religious culture and aspirations, young or else mystical." On the other side was Carlyle, "the poorest man in London;" hag-ridden by spirits of revolt and despair; wrestling with his books as with the demon, "in desperate hope;" finding the face of nature spectral, and the face of man tragically burlesque; saying to himself, "Surely, if ever man had a finger-of-Providence shown him, thou hast it; literature will neither yield the bread nor a stomach to digest bread with; quit it in God's name, — shouldst thou take spade and mattock instead;" yet heartening himself with his mother's words, "They cannot take God's providence from thee." The letters of these two friends, so sharply contrasted by circumstances and nature, must be, one thinks, of extraordinary interest, and possibly some wonder may spring up at finding the talk in them about every-day matters, — family, work, business, friends, and the like; but to us the special charm of the correspondence lies in this fact, in its being human rather than literary, in its naturalness of speech, man to man, whether the theme, in Emerson's phrase, "savor of eternity," or concern the proper mode of cooking Indian meal. It is difficult to give in brief compass an adequate idea of the multifarious subjects discussed, or of the modification of the gen-

[1] *The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson.* 1834–1872. 2 vols. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

eral estimate of Carlyle that the total contents of the volume make necessary. We can only select what seems of leading importance, and trust our readers to criticise and generalize for themselves.

In the earlier portion there is much about "a New England book," as Carlyle, putting Old England to the blush, called it, — Sartor Resartus, — and of its welcome to Cape Cod and Boston Bay, which made Fraser "shriek." We are proud of that; and now we can be glad to know of the money that went to Carlyle from us for this and other books, when he needed money, and can feel a sympathetic indignation against the "gibbetless thief," Appleton, whose piracies troubled Emerson in his good work, even though we get a cheap satisfaction in knowing that a "brother corsair" in England did the like when Carlyle tried to reciprocate his friend's good offices. There is much, too, about Carlyle's coming to America to lecture: details of probable costs and profits; assurances that, advertised as "the personal friend of Goethe," he would, merely "for the name's sake," be "certain of success for one winter, but not afterwards;" congratulations that "Dr. Channing reads and respects you, a fact of importance;" probabilities of "the cordial opposition" of the university. (Ah, poor Harvard! But what can be expected from a son of thine who writes, "The educated class are of course less fair-minded than others"?) Nothing came of all this, though Carlyle did not yield his wish to visit us until he was an old man. Glimpses of humorous sights and things are given from the first: of Dr. Furness, "feeding Miss Martineau with the Sartor;" of "Alcott's English Tail of bottomless imbeciles" in London; of Brook Farm days, — "not a reading man but has a draft of a new Community in his waistcoat pocket;" of Carlyle himself (a sight, one would think, to stir Rabelaisian laughter) at a water-cure, — "wet wrappages, solitary sad *steepages*, and other singular procedures." Now and then, too, they praise each other, as friends should. Thus Carlyle, on reading the Phi Beta Kappa oration, breaks out, "I could have wept to read that speech; the clear high melody of it went tingling through my heart. I said to my wife, 'There, woman!'" But they praise with reservations, as befitted their independence and differences. Carlyle is shy of his friend's genius as of a possible will-o'-the-wisp (beautiful, but leading whither?), and Emerson looks askance at the Harlequinries of his Teufelsdröckh. They confide their bereavements to each other, simply, manfully: now it is Emerson's little boy, "the bud of God," who is gone; and soon it is Carlyle's tenderly loved mother, and at last the wife. They send their friends to each other, — Emerson, of course, by far the larger number, — and they talk them over. In these criticisms and characterizations is the principal literary interest of the collection. Most of them are by Carlyle, and they exhibit the same power as similar passages of his Reminiscences, but more wisely used.

Here is Alcott, whom Emerson had sent on "with his more than a prophet's egotism, a great man if he cannot write well;" whom Carlyle found "a genial, innocent, simple-hearted man, of much natural intelligence and goodness, with an air of rusticity, veracity, and dignity, — the good Alcott, with his long, lean face and figure, with his gray-worn temples and mild, radiant eyes, all bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age; . . . let him love me as he can, and live on vegetables in peace, and I living *partly* on vegetables will continue to love him!" Margaret Fuller Emerson describes as "without beauty or genius," — "with a certain wealth and generosity of nature." Carlyle had larger language for her: "Such a predetermination to *eat* this big Universe as her oyster or her egg, and to be

absolute empress of all height and glory in it that her heart could conceive, I have not before seen in any human soul. Her 'mountain-*me*,' indeed! — but her courage, too, is high and clear, her chivalrous nobleness indeed is great, her veracity in its deepest sense *à toute épreuve*." In briefer strokes, Miss Martineau, "swathed like a mummy into Socinian and Political-Economy formulas, and yet verily alive in the inside of that;" the "pretty little robin-redbreast of a man," Lord Houghton; Dr. Hedge, — "a face like a rock; a voice like a howitzer;" Southey, — "the shovel-hat is *grown* to him;" Macready, who "puts to shame our Bishops and Archbishops." The list is a long one, and it is pleasing to notice that, except in one case (Heraud, whose cause we abandon), Carlyle recognizes and appreciates good qualities in those of whom he writes. Two more of these portraits cannot be spared. Of Webster he writes, "As a Logic-fencer, Advocate, or Parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world. The tanned complexion, that amorphous, crag-like face, the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be *blown*, the mastiff-mouth accurately closed, — I have not traced so much of *silent Berserkir rage* that I remember of in any other man." Finally, of Tennyson, before he was taken up "in the top of the wave," — "Alfred is one of the few British or Foreign Figures who are and remain beautiful to me; a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say, Brother! . . . a man solitary and sad as certain men are, dwelling in an element of gloom. . . . One of the finest-looking men in the world; a great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright-laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical metallic, — fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous. I do not meet, in these late decades, such company over a pipe." Elsewhere, with the Carlyle touch, "He wants a *task!*"

Year by year these letters go, and "the cleft of difference" grows wider between the two: Carlyle glowing more intense with the heat of a dark realism; Emerson becoming more ethereal in his ideality. Their mutual recognition is as generous as ever, but each wishes the other different. Carlyle calls for "some *concretion* of these beautiful *abstracta*." "I love your *Dial*," he writes, "and yet it is with a kind of shudder. You seem to me in danger of dividing yourselves from the Fact of this present Universe, and soaring away after Ideas, Beliefs, Revelations, and such like, — into perilous altitudes beyond the curve of perpetual frost. . . . I do believe, for one thing, a man has no right to say to his own generation, turning quite away from it, 'Be damned!' It is the whole Past and the whole Future, this same cotton-spinning, dollar-hunting, canting and shrieking, very wretched generation of ours. Come back into it, I tell you." Again and again he repeats his warning, and calls, "Come down and help us." Emerson, on his side, speaks his own discontent with "that spendthrift style of yours," those "sky-vaultings," and the like, but easily tolerates his friend's peculiarities, and at last takes him as "a highly virtuous gentleman who *swears;*" while to the summons to leave the mountain-tops, and "come down," he replies, "I don't know what you mean." The genius of each dominated him, and the world has not lost thereby. In the style of the one there was the aroma of Babylon, and in that of the other something of the day-dawn, as they said in their genuine compli-

ments; but the two men could coalesce as little as would the two metaphors. They advanced in age, and the letters grew more infrequent: the fault was Emerson's. It is pitiful to read Carlyle's appeals against his friend's silence, the silence of that voice which was to him, he says over and over, the only human voice he ever heard in response to his own soul. He was wandering about his native country with that "fatal talent of converting all nature into Preternaturalism," or standing in Luther's room in the Wartburg, — "I believe I actually had tears in my eyes there, and *kissed* the old oak table;" or he was struggling with Friedrich, and ever repeating, "I am lonely — I am lonely." At the end of a long, impassioned protest (and the passion is next to tears) against the misapprehension of the phrase of "the eighteen million fools," he first makes his prayer, "O my Friend, have tolerance for me, have sympathy with me!" Again, as early as 1852, he writes, "My manifold sins against you, involuntary all of them, I may well say, are often enough present to my sad thoughts; and a kind of remorse is mixed with the other sorrow, — as if I could have *helped* growing to be, by aid of time and destiny, the grim Ishmaelite I am, and so shocking your serenity by my ferocities! I admit you were like an angel to me, and absorbed in the beautifullest manner all thunder-clouds into the depths of your immeasurable æther; and it is indubitable I love you very well, and have long done, and mean to do. And on the whole you will have to rally yourself into some kind of correspondence with me again. To me, at any rate, it is a great want, and adds perceptibly to the sternness of these years; deep as is my dissent from your Gymnosophist view of Heaven and Earth, I find an agreement that swallows up all conceivable dissents." But the letters remained long unanswered upon Emerson's table, in spite of this and other like appeals; he had forgotten his early words, "Please God, I will never again sit six weeks of this short human life over a letter of yours without answering it." When he does write he assures him of "the old love with the old limitations," counts it his "eminent happiness to have been your friend" and discoverer, and may well say, "There is no example of constancy like yours." The fact remains. Emerson appreciated love as the comradeship of noble minds; but of the love that clings and yearns, and seeks only repose in the friend, he knew not. Every syllable he ever wrote of love or friendship is thought, not passion. Carlyle had the peasant's heart, the heart of a simple man; learning had not dried it, nor flattery hardened it, nor the charities of a fortunate life lulled it. He knew Emerson's fidelity; what he wanted was not the knowledge, but the sense of love. He was not to have it in the fullness he desired: he grew older and more lonely, and the letters fewer, until they ceased, ten years before the death of the friends, in the business necessary for the conveyance of Carlyle's bequest of books to Harvard College, in which he took great pleasure, as in "something itself connected with THE SPRING in a higher sense, — a little white and red lipped bit of *Daisy*, pure and poor, scattered into TIME'S Seed-field." Here it seems fit to notice, once for all, the deep interest and friendliness of Carlyle toward America, as it is shown throughout these letters. To quote but one or two phrases, America is at the beginning "the other parish" — "the Door of Hope to distracted Europe." Of the subduing of the Western prairies he exclaims, "There is no myth of Athene or Herakles equal to that fact." Finally, at the close of all, he confesses, "I privately whisper to myself, 'Could any Friedrich Wilhelm, now, or Friedrich, or most perfect Governor you could hope to realize, guide forward what is

America's essential task at present faster or more completely than "anarchic America" herself is now doing?' *Such* 'Anarchy' has a great deal to say for itself (would to Heaven ours of England had as much!), and . . . toward grand *anti*-Anarchies in the future; . . . I hope, with the aid of centuries, immense things from it in my private mind." Burke's famous admission, in his Reflections on the French Revolution, that he might be wrong, after all, was not more creditable to his large wisdom than is this to Carlyle's deep sincerity.

From what has been said, it will be seen that, in our judgment, the reputation of Carlyle has materially gained by this Correspondence, while Emerson remains the man we have always known. As in the Reminiscences, we see again the grimness, the frightful intensity, the solitude, of Carlyle's life, which is already seen to be the most tragical in our literary history. It is marvelous to notice how exactly Carlyle's account of his states of feeling, written from memory, agrees with the contemporary record of the letters. But beyond what was told us before, we possess now clearer proofs of his sympathy and tenderness; his heart is laid bare, and we, being freed from the prejudices stirred by the praise or blame that came from it in particular cases, can better appreciate his humanity. His genius was of that kind which makes misapprehension and hatred easy; this volume helps to show us the man as he truly was, one of the noblest of men. In this service to his friend, the editor, Professor Norton, whose work, it is almost superfluous to say, is unobtrusively and thoroughly done, has enjoyed a fortune given to few. The memory of a fine friendship, which may well prove hereafter the most notable in our literature, has been added to the spiritual inheritance of the world, and by its light genius, misunderstood and maligned, will be justified.

THE NEGRO RACE IN AMERICA.

For the first time, an educated colored man in America has undertaken to write the history of his race. There have been fragmentary books, such as Mr. W. C. Nell's Colored Patriots of the American Revolution, Dr. William W. Brown's The Black Man, and The Negro in the Rebellion, besides the work on Emancipation, its Cause and Progress, lately written by Mr. Joseph T. Wilson, and printed at the Hampton school. There is also the encyclopædic volume called A Tribute to the Negro, and published by an Englishman, Mr. Wilson Armistead, some forty years ago. But none of these can compare in extent of plan or general merit of execution with the elaborate work by Mr. George W. Williams, of which the first volume lies before us.[1] If we frankly point out its defects as well as its merits, it is because its author has honestly aimed to place it on that high plane where it can be judged by the standard of its absolute worth, without any sort of reference to "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." To criticise it thus impartially is a recognition of its value.

Its author, Mr. George W. Williams, was educated for the ministry, as he states, at the Baptist seminary in New-

[1] *A History of the Negro Race in America from* 1619 *to* 1880. By George W. Williams. In two volumes. Vol. I. 1619–1800. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

ton, Mass. He has since, as we understand, fought in the war for the Union, practiced law in Ohio, and been a member of the legislature of that State. He has had access to the State Library of Ohio, to the Congressional Library at Washington, and to the library of the New York Historical Society. He has had the friendship and advice of Dr. George H. Moore and Mr. J. Austin Allibone. The seven years bestowed upon his book have in themselves been a liberal education, and have left him far better trained at the end than he was at the beginning. The general plan and arrangement of the work are excellent, and a mere look at the table of contents will show that it is well arranged and methodically worked out. It is carefully annotated, fully indexed, and well printed and bound. It is, in short, in all externals, a most creditable and presentable book.

When we enter on the early chapters, the impression is less encouraging. For the author to base his whole view upon such a frank assumption as "It is fair to presume that God gave all the races of mankind civilization to start with" (i. 22) is to place himself on ground quite apart from anything that can be called science. Nor is the detailed treatment any more satisfactory; it is not apparent that the author at all recognizes the amount of learning now needed to discuss such problems as The Unity of Mankind, or The Negro in the Light of Philology; and the few authorities he cites — such as Blumenbach, Prichard, Smyth, Nott, Gliddon — are somewhat superseded. His view of the present condition of Africa is better, but still very inadequate. He does not, for instance, make any reference to the extraordinary progress and influence of Mohammedanism among the native tribes. Nor does his information give us all we need to know about those races which he describes most fully. For instance, he mentions the Yorubas, and tells us something about that remarkable man, Rev. Samuel Crowther, but does not so much as mention his Vocabulary of the Yoruba Language (London, 1852), a book whose remarkable collection of native proverbs has given the tribe a place in literature. Some of Mr. Williams's generalizations, too, are very hasty and sweeping, as when he says, "The great majority of Negroes in Africa are both orators and logicians" (p. 75); or, "It is a fact that all uncivilized nations are warlike" (p. 61); or, "The children [in Africa] are very noble in their relation to their mothers," to which he presently adds, "The old are venerated, and when they become sick they are abandoned to die alone" (p. 83). His unbounded admiration for the Christian humanity of Mr. Henry M. Stanley will not be universally accepted; and he is occasionally betrayed into such slips of style as to say of Mr. Winwood Reade, "He is a good writer, but sometimes gets real funny!" (p. 61).

If we frankly mention these defects, it is to emphasize the fact that Mr. Williams's book grows better as it goes on. The chapters on Sierra Leone and Liberia are decidedly superior to the more miscellaneous pages which precede them; and when he comes to his own proper ground, the Negro Race in America, a still further improvement is shown. The chapters on slavery in the colonies represent much original work, and are uniformly, though not equally, valuable.

One sees at a glance that Mr. Williams has built largely on the labors of his predecessors. His treatment of the military services of the negroes is based on the admirable work of the late George Livermore; but adds to it. His discussion of slavery in Massachusetts is mainly founded on the elaborate work of Dr. G. H. Moore. As a natural consequence, each of these departments is treated on a larger scale than the rest of the book; and the author has

been, in some cases, hindered as well as helped by the authority he has followed. This is especially the case with what he has drawn from Dr. Moore, who, while eminent among historical scholars, has a strong controversial tendency, which makes him a dangerous guide for an inexperienced writer. Accordingly, we find this polemic tone exaggerated, not diminished, in his disciple. This is a pity, for the work of Dr. Moore, which called out some controversy in its day, has now been generally accepted as a very important contribution to the theme it treats, and does not gain by having its militant aspect revived and intensified, sixteen years later. Besides, there is a great difference, both in manner and in weight of metal, between the original champion and his imitator. Dr. Moore, though sometimes sharp, was rarely discourteous; and he was, at any rate, dealing with men who, like himself, belonged to the guild of mature and experienced scholars, and who, moreover, were still living. Mr. Williams, on the other hand, has to do with men now dead, to whose standing and attainments a young writer owes at least the tribute of respect; and yet it cannot be denied that where Dr. Moore is sharp Mr. Williams is simply pert. To show this a single extract will suffice, premising that the subject under discussion is the date of the introduction of slavery into Massachusetts: —

"But there is n't the least fragment of history to sustain the hap-hazard statement of Emory Washburn that slavery existed in Massachusetts 'from the time Maverick was found dwelling on Noddle's Island, in 1630.' We are sure this assertion lacks the authority of historical data. It is one thing for a historian to think certain events happened at a particular time, but it is quite another thing to be able to cite authority in proof of the assertion. But no doubt Mr. Washburn relies upon Mr. Palfrey, who refers his reader to Mr. Josselyn. Palfrey says, 'Before Winthrop's arrival, there were two negro slaves in Massachusetts, held by Mr. Maverick, on Noddle's Island'" (i. 175–6).

Now this passage includes a series of unfortunate misstatements, and is marked by the greatest unfairness. The extract from Dr. Palfrey's history is apparently transferred by Mr. Williams from Dr. Moore's History of Slavery in Massachusetts, where it is contradicted in the same way. Now Dr. Moore's history was published in 1866; and his citation from Dr. Palfrey's work, as originally published in 1860, was correctly given. But Dr. Moore accidentally overlooked the fact that no such statement existed in the edition of 1865, which was already before the public when his own book was published. Dr. Palfrey had seen reason to doubt the correctness of his own inference, and had altered the words "before Winthrop's arrival" to the more careful phrase "before the year 1639," thus disarming Dr. Moore's criticism in advance. It might fairly be said that Dr. Moore, as a librarian and careful historian, was bound to take note of this correction, though he published his book only a year after the change had been made. No man should make a citation for purposes of controversy without verifying it in the latest edition of his author. But if even Dr. Moore must be convicted of an oversight, how much greater the oversight of Mr. Williams! He publishes a book in 1883, and selects for severe criticism, in the great work of Palfrey, a sentence which has not stood in its pages for eighteen years; and has, indeed, been twice altered, for the present editions give "1638" instead of "1639."

So much for that part of the passage above quoted which relates to Palfrey; now let us consider that part relating to the other writer criticised. Mr. Williams says that Judge Washburn "no doubt" relies upon Dr. Palfrey for his

statement as to early slavery. But if he had taken the pains simply to look at the dates of the books he quotes, he would have found that Judge Washburn's statement was published in 1858, and the second volume of Dr. Palfrey's history — which is the volume cited — in 1860. The fable of the wolf and the lamb is not clearer than that, under these circumstances, it must rather have been the Doctor who relied upon the Judge. But, beyond this, Mr. Williams here again commits an unfairness, very much like that of which he was before guilty. Judge Washburn's early work was but preliminary to a much more elaborate lecture on Slavery in Massachusetts, printed in the Historical Society's Lowell Lectures in 1869. In that lecture — published, be it observed, fourteen years before Mr. Williams's book — Judge Washburn follows Dr. Palfrey in modifying his original statement, and says only, "When Josslyn was here in 1638 he found Mr. Maverick the owner of three slaves. He probably acquired them from a ship which brought some slaves from the West Indies in that year" (Lowell Lectures, page 207); this being precisely the statement also made by Mr. Williams. It thus appears that Mr. Williams quotes from two eminent authors an early misapprehension, which they themselves had separately corrected, ignores the fact of these alterations, and claims for himself the merit of the revised statement.

It is peculiarly unfortunate for Mr. Williams that he should not have seen this later lecture by Professor Washburn, both because it is one of the most elaborate essays on the subject, and because it traverses some of the most important positions assumed by Dr. Moore and too implicitly followed by Mr. Williams. But this is not the only error of the kind by our author. He not merely ignores some of the most important assertions of others, but he ignores his own. For example, after citing with just praise the bill passed in Connecticut in October, 1774, aimed against the slave-trade, — but not, as Mr. Williams implies, against slavery itself, — he says, —

"The above bill was brief, but pointed; and showed that Connecticut was the only one of the New England colonies that had the honesty and courage to legislate against slavery" (i. 261).

And yet it appears, by his own previous pages, that the Massachusetts legislature had passed three different bills to prohibit the slave-trade, — one in 1771 and two in 1774, — all of which failed only because the royal governor refused to sign them. This is only an instance of the curious feeling of petty hostility to Massachusetts which runs through all Mr. Williams's colonial chapters. The feeling is curious, because, by his own statement, he owes his education largely to the institutions of Massachusetts, and ought at least to do her common justice; and the hostility is petty, because he overlooks the result and cavils at the ups and downs of the process. Few will now claim that there was in Massachusetts, at any rate during the provincial period, any very general elevation of tone above the other colonies, upon the slavery question. But after the Revolution the matter can be tested by results; and any question over the phases of the contest becomes trivial, in view of the fact that Massachusetts succeeded where others had failed. By Mr. Williams's own showing (i. 436) the census of 1790 reported slaves in every State of the Union, save Massachusetts alone. The final test of the battle is the victory. The world has never found much time to listen to those who argue that Wellington was, after all, a poor general, and ought not to have happened to conquer at Waterloo. To add on the next page that Vermont, because it came into the Union in 1791 with an antislavery constitution, was

therefore "the first one to abolish and prohibit slavery in North America" is idle. In 1790 Massachusetts was without a slave, whereas at a previous period she had had some five thousand. Whether the change was brought about by legislation or by custom is a mere matter for Dryasdusts. If to be voluntarily without slaves, after having once held them, is not to have abolished slavery, what is?

But it is not alone where Mr. Williams has a case to make out that he is tempted to hasty assumptions. Not only does he begin his history with 1619, and make no allusion whatever to the fact that negro slavery was first introduced on what is now United States soil by the Spaniards at St. Augustine in 1565, but he seems to suppose that he is announcing something new in stating that the first slaves were brought to Virginia in 1619. He says that "nearly all" writers on American history, "except the laborious and scholarly Bancroft and the erudite Campbell," have made the mistake of assigning 1620 as the date. But it was, in truth, the laborious and scholarly Bancroft who, by employing the incorrect date in more than a dozen successive editions of his history, did more than anybody else to set later writers on the wrong track. As a matter of fact, the error has long since been thoroughly corrected even by Mr. Bancroft himself, and the current school manuals of American history now give the correct date. Mr. Williams's own theory, which he says "we are strangely moved to believe," that the actual landing may have been, after all, in 1618, is not very clearly stated by him, and seems to have little foundation.

To the chapter on the Military Employment of Negroes we can give hearty praise. Though necessarily founding his work upon the monograph of Mr. Livermore, the present author has greatly amplified that, has followed up references and authorities, and has made faithful use of the new matter which has since accumulated. Where, for instance, Mr. Livermore obtained from the Rhode Island archives manuscript copies of some papers in regard to General Varnum's project of raising a negro battalion in 1778, Mr. Williams has the whole archives at his command, they having been mainly printed during the twenty years since Livermore wrote. The later chapters of the book are excellent, but it is a little hurried toward the close, and omits much that is important. This is especially true in regard to the literature of the subject. The author does not even mention the books which did most to mould public sentiment and rouse humane feeling toward the negro race. He not only names, but reprints, that noble protest by Samuel Sewall, entitled The Selling of Joseph, published in 1700, which, taken in connection with his unique Diary and his brave self-humiliation after the witchcraft trials, will make him more and more famous as time goes on, as being not merely the Pepys of his generation, but its most heroic figure. Mr. Williams also refers to the antislavery pamphlets of Appleton, Swan, Coleman, and Salisbury. But there were publications far more influential, which he does not mention. He does not speak of John Woolman's Considerations on the Keeping of Negroes (Philadelphia, 1754), or its sequel in 1762. He does not allude to Benjamin Rush's Address to the Inhabitants of the British Settlements in America, upon Slave Keeping (Philadelphia and Boston, 1773); or his larger pamphlet, vindicating this from a criticism "by a West Indian" in the same year. He does not speak of the Forensic Dispute at Harvard College in 1773, on The Legality of Enslaving the Africans; or of William Pinckney's noble speech made before the Maryland House of Delegates in November, 1787;

or of the sermon by Jonathan Edwards, on The Injustice and Impolicy of the Slave-Trade, preached at New Haven, Ct., September 15, 1791. He might well have mentioned also the remarkable Letter to George Washington on his Continuing to be a Proprietor of Slaves, by Edward Rushton, which appeared at Liverpool in 1797. But with whatever defects of omission and commission, the author has produced a work of great value; one that will be a treasury of facts for future students, and greatly facilitate their work, although it will inevitably be superseded in time by a history prepared with yet fuller research, more careful literary training, and a more judicial spirit.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A CHAPLAIN in a Southern penitentiary, who is also doing a noble missionary and educational work among the poor and destitute colored people in his vicinity, sends his friends a graphic account of the unpacking of a Christmas box, received from friends at the North for the school-children under his charge. The humor of it is so quaint and delicious that the private circle of friends for whose amusement and edification alone it was written, ought not to have the sole enjoyment of it. The immediate theme is a boy's remonstrance and protest because the contents of the box seemed chiefly intended for the girls.

"The boys have long felt themselves aggrieved, but whether through design, or because of nature's reservations in the matter of boys North, they could not quite determine; some inclining to think one way, some the other.

"Last year, looking in at the window during the process of unpacking, one boy observed with much acrimony, 'Dat yer 's de tenf doll dat 's come out' dat one box, 'sides all de dresses and white fixins; and all fur no 'count gals. I 'se disgusted, I is.' And he sat down with his back to the window, as if there were nothing worth looking at.

"'An' what 's ten dolls mongst a hundred gals?' said a sprightly girl, quickly facing him. 'Dey ain't one on 'um fur me, kase I ain't had a good lessing since I 'member. An' what 's you making a fuss fur? Boys can't git it all.'

"'Git it all!' replied the boy, rising in wrath. 'Did ye see ten marbles, or ten pair of breeches, or ten jackets, or ten nuffin else fur boys? Git it all! — you 'se a baggage, you is. We uns don' spec for to git nuffin whatsumdever, an' we don't want your dolls!'

"'An' a good reason why you can't git nuffin, kase de folks Norf knows you is n't wuf a gif', you lump of livin' imperance,' said the girl, no ways daunted by the boy's threatening manner. 'An' ef dere is n't any boys dere, wich I t'inks very likely, it 's kase de Norven folks has got more sense dan Souvern folks, an' knows what boys is too well t' ave 'em a kickin' roun'. You is a misplaced creation anyhow, boys is; allers a-grumblin', an' a-hollerin', an' a-slammin' doors, an' a-fochin' in dirt. What good 'ud new clothes do you, you mud-rollin', tree-climbin', peach-stealin' creetur?'

"The rejoinder to this is not recorded among my memoranda, so I cannot give it. But I find among them, written on loose sheets, and of about the same date, a conversation wherein the boy's views are set forth with some force. My notes indicate a conversation, but comprise only the heads and occasional

oddities of expression on the part of one speaker, hence it must here take the form of a monologue; but it is altogether too good a specimen of 'unique' eloquence to be lost.

"'Not meanin' to be saucy, nur to be runnin' any onnecessary risks, we has yit sumpin fur to say about dis yer matter, bein' as we don' see no jestice in de way t'ings goes on. Talk about shoes! Jus' look at dese, w'ich is de only ones dis miserbul worl' has for me. See my big toe an' his little brudder a-tastin' of de fros' an' col' dis ebenin'. Is n't you 'shamed fur to see dat ar', while you has de bes' dat de lan' fords? An' look at dis yere hat! Dis is all de coverin' fur my pore head dat I is had fur goin' on five year. It ain't got no top nur yit no brim. De col' rains o' de skeyi comes down onchecked fur to gim me rheumatiz; an' when I goes to take it off fur to bow to de ladies, I allers pulls my own har. Is n't you 'shamed o' dat in a member o' de schule consarnin' w'ich you is one ob um? I won't speak o' dese yere pants, kase dey is full of mouves w'ich speak fur dere selvs, only I will jes menchin dat my daddy has no trouble fur to fin' a place fur to gimme a 'membrancer; I does n't have to ondress. I jus' leaves it to you if it 's one o' de greeabilities o' 'xistence to be 'bleeged t' allers crawfish outen a room back'ards, 'r to be keerful whar I sits down, 'r to be a 'tinual subjec o' larfin' on de part of dose onfeelin' ones what has no sympathy wiz misfortin'. De las' time my mammy mended 'em she sewed on a gunny bag wiz my las' kite string; an' I ain't been able to tell w'ich wuz wuss, de scratchin' o' de gunny bag or de miserbulness of nuffin. I ain't got a pockit what 'l hole what 's put inter it, an' I conserkently has to make a pockit out 'n my mouf, w'ich ain't de bes' 'dapted fur dat perfession, bein' made 'riginally fur swallerin', — w'ich it do, sometimes, wiz tings dat I is sorry fur to lose. If you t'inks dat all dis is n't much, what dus you 'pinion 'bout my jackit? [He was in his shirt sleeves] Is n't it pretty? You kin see right froo it widout any trouble. Sort o' gossamer like; s' like what de ladies wears when dey wants to make b'lieve dey has clo's on. Mammy says I had a jackit wonst, an' ef I hed been keerful I might a' had it yit. It wur when I was a baby, dat jackit wur, an' I leaves it to you ef I could a wored it ever since. When de wind blows col' I tries to 'member how dat jackit use' to feel, but I don' find it warmin'. I won't speak o' dis yere shirt, as it ain't much to speak of, an' is tored now opin all de way down in front. Dis yere frien'ly string is all dat hol's it togedder; an f' I wor to menchin it as I feels, 't might go on a strike, an' den whar 'd I be? Now dese dat I is been a menchinin' is all dat I has in dis worl', 'ceptin' some marbles an' udder t'ings dat I has buried away in a safe place down in de lot. Lots of de fellers is no better off nor I is. If dere is any thin' in dis yere worl' meant fur yus I hain't foun' it out yit. I has allers heard that boys worn't good fur nuffin. I 'spresses no 'pinion 'bout dat, at present. What I *knows* is dat dey don't *git* nuffin in dis yere miserbul worl', 'ceptin' kicks an' cuffs an' sottin's down. I hearn tell dat dere is folkses up Norf what sorry fur de pore nigger. So dey is, I jedge, fur de men and de wimming, an' mos' 'specially fur de gals; but I don' see no signs goin' fur to show dat dey keers for nigger boys. I t'inks dat de hull worl's out of jint in dis matter, 'specially since de Sunday-school 's gone back on us, too. But I dunno of no way to help it, t'ings bein' as dey is now.'"

— Some mornings ago, a portion of the social world was considerably agitated by a rumor that one Timotheus, poet, had used a lyre with twelve strings; the original number had been seven, but had answered very well all bardic purposes. When the legislating worthies of Sparta (for this was in Sparta)

heard of the affair, they had Timotheus called, tried, and found guilty of the offense alleged; doubtless, too, the sentence and its execution were characteristically Laconic. At our remove, it is difficult to appreciate the objection at the time brought against this lyrical improvement; we only know, there was grave apprehension that the twelfth string, if retained, would prelude the entrance of luxury and civic degeneracy, against which the guardians of the state had always presented a firm front.

We smile at the scruples of those crusty conservatives, — most un-Greek-like Greeks that they were! Here we have a harp of a thousand strings, and they disputed the propriety of adding a pitiful five! Do we continually practice a beggarly, bound-out philosophy, because we dare not risk contact with the delicate and pleasant things of life, lest they steal our strength and valor? On the contrary, we import our philosophy from Persia, and maintain that we are better candidates for citizenship, both in this world and the next, in proportion as we increase the number of our enjoyments, and expand our capacity for enjoying. We praise prosperity; sweet are its uses. Perhaps in no other age before this could each human being so well suit himself from the treasury and armory of his time. He has but to beckon his choice, and it hastens to him, with means and equipments, from among the crowd of benevolent genii. One's chief difficulty is to decide which, of all these wooing opportunities, it were best to wed.

So we say, exulting in the plenitude and variety of modern life. Yet it is possible that the old Spartan fear was not altogether groundless. Are we sure that the harp with its thousand strings makes purer and stronger harmony than the same instrument when the strings were fewer? We have books, the lecture, music, art, the drama, and numberless other generous contributors to our instruction and entertainment; we each receive into our mass a portion of the lively leaven, taste; we have "social contact," which quickens sympathy and makes wit nimble; we have at hand all our powers can absorb, — are soothed, satisfied, unadventurous. On the imaginative side, our growth seems not commensurate with the apparent advantage and encouragement of the situation. Would we not be justified if we drew the following conclusion: material possession of the things it accounts desirable oftener sates the imagination and puts it to sleep than rouses and stimulates it. The child that has not its amusement provided from the toy-shop, the child without companions, invents and constructs for itself the furniture of its play, — dramatizes its thought, and therefrom peoples the solitude. Imagination, genius, often works to best advantage when, to the casual observer, it appears to be exiled and defrauded. What it misses most it straightway exerts itself to supply by ideal creations. These ideal creations are the "sum and substance" of poetry.

— This is a world of compromises, of balancing contraries, weighing of pleasures against pains, etc., and, by dint of close search and careful adjustment, one generally succeeds in getting hold of the correspondences and making the scale swing even. But bad weather is one of the things that the most optimistic philosopher may find a difficulty in finding a set-off for, especially if he live at a remove from the stones of a city pavement, the sole security for the foot in this present weather dispensation of slipping and splashing on ice or in slush, and when pedestrianism is only a trifle worse than getting about in vehicles which go skating around icy corners, dragging over muddy clearings, and jolting over the gulfs of gutter-crossings. Nature has had a dismal face on during the past few weeks; the landscape has had the smudgy look of a poor mezzotint,

— nothing but blurred lines and a dull uniformity of color. To-day the weather is still bad, according to barometers and in the meaning of weather prophecies; but at length has come a change in the aspect of things, which one may take as compensation for their unpleasantness to the mere bodily sensation. Until ten A. M. there was no visible world, external to the few feet of space in which each one found himself. Then began a battle between the dense fog and the sun, aided by a feeble breath of southwest wind. The sun peered for a moment over the edge of vapor-drift, in size and color like a pale moon, and then sank and was lost again beneath the billows of mist. The mist decidedly had the best of it, and I was glad to see the sun go under. Across the frozen river a layer of white vapor stretched motionless along the hillside, and looked like another solid stream, bounded by a second blue hill range. When I presently went out in the sleigh, and turned toward the south, the mountains that run westwardly and cross the line of vision were looming grandly up, while above the actual mountain was a splendid cloud-piled height. Looking off at it over the length of intervening valley, I could almost fancy myself on the Axenstein, gazing Lucerne-ward to Pilatus and his great *confrères*. Another turn of the road brought the river into sight again, and right across the narrow opening between the hills, at right and left, lay a low fog wreath, which a chance sun-gleam fell on, and turned into a gold-tipped barrier closing the way to fairy-land. Out of such stuff as these floating, fluctuating mists it is that fancy loves to build cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces, which presently are "melted into air, thin air." There is hardly a street in our town from which some glimpse may not be had of the river below and the hills beyond, and, as we turned to the north again, on our way homeward, I glanced down a side street, and saw what seemed the remains of a great conflagration; for the sun just then had quite disappeared, and the heavy masses of fog lying below, at the end of the street vista, were the color of thick smoke, which seemed to hang over the smouldering ashes of a huge fire just extinguished. Why has there never arisen a second Turner to attempt the noting of these curious atmospheric effects, which are sometimes, though not so often, seen inland as well as on and by the sea? Any one with an eye for color of course finds a never-failing and intense delight in the effects of dawn, sunset, and twilight, and the variations of tones in clear or partially clear skies; but we are not so apt to take note of color effects in dull weather with clouded skies. I, for one, know that I have Ruskin to thank for directing me to find a pleasure in observing the delicate gradations and subtle blending of tone in neutral skies and landscape. I never could see the truth of his statement, however, that nature does not use brown paint.

— A curious and beautiful little plant is the mimosa, but if it could be rendered spontaneous in my garden I would not encourage its growing there; to be continually offending so delicate a creature would be far from pleasant. The same consideration might warrant one's hesitating to cultivate in his garden of choice acquaintances many human counterparts of the genus mimosa. These sensitive plants, by reason of the tender, irritable surface they present, always manage to convince us, while we are with them, that our moral touch is exceptionally harsh and clumsy. We are not aware of having given offense until we see the recoil of the sensitive plant, — its leaves shrinking and folding together, retiring about the stem; until we meet, instead of genial reciprocity, a precipitate withdrawing into itself of our friend's personality, all kindly mutualities being temporarily suspended. How much patient adroitness it takes

to bring back *in statu quo* our relations with the wounded, only those know who have had to deal with the plant. We have referred, casually, to some contemporaneous instance, or have passed criticism upon remote affairs or persons, or have drawn a harmless, humorous characterization, when, *presto*, our listener feels a hand laid upon him. He never "gives away the sermon," but takes all to himself; and the humorous characterization, also, he contrives to carry off, to his own discomfiture. And we are left to plead guilty to an ugly *gaucherie!* If the sensitive plant would only consider of what inverse misery it is the cause! But that is rarely the nature of the plant; it has little power to exchange places with another, little imagination where itself is not immediately concerned. After some not unuseful experience of its peculiarities, it has dawned upon us that selfishness is the big tap-root which feeds the germination and morbid growth of such sensitiveness. It might not be amiss to lay down a rule: Doubt those persons who are frequently given to the confession that they are sensitive, — far too sensitive for their own good. (The latter half of the statement is true enough, but not in the sense intended by them.) If they were indeed as sensitive as they would have us believe, the fact would have to be ascertained in some other way than through oral acknowledgment. Having to deal with them, we probably find that what they mistake in themselves for fine spiritual acumen and sensibility is something very akin to jealousy, — an ungenerous distrustfulness of nature. "To cherish good hopes, and to believe I am loved by my friends" — recommended by no less authority than Marcus Antoninus — is an excellent specific in these aggravated cases. Who that maintains continual bivouac, lest at some unguarded moment he fall victim to Punic faith, is a suitable candidate for any of the ingenuous offices of friendship? He is undoubtedly too wary and suspicious (not sensitive) for his own good. The only admirable order of sensitiveness is that to which the Apostle's definition of charity is applicable. Like that Christian virtue, it suffers long, is patient, vaunteth not itself. It has a shy "elvish face," and is not to be met with upon the street. It so sedulously hides itself that the kindest house-mate impinges on it unawares. It has a rare aptitude for vicarious suffering, and every day immolates itself, unthanked, for some one. It supposes every one it meets to be endowed with as thin a skin as its own, and is therefore constantly on its guard to commit no cruelty. Often it absurdly overrates the tender susceptibility of others; takes superfluous pains to direct its eye-shot well above any physical or moral imperfection of its neighbor, and in any company is always "heading off" the conversation, lest it range over the opinions and prejudices of those present. So vivid is its dramatic imagination that it is sometimes perilously near sympathizing with depravity, its manners becoming infected with the neighboring baseness. Then its behavior is not unlike that of Christabel, who unconsciously narrowed the eye, and repeated the vicious glance of the serpent-lady.

Genuine sensitiveness parries discovery by a variety of ingenious methods, one of which is to announce its complete imperviousness; it bids you feel the rhinoceros rings and bosses it has put on, intending to pass them for its natural habit. To conclude, we give the deposition with which a sensitive plant lately favored us: "It is the frank and egotistic behavior I have adopted, of late years, that makes it seem easy to lay hands upon my heart and life; but I find the device protective, and the hurts I receive are far less painful than they used to be."

— May I be pardoned the impertinence, but I have of late taken some

pains to ascertain the age of the heroine, — the heroine of the contemporary novel. Examining carefully, in several instances, the data furnished by her sponsors, I have sorted out and tabulated certain general facts. These facts show her age to be, never under twenty; rarely two-and-twenty; usually from twenty-four to twenty-seven, twenty-eight, and even there-above, giving an average of twenty-five (plus). While pursuing these numerical calculations, I am closely observing the heroine's face. There are no "telling lines" upon the brow or about the eye, and her color is still faultless. It is to be noted, moreover, that she retains in her manner a wonderful measure of youthful vivacity and frankness. I am far from caviling at the happy ease and gracefulness with which she carries the weight of her years. This is as we would have it; but the singularity of the case appears, when her age is contrasted with that of her predecessor, the heroine of the old-fashioned novel. The latter is always a *jeune fille*, who, when the narrative of her fortunes is concluded, has scarcely more than crossed the threshold of the twenties. Rustic and unschooled, or accomplished and sophisticated; phlegmatic or piquant, timid or audacious, — whatever her temperament and behavior, she is invariably lovely and of tender age. What writer of fiction in its early days would have presented, or what reader would have accepted, a heroine who did not possess the two chief requisites, beauty and youth? Of beauty, it is still expected the heroine shall have a certain allowance, as a pair of fine eyes or a "sensitive mouth." As to youth, the restriction no longer holds. Why the changed fashion? I account for it in only one way: the metaphysical tendency of the modern novel seems to require that the character of central importance shall interest us subjectively. This character must be subtended by actual experience, ripe feeling, settled convictions, and a clever vein of casuistry. Now, as these do not consist with the idea of extreme youth, and as consistency and realism are the special jewels of the present fiction school, it follows that we have a heroine who, to say the least, is "no longer young." Again, conversation is, as every reader knows, an essential element of the contemporary novel; and analysis would probably show the following ratio: Conversation, including speculative interpolation by the author, three parts; incident, one. What, in the present exigency, were a silent or monosyllabic heroine? The heroine is she who converses subtilely, saying far more than "meets the ear," adroitly touching both the heights and deeps of experience. The conversation of school-girls is not wont to be of this order; hence the reigning heroine's maturer age.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry and the Drama. On Viol and Flute is a volume of poems selected for an American publisher (Holt) by Edmund W. Gosse from those previously published in England. The fine scholarship, good taste, and literary atmosphere of the author are very noticeable. He has so fine a literary sense that he almost creates nature. — Lyrical and Dramatic Poems selected from the works of Robert Browning, by Edward T. Mason (Holt), is preceded by a portion of Mr. Stedman's criticism of Browning. The book appears to have the design rather of persuading people to read Browning, by showing that he is not always obscure, than of giving a typical selection. — College Verses, compiled by the Berkeleyan Stock Company (The California Publishing Company, San Francisco), is a selection of verses which have been written at various times between 1872 and

1878 by members of the University of California. The book indicates a clearer understanding of what poetry is than similar works published at the East. — It may be allowed to draw attention to a little volume of privately printed poems by E. R. Sill, formerly connected with the same university as officer, entitled The Venus of Milo and other Poems, in which one may detect something more than clever versification. Two of the poems, The Fool's Prayer and Five Lives, have exceptional value. — Mirabeau, an Historical Drama by George H. Calvert (Lee & Shepard), bears witness to a spirit of scholarship which troubles itself but little with poetic fashions. — Poems, by Ernest Warburton Shurtleff, with an introduction by Hezekiah Butterworth (Williams), is a volume of quiet poetry, written out of a sincere feeling for the purer elements of life and nature. — Songs of an Idle Hour, by William J. Coughlin (Williams), make one wonder what the author does when he is busy.

History and Biography. Haydn's Dictionary of Dates and Universal Information relating to all ages and nations has passed to its seventeenth edition, which contains the history of the world to the autumn of 1881. Benjamin Vincent is the editor, as he has been since 1855, and the long life of the work goes far to remove the appearance of arrogance on the title-page. It has been revised for American readers by George Cary Eggleston, who "has corrected errors in the English work with respect to American matters; has added American dates to all important titles from which they were omitted in the English work; and has inserted such additional titles relating to American subjects as were necessary to fit the work for the use of American readers." (Harpers.) It is furnished with a full index. — The Shenandoah Valley in 1864, by George E. Pond, associate editor of the Army and Navy Journal (Scribners), is the eleventh in the series of campaigns of the civil war, and contains an account of the important battle of Cedar Creek. — Reminiscences and Memorials of Men of the Revolution and their Families, by A. B. Muzzey (Estes & Lauriat), is based upon personal recollection of many men of note in the neighborhood of Boston, and is devoted to an affectionate and amiable account of persons and families. The writer is an old gentleman, who values the past and lingers over its memories. — Mr. Josiah Quincy in Figures of the Past, from the Leaves of old Journals (Roberts), has done a somewhat similar task, but has confined himself more closely to his own recollections, and has had the advantage of drawing from a long series of journals. The book is a series of simple and often very agreeable pictures of life, chiefly in Boston and vicinity, extending over a period of more than half a century. Mr. Quincy, who died before the book was published, belonged to a notable family, and his recollections have the charm of good-breeding, even when the literary form is *negligée*.

Literature and Literary Criticism. The third series of Spare Hours, by Dr. John Brown (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is largely devoted to semi-professional papers, but Dr. Brown in his medical character is rarely technical and a
friend. There are few recent En
have established such intimate
readers. — A new edition of
has been begun (Hought
Twice-Told Tales, M
Wonder Book, and
four of the twelve volu
admirable, the accompany
able, and the bibliographical
Lathrop reserved and interesting.
edition has the appearance of having
fully planned, as it certainly is well execute
In the new issue of Dr. Holmes's writings,
Poet at the Breakfast Table (Houghton, Mifflin &
Co.) comes second, and is furnished with a new preface. — Early English Literature (to Wiclif), by Bernhard Ten Brink (Holt), is translated from the German by Horace M. Kennedy. It treats of the literary monuments of England of the earliest period, and is a minute, painstaking study, somewhat dry, but not without a conception of the forces which lie behind literature. It may be commended to students. — A History of Latin Literature from Ennius to Boethius, by G. A. Simcox (Harpers), in two volumes, is rather for the general reader than the special student. "My original aim," the author says, "in writing, was to do something toward making Latin literature intelligible and interesting, as a whole, to the cultivated laity who might like to realize its literary worth, whether they read Latin or no." The book has a special value from its literary treatment of the Latin Fathers. — The Iliad of Homer, done into English prose by Andrew Lang, Walter Leaf, and Ernest Myers (Macmillan), is a companion volume to Butcher and Lang's Odyssey; and although prose befits the Iliad less than the Odyssey, many readers will find a new charm in this translation, since it permits a more nervous and yet flowing English than is possible in verse. — Socrates, a translation of the Apology, Crito, and parts of the Phædo of Plato (Scribners), is a new issue in paper of a translation published anonymously in 1878, and prefaced by an introduction from Professor Goodwin, of Harvard. — In Foreign Classics for English Readers, Rousseau, by Henry Grey Graham, has appeared (Lippincott), and illustrates English conservatism as well as French philosophical romance.

Business. The Business Man's Commercial Law and Business Forms Combined, by J. C. Bryant (J. C. Bryant, Buffalo, N. Y.), is described further as a *vade mecum* for the counting-house. It deals with such matters as come within the range of ordinary business, and is also furnished with questions which render it useful as a text-book. The author is one of the well-known firm of Bryant and Stratton, who have long conducted an organization of business colleges.

Household Economy. Ice-Cream and Cakes, a new collection of standard fresh and original receipts for household and commercial use, by an American. (Scribners.) This business-like volume contains nearly five hundred receipts and wise counsels, among which we note with pleasure the injunction, "Just as soon as you have done using

…plement, wipe it perfectly clean, …dry place. Don't wait till a more …

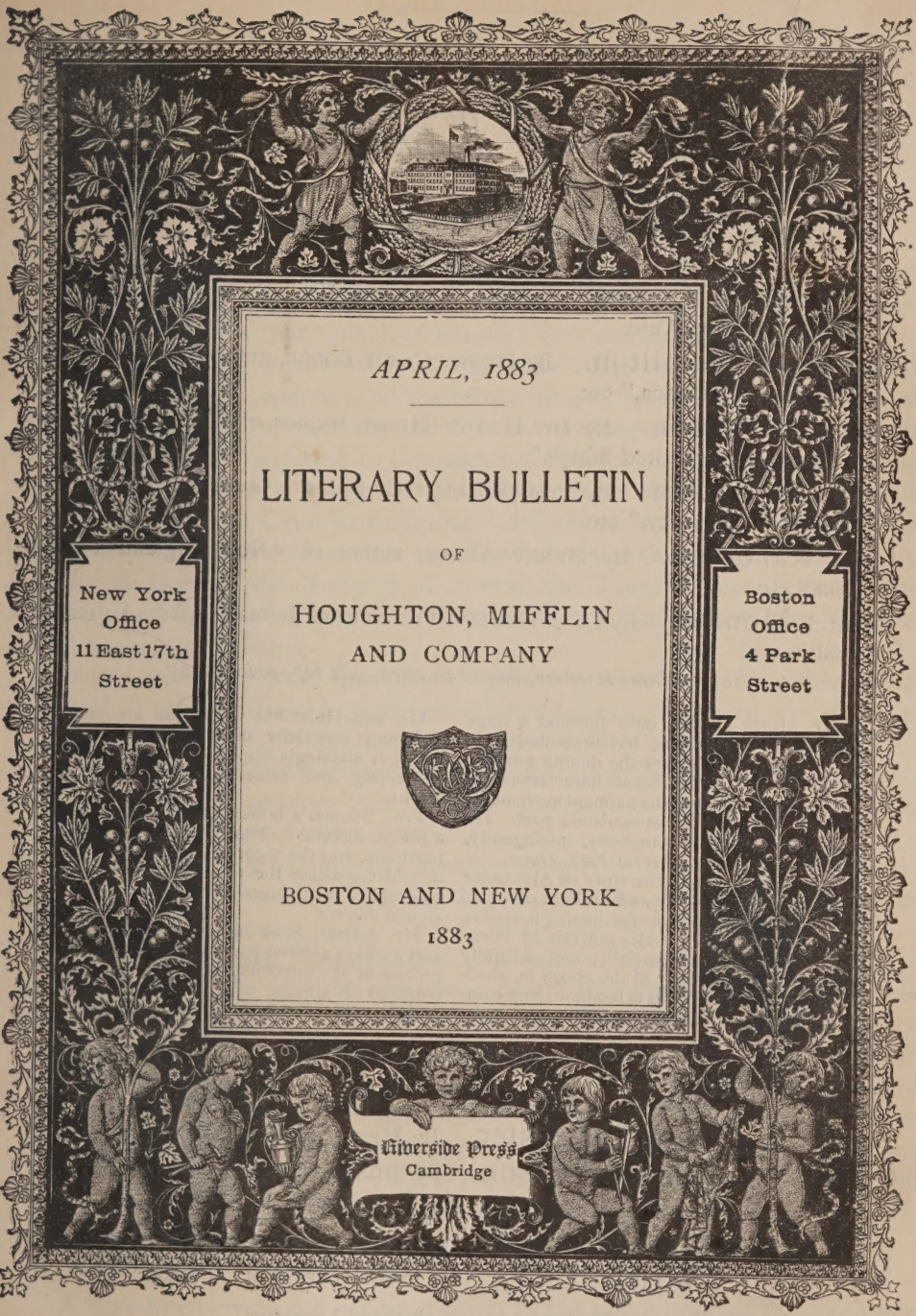
…Text-Books. A Hand-Book of …n Literature, for the use of … Esther J. Trimble …adelphia), begins its … sentence in italics, *The …e study of the works of an …* with a discouraging sentence, *… Encourage pupils to make their …isms of an author's style.* The book it- … affords somewhat distracting help in each di- …tion. The editor tries to pack much illustrative history in a small space, and gives the most fragmentary examples of literature, while the criticisms, especially upon current writers, are very poor models for the youthful critic. The trouble with the editor is that she has good principles, but forgets them as soon as she engages upon her work, and becomes involved in a hopeless attempt to tell young readers everything. — From Chicago (Townsend MacCoun) come two tidy books, Mueller's Horace and Dindorf's Iliad. They are simply texts, being a part of Trübner's series, adopted by an American house. The neatness of the binding commends the book both for text-book use and for the book-shelf. — Mr. John Wentworth Sanborn publishes from Batavia, N. Y., a manual which he has prefaced with the title A Method of Teaching the Greek Language, tabulated; together with directions for pronouncing Greek, rules of accent, division of words into syllables, formation of tenses of the verb, and on reading Greek at sight. It is in effect a drill book, and is intended to give the grammatical side with precision and iteration. — Professor J. B. Greenough, of Harvard, has issued with Ginn & Heath a Virgil, which comprises the Bucolics and six books of the Æneid. It is fully annotated, furnished with a vocabulary, and further illustrated by a number of descriptive woodcuts. A second volume is to follow, containing the remainder of the Æneid and the Georgics. The book has an attractive air of thoroughness and finish. — In the Pestalozzian series (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) has been published First Year Arithmetic, accompanied in the same volume by a Teacher's Manual. It has been prepared by James H. Hoose, and professes to be based upon Pestalozzi's system of teaching elementary number. — The dime question books of the same publishers now include Botany, General History, Astronomy, Mythology, and Rhetoric and Composition. — Mr. Rolfe's edition of Shakespeare's Plays (Harpers) is completed by Pericles and Two Noble Kinsmen, on the title-page of the latter of which he places also Fletcher's name. He omits Titus Andronicus from his series, in which he may be right on strictly critical grounds; and one could well spare the gory horrors of the play, but there are some passages which are Shakespearean enough to be Shakespeare's. The series, as a whole, is admirably adapted for the purpose for which it is designed, — use in schools.

Fiction. Dust, a novel by Julian Hawthorne (Fords, Howard and Hulbert) is a story of English life in the early part of this century. — The Surgeon's Stories by Z. Topelius, is a series of six Swedish Historical Romances, of which the first, under title of Times of Gustaf Adolf, has just been published by Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago. — The Jews of Barnow, stories by Karl Emil Franzos, translated from the German by M. W. Macdowall (Appleton) gives an interesting interior view of Jewish life in Poland, and comes at a time when the public is readier to be interested than it once was. — Mrs. Lorimer, a Sketch in Black and White, by Lucas Malet (Appleton), is the reprint of an English novel which has excited attention in England. — Dukesborough Tales, by Richard Malcolm Johnston, in Harper's Franklin Square Library is an American book, revived by its author, who has added other more recent stories in the same vein. The old-fashioned air of the work ought not to deter readers, and will not if they should happen to light first on the singularly clever story of The Various Languages of Billy Moon. The book, besides its interest as a volume of stories, portrays curious provincial life in Georgia. — In the same series is My Connaught Cousins, a novel of Irish life, prefaced by Robert Buchanan, who vouches for the truthfulness of the pictures. — Homespun Stories, by Ascott R. Hope (Appleton), is a collection of lively stories, of school-boy life chiefly.

Philosophy and Religion. Notes on Evolution and Christianity, by J. F. Yorke (Holt), has for its object, in the words of the preface, "to turn a small stream of fact and criticism on to an important question. Is there in the teaching of Christ an originality so wonderful as to be accounted for only by the assumption of a special divine revelation?" Mr. Yorke does not put out the question by his stream. He concludes by appealing to his readers to accept "the teaching of the last and greatest of God's prophets, science, who alone can tell us truly what we ought to do and what we may become." As if the fundamental relation of man to Christ was that of a student to a teacher! — Ingersollism from a Secular Point of View, by George R. Wendling (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago), is also from a violent and oratorical point of view. — In the Philosophic Series (Scribners) which Dr. McCosh is issuing, the second number is Energy, efficient and final cause.

Nonsense. A book written by the Spirits of the So-called Dead, with their own materialized hands, by the process of independent slate-writing, through Miss Lizzie S. Green and others, as mediums. Compiled and arranged by C. G. Helleberg, of Cincinnati, Ohio. The title-page bears a stanza from Longfellow's Psalm of Life, in which we are told that Dust thou art, to dust returnest, was not spoken of the soul; but we never saw any dustier souls than those that are taken down from the top shelf in this book.

Fine Arts. In the Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux Arts. published by A. Quantin, Paris, to which we have already called attention, three new volumes have appeared: La Peinture Anglaise by Ernest Chesneau, Les Procédés de la Gravure by A. de Lostalot, and La Gravure by Henri Delaborde.



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Dr. Von Holst has written an account of Calhoun, especially of his public career, which is strikingly dispassionate, though full of feeling and color. — *Evangelist* (New York).

Prof. Sumner's book is simply masterly as a political sketch. The truthfulness, the impartiality, and the vigor with which the story is told constitute the rare excellence of the biography. It is a model work of its kind. — *Boston Herald.*

Mr. Adams' book is a very striking one, and we have seldom had a clearer or stronger picture of the opposing forces at work in the troubled beginning of the century almost ended. — *The Continent* (Philadelphia).

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Comparison of all Theologies.

GO where he will, the wise man is at home, says Emerson ; and some of the wisest men of modern times have found that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin" in the study of the great religious systems, which have commanded the reverence and devotion of mankind. One of the best and most interesting of all the books written relating to Comparative Theology is Rev. James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions," published ten or more years ago. It discussed Ethnic and Catholic Religions, Confucius and the Chinese, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Zoroaster and the Zend Avesta, the Gods of Egypt, the Gods of Greece, the Religion of Rome, the Teutonic and Scandinavian Religion, the Jewish Religion, Mohammed and Islamism, and the Ten Religions and Christianity.

A gentleman, who had spent many years as a missionary in Southern Asia, said of it in *The Missionary Review* of Princeton : "Nothing has come to our knowledge which furnishes evidence of such voluminous reading, such thorough study and research, and such masterly grasp of the real elements of these religions as does this volume. James Freeman Clarke has accomplished a work here of solid worth."

A supplementary volume on the same subject by Mr. Clarke is just ready for publication. Its scope can best be indicated by giving the contents, as follows : —

I. Description and Classification. II. Special Types, Law of Development. III. Origin and Development of all Religions. IV. The Idea of God in all Religions. Animism, Polytheism, Pantheism. V. The Idea of God in all Religions : Ditheism, Tritheism, and Monotheism. VI. The Soul and its Transmigrations in all Religions. VII. The Origin of the World in all Religions: Evolution, Emanation, and Creation. VIII. Prayer and Worship in all Religions. IX. Inspiration and Art in all Religions. X. Ethics in all Religions. XI. Idea of a Future State in all Religions. XII. The Future Religion of Mankind.

Dr. Holmes's Works in a New Edition.

A very hearty welcome has been given to the new edition of Dr. Holmes's "Breakfast-Table" series, including the inimitable Autocrat, Professor, and Poet, with new Prefaces. Of these books *The Churchman* remarks : —

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writer ; nor is it likely that anything superior to them will appear for a long time to come. . . . The 'Autocrat' combines more good qualities — philosophy, poetry, wit, and pathos — than will be found in any essayist of this age and country."

To these books will be added, in uniform style, "The Guardian Angel," this month, and other volumes later. Dr. Holmes has rearranged and revised his writings and addresses on professional topics, and these will soon appear in a new volume, entitled "Medical Essays." Several of the papers included in the volume "Soundings from the Atlantic" will be incorporated with other essays, never before printed in book form, in a new book, to be called "Pages from an Old Volume of Life." These two books will supersede "Currents and Counter-Currents," "Border Lines in some Provinces of Medical Science," "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," and "Soundings from the Atlantic," and will contain additional essays, the volumes being in uniform style with the new edition of Dr. Holmes's works.

Eastlake's Notes on European Picture Galleries.

Visitors to foreign picture galleries are frequently at a loss how to make the best use of their more or less limited time, and after looking at the almost countless paintings and sculptures are likely to bring away a confused impression. To aid visitors to see the best pictures intelligently, and to revive their impressions of them, Mr. Charles L. Eastlake, Keeper of the National Gallery of London, has prepared a series of Notes on the principal pictures in the most important Picture Galleries of Europe. In the preface to the initial volume he says : —

"The main object of the author has been to indicate, as far as possible, in categorical order, the principal pictures in each gallery, by means of brief notices, which will aid the visitor in his observations on the spot, and afterwards assist his memory in recalling the chief characteristics of style and treatment which such works present. Sketches either made from photographs or reduced from engravings of the most remarkable pictures described accompany the letter-press ; and it is hoped that the notes will thus prove serviceable to the traveller not only for immediate use, but for subsequent reference."

The first volume of these Notes relates to the Louvre Gallery at Paris, and the Brera Gallery at Milan. It is fully illustrated, and cannot fail to be very acceptable to art students and travellers.

The Author of "Oriental Religions."

Mr. Samuel Johnson, author of the two volumes on "China" and "India," in a series which was intended to include the most important Oriental religions, was a man of remarkable individuality and winning character, as well as a writer of far more than ordinary force and thoughtfulness. The two volumes above named have commanded the respect of the most competent scholars, and have gained for the author a European reputation. Those who have read these books, and yet more those who had the happiness to know Mr. Johnson, will heartily welcome a volume just issued con-

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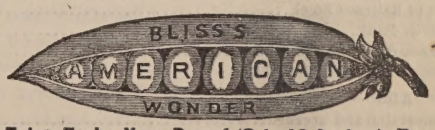

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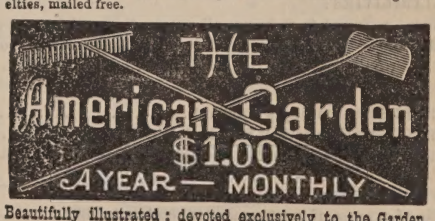

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NET ASSETS, January 1, 1882		$48,778,093.37
RECEIVED IN 1882:		
For Premiums	$4,998,029.83	
For Interest and Rents	2,605,207.37	
Profit and Loss	155,853.89	7,759,091.09
		$56,537,184.46

DISBURSED IN 1882.

TO POLICY HOLDERS:		
For claims by death and matured endowments	$3,177,507.27	
Surplus returned to policy-holders	1,230,500.68	
Lapsed and Surrendered Policies	901,486.23	
TOTAL TO POLICY-HOLDERS		$5,309,494.18
EXPENSES:		
Commissions to Agents, Salaries, Medical Examiners' Fees, Printing, Advertising, Legal, Real Estate, and all other Expenses	678,706.50	
TAXES	376,611.87	
		$6,364,812.55
BALANCE NET ASSETS, December 31, 1882		50,172,371.91

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.

Loans upon Real Estate, first lien		$20,482,923.43
Loans upon Stocks and Bonds		366,803.28
Premium notes on Policies in force		3,083,074.35
Cost of Real Estate owned by the Company		12,040,468.88
Cost of United States Registered Bonds		495,625.00
Cost of State Bonds		619,900.00
Cost of City Bonds		2,334,456.49
Cost of other Bonds		7,951,747.33
Cost of Bank Stock		122,761.00
Cost of Railroad Stock		26,000.00
Cash in Bank		2,624,600.40
Balance due from agents, secured		24,011.75
		$50,172,371.91
ADD		
Interest due and accrued	$928,055.72	
Rents accrued	16,590.96	
Market value of stock and bonds over cost	440,597.07	
Net premiums in course of collection. NONE.		
Net deferred quarterly and semi-annual premiums	44,807.12	
		$1,430,050.87
GROSS ASSETS, December 31, 1882		$51,602,422.78
LIABILITIES:		
Amount required to re-insure all outstanding policies, net assuming 4 per cent. interest	$46,848,704.00	
Additional reserve by Company's Standard, 3 per cent. on policies issued since April 1, 1882	17,446.00	
All other liabilities	1,028,874.57	
		$47,895,024.57
SURPLUS by Company's Standard		$3,707,398.21
SURPLUS by Connecticut Standard, 4 per cent.		3,724,844.21
SURPLUS by New York Standard, 4½ per cent., about		6,850,000 00

Ratio of expense of management to receipts in 1882 ..... 8.75 per cent.

Policies in force December 31, 1882, 63,662, insuring $157,105,751.00

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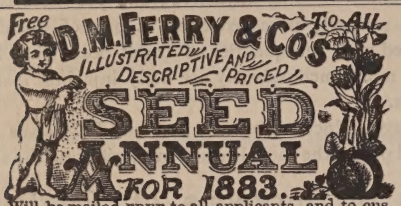

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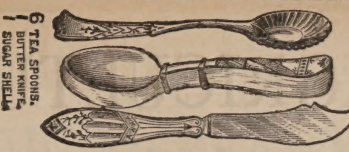

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The Riverside Shakespeare.

This new edition of Shakespeare, which Mr. Richard Grant White is editing, will probably be published this spring, one volume (the Comedies) appearing in March, the second (the Histories and the Miscellaneous Poems) in April, and the third (the Tragedies) in May. The three volumes are crown octavo, and will contain nearly a thousand pages each ; but as a thin yet sufficiently strong paper is used, the books are not too thick for convenient handling, or for tasteful library volumes ; and the type is so large and clear as to make a very legible and attractive page.

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A Notable Enterprise.

The First Part of the "English and Scottish Popular Ballads," which Prof. F. J. Child of Harvard is editing, affords ample proof of the great learning and research brought to its preparation, as well as of the excellent style in which the work is to be produced.

Mr. Horace Howard Furness of Philadelphia, whom everybody will recognize as a most competent judge of Prof. Child's work, thus writes of it : —

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The Lowell Birthday Book

Just published in the same general style as the Longfellow, Whittier, and Emerson Birthday Books was prepared with great care, and is exceptionally rich in sentences that are worthy to linger in the memory. The New York *Evening Post* says of it : "There are numerous happy adjustments of selections to the characters whose birthdays are noted on the opposite pages, and, it is superfluous to add, a delightful store of wit and wisdom in verse and prose."

Recent Noticeable Novels.

The story of one month is so apt to be pushed aside by the story of the following month that the world is in great danger of losing sight of some stories which are much too good to have only an ephemeral existence. Among the novels published during the last few months that should not be permitted to pass from public notice is Miss Phelps's "Doctor Zay," which, both by its subject and its treatment, is distinguished from the ordinary novel, inasmuch as it presents a lady physician as the heroine of the story, and discusses in a striking manner many questions connected with the social and professional life of the present age.

"The House of a Merchant Prince," by Mr. William Henry Bishop, describes so truthfully and vividly certain portions of society in the city of New York that it merits reading. The characters are not particularly admirable, yet they are drawn from life, and the story gives a striking view of some prominent features of modern civilization.

Mr. Henry James's latest novel, "The Portrait of a Lady," and, indeed, all the novels which Mr. James has written, may well be commended afresh to the attention of those who, though eager to turn from the story of last month to the story of this, are yet capable of appreciating the rare charm of Mr. James's style, and who recognize in Mr. James an author of such present eminence, and prospective greater distinction, that they cannot afford to leave unread any of the admirable things he has written.

Mr. Julian Sturgis's charming story of "Dick's Wandering" should not be lost sight of in the flood of poorer and less interesting stories which threaten to submerge all past novels.

Ole Bull and William M. Hunt

Are coupled together in a recent article by the Springfield *Republican*. It says: "Music and painting could scarcely have two better representatives on their ideal or enthusiastic side than Ole Bull, the Norwegian violin-player, and William Hunt, the New England artist, concerning whom two interesting books ["Life of Ole Bull" and "Talks on Art," second series] have lately appeared in Boston. . . . Ole Bull's personality was marked and powerful; and he inspired affection by his character, not less than admiration by his musical genius. It is like reading an illuminated chronicle of European history to follow the details of his art life. . . . The two books produce in the reader a vivid impression of something alive and romantic, — of genius 'reaching to its aims,' as Emerson says of virtue."

Delightful Spare Hours.

Speaking of the author of "Rab and his Friends," whose third series of essays, under the title of "Spare Hours," has recently been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the Boston *Transcript* remarks:—

> Dr. John Brown was first and last and always a physician, reverencing his calling as a sacred trust, and giving his whole life and energy to its practice. Literature could claim only his "shreds and waste ends of time," and even in these his favorite subjects lay

seldom far from the round of his daily duties. Yet, by a few brief sketches he has touched the hearts of many readers, while his professional papers have a charm and fascination that cannot be bounded by any professional circles, and stand alone among modern essays, with their choice blending of tender pathos, quaint humor, and genial warmth. They preserve for us the quintessence of Scotch piety and earnestness, sublimated into finer thought and broader charity, and touched with a flavor of healthy mysticism.

Björnson's Novels.

The American translation of Björnson's remarkable novels was completed by the publication of "Magnhild." The London *Spectator*, in a recent notice of Björnson's "Synnöve Solbakken," says: "The freshness of the Norse mountain air breathes through its open pages; the simplicity of the Norse peasant's life, in its frame of gorgeous scenery, stands out like a picture before the mind's eye as one reads. In that land of fell and fjord, where in all the remoter places the sound of the threshing machine and railway are unknown, where towns are few and far between, and the quiet people live in peaceable habitations, each with his own fields around his door, and his own sheep's wool on his back, the tangled complications of our vast civilization, all necessary for the conventional 'plot,' are unknown."

The seven volumes of Björnson's novels are put up in a box, and make a delightful little library.

Two New Hawthorne Volumes

Appear in the Riverside Edition this month, namely, "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Blithedale Romance," in one volume, and "The Marble Faun" in another. The two volumes for next month will be "Our Old Home," and "The English Note-Books." It will be remembered that each of these volumes has Introductory Notes by Mr. Geo. P. Lathrop, Hawthorne's son-in-law; also a full-page original etching and a new vignette woodcut. In regard to the mechanical execution of the volumes the general verdict is fairly stated by *The Congregationalist*, as follows: "The publishers have left nothing undone to make this edition attractive in respect to printing and binding."

Color-Blindness.

A new edition of Dr. Jeffries' book on "Color-Blindness" has just appeared, including the results of many thousand observations made since the publication of the first edition. The subject is of so great practical importance to all who manage or use railways and steamers that a careful work like this is worthy of special attention.

A New Town History.

Mr. Lucius R. Paige, author of the "History of Cambridge," has just published, through Houghton, Mifflin & Co., a similar history of the town of Hardwick, in Worcester County, Massachusetts. It describes the settlement of the town, its educational and religious organization and development, its action in the Revolution, the Shays Insurrection, and the War for the Union, and contains a Genealogical Register of the inhabitants. It is a welcome addition to the literature of local history.

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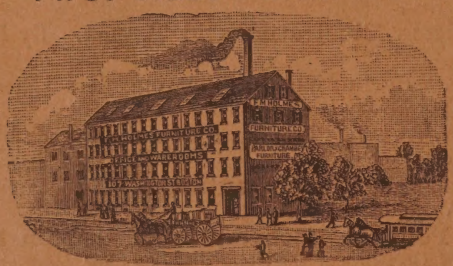

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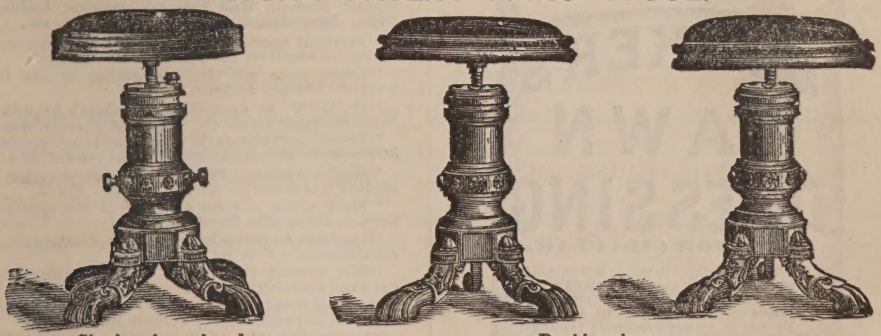

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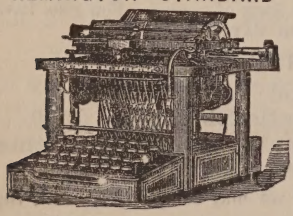

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THE

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DAISY MILLER.

A COMEDY. IN THREE ACTS.

ACT II.

A beautiful afternoon in the gardens of the Pincian Hill in Rome. A view of St. Peter's in the distance.

SCENE I. WINTERBOURNE, MADAME DE KATKOFF, *meeting from opposite sides. He stands before her a moment, and kisses her hand.*

WINTERBOURNE. When, at your hotel just now, they told me you had gone out, I was pretty sure you had come here.

MME. DE K. I always come here as soon as I arrive in Rome, for the sake of that view. It 's an old friend of mine.

WINTERBOURNE. Have you no old friends but that, and was n't it also — a little — for the sake of meeting one or two of them? We all come here, you know.

MME. DE K. One or two of them? You don't mean two — you mean one! I know you all come here, and that 's why I have arrived early, before the crowd and the music.

WINTERBOURNE. That 's what I was counting on. I know your tastes. I wanted to find you alone.

MME. DE K. Being alone with you is n't one of my tastes! If I had known I should meet you, I think I should n't have left my carriage.

WINTERBOURNE. If it 's there, at hand, you might invite me to get into it.

MME. DE K. I have sent it away for half an hour, while I stretch myself a little. I have been sitting down for a week — in railway trains.

WINTERBOURNE. You can't escape from me, then!

MME. DE K. Don't begin that way, or you 'll disappoint me. You speak as if you had received none of my letters.

WINTERBOURNE. And you speak as if you had written me a dozen! I received three little notes.

MME. DE K. They were short, but they were clear.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, very clear indeed! "You 're an awful nuisance, and I wish never to hear of you again." That was about the gist of them.

MME. DE K. "Unless you promise not to persecute me, I won't come to Rome." That 's more how I should express it. And you did promise.

WINTERBOURNE. I promised to try and hate you, for that seemed to be what you wished to bring me to! And I have been waiting for you these three weeks, as a man waits for his worst enemy.

MME. DE K. I should be your worst enemy, indeed, if I listened to you — if

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I allowed you to mingle your fresh, independent life with my own embarrassed and disillusioned one. If you have been here three weeks, you ought to have found some profitable occupation.

WINTERBOURNE. You speak as if I were looking out for a job! My principal occupation has been waiting for you.

MME. DE K. It must have made you pleasant company to your friends.

WINTERBOURNE. My friends are only my aunt and the young lady who is with her — a very good girl, but painfully prim. I have been devoted to them, because I said to myself that after you came —

MME. DE K. You would n't have possession of your senses? So it appears. On the same principle, I hope you have shown some attention to the little girl who was at Vevey, whom I saw you in such a fair way to be intimate with.

WINTERBOURNE, *after a silence.* What do you know about her?

MME. DE K. Nothing but that we are again at the same hotel. A former servant of mine, a very unprincipled fellow, is now in her mother's employ, and he was the first person I met as I left my rooms to-day. I imagine from this that the young lady is not far off.

WINTERBOURNE. Not far off from *him.* I wish she were farther!

MME. DE K. She struck me last summer as remarkably attractive.

WINTERBOURNE. She 's exactly what she was last summer — only more so!

MME. DE K. She must be quite enchanting, then.

WINTERBOURNE. Do you wish me to fall in love with her?

MME. DE K. It would give me particular pleasure. I would go so far as to be the confidant of your passion.

WINTERBOURNE. I have no passion to confide. She 's a little American flirt.

MME. DE K., *aside.* It seems to me there is a certain passion in that!

WINTERBOURNE. She 's foolish, frivolous, futile. She is making herself terribly talked about.

MME. DE K. She looked to me very innocent — with those eyes!

WINTERBOURNE. Oh yes, I made a great deal of those eyes — they have the most charming lashes. But they look at too many people.

MME. DE K. Should you like them to fix themselves on you? You 're rather difficult to please. The young lady with your aunt is too grave, and this poor little person is too gay! You had better find some one who 's between the two.

WINTERBOURNE. You are between the two, and you won't listen to me.

MME. DE K. I think I understand your countrypeople better than you do. I have learned a good deal about them from my observation of yourself.

WINTERBOURNE. That must have made you very fond of them!

MME. DE K. It has made me feel very kindly toward them, as you see from my interest in those young ladies. Don't judge them by what they seem. They are probably just the opposite, for that is precisely the case with yourself. Most people think you very cold, but I have discovered the truth. You are like one of those tall German stoves, which present to the eye a surface of smooth white porcelain, without the slightest symptom of fuel or of flame. Nothing at first could seem less glowing; but after you have been in the room with it for half an hour you feel that the temperature is rising — and you want to open a window!

WINTERBOURNE. A tall German stove — that 's a very graceful comparison.

MME. DE K. I 'm sure your grave young lady is very gay.

WINTERBOURNE. It does n't matter: she has got a young man of her own.

MME. DE K. The young man who was always with them? If you are

going to be put off by a rival, I have nothing to say.

WINTERBOURNE. He 's not a rival of mine; he 's only a rival of my aunt's. She wants me to marry Miss Durant, but Miss Durant prefers the gallant Reverdy.

MME. DE K. That simplifies it.

WINTERBOURNE. Not so very much; because the gallant Reverdy shows a predilection for Miss Daisy Miller.

MME. DE K. Ah, then he *is* your rival!

WINTERBOURNE. There are so many others that he does n't count. She has at least a dozen admirers, and she knocks about Rome with all of them. She once told me that she was very fond of gentlemen's society; but unfortunately, they are not all gentlemen.

MME. DE K. So much the better chance for you!

WINTERBOURNE. She does n't know, she can't distinguish. She is incredibly light.

MME. DE K. It seems to me that you express yourself with a certain bitterness.

WINTERBOURNE. I 'm not in the least in love with her, if that 's what you mean. But simply as an outsider, as a spectator, as an American, I can't bear to see a nice girl — if she *is* a nice girl — expose herself to the most odious misconception. That is, if she *is* a nice girl!

MME. DE K. By my little system, she ought to be very nice. If she seems very wild, depend upon it she is very tame.

WINTERBOURNE. She has produced a fearful amount of scandal.

MME. DE K. That proves she has nothing to hide. The wicked ones are not found out!

WINTERBOURNE. She has nothing to hide but her mother, whom she conceals so effectually that no mortal eye has beheld her. Miss Daisy goes to parties alone! When I say alone, I mean that she is usually accompanied by a foreigner with a waxed moustache and a great deal of manner. She 's too nice for a foreigner!

MME. DE K., *smiling.* As a Russian, I 'm greatly obliged to you!

WINTERBOURNE. This is n't a Russian. He 's a Roman — the Cavaliere Giovanelli.

MME. DE K. You spoke of a dozen, and now you have settled down to one.

WINTERBOURNE. There were a dozen at first, but she picked them over and selected. She has made a mistake, because the man she has chosen is an adventurer.

MME. DE K. An adventurer?

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, a very plausible one. He is very good looking, very polite; he sings little songs at parties. He comes of a respectable family, but he has squandered his small patrimony, and he has no means of subsistence but his personal charms, which he has been hoping for the last ten years will endear him to some susceptible American heiress — whom he flatters himself he has found at last!

MME. DE K. You ought to advise her — to put her on her guard.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, she 's not serious; she is only amusing herself.

MME. DE K. Try and make her serious. That 's a mission for an honest man!

WINTERBOURNE, *after a moment.* It 's so odd to hear you defending her! It only puzzles me the more.

MME. DE K. You ought to understand your countrywomen better.

WINTERBOURNE. My countrywomen?

MME. DE K. I don't mean me: I mean Miss Daisy Miller.

WINTERBOURNE. It seems very stupid, I confess; but I 've lived so long in foreign parts, among people of different manners. I mean, however, to settle the question to-day and to make up my mind. I shall meet Miss Daisy at

four o'clock. I have promised to go to Mrs. Walker's.

MME. DE K. And pray who is Mrs. Walker?

WINTERBOURNE. The wife of the American consul — a very good-natured woman, who has a passion for afternoon tea. She took up Miss Daisy when they came; she used to call her the little Flower of the West. But now she 's holding the little flower in her finger-tips at arm's length, trying to decide to let it drop.

MME. DE K. Poor little flower! It must be four o'clock now.

WINTERBOURNE, *looking at his watch.* You 're in a great hurry to get rid of me! Mrs. Walker's is close at hand, just beyond the Spanish Steps. I shall have time to stroll round the Pincian with you.

MME. DE K., *shaking her head.* I have had strolling enough. I shall wait for my carriage.

WINTERBOURNE. Let me at least come and see you this evening.

MME. DE K. I should be delighted, but I'm going to the opera.

WINTERBOURNE. Already? The first night you 're here?

MME. DE K. It 's not the first; it 's the second. I 'm very fond of music.

WINTERBOURNE. It 's always bad in Italy.

MME. DE K. I have made provision against that in the person of the Russian ambassador, whom I have asked to come into my box.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah, with ambassadors I stand no chance.

MME. DE K., *smiling.* You 're the greatest diplomatist of all! Good-by for the present. (*She turns away. Winterbourne looks after her a moment.*)

WINTERBOURNE. You decide more easily than Mrs. Walker: you *have* dropped me!

MME. DE K. Ah, but you 're not a flower! (*Winterbourne looks at her an instant longer; then, with a little passionate switch of his stick, he walks off. Just as he disappears, Eugenio comes in at the back.*) And now I shall have a quiet evening with a book!

SCENE II. MADAME DE KATKOFF, EUGENIO, *who enters hat in hand, with a bow.*

EUGENIO. It 's the second time to-day that I have had the pleasure of meeting Madame.

MME. DE KATKOFF. I should like very much to believe it would be the last!

EUGENIO, *twirling his hat.* That, perhaps, is more than I can promise. We will call it the last but one; for my purpose in approaching Madame is to demand an interview — a serious interview! Seeing Madame, at a distance, in conversation with a gentleman, I waited till the gentleman had retired; for I must do Madame the justice to admit that, with Madame, the gentlemen do usually, at last, retire!

MME. DE K. It 's a misfortune to me, since they leave me exposed!

EUGENIO. Madame is not exposed; Madame is protected. So long as I have an eye on Madame, I can answer for it that she will suffer no injury.

MME. DE K. You protect me as the butcher protects the lamb! I suppose you have come to name your price.

EUGENIO. Madame goes straight to the point! I have come to name my price, but not to ask for money.

MME. DE K. It 's very kind of you to recognize that I have not money enough.

EUGENIO. Madame has money enough, but the talents of Madame are still greater than her wealth. It is with the aid of these talents that I shall invite Madame to render me a service — a difficult, delicate service, but so valuable that it will release Madame from further obligations.

MME. DE K., *ironical.* It 's delightful to think of being released! I sup-

pose the service is to recommend you as a domestic. That would be difficult, certainly.

EUGENIO. Too difficult — for Madame! No; it is simply, as I say, to grant me an interview, when I can explain. Be so good as to name an hour when I can wait upon you.

MME. DE K. In my apartments? I would rather not see you there. Explain to me here.

EUGENIO. It 's a little delicate for a public place. Besides, I have another appointment here.

MME. DE K. You do a great business! If you mean that I am to wait upon *you*, we may as well drop negotiations.

EUGENIO. Let us compromise. My appointment will end in a quarter of an hour. If at that time Madame is still on the Pincian —

MME. DE K. You would like me to sit upon a bench till you are ready to attend to me?

EUGENIO. It would have the merit of settling the matter at once, without more suspense for Madame.

MME. DE K., *thoughtfully, aside.* That would be a merit, certainly; and I 'm curious about the exercise he wishes to offer my talents! (*Aloud.*) I shall stroll about here till my carriage comes; if you wish to take advantage of that —

EUGENIO. To take advantage is exactly what I wish! And as this particular spot is exceptionally quiet I shall look for Madame here.

MME. DE K., *as she strolls away.* How unspeakably odious!

EUGENIO, *alone a moment, looking after her.* She shall bend till she breaks! The delay will have the merit, too, of making me sure of Giovanelli — if he only keeps the tryst! I must n't throw away a card on *her* before I 've won the game of him. But he 's such a deuced fine gentleman that there 's no playing fair! (*Seeing Giovanelli, who comes in at the left.*) He is up to time, though. (*Bowing.*) Signor Cavaliere!

SCENE III. EUGENIO, GIOVANELLI.

GIOVANELLI, *very elegant, with flowers in his button-hole; cautious, looking round him.* You might have proposed meeting in some less conspicuous spot!

EUGENIO. In the Coliseum, at midnight? My dear sir, we should be much more compromised if we were discovered there!

GIOVANELLI. Oh, if you count upon our being discovered! . . .

EUGENIO. There is nothing so unnatural in our having a little conversation. One should never be ashamed of an accomplice!

GIOVANELLI, *with a grimace, disgusted.* Don't speak of accomplices, as if we were concocting a crime!

EUGENIO. What makes it a work of merit is my conviction that you are a perfect gentleman. If it had n't been for that, I never should have presented you to my family.

GIOVANELLI. Your family? You speak as if, in marrying the girl, I should become your brother-in-law.

EUGENIO. We shall certainly be united by a very peculiar tie!

GIOVANELLI. United — united? I don't know about that! After my marriage, I shall travel without a courier. (*Smiling.*) It will be less expensive!

EUGENIO. In the event you speak of, I myself hardly expect to remain in the ranks. I have seen too many campaigns: I shall retire on my pension. You look as if you did n't understand me.

GIOVANELLI. Perfectly. You expect the good Mrs. Miller to make you comfortable for the rest of your days.

EUGENIO. What I expect of the good Mrs. Miller is one thing; what I expect of you is another: and on that point we had better be perfectly clear. It was to insure perfect clearness that I proposed this little conference, which you refused to allow to take place either in your own lodgings or in some comfortable café. Oh, I know you had your rea-

sons! You don't exhibit your little interior; and though I know a good deal about you, I don't know where you live. It does n't matter, I don't want to know: it 's enough for me that I can always find you here, amid the music and the flowers. But I can't exactly make out why you would n't meet me at a café. I would gladly have paid for a glass of beer.

GIOVANELLI. It was just your beer I was afraid of! I never touch the beastly stuff.

EUGENIO. Ah, if you drink nothing but champagne, no wonder you are looking for an heiress! But before I help you to one, let me give you a word of advice. Make the best of me, if you wish me to make the best of you. I was determined to do that when I presented you to the two most amiable women in the world.

GIOVANELLI. I must protest against your theory that you presented me. I met Mrs. Miller at a party, as any gentleman might have done.

EUGENIO. You met her at a party, precisely; but unless I wish it, Mrs. Miller does n't go to a party! I let you know she was to be there, and I advised you how to proceed. For the last three weeks I have done nothing but arrange little accidents, little surprises, little occasions, of which I will do you the justice to say that you have taken excellent advantage. But the time has come when I must remind you that I have not done all this from mere admiration of your distinguished appearance. I wish your success to be *my* success!

GIOVANELLI, *pleased, with a certain simplicity.* I am glad to hear you talk about my success!

EUGENIO. Oh, there 's a good deal to be said about it! Have you ever been to the circus?

GIOVANELLI. I don't see what that has to do with it!

EUGENIO. You 've seen the bareback rider turn a somersault through the paper hoops? It 's a very pretty feat, and it brings him great applause; but half the effect depends upon the poor devil — whom no one notices — who is perched upon the edge of the ring. If he did n't hold the hoop with a great deal of skill, the bareback rider would simply come down on his nose. You turn your little somersaults, Signor Cavaliere, and my young lady claps her hands; but all the while *I* 'm holding the hoop!

GIOVANELLI. If I 'm not mistaken, that office, at the circus, is usually performed by the clown.

EUGENIO. Take very good care, or you 'll have a fall!

GIOVANELLI. I suppose you want to be paid for your trouble.

EUGENIO. The point is n't that I want to be paid: that goes without saying! But I want to be paid handsomely.

GIOVANELLI. What do you call handsomely?

EUGENIO. A commission proportionate to the fortune of the young lady. I know something about that. I have in my pocket (*slapping his side*) the letter of credit of the Signora. She lets me carry it — for safety's sake!

GIOVANELLI. Poor Signora! It 's a strange game we 're playing!

EUGENIO, *looking at him a moment.* Oh, if you doubt of the purity of your motives, you have only to say so. You swore to me that you adored my young lady.

GIOVANELLI. She 's an angel, and I worship the ground she treads on. That makes me wonder whether I could n't get on without you.

EUGENIO, *dryly.* Try it and see. I 've only to say the word, and Mrs. Miller will start to-morrow for the north.

GIOVANELLI. And if you don't say the word, that 's another thing you want to be paid for! It mounts up very fast.

EUGENIO. It mounts up to fifty thousand francs, to be handed to me six months after you are married.

GIOVANELLI. Fifty thousand francs?

EUGENIO. The family exchequer will never miss them. Besides, I give you six months. You sign a little note, "for value received."

GIOVANELLI. And if the marriage — if the marriage —

EUGENIO. If the marriage comes to grief, I burn up the note.

GIOVANELLI. How can I be sure of that?

EUGENIO. By having already perceived that I 'm not an idiot. If you don't marry, you can't pay: I need no one to tell me that. But I intend you *shall* marry.

GIOVANELLI, *satirical.* It 's uncommonly good of you! After all, I have n't a squint!

EUGENIO. I picked you out for your good looks; and you 're so tremendously fascinating that even when I lose patience with your want of everything else I can't afford to sacrifice you. Your prospects are now very good. The estimable mother —

GIOVANELLI. The estimable mother believes me to be already engaged to her daughter. It shows how much she knows about it!

EUGENIO. No, you are not engaged, but you will be, next week. You have rather too many flowers there, by the way: you overdo it a little. (*Pointing to Giovanelli's button-hole.*)

GIOVANELLI. So long as you pay for them, the more the better! How far will it carry me to be engaged? Mr. Miller can hardly be such a fool as his wife.

EUGENIO, *stroking his mustache.* Mr. Miller?

GIOVANELLI. The mysterious father, in that unpronounceable town! He must be a man of energy, to have made such a fortune, and the idea of his energy haunts me!

EUGENIO. That 's because you 've got none yourself.

GIOVANELLI. I don't pretend to that; I only pretend to — a —

EUGENIO. To be fascinating, I know! But you 're afraid the papa won't see it.

GIOVANELLI. I don't exactly see why he should set his heart on a Roman son-in-law.

EUGENIO. It 's your business to produce that miracle!

GIOVANELLI. By making the girl talked about? My respect for her is in proportion to the confidence she shows me. That confidence is unlimited.

EUGENIO. Oh, unlimited! I have never seen anything like that confidence; and if out of such a piece of cloth as that you can't cut a coat —

GIOVANELLI. I never pretended to be a tailor! And you must not forget that I have a rival.

EUGENIO. Forget it? I regard it as a particularly gratifying fact. If you did n't have a rival I should have very small hopes of you.

GIOVANELLI. I confess I don't follow you. The young lady's confidence in Mr. Winterbourne is at least equal to her confidence in me.

EUGENIO. Ah, but *his* confidence in the young lady? That 's another affair! He thinks she goes too far. He 's an American, like herself; but there are Americans and Americans, and when they take it into their heads to open their eyes they open them very wide.

GIOVANELLI. If you mean that this American 's a donkey, I see no reason to differ with you.

EUGENIO. Leave him to me. I 've got a stick to beat him with!

GIOVANELLI, *uneasy.* You make me shiver a little! Do you mean to put him out of the way?

EUGENIO. I mean to put him out of the way. Ah, you can trust me! I don't carry a stiletto, and if you 'll excuse me I won't describe my little plan. You 'll tell me what you think of it when you have seen the results. The great feature is simply that Miss Daisy, seeing herself abandoned —

GIOVANELLI. Will look about her for a consoler? Ah, consolation is a specialty of mine, and if you give me a chance to console I think I shall be safe.

EUGENIO. I shall go to work on the spot! (*Takes out his pocket-book, from which he extracts a small folded paper, holding it up a moment before Giovanelli.*) Put your name to that, and send it back to me by post.

GIOVANELLI, *reading the paper with a little grimace.* Fifty thousand! Fifty thousand is steep.

EUGENIO. Signor Cavaliere, the letter of credit is for half a million!

GIOVANELLI, *pocketing the paper.* Well, give me a chance to console — give me a chance to console! (*Goes off at the back, while, at the same moment, Madame de Katkoff reappears.*)

SCENE IV. EUGENIO, MADAME DE KATKOFF.

EUGENIO, *perceiving her, aside.* The Katkoff — up to time! If my second little paper works as well as my first, I've nothing to fear. (*Aloud.*) I am quite at the service of Madame.

MME. DE K. My carriage has not come back; it was to pick up a friend at St. Peter's.

EUGENIO. I am greatly indebted to Madame's friends. I have my little proposition ready.

MME. DE K. Be so good as to let me hear it.

EUGENIO. In three words it is this: Do me the favor to captivate Mr. Winterbourne! Madame starts a little. She will pretend, perhaps, that Mr. Winterbourne is already captivated.

MME. DE K. You have an odd idea of my pretensions! I would rather pay you a sum of money than listen to this sort of thing.

EUGENIO. I was afraid you would be a little shocked — at first. But the proposal I make has the greatest recommendations.

MME. DE K. For Mr. Winterbourne, certainly!

EUGENIO. For Mr. Winterbourne, very plainly; but also for Madame, if she would only reflect upon the facility —

MME. DE K. What do you know about facility? Your proposal is odious!

EUGENIO. The worst is already done. Mr. Winterbourne is deeply interested in Madame.

MME. DE K. His name has no place in our discussion. Be so good as not to mention it again.

EUGENIO. It will be easy not to mention it: Madame will understand without that. She will remember, perhaps, that when I had the honor of meeting her, last summer, I was in the service of a distinguished family.

MME. DE K. The amiable Mrs. Miller? That name has stuck in my mind!

EUGENIO. Permit me to regard it as a happy omen! The amiable Mrs. Miller, as I then informed Madame, has a daughter as amiable as herself. It is of the greatest importance that this young lady should be detached from the gentleman whose name I am not allowed to mention.

MME. DE K. Should be detached?

EUGENIO. If he is interested in Madame, he is also a little interested in the Signorina. You know what men are, Madame!

MME. DE K. If the Signorina is as amiable as you say, I can imagine no happier circumstance.

EUGENIO. From the point of view of Madame, who is a little tired of the gentleman; but not from my own, who wish the young lady to make another marriage.

MME. DE K. Excuse me from entering into your points of view and your marriages!

EUGENIO, *abruptly.* Ah, if you choose to terminate the discussion, it was n't worth while to wait. (*A pause.*)

MME. DE K., *aside.* It was worth while to wait — to learn what a coward I am! (*Aloud, after a moment.*) Is Miss Miller in love with Mr. Winterbourne?

EUGENIO, *smiling.* I thought Madame would come to the name! (*Aside.*) It was the idea that fetched her! (*Aloud.*) Miss Miller is not, perhaps, exactly in love with Mr. Winterbourne, but she has a great appreciation of his society. What I ask of you is to undertake that for the next two months she shall have as little of it as possible.

MME. DE K. By taking as much of it myself? You ask me to play a very pretty part.

EUGENIO. Madame would play it to perfection!

MME. DE K. To break a young girl's heart — to act an abominable comedy?

EUGENIO. You won't break any one's heart, unless it be Mr. Winterbourne's — which will serve him right for being so tiresome. As for the comedy, remember that the best actresses receive the highest salary.

MME. DE K. If I had been a good actress, you never would have got me into your power. What do you propose to do with your little American?

EUGENIO. To marry her to a Roman gentleman. All I ask of you is to use a power you already have. I know that of late it has suited your pleasure not to use it: you have tried to keep Mr. Winterbourne at a distance. But call him a little nearer, and you will see that he will come!

MME. DE K. So that the girl may see it too? Your ingenuity does you great honor. I don't believe in your Roman gentleman.

EUGENIO. It is not necessary that you should believe. Believe only that on the day the Signorina becomes engaged to the irreproachable person I have selected I will place in your hands the document which I hold at your disposition.

MME. DE K. How am I to be sure of that?

EUGENIO, *aside.* They all want to be sure! (*Aloud.*) Nothing venture, nothing have!

MME. DE K. And if she never becomes engaged?

EUGENIO. Ah, then, I confess, I must still hold the document. (*Aside.*) That will make her work for it! (*Aloud.*) Why should you trouble yourself with irrelevant questions? Your task is perfectly definite. Occupy Mr. Winterbourne, and leave the rest to me.

MME. DE K. I must tell you — disagreeable as it may be to me to do so — that I shall have to make a very sudden turn.

EUGENIO. It will be all the more effective. (*Complacently.*) Sudden turns are the essence of fascination!

MME. DE K., *aside.* It 's insufferable to discuss with him! But if there 's a hope — if there 's a hope . . . (*Aloud.*) I told Mr. Winterbourne, not an hour ago, that I wished never to see him again.

EUGENIO. I can imagine no more agreeable surprise to him, then, than to be told, half an hour hence, that you can't live without him! You know the things the ladies say! Don't be afraid of being sudden: he 'll think it the more romantic. For you those things are easy, Madame (*bowing low*); for you those things are easy. I leave the matter to your consideration. (*Aside, as he goes off.*) She 'll do it! (*Exit.*)

MME. DE K., *alone a moment.* Those things are easy — those things are easy? They are easier, perhaps, than paying out half one 's fortune. (*Stands a moment thoughtful, then gives a little nervous gesture, as of decision.*) If I give him leave to come to the opera, I must go myself — to Italian music! But an hour or two of Donizetti, for the sake of one's comfort! . . . He said he would come back — from the wife of the consul. (*Looking about her, she goes out.*)

SCENE V. DAISY, *then* GIOVANELLI.

DAISY, *coming in with a certain haste, and glancing behind her.* It 's a pity you can't walk in Rome without every one staring so! And now he 's not here — he 's not where he said he would be. I don't care. He 's very nice, but I certainly shan't go and look for him. I 'll just wait a little. Perhaps, if I don't walk round, they won't stare at me so much. I did n't say good-by to Mrs. Walker, because she was talking to Mr. Winterbourne, and I shan't go near Mr. Winterbourne again till he comes near me. Half an hour in the room, and never within ten yards of me! He looks so pleasant when he talks — even when he talks to other girls. He 's always talking to other girls, and not even to girls — to old women, and gentlemen, and foreigners. I've done something he does n't like, I 'm very sure of that. He does n't like anything — anything that *I* do. It 's hard to know what he *does* like! He 's got such peculiar tastes — from his foreign education; you can't ever tell where you 'll find him. Well, I have n't had a foreign education, and I don't see that I 'm any the worse for that. If I 'd had a foreign education, I might as well give up! I should n't be able to breathe, for fear I was breathing wrong. There seem to be so many ways, over here; but I only know one way, and I don't see why I should learn the others when there are people who do like — who do like — what I do. They say they do, at any rate, and they say it so prettily! The English say it very nicely, but the Italians say it best. As for the Americans, they don't say it at all, and Mr. Winterbourne less than any of them! Well, I don't care so much about the Americans: I can make it all right with the Americans when I get home. Mr. Winterbourne is n't an American; I never saw any one like *him* over there. If I had, perhaps I should n't have come away; for over there it would all be different. Well, it is n't different here, and I suppose it never will be. Everything is strange over here; and what is strangest of all is one's liking people that are so peculiar. (*Stands thoughtful a moment, then rouses herself.*) There 's Mr. Giovanelli — a mile off. Does he suppose I wish to communicate with him by signs? (*Giovanelli comes in, hat in hand, with much eagerness.*)

GIOVANELLI. I have looked for you everywhere!

DAISY. Well, I was n't everywhere; I was here.

GIOVANELLI. Standing all alone, without a protector!

DAISY. I was n't more alone than I was at Mrs. Walker's.

GIOVANELLI, *smiling, slightly fatuous.* Because *I* was not there?

DAISY. Oh, it was n't the people who were *not* there! (*Aside.*) If they had known I was coming, I suppose there would n't have been any one!

GIOVANELLI, *in an attitude of the most respectful admiration.* How can I sufficiently thank you for granting me this supreme satisfaction?

DAISY. That 's a very fine name to give to a walk on the Pincian. You had better put on your hat.

GIOVANELLI. You wish to escape notice? Perhaps you are right. That was why I did n't come to Mrs. Walker's, whose parties are so charming! I thought that if we slipped away together it might attract attention.

DAISY. Do you mean they would have thought it improper? They would have thought it still more improper to see me leaving alone; so I did n't say a word to any one — only mother.

GIOVANELLI. Ah, you told your admirable parent? She is with us, then, in spirit!

DAISY. She wanted to get away herself, if that 's what you mean; but she did n't feel as if she could leave till Eugenio came for her. And Eu-

genio seems to have so much to do to-day!

GIOVANELLI. It 's doubtless in your interest. He 's a very faithful servant.

DAISY. Well, he told mother she must stay there an hour: he had some business of importance.

GIOVANELLI. Let us hope that his business is done, and that the patient Mrs. Miller is released.

DAISY. She was patient enough when I told her I should n't come to dinner.

GIOVANELLI, *starting, with an air of renewed devotion.* Am I to understand that you have consented to my little fantasy?

DAISY. Of dining at that old tavern, where the artists go?

GIOVANELLI. The renowned and delightful *Falcone*, in the heart of ancient Rome! You are a person of delicious surprises! The other day, you would n't listen to it.

DAISY. I don't remember the other day: all I know is, I 'll go now. (*Aside.*) The other day Mr. Winterbourne spoke to me!

GIOVANELLI. My dear young lady, you make me very happy!

DAISY. By going to eat maccaroni with you?

GIOVANELLI. It is n't the maccaroni; it 's the sentiment!

DAISY. The sentiment is yours, not mine. I have n't any: it 's all gone!

GIOVANELLI. Well, I shan't complain if I find myself at table with you in a dusky corner of that picturesque little cook-shop, where the ceiling is black, and the walls are brown, and the floor is red!

DAISY, *watching him as he describes it.* Oh dear! it must be very lovely.

GIOVANELLI. And the old wine-flasks, covered with plaited straw, are as big round — are much bigger round — than your waist!

DAISY. That 's just what I want to see. Let 's go there at once!

GIOVANELLI, *consulting his watch.* Half past four. Is n't that rather soon to dine?

DAISY. We can go on foot through the old streets. I 'm dying to see them on foot.

GIOVANELLI, *aside.* That will be cheaper than a cab! (*Aloud.*) We should get there at five — a little early still. Might n't we first take a few turns round this place?

DAISY, *after a pause.* Oh, yes, if you like.

GIOVANELLI, *aside.* I should like my creditors to see! (*Aloud.*) Perhaps it does n't suit you: you 're a little afraid.

DAISY. What should I be afraid of?

GIOVANELLI, *smiling.* Not of meeting your mother, I know!

DAISY. If I had been afraid, I should n't have come.

GIOVANELLI. That is perfect. But let me say one thing: you have a way of taking the meaning from the favors you bestow.

DAISY. The meaning? They have n't got any meaning!

GIOVANELLI, *vaguely.* Ah! (*Mrs. Costello, Miss Durant, and Charles Reverdy appear.*)

DAISY, *looking at Mrs. Costello and Miss Durant.* Unless it be to make those dreadful women glower! How d' ye do, Mr. Reverdy?

GIOVANELLI, *smiling.* I see you are not afraid! (*He goes out with her.*)

SCENE VI. MRS. COSTELLO, MISS DURANT, CHARLES REVERDY.

MISS D. She has grown to look very hard.

MRS. C. The gentleman looks soft, and that makes up for it.

MISS D. Do you call him a gentleman?

MRS. C. Ah, compared with the courier! She has a different one every time.

REVERDY, *with the camp-stool, aside.*

A different one every time, but never, alas, *this* one!

Mrs. C. There 's one comfort in it all: she has given up Frederick.

Miss D. Ah, she goes too far even for him!

Reverdy. Too far with other men: that 's the trouble! With him she went as far as the Castle of Chillon.

Mrs. C. Don't recall that episode. Heaven only knows what happened there.

Reverdy. I know what happened: he was awfully sold. That 's why he let you carry him off.

Mrs. C. Much good it did us! I 'm very much disappointed in Frederick.

Miss D. I can't imagine what you expected of him.

Mrs. C. I expected him to fall in love with you — or to marry you, at any rate.

Miss D. You would have been still more disappointed, then, if I had refused him.

Mrs. C., *dryly.* I should have been surprised.

Reverdy, *sentimentally.* Would you have refused him, Miss Durant?

Miss D. Yes, on purpose to spite you. You don't understand? It takes a man to be stupid! If Mr. Winterbourne were to marry some one else, it would leave Miss Daisy Miller free.

Reverdy. Free to walk about with the native population? She seems to be free enough already. Mrs. Costello, the camp-stool is at your service.

Mrs. C. Give it to me, and I 'll go and sit in the shade. Excuse me, I would rather carry it myself. (*Taking the camp-stool, aside to Miss Durant.*) If he proposes, mind you accept him.

Miss D. If who proposes?

Mrs. C. Our young companion! He is manœuvring to get rid of me. He has nothing but his expectations, but his expectations are of the best. (*She marches away with her camp-stool, and seats herself at a distance, where, with her eyeglass raised, she appears to look at what goes on in another part of the garden.*)

Miss D., *aside.* Am *I* one of his expectations? Fortunately, I don't need to marry for money. (*Aloud.*) Cousin Louisa is furious with me for not being more encouraging to Mr. Winterbourne. I don't know what she would have liked me to do!

Reverdy. You have been very proper, very dignified.

Miss D. That 's the way I was brought up. I never liked him, from the first.

Reverdy. Oh, he 's a stupid stick!

Miss D. I don't say he 's stupid — and he 's very good looking.

Reverdy. As good looking as a man can be in whom one feature — the most expressive — has been entirely omitted. He has got no eyes in his head.

Miss D. No eyes?

Reverdy. To see that that poor little creature is in love with him.

Miss D. She has a queer way of showing it.

Reverdy. Ah, they always have queer ways!

Miss D. He sees it, but he does n't care.

Reverdy. That 's still worse, — the omission not of a feature, but of an organ (*tapping his heart and smiling*), the seat of our purest and highest joys!

Miss D., *aside.* Cousin Louisa was right! (*Aloud.*) Do you mean that he has no heart?

Reverdy. If he had as big a one as the rosette on your shoe, would he leave me here to do all the work?

Miss D., *looking at her foot.* The rosette on my shoe is rather big.

Reverdy, *looking as well.* It is n't so much the size of the rosette as the smallness of the shoe!

Miss D., *aside.* Cousin Louisa is certainly right! (*Aloud, smiling.*) Yours, I suppose, is bigger than that.

REVERDY. My shoe? I should think so — rather!

MISS D. Dear, no! I mean your heart. Though I don't think it 's at all nice in you to complain of being left with us.

REVERDY. When I 'm left with you, I don't complain; but when I 'm left with *her!* (*Indicating Mrs. Costello.*)

MISS D. Well, you 're not with her now.

REVERDY. Ah, *now* it 's very pleasant. Only she has got the camp-stool.

MISS D. Do you want it for yourself?

REVERDY. Yes; I have been carrying it for the last six months, and I feel rather awkward without it. It gives one confidence to have something in one's hand.

MISS D. Good heavens! What do you want to do?

REVERDY. I want to make you a little speech.

MISS D. You will do very well as you are.

REVERDY. I 'll try it. (*In an attitude.*) Six months ago I had moments of rebellion, but to-day I have come to love my chains! Accordingly — (*Mrs. Costello starts up and hurries forward, the camp-stool in her hand.*) By Jove! if she hears me, she 'll rivet them faster!

MRS. C., *seizing Miss Durant's arm.* My poor, dear child, whom do you think I 've seen?

REVERDY. By your expression, the ghost of Julius Cæsar!

MRS. C. The Russian woman — the princess — whom we saw last summer.

MISS D. Well, my dear cousin, she won't eat us up!

MRS. C. No, but she 'll eat Frederick!

REVERDY. On the contrary, her appetite for Frederick is small. Don't you remember that, last summer, she left the hotel as soon as he arrived?

MRS. C. That was only a feint, to put us off the scent. He has been in secret correspondence with her, and their meeting here is prearranged.

MISS D. I don't know why you call their correspondence secret, when he was always going to the post-office!

MRS. C. Ah, but you can't tell what he did there! Frederick is very deep.

REVERDY. There 's nothing secret, at any rate, about her arrival here. She alighted yesterday at our own hotel, in the most public manner, with the landlord and all the waiters drawn up to receive her. It did n't occur to me to mention it.

MRS. C. I don't really know what you are with us for!

MISS D. Oh, Cousin Louisa, he is meant for better things than that!

MRS. C., *to Miss Durant, aside.* Do you mean that he has proposed?

MISS D. No, but he was just going to.

MRS. C., *disappointed.* Ah, you 've told me that before!

MISS D. Because you never give him time.

MRS. C. Does he want three hours?

MISS D. No, but he wants three minutes!

REVERDY, *who has strolled away, observing them, aside.* Happy thought, to make them fight about me! Mutual destruction would ensue, and I should be master of the situation. (*Aloud.*) I am only a man, dear Madam; I am not a newspaper.

MRS. C. If you only were, we could stop our subscription! And, as a proof of what I say, here comes Frederick, to look after his Russian. (*Winterbourne comes in, with Mrs. Walker.*)

REVERDY. With the wife of the consul, to look after him!

SCENE VII. MRS. COSTELLO, MISS DURANT, REVERDY, WINTERBOURNE, MRS. WALKER.

MRS. WALKER. Oh, you dreadful people, what are you doing here, when you ought to be at my reception?

Mrs. Costello. We were just thinking of going; it 's so very near.

Mrs. W. Only round the corner! But there are better reasons than that.

Miss D. There can hardly be a very good one, when you yourself have come away!

Mrs. W. You 'd never imagine what has brought me! I 've come in pursuit of little Daisy Miller.

Mrs. C. And you 've brought my nephew to help you!

Winterbourne. A walk in such charming company is a privilege not to be lost. Perhaps, dear aunt, you can give us news.

Mrs. C. Of that audacious and desperate person? Dear me, yes. We met her just now, on the arm of a dreadful man.

Mrs. W. Oh, we 're too late then. She 's lost!

Mrs. C. It seems to me she was lost long ago, and (*significantly, at Winterbourne*) that this is not the first rendezvous she has taken.

Winterbourne, *smiling.* If it does her no more harm than the others, Mrs. Walker had better go back to her teapot!

Reverdy, *to Miss Durant.* That 's an allusion to the way he was sold!

Mrs. W. She left my house, half an hour ago, without a word to any one but her goose of a mother, who thought it all right that she should walk off to the Pincian to meet the handsome Giovanelli. I only discovered her flight just now, by a lady who was coming in at the moment that Miss Daisy, shaking out her little flounces and tossing up her little head, tripped away from my door, to fall into the arms of a cavalier!

Miss D. Into his arms? Ah, Mrs. Walker!

Mrs. W. My dear young lady, with these unscrupulous foreigners one can never be sure. You know as well as I what becomes of the reputation of a girl who shows herself in this place, at this hour, with all the rank and fashion of Rome about her, with no more responsible escort than a gentleman renowned for his successes!

Reverdy, *to Miss Durant.* It 's as if y . were here with me, you know!

Mrs. W. This idea came over me with a kind of horror, and I determined to save her if I could.

Mrs. C. There 's nothing left of her to save!

Mrs. W. There is always something left, and my representative position makes it a duty. My rooms were filled with guests — a hundred and fifty people — but I put on my bonnet and seized Mr. Winterbourne's arm.

Winterbourne. You can testify that I did n't wince! I quite agree with you as to the importance of looking her up. Foreigners never understand.

Reverdy, *aside.* My dear fellow, if they understand no better than you! . . .

Mrs. W. What I want of you dear people is to go and entertain my visitors. Console them for my absence, and tell them I shall be back in five minutes.

Miss D. It will be very nice to give a reception without any trouble.

Mrs. C. Without any trouble — scarcely! But there is nothing we would n't do —

Mrs. W. For the representative of one's country! Be charming, then, as you can so well. (*Seeing Daisy and Giovanelli come in.*) I shall not be long, for by the mercy of Heaven the child is guided to this spot!

Reverdy. If you think you have only to pick her up, we won't wait for you! (*He goes out with Mrs. Costello and Miss Durant.*)

Scene VIII. Mrs. Walker, Winterbourne, Daisy, Giovanelli.

Winterbourne, *as the two others slowly come in together, not at first see-*

ing him. We shall have a siege: she won't give him up for the asking.

MRS. WALKER. We must divide our forces, then. You will deal with Daisy.

WINTERBOURNE. I would rather attack the gentleman.

MRS. W. No, no; there 'll be trouble. Mr. Giovanelli, I should like a little conversation with you.

GIOVANELLI, *starting, and coming forward; very polite.* You do me great honor, Madame!

MRS. W. I wish to scold you for not coming to me to-day; but to spare your blushes, it must be in private. (*Strolls away with him, out of sight.*)

DAISY, *aside.* They have come to take me away. Ah, they are very cruel!

WINTERBOURNE. I had no chance to speak to you at Mrs. Walker's, and I've come to make up for my loss.

DAISY, *looking at him a moment.* What is Mrs. Walker doing here? Why does n't she stay with her guests?

WINTERBOURNE. I brought her away — to do just what she has done.

DAISY. To take away Mr. Giovanelli? I don't understand you.

WINTERBOURNE. A great many people think that you understand, but that you don't care.

DAISY. I don't care what people think. I have done no harm.

WINTERBOURNE. That 's exactly what I say — you don't care. But I wish you would care a little, for your friends are very much frightened. When Mrs. Walker ascertained that you had left her house alone, and had come to meet a gentleman here — here, where all Rome assembles at this hour to amuse itself, and where you would be watched and criticised and calumniated — when Mrs. Walker made this discovery, she said but three words — "To the rescue!" But she took her plunge, as if you had been drowning.

DAISY. And you jumped overboard, too!

WINTERBOURNE. Oh dear, no; I'm standing on the brink. I only interpret her sentiments. I don't express my own.

DAISY. They would interest me more than Mrs. Walker's; but I don't see what either of you have to do with me.

WINTERBOURNE. We admire you very much, and we hate to see you misjudged.

DAISY. I don't know what you mean, and I don't know what you think I want to do.

WINTERBOURNE. I have n't the least idea about that. All I mean is that if you could see, as I see it, how little it 's the custom here to do what you do, and how badly it looks to fly in the face of the custom, you would be a little more on your guard.

DAISY. I know nothing about the custom. I'm an American; I'm not one of these people.

WINTERBOURNE. In that case, you would behave differently. Your being an American is just the point. You are a very conspicuous American, thanks to your attractions, to your charms, to the publicity of your life. Such people, with the best intentions in the world, are often very indiscreet; and it 's to save the reputation of her compatriots that the fairest and brightest of young American girls should sacrifice a little of her independence.

DAISY. Look here, Mr. Winterbourne, you make too much fuss: that 's what 's the matter with you!

WINTERBOURNE. If I make enough to persuade you to go home with Mrs. Walker, my highest ambition will be gratified.

DAISY. I think you are trying to mystify me: I can tell that by your language. One would never think you were the same person who went with me to that castle.

WINTERBOURNE. I am not quite the same, but I 've a good deal in common with him. Now, Mr. Giovanelli does n't resemble that person at all.

DAISY, *coldly.* I don't know why you speak to me about Mr. Giovanelli.

WINTERBOURNE. Because — because Mrs. Walker asked me to.

DAISY. It would be better if she should do it herself.

WINTERBOURNE. That's exactly what I told her; but she had an odd fancy that I have a kind of influence with you.

DAISY, *with expression.* Poor Mrs. Walker!

WINTERBOURNE. Poor Mrs. Walker! She does n't know that no one has any influence with you — that you do nothing in the world but what pleases yourself.

DAISY. Whom, then, am I to please? The people that think such dreadful things of me? I don't even understand what they think! What do you mean, about my reputation? I have n't got any reputation! If people are so cruel and wicked, I am sure I would rather not know it. In America they let me alone, and no one ran after me, like Mrs. Walker. It's natural I should like the people who seem to like me, and who will take the trouble to go round with me. The others may say what they like. I can't understand Italian, and I should never hear of it if you did n't come and translate.

WINTERBOURNE. It 's not only the Italians — it 's the Americans.

DAISY. Do you mean your aunt and your cousin? I don't know why I should make myself miserable for *them!*

WINTERBOURNE. I mean every one who has ever had the very questionable advantage of making your acquaintance — only to be subjected to the torment of being unable either to believe in you or to doubt of you.

DAISY. To doubt of me? You are very strange!

WINTERBOURNE. You are stranger still. But I did n't come here to reason with you: that would be vain, for we speak a different language, and we should n't understand each other. I only came to say to you, in the most respectful manner, that if you should consult your best interests you would go home with Mrs. Walker.

DAISY. Do you think I had such a lovely time there, half an hour ago, when you did n't so much as look at me?

WINTERBOURNE. If I had spoken to you, would you have stayed?

DAISY. After I had an engagement here? (*With a little laugh.*) I must say, you expect a great deal!

WINTERBOURNE, *looking at her a moment.* What they say is true — you 're a thorough-going coquette!

(*Mrs. Walker reappears, with Giovanelli.*)

DAISY. You speak too much of what they say. To escape from you, I 'll go anywhere!

MRS. W., *to Winterbourne, while Giovanelli speaks to Daisy.* He 's very accommodating, when you tell him that if Mrs. Miller gets frightened she will start off for America.

WINTERBOURNE. It 's more than I can say of Miss Daisy!

MRS. W. Have you had no success?

WINTERBOURNE. I have had my ears boxed!

MRS. W., *to Daisy.* My precious child, you escaped from my drawing-room before I had half the talk we wanted.

DAISY. Are they all waiting there to see me brought back?

MRS. W. Oh dear, no; they 've plenty to think about — with Mrs. Costello and Miss Durant.

DAISY. Ah, those ladies are there? Then I certainly shan't go back.

MRS. W., *alarmed.* Hush! They 're relations of Mr. Winterbourne.

DAISY. All the more reason for my hating them!

MRS. W., *to Winterbourne.* You must excuse her; she is very wicked to-day! (*To Daisy.*) If you won't go home, then I 'll stay with you here. Mr. Giovanelli, you promised me you would go to my house.

GIOVANELLI. I am at the orders of Mademoiselle.

DAISY. You may do what you please till dinner-time.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* Gracious heavens! is she going to dine with him? (*Aloud, to Daisy.*) We were interrupted, but I have a great deal more to say.

DAISY. More of the same sort? It will be a pleasure to hear that!

WINTERBOURNE. What 's coming is a great deal better. — Do you dine at your *table d'hôte?*

DAISY. Oh, yes. Randolph likes the table d'hôte.

WINTERBOURNE. I will ask for a place there this evening, and, with your permission, it shall be next to yours.

DAISY. I 'm very sorry, but I 'm not sure of this evening.

WINTERBOURNE, *gravely.* That 's a great disappointment to me. (*A short silence.*)

MRS. W., *to Giovanelli.* You promised me you would go to my house!

GIOVANELLI. As a man of honor, then, I must go. But I assure you, Mademoiselle (*to Daisy*), that I soon return.

DAISY. As soon as you like! (*Giovanelli walks away. To Winterbourne.*) Can't you come some other night?

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, yes, by waiting a little. But with the uncertainty of your stay in Rome, this would be always something gained.

DAISY. What will you do after dinner?

WINTERBOURNE. With your kind permission, I will adjourn with you to your mother's sitting-room.

DAISY. You are very devoted, all of a sudden!

WINTERBOURNE. Better late than never!

DAISY. You are just as you were at that castle!

WINTERBOURNE. So are you — at this moment. We can dream we are in that happy place!

DAISY, *aside.* He can do with me what he will. (*Aloud, quickly.*) I 'll tell them to keep you a seat!

WINTERBOURNE. I shall be indebted to you forever!

DAISY. Oh, if I don't see about it, they 'll put you at the other end.

WINTERBOURNE. Next you — that 's the point.

DAISY. Between me and Randolph! At half past six!

WINTERBOURNE. At half past six.

MRS. W., *to Winterbourne.* You can go about your business. I have something to say to her alone.

DAISY. Don't forget half past six!

WINTERBOURNE. Never in the world. At half past six! (*Walks away.*)

MRS. WALKER, *alone with Daisy.* And now may I be permitted to inquire whether you had arranged to dine with that Italian?

DAISY, *smiling.* In the heart of ancient Rome! But don't tell Mr. Winterbourne what I gave up!

MRS. WALKER, *aside.* I 'll get you out of Rome to-morrow! (*Aloud.*) I must show you to the crowd — with *me.* (*Goes out leading Daisy.*)

SCENE IX. REVERDY, RANDOLPH.

REVERDY, *coming in just as the others pass out, and completing Mrs. Walker's phrase.* The wife of the American consul! The American consul is all very well, but I 'll be hanged if I 'll carry on the business! It 's quite enough to do odd jobs for Mrs. Costello, without taking service at the consulate. Fifty carriages before the door, and five hundred people up-stairs. My companions may get up if they can! It 's the first time to-day I 've had a moment for a quiet smoke. (*Lights a cigar, and while he is doing so Randolph comes in.*) O Lord, the Old Man of the Sea!

RANDOLPH, *planted before Reverdy.* I say, Mr. Reverdy, suppose you offer me a cigar.

REVERDY. My poor child, my cigars are as big as yourself!

RANDOLPH. There 's nothing fit to smoke over here. You can't get 'em as you can in America.

REVERDY. Yes, they 're better in America (*smoking*); but they cost a good deal more.

RANDOLPH. I don't care what I pay. I 've got all the money I want.

REVERDY. Don't spend it; keep it till you grow up.

RANDOLPH. Oh, I ain't going to grow up. I 've been this way for ever so long. Mother brought me over to see if I would n't start, but I have n't started an inch. You can't start in this old country.

REVERDY. The Romans were rather tall!

RANDOLPH. I don't care for the Romans. A child 's as good as a man.

REVERDY, *aside.* The future of democracy! (*Aloud.*) You remind me of the infant Hannibal.

RANDOLPH. There 's one good thing: so long as I 'm little, my mother can't see me. She 's looking all round.

REVERDY. I was going to ask you if she allowed you to mingle in this human maze.

RANDOLPH. Mother 's in the carriage, but I jumped out.

REVERDY. Imprudent little man! At the risk of breaking your neck?

RANDOLPH. Oh, we were crawling along — we have n't American trotters. I saw you walking about, and when mother was n't looking I just dropped. As soon as she missed me, she began to howl!

REVERDY. I am sorry to be the occasion of a family broil.

RANDOLPH. She thinks I am run over; she has begun to collect a crowd.

REVERDY. You wicked little person! I must take you straight back to her.

RANDOLPH. I thought you might like to know where my sister is.

REVERDY. At the present moment my anxiety is about your mother.

RANDOLPH. Daisy 's gone on a bender. If you 'll give me a cigar, I 'll put you up to it.

REVERDY. You 're a vulgar little boy. Take me instantly to your mother.

RANDOLPH, *very sarcastic.* Would n't you like to carry me on your back?

REVERDY. If you don't come, I 'll take you under my arm. (*Starts to seize him.*)

RANDOLPH, *dodging.* I won't come, then!

REVERDY. Blast the little wretch! I *must* relieve his mother. (*Makes another attempt to capture Randolph, who escapes, while Reverdy gives chase, and they disappear.*)

SCENE X. WINTERBOURNE, *then* MADAME DE KATKOFF.

WINTERBOURNE, *coming in alone.* Remarkable family, the Millers! Mrs. Miller, standing up in her carriage, in the centre of a crowd of Italians, and chattering to them in her native tongue. She falls upon my neck when she sees me, and announces that the gifted Randolph is no more. He has tumbled out of the vehicle, and been trampled to death! We institute a search for his remains, and as it proves fruitless she begs me to come and look for him here. (*Looking round him.*) I don't perceive any remains! He has mingled in the giddy throng, and the giddy throng may bring him back! It 's the business of that ruffian of a courier! (*Seeing Madame de Katkoff, aside.*) Is *she* still here? (*Aloud.*) To meet you again is better fortune than I hoped.

MME. DE KATKOFF, *strolling in slowly, with an air of deliberation, and standing a moment thoughtful.* Will you do me the favor to dine with me to-night?

WINTERBOURNE, *startled.* To dine with you to-night?

MME. DE K. You stare as if I were

a ghost! It 's very simple: to dine with me to-night, at seven o'clock, at the Hôtel de Paris?

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* It 's a little awkward. (*Aloud.*) Do you dine at the table d'hôte?

MME. DE K. At the table d'hôte, with that rabble of tourists? I dine in my own apartments.

WINTERBOURNE. I supposed you had left the Pincian; I had no idea you were lingering.

MME. DE K. Apparently I had a purpose, which you seem quite unable to appreciate. You are very slow in accepting!

WINTERBOURNE. To tell you the honest truth, I have made an engagement.

MME. DE K. An engagement? A moment ago you were dying to spend the evening with me.

WINTERBOURNE. A moment ago you would n't listen to me.

MME. DE K., *after a pause.* My dear friend, you are very stupid. A woman does n't confess the truth at the first summons!

WINTERBOURNE. You are very strange. I accepted an invitation just after we parted.

MME. DE K. Send word you can't come.

WINTERBOURNE. It was from the young lady you recommended me so strongly to turn my attention to.

MME. DE K. Ah, she gives invitations?

WINTERBOURNE. I confess I asked for this one. They are also at the Hôtel de Paris, and they dine at the table d'hôte.

MME. DE K. A charming place to carry on a courtship!

WINTERBOURNE. It 's not a courtship — however much I may have wished to please you.

MME. DE K. Your wish to please me has suddenly diminished. Apparently, I am to understand that you refuse!

WINTERBOURNE. Even when you are kind, there 's something cruel in it! — I will dine with you with pleasure.

MME. DE K. Send word, then, to your little American.

WINTERBOURNE. Yes, I 'll send word. (*Aside.*) That 's uncommonly rough! (*Aloud.*) After dinner, I suppose, you 'll go to the opera.

MME. DE K. I don't know about the opera. (*Looking at him a moment.*) It will be a splendid night. How should you like a moonlight drive?

WINTERBOURNE. A moonlight drive — with you? It seems to me you mock me!

MME. DE K., *in the same tone.* To wander through the old streets, when everything is still; to see the solemn monuments wrapped up in their shadows; to watch the great fountains turn to silver in the moonshine — that has always been a dream of mine! We 'll try it to-night.

WINTERBOURNE, *affected by her tone.* We 'll see the great square of St. Peter's; we 'll dip our hands in the Fountain of Trevi! You must be strangely beautiful in the moonlight.

MME. DE K. I don't know. You shall see.

WINTERBOURNE. What will you do with the Russian ambassador?

MME. DE K. Send him about his business.

WINTERBOURNE. An ambassador! For me?

MME. DE K. Don't force me to say it; I shall make you too vain.

WINTERBOURNE. I 'm not used to being treated so, and I can't help feeling that it may be only a refinement of cruelty.

MME. DE K. If I 've been cruel before, it was in self-defense. I have been sorely troubled, and I don't pretend to be consistent. Women are never so — especially women who love!

WINTERBOURNE. I ask no questions; I only thank you.

MME. DE K. At seven o'clock, then.

WINTERBOURNE. You are very strange; but you are only the more adorable. At seven o'clock!

MME. DE K. You are not to come with me; my carriage is there. (*Aside, as she leaves him.*) Ingenuous young man!

WINTERBOURNE, *alone, standing a moment in thought.* "Women are never consistent — especially women who love!" I've waited three years, but it was worth waiting for! (*Mrs. Walker comes in with Daisy, without his seeing them.*)

SCENE XI. WINTERBOURNE, MRS. WALKER, DAISY, *then* EUGENIO AND GIOVANELLI.

DAISY. Well, Mr. Winterbourne, is that the way you look for my brother? You had better not come to dinner unless you find him.

WINTERBOURNE. I was just wondering which way I had better go.

MRS. WALKER. Mrs. Miller has pressed us into the service, and she wants every one to go in a different direction. But I prefer (*significantly*) that Daisy and I should stick together.

DAISY, *happily.* Oh, I don't care now. You may take me anywhere!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* Poor little thing! And I've got to disappoint her! (*Aloud.*) I suppose I had better separate from you, then.

EUGENIO, *arriving hastily.* Mr. Randolph has been found — by Mr. Reverdy! (*To Daisy.*) If I leave your mother a moment, a misfortune is sure to arrive.

MRS. W., *aside.* The misfortune, indeed, is his being found! (*To Daisy.*) If you will join your mother, I will go back to my guests (*seeing Giovanelli*) — whom Mr. Giovanelli has already deserted.

GIOVANELLI, *coming in.* Your guests have deserted me, Madame. They have left your house in a caravan: they could n't stand your absence.

MRS. W., *to Daisy.* I have offended all my friends for you, my dear. You ought to be grateful.

DAISY. The reason they left was not because you came away, but because you did n't bring me back. They wanted to glare at me.

GIOVANELLI, *with a little laugh.* They glared at me a good deal!

MRS. W. I'll admit that they don't like you. (*To Daisy.*) Let me place you in your mother's hands.

EUGENIO, *with importance.* I will take charge of my young lady, Madame.

WINTERBOURNE, *to Daisy.* Before you go just let me say a word.

DAISY. As many as you please — only you frighten me!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* I 'm rather frightened myself. (*Aloud.*) I 'm very much afraid I shall not be able to dine to-night.

DAISY. Not be able — after your promise?

WINTERBOURNE. It 's very true I promised, and I 'm greatly ashamed. But a most unexpected obstacle has sprung up. I 'm obliged to take back my word — I 'm exceedingly sorry.

MRS. W., *in a low voice to Winterbourne.* Ah, my dear sir, you 're making a mess!

DAISY. Your obstacle must have come very quickly.

WINTERBOURNE. Only five minutes ago.

EUGENIO, *aside.* The Katkoff 's as good as her word!

DAISY, *much affected.* Well, Mr. Winterbourne, I can only say I too am very sorry.

WINTERBOURNE. I 'll come the very first evening I 'm free.

DAISY. I did n't want the first evening; I wanted this one.

WINTERBOURNE. I beg you to forgive me. My own loss is greater than yours.

GIOVANELLI, *aside.* My friend the courier is a clever man!

DAISY, *thoughtful a moment.* Well, it's no matter.

MRS. W., *to Eugenio.* Please take her to her mother.

EUGENIO. I must act at my convenience, Madame!

DAISY. I'm not going to my mother. Mr. Giovanelli!

GIOVANELLI, *with alacrity.* Signorina?

DAISY. Please to give me your arm. We'll go on with our walk.

MRS. W., *coming between the two.* Now don't do anything dreadful!

DAISY, *to Giovanelli.* Give me your arm. (*Giovanelli passes behind Mrs. Walker, and gives Daisy his arm on the other side. She continues, with a sudden outbreak of passion.*) I see nothing dreadful but your cruel accusations! If you all attack me, I've a friend to defend me.

GIOVANELLI. I will defend you always, Signorina!

MRS. W. Are you going to take her to that drinking-shop?

DAISY. That's our own affair. Come away, come away!

WINTERBOURNE. I have done you a greater injury than I supposed.

DAISY. The injury was done when you spoke to me that way!

WINTERBOURNE. When I spoke to you? I don't understand.

DAISY. Half an hour ago, when you said I was so bad!

GIOVANELLI. If people insult you, they will answer to *me.*

WINTERBOURNE, *to Giovanelli.* Don't be rash, sir! You will need all your caution.

MRS. W. High words between gentlemen, to crown the horrors! (*To Eugenio.*) Go straight and ask Mrs. Miller if she consents.

EUGENIO, *smiling.* Mrs. Miller consents to everything that I approve.

DAISY. Come away, Mr. Giovanelli!

GIOVANELLI, *aside.* I shall have to take a cab! (*They walk up the stage.*)

MRS. W. Mercy on us! She is lost!

WINTERBOURNE, *sternly.* Leave her alone! She only wants a pretext!

DAISY, *who has heard him, turning as she reaches the top of the stage, and looking back a moment.* Thank you, Mr. Winterbourne! (*She goes out with Giovanelli.*)

MRS. W., *to Winterbourne.* Yes, my dear sir, you've done a pretty piece of work!

EUGENIO, *with his hands in his pockets, as at the end of the first act, watching the scene complacently.* My little revenge on the journey to the castle!

WINTERBOURNE, *looking at his watch, to himself.* Well, *I* shall have that moonlight drive!

Henry James, Jr.

THE PENNYROYAL.

I MARKED this morning, by the wood,
  What way the pennyroyal grew,
Amid the waste of snow that stood
  Deep on the path which well I knew;
For every slender stem upreared
  Its head within a little round,
In which no leaf nor blade appeared
  Save its sweet self from the bare ground.
Its own warm heart had nestled there,
  A sheltered home wherein to thrive,

Looking so stately, fresh, and fair,
And where all else was dead, alive.
There, in its charméd hold serene,
And strong and fragrant as it rose,
It made me think of my soul's queen,
Whom I from all the world had chose.
I thought of one whose heart of love,
Where'er she dwells, her circle finds;
Amid life's frost, who soars above
The weariness of vacant minds;
Who rules her little realm, content,
Not caring for a large applause,
Still finding in all hearts consent
To make her wishes more than laws.
Go, fragrant sprays, and touch her hand,
Or press her lip, if it may be;
May her charmed circle soon expand
Enough to find there room for me.

Thomas William Parsons.

NIAGARA REVISITED, TWELVE YEARS AFTER THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

Life had not used them ill in this time, and the fairish treatment they had received was not wholly unmerited. The twelve years past had made them older, as the years must in passing. Basil was now forty-two, and his moustache was well sprinkled with gray. Isabel was thirty-nine, and the parting of her hair had thinned and retreated; but she managed to give it an effect of youthful abundance by combing it low down upon her forehead, and roughing it there with a wet brush. By gaslight she was still very pretty; she believed that she looked more interesting, and she thought Basil's gray moustache distinguished. He had grown stouter; he filled his double-breasted frock coat compactly, and from time to time he had the buttons set forward; his hands were rounded up on the backs, and he no longer wore his old number of gloves by two sizes; no amount of powder or manipulation from the young lady in the shop would induce them to go on. But this did not matter much now, for he seldom wore gloves at all. He was glad that the fashion suffered him to spare in that direction, for he was obliged to look somewhat carefully after the out-goes. The insurance business was not what it had been, and though Basil had comfortably established himself in it, he had not made money. He sometimes thought that he might have done quite as well if he had gone into literature; but it was now too late. They had not a very large family: they had a boy of eleven, who "took after" his father, and a girl of nine, who took after the boy; but with the American feeling that their children must have the best of everything, they made it an expensive family, and they spent nearly all Basil earned.

The narrowness of their means, as well as their household cares, had kept them from taking many long journeys.

They passed their winters in Boston, and their summers on the South Shore, — cheaper than the North Shore, and near enough for Basil to go up and down every day for business; but they promised themselves that some day they would revisit certain points on their wedding journey, and perhaps somewhere find their lost second-youth on the track. It was not that they cared to be young, but they wished the children to see them as they used to be when they thought themselves very old; and one lovely afternoon in June they started for Niagara.

It had been very hot for several days, but that morning the east wind came in, and crisped the air till it seemed to rustle like tinsel, and the sky was as sincerely and solidly blue as if it had been chromoed. They felt that they were really looking up into the roof of the world, when they glanced at it; but when an old gentleman hastily kissed a young woman, and commended her to the conductor as being one who was going all the way to San Francisco alone, and then risked his life by stepping off the moving train, the vastness of the great American fact began to affect Isabel disagreeably. "Is n't it *too* big, Basil?" she pleaded, peering timidly out of the little municipal consciousness in which she had been so long housed. In that seclusion she had suffered certain original tendencies to increase upon her: her nerves were more sensitive and electrical; her apprehensions had multiplied quite beyond the ratio of the dangers that beset her; and Basil had counted upon a tonic effect of the change the journey would make in their daily lives. She looked ruefully out of the window at the familiar suburbs whisking out of sight, and the continental immensity that advanced devouringly upon her. But they had the best section in the very centre of the sleeping-car, — she drew what consolation she could from the fact, — and the children's premature demand for lunch helped her to forget her anxieties; they began to be hungry as soon as the train started. She found that she had not put up sandwiches enough; and when she told Basil that he would have to get out somewhere and buy some cold chicken, he asked her what in the world had become of that whole ham she had had boiled. It seemed to him, he said, that there was enough of it to subsist them to Niagara and back; and he went on as men do, while Somerville vanished, and even Tufts College, which assails the Bostonian vision from every point of the compass, was shut out by the curve at the foot of the Belmont hills.

They had chosen the Hoosac Tunnel route to Niagara, because, as Basil said, their experience of travel had never yet included a very long tunnel, and it would be a signal fact by which the children would always remember the journey, if nothing else remarkable happened to impress it upon them. Indeed, they were so much concerned in it that they began to ask when they should come to this tunnel, even before they began to ask for lunch; and the long time before they reached it was not perceptibly shortened by Tom's quarter-hourly consultations of his father's watch.

It scarcely seemed to Basil and Isabel that their fellow-passengers were so interesting as their fellow-passengers used to be in their former days of travel. They were soberly dressed, and were all of a middle-aged sobriety of deportment, from which nothing salient offered itself for conjecture or speculation; and there was little within the car to take their minds from the brilliant young world that flashed and sang by them outside. The belated spring had ripened, with its frequent rains, into the perfection of early summer; the grass was thicker and the foliage denser than they had ever seen it before; and when they had run out into the hills beyond

Fitchburg, they saw the laurel in bloom. It was everywhere in the woods, lurking like drifts among the underbrush, and overflowing the tops, and stealing down the hollows, of the railroad embankments; a snow of blossom flushed with a mist of pink. Its shy, wild beauty ceased whenever the train stopped, but the orioles made up for its absence with their singing in the village trees about the stations; and though Fitchburg and Ayer's Junction and Athol are not names that invoke historical or romantic associations, the hearts of Basil and Isabel began to stir with the joy of travel before they had passed these points. At the first Basil got out to buy the cold chicken which had been commanded, and he recognized in the keeper of the railroad restaurant their former conductor, who had been warned by the spirits never to travel without a flower of some sort carried between his lips, and who had preserved his own life and the lives of his passengers for many years by this simple device. His presence lent the sponge cake and rhubarb pie and baked beans a supernatural interest, and reconciled Basil to the toughness of the athletic bird which the mystical ex-partner of fate had sold him; he justly reflected that if he had heard the story of the restaurateur's superstition in a foreign land, or another time, he would have found in it a certain poetry. It was this willingness to find poetry in things around them that kept his life and Isabel's fresh, and they taught their children the secret of their elixir. To be sure, it was only a *genre* poetry, but it was such as has always inspired English art and song; and now the whole family enjoyed, as if it had been a passage from Goldsmith or Wordsworth, the flying sentiment of the railroad side. There was a simple interior at one place, — a small shanty, showing through the open door a cook stove surmounted by the evening coffee-pot, with a lazy cat outstretched upon the floor in the middle distance, and an old woman standing just outside the threshold to see the train go by, — which had an unrivaled value till they came to a superannuated car on a siding in the woods, in which the railroad workmen boarded: some were lounging on the platform and at the open windows, while others were "washing up" for supper, and the whole scene was full of holiday ease and sylvan comradery that went to the hearts of the sympathetic spectators. Basil had lately been reading aloud the delightful history of Rudder Grange, and the children, who had made their secret vows never to live in anything but an old canal-boat when they grew up, owned that there were fascinating possibilities in a worn-out railroad car.

The lovely Deerfield Valley began to open on either hand, with smooth stretches of the quiet river, and breadths of grassy intervale and table-land; the elms grouped themselves like the trees of a park; here and there the nearer hills broke away, and revealed long, deep, chasmed hollows, full of golden light and delicious shadow. There were people rowing on the water; and every pretty town had some touch of picturesqueness or pastoral charm to offer: at Greenfield, there were children playing in the new-mown hay along the railroad embankment; at Shelburne Falls, there was a game of cricket going on (among the English operatives of the cutlery works, as Basil boldly asserted). They looked down from their car-window on a young lady swinging in a hammock, in her door-yard, and on an old gentleman hoeing his potatoes; a group of girls waved their handkerchiefs to the passing train, and a boy paused in weeding a garden bed, — and probably denied that he had paused, later. In the mean time the golden haze along the mountain side changed to a clear, pearly lustre, and the quiet evening possessed the quiet landscape. They confessed to each other that

it was all as sweet and beautiful as it used to be; and in fact they had seen palaces, in other days, which did not give them the pleasure they found in a wood-cutter's shanty, losing itself among the shadows in a solitude of the hills. The tunnel, after this, was a gross and material sensation; but they joined the children in trying to hold and keep it, and Basil let the boy time it by his watch. "Now," said Tom, when five minutes were gone, "we are under the very centre of the mountain." But the tunnel was like all accomplished facts, all hopes fulfilled, valueless to the soul, and scarcely appreciable to the sense; and the children emerged at North Adams with but a mean opinion of that great feat of engineering. Basil drew a pretty moral from their experience. "If you rode upon a comet you would be disappointed. Take my advice, and never ride upon a comet. I should n't object to your riding on a little meteor, — you would n't expect much of that; but I warn you against comets; they are as bad as tunnels."

The children thought this moral was a joke at their expense, and as they were a little sleepy they permitted themselves the luxury of feeling trifled with. But they woke, refreshed and encouraged, from slumbers that had evidently been unbroken, though they both protested that they had not slept a wink the whole night, and gave themselves up to wonder at the interminable levels of Western New York over which the train was running. The longing to come to an edge, somewhere, that the New England traveler experiences on this plain was inarticulate with the children; but it breathed in the sigh with which Isabel welcomed even the architectural inequalities of a city into which they drew in the early morning. This city showed to their weary eyes a noble stretch of river, from the waters of which lofty piles of buildings rose abruptly; and Isabel, being left to guess where they were, could think of no other place so picturesque as Rochester.

"Yes," said her husband; "it is our own Enchanted City. I wonder if that unstinted hospitality is still dispensed by the good head waiter at the hotel where we stopped, to bridal parties who have passed the ordeal of the haughty hotel clerk. I wonder what has become of that hotel clerk. Has he fallen, through pride, to some lower level, or has he bowed his arrogant spirit to the demands of advancing civilization, and realized that he is the servant, and not the master, of the public? I think I 've noticed, since his time, a growing kindness in hotel clerks; or perhaps I have become of a more impressive presence; they certainly unbend to me a little more. I should like to go up to our hotel, and try myself on our old enemy, if he is still there. I can fancy how his shirt front has expanded in these twelve years past; he has grown a little bald, after the fashion of middle-aging hotel clerks, but he parts his hair very much on one side, and brushes it squarely across his forehead to hide his loss; the forefinger that he touches that little snap-bell with, when he does n't look at you, must be quite pudgy now. Come, let us get out and breakfast at Rochester; they will give us broiled white-fish; and we can show the children where Sam Patch jumped over Genesee Falls, and" —

"No, no, Basil," cried his wife. "It would be sacrilege! All that is sacred to those dear young days of ours; and I would n't think of trying to repeat it. Our own ghosts would rise up in that dining-room to reproach us for our intrusion! Oh, perhaps we have done a wicked thing in coming this journey! We ought to have left the past alone; we shall only mar our memories of all these beautiful places. Do you suppose Buffalo *can* be as poetical as it was then? Buffalo! The name does n't invite the Muse very much. Perhaps it *never* was very poetical! Oh, Basil, dear,

I 'm afraid we have only come to find out that we were mistaken about everything! Let 's leave Rochester alone, at any rate!"

"I 'm not troubled! We won't disturb our dream of Rochester; but I don't despair of Buffalo. I 'm sure that Buffalo will be all that our fancy ever painted it. I believe in Buffalo."

"Well, well," murmured Isabel, "I hope you 're right;" and she put some things together for leaving their car at Buffalo, while they were still two hours away.

When they reached a place where the land mated its level with the level of the lake, they ran into a wilderness of railroad cars, in a world where life seemed to be operated solely by locomotives and their helpless minions. The bellowing and bleating trains were arriving in every direction, not only along the ground floor of the plain, but stately stretches of trestle-work, which curved and extended across the plain, carried them to and fro overhead. The travelers owned that this railroad suburb had its own impressiveness, and they said that the trestle-work was as noble in effect as the lines of aqueduct that stalk across the Roman Campagna. Perhaps this was because they had not seen the Campagna or its aqueducts for a great while; but they were so glad to find themselves in the spirit of their former journey again that they were amiable to everything. When the children first caught sight of the lake's delicious blue, and cried out that it was lovelier than the sea, they felt quite a local pride in their preference. It was what Isabel had said twelve years before, on first beholding the lake.

But they did not really see the lake till they had taken the train for Niagara Falls, after breakfasting in the depot, where the children, used to the severe native or the patronizing Irish ministrations of Boston restaurants and hotels, reveled for the first time in the affectionate devotion of a black waiter. There was already a ridiculous abundance and variety on the table; but this waiter brought them strawberries and again strawberries, and repeated plates of griddle cakes with maple syrup; and he hung over the back of first one chair and then another with an unselfish joy in the appetites of the breakfasters which gave Basil renewed hopes of his race. "Such rapture in serving argues a largeness of nature which will be recognized hereafter," he said, feeling about in his waistcoat pocket for a quarter. It seemed a pity to render the waiter's zeal retroactively interested, but in view of the fact that he possibly expected the quarter, there was nothing else to do; and by a mysterious stroke of gratitude the waiter delivered them into the hands of a friend, who took another quarter from them for carrying their bags and wraps to the train. This second retainer approved their admiration of the æsthetic forms and colors of the depot colonnade; and being asked if that were the depot whose roof had fallen in some years before, he proudly replied that it was.

"There were a great many killed, were n't there?" asked Basil, with sympathetic satisfaction in the disaster. The porter seemed humiliated; he confessed the mortifying truth that the loss of life was small, but he recovered a just self-respect in adding, "If the roof had fallen in five minutes sooner, it would have killed about three hundred people."

Basil had promised the children a sight of the Rapids before they reached the Falls, and they held him rigidly accountable from the moment they entered the train, and began to run out of the city between the river and the canal. He attempted a diversion with the canal boats, and tried to bring forward the subject of Rudder Grange in that connection. They said that the canal boats were splendid, but they were looking for the Rapids now; and they declined to

be interested in a window in one of the boats, which Basil said was just like the window that the Rudder Granger and the boarder had popped Pomona out of when they took her for a burglar.

"You spoil those children, Basil," said his wife, as they clambered over him, and clamored for the Rapids.

"At present I 'm giving them an object-lesson in patience and self-denial; they are experiencing the fact that they can't have the Rapids till they get to them, and probably they 'll be disappointed in them when they arrive."

In fact, they valued the Rapids very little more than the Hoosac Tunnel, when they came in sight of them, at last; and Basil had some question in his own mind whether the Rapids had not dwindled since his former visit. He did not breathe this doubt to Isabel, however, and she arrived at the Falls with unabated expectations. They were going to spend only half a day there; and they turned into the station, away from the phalanx of omnibuses, when they dismounted from their train. They seemed, as before, to be the only passengers who had arrived, and they found an abundant choice of carriages waiting in the street, outside the station. The Niagara hackman may once have been a predatory and very rampant animal, but public opinion, long expressed through the public prints, has reduced him to silence and meekness. Apparently, he may not so much as beckon with his whip to the arriving wayfarer; it is certain that he cannot cross the pavement to the station door; and Basil, inviting one of them to negotiation, was himself required by the attendant policeman to step out to the curbstone, and complete his transaction there. It was an impressive illustration of the power of a free press, but upon the whole Basil found the effect melancholy; it had the saddening quality which inheres in every sort of perfection. The hackman, reduced to entire order, appealed to his compassion, and he had not the heart to beat him down from his moderate first demand, as perhaps he ought to have done.

They drove directly to the cataract, and found themselves in the pretty grove beside the American Fall, and in the air whose dampness was as familiar as if they had breathed it all their childhood. It was full now of the fragrance of some sort of wild blossom; and again they had that old, entrancing sense of the mingled awfulness and loveliness of the great spectacle. This sylvan perfume, the gayety of the sunshine, the mildness of the breeze that stirred the leaves overhead, and the bird-singing that made itself heard amid the roar of the Rapids and the solemn incessant plunge of the cataract, moved their hearts, and made them children with the boy and girl, who stood rapt for a moment and then broke into joyful wonder. They could sympathize with the ardor with which Tom longed to tempt fate at the brink of the river, and over the tops of the parapets which have been built along the edge of the precipice, and they equally entered into the terror with which Bella screamed at his suicidal zeal. They joined her in restraining him; they reduced him to a beggarly account of half a dozen stones, flung into the Rapids at not less than ten paces from the brink; and they would not let him toss the smallest pebble over the parapet, though he laughed to scorn the notion that anybody should be hurt by them below.

It seemed to them that the triviality of man in the surroundings of the Falls had increased with the lapse of time. There were more booths and bazars, and more colored feather fans with whole birds spitted in the centres; and there was an offensive array of blue and green and yellow glasses on the shore, through which you were expected to look at the Falls gratis. They missed the simple dignity of the blanching Indian maids, who used to squat about on the grass, with their laps full of moccasins and pin-

cushions. But, as of old, the photographer came out of his saloon, and invited them to pose for a family group; representing that the light and the spray were singularly propitious, and that everything in nature invited them to be taken. Basil put him off gently, for the sake of the time when he had refused to be photographed in a bridal group, and took refuge from him in the long low building from which you descend to the foot of the cataract.

The grove beside the American Fall has been inclosed, and named Prospect Park, by a company which exacts half a dollar for admittance, and then makes you free of all its wonders and conveniences, for which you once had to pay severally. This is well enough; but formerly you could refuse to go down the inclined tramway, and now you cannot, without feeling that you have failed to get your money's worth. It was in this illogical spirit of economy that Basil invited his family to the descent; but Isabel shook her head. "No, you go with the children," she said, "and I will stay here, till you get back;" her agonized countenance added, "and pray for you;" and Basil took his children on either side of him, and rambled down the terrible descent with much of the excitement that attends travel in an open horse-car. When he stepped out of the car he felt that increase of courage which comes to every man after safely passing through danger. He resolved to brave the mists and slippery stones at the foot of the Fall; and he would have plunged at once into this fresh peril, if he had not been prevented by the Prospect Park Company. This ingenious association has built a large tunnel-like shed quite to the water's edge, so that you cannot view the cataract as you once could, at a reasonable remoteness, but must emerge from the building into a storm of spray. The roof of the tunnel is painted with a lively effect in party-colored stripes, and is lettered "The Shadow of the Rock," so that you take it at first to be an appeal to your æsthetic sense; but the real object of the company is not apparent till you put your head out into the tempest, when you agree with the nearest guide — and one is always very near — that you had better have an oil-skin dress, as Basil did. He told the guide that he did not wish to go under the Fall, and the guide confidentially admitted that there was no fun in that, any way; and in the mean time he equipped him and his children for their foray into the mist. When they issued forth, under their friend's leadership, Basil felt that, with his children clinging to each hand, he looked like some sort of animal with its young, and, though not unsocial by nature, he was glad to be among strangers for the time. They climbed hither and thither over the rocks, and lifted their streaming faces for the views which the guide pointed out; and in a rift of the spray they really caught one glorious glimpse of the whole sweep of the Fall. The next instant the spray swirled back, and they were glad to turn for a sight of the rainbow, lying in a circle on the rocks as quietly and naturally as if that had been the habit of rainbows ever since the flood. This was all there was to be done, and they streamed back into the tunnel, where they disrobed in the face of a menacing placard, which announced that the hire of a guide and a dress for going under the Fall was one dollar.

"Will they make you pay a dollar for each of us, papa?" asked Tom, fearfully.

"Oh, pooh, no!" returned Basil; "we have n't been under the Fall." But he sought out the proprietor with a trembling heart. The proprietor was a man of severely logical mind: he said that the charge would be three dollars, for they had had the use of the dresses and the guide just the same as if they had gone under the Fall; and he refused to

recognize anything misleading in the dressing-room placard. In fine, he left Basil without a leg to stand upon. It was not so much the three dollars as the sense of having been swindled that vexed him; and he instantly resolved not to share his annoyance with Isabel. Why, indeed, should he put that burden upon her? If she were none the wiser, she would be none the poorer; and he ought to be willing to deny himself her sympathy for the sake of sparing her needless pain.

He met her at the top of the inclined tramway with a face of exemplary unconsciousness, and he listened with her to the tale their coachman told, as they sat in a pretty arbor looking out on the Rapids, of a Frenchman and his wife. This Frenchman had returned, one morning, from a stroll on Goat Island, and reported with much apparent concern that his wife had fallen into the water, and been carried over the Fall. It was so natural for a man to grieve for the loss of his wife, under the peculiar circumstances, that every one condoled with the widower; but when, a few days later, her body was found, and the distracted husband refused to come back from New York to her funeral, there was a general regret that he had not been arrested. A flash of conviction illumed the whole fact to Basil's guilty consciousness: this unhappy Frenchman had paid a dollar for the use of an oil-skin suit at the foot of the Fall, and had been ashamed to confess the swindle to his wife, till, in a moment of remorse and madness, he shouted the fact into her ear, and then —

Basil looked at the mother of his children, and registered a vow that if he got away from Niagara without being forced to a similar excess he would confess his guilt to Isabel at the very first act of spendthrift profusion she committed. The guide pointed out the rock in the Rapids to which Avery had clung for twenty-four hours before he was carried over the Falls, and to the morbid fancy of the deceitful husband Isabel's bonnet ribbons seemed to flutter from the pointed reef. He could endure the pretty arbor no longer. "Come, children!" he cried, with a wild, unnatural gayety; "let us go to Goat Island, and see the Bridge to the Three Sisters, that your mother was afraid to walk back on after she had crossed it."

"For shame, Basil!" retorted Isabel. "You know it was you who were afraid of that bridge."

The children, who knew the story by heart, laughed with their father at the monstrous pretension; and his simulated hilarity only increased upon paying a toll of two dollars at the Goat Island bridge.

"What extortion!" cried Isabel, with an indignation that secretly unnerved him. He trembled upon the verge of confession; but he had finally the moral force to resist. He suffered her to compute the cost of their stop at Niagara without allowing those three dollars to enter into her calculation; he even began to think what justificative extravagance he could tempt her to. He suggested the purchase of local bricabrac; he asked her if she would not like to dine at the International, for old times' sake. But she answered, with disheartening virtue, that they must not think of such a thing, after what they had spent already. Nothing, perhaps, marked the confirmed husband in Basil more than these hidden fears and reluctances.

In the mean time Isabel ignorantly abandoned herself to the charm of the place, which she found unimpaired, in spite of the reported ravages of improvement about Niagara. Goat Island was still the sylvan solitude of twelve years ago, haunted by even fewer nymphs and dryads than of old. The air was full of the perfume that scented it at Prospect Park; the leaves showered them with shade and sun, as they drove along. "If it were not for the children here," she

said, "I should think that our first drive on Goat Island had never ended."

She sighed a little, and Basil leaned forward and took her hand in his. "It never has ended; it 's the same drive; only we are younger now, and enjoy it more." It always touched him when Isabel was sentimental about the past, for the years had tended to make her rather more seriously maternal towards him than towards the other children; and he recognized that these fond reminiscences were the expression of the girlhood still lurking deep within her heart.

She shook her head. "No, but I 'm willing the children should be young in our place. It 's only fair they should have their turn."

She remained in the carriage, while Basil visited the various points of view on Luna Island with the boy and girl. A boy is probably of considerable interest to himself, and a man looks back at his own boyhood with some pathos. But in his actuality a boy has very little to commend him to the toleration of other human beings. Tom was very well, as boys go; but now his contribution to the common enjoyment was to venture as near as possible to all perilous edges; to throw stones into the water, and to make as if to throw them over precipices on the people below; to pepper his father with questions, and to collect cumbrous mementos of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. He kept the carriage waiting a good five minutes, while he could cut his initials on a hand-rail. "You can come back and see 'em on your bridal tower," said the driver. Isabel gave a little start, as if she had almost thought of something she was trying to think of.

They occasionally met ladies driving, and sometimes they encountered a couple making a tour of the island on foot. But none of these people were young, and Basil reported that the Three Sisters were inhabited only by persons of like maturity; even a group of people who were eating lunch to the music of the shouting Rapids, on the outer edge of the last Sister, were no younger, apparently.

Isabel did not get out of the carriage to verify his report; she preferred to refute his story of her former panic on those islands by remaining serenely seated while he visited them. She thus lost a superb novelty which nature has lately added to the wonders of this Fall, in that place at the edge of the great Horse Shoe where the rock has fallen and left a peculiarly shaped chasm: through this the spray leaps up from below, and flashes a hundred feet into the air, in rocket-like jets and points, and then breaks and dissolves away in the pyrotechnic curves of a perpetual Fourth of July. Basil said something like this in celebrating the display, with the purpose of rendering her loss more poignant; but she replied, with tranquil piety, that she would rather keep her Niagara unchanged; and she declared that, as she understood him, there must be something rather cheap and conscious in the new feature. She approved, however, of the change that had removed that foolish little Terrapin Tower from the brink on which it stood, and she confessed that she could have enjoyed a little variety in the stories the driver told them of the Indian burial-ground on the island: they were exactly the stories she and Basil had heard twelve years before, and the ill-starred goats, from which the island took its name, perished once more in his narrative.

Under the influence of his romances our travelers began to find the whole scene hackneyed; and they were glad to part from him a little sooner than they had bargained to do. They strolled about the anomalous village on foot, and once more marveled at the paucity of travel and the enormity of the local preparation. Surely the hotels are nowhere else in the world so large! Could

there ever have been visitors enough at Niagara to fill them? They were built so big for some good reason, no doubt; but it is no more apparent than why all these magnificent equipages are waiting about the empty streets for the people who never come to hire them.

"It seems to me that I don't see so many strangers here as I used," Basil had suggested to their driver.

"Oh, they have n't commenced coming yet," he replied, with hardy cheerfulness, and pretended that they were plenty enough in July and August.

They went to dine at the modest restaurant of a colored man, who advertised a *table d'hôte* dinner on a board at his door; and they put their misgivings to him, which seemed to grieve him, and he contended that Niagara was as prosperous and as much resorted to as ever. In fact, they observed that their regret for the supposed decline of the Falls as a summer resort was nowhere popular in the village, and they desisted in their offers of sympathy, after their rebuff from the restaurateur.

Basil got his family away to the station after dinner, and left them there, while he walked down the village street, for a closer inspection of the hotels. At the door of the largest a pair of children sported in the solitude, as fearlessly as the birds on Selkirk's island; looking into the hotel, he saw a few porters and call-boys seated in statuesque repose against the wall, while the clerk pined in dreamless inactivity behind the register; some deserted ladies flitted through the door of the parlor at the side. He recalled the evening of his former visit, when he and Isabel had met the Ellisons in that parlor, and it seemed, in the retrospect, a scene of the wildest gayety. He turned for consolation into the barber's shop, where he found himself the only customer, and no busy sound of "Next" greeted his ear. But the barber, like all the rest, said that Niagara was not unusually empty; and he came out feeling bewildered and defrauded. Surely the agent of the boats which descend the Rapids of the St. Lawrence must be frank, if Basil went to him and pretended that he was going to buy a ticket. But a glance at the agent's sign showed Basil that the agent, with his brave jollity of manner and his impressive "*Good*-morning," had passed away from the deceits of travel, and that he was now inherited by his widow, who in turn was absent, and temporarily represented by their son. The boy, in supplying Basil with an advertisement of the line, made a specious show of haste, as if there were a long queue of tourists waiting behind him to be served with tickets. Perhaps there was, indeed, a spectral line there, but Basil was the only tourist present in the flesh, and he shivered in his isolation, and fled with the advertisement in his hand. Isabel met him at the door of the station with a frightened face.

"Basil," she cried, "I have found out what the trouble is! *Where are the brides?*"

He took her outstretched hands in his, and passing one of them through his arm walked with her apart from the children, who were examining at the news-man's booth the moccasins and the birch-bark bricabrac of the Irish aborigines, and the cups and vases of Niagara spar imported from Devonshire.

"My dear," he said, "there are no brides; everybody was married twelve years ago, and the brides are middle-aged mothers of families now, and don't come to Niagara if they are wise."

"Yes," she desolately asserted, "that is so! Something has been hanging over me ever since we came, and suddenly I realized that it was the absence of the brides. But — but — Down at the hotels — Did n't you see anything bridal there? When the omnibuses arrived, was there no burst of minstrelsy? Was there" —

She could not go on, but sank nervelessly into the nearest seat.

"Perhaps," said Basil, dreamily regarding the contest of Tom and Bella for a newly-purchased paper of sour cherries, and helplessly forecasting in his remoter mind the probable consequences, "there were both brides and minstrelsy at the hotel, if I had only had the eyes to see and the ears to hear. In this world, my dear, we are always of our own time, and we live amid contemporary things. I dare say there were middle-aged people at Niagara when we were here before, but we did not meet them, nor they us. I dare say that the place is now swarming with bridal couples, and it is because they are invisible and inaudible to us that it seems such a howling wilderness. But the hotel clerks and the restaurateurs and the hackmen know them, and that is the reason why they receive with surprise and even offense our sympathy for their loneliness. Do you suppose, Isabel, that if you were to lay your head on my shoulder, in a bridal manner, it would do anything to bring us *en rapport* with that lost bridal world again?"

Isabel caught away her hand. "Basil," she cried, "it would be disgusting! I would n't do it for the world — not even for *that* world. I saw one middle-aged couple on Goat Island, while you were down at the Cave of the Winds, or somewhere, with the children. They were sitting on some steps, he a step below her, and he seemed to want to put his head on her knee; but I gazed at him sternly, and he did n't dare. We should look like them, if we yielded to any outburst of affection. Don't you think we should look like them?"

"I don't know," said Basil. "You are certainly a little wrinkled, my dear."

"And you are very fat, Basil."

They glanced at each other with a flash of resentment, and then they both laughed. "We could n't look young if we quarreled a week," he said. "We had better content ourselves with feeling young, as I hope we shall do if we live to be ninety. It will be the loss of others if they don't see our bloom upon us. Shall I get you a paper of cherries, Isabel? The children seem to be enjoying them."

Isabel sprang upon her offspring with a cry of despair. "Oh, what shall I do? Now we shall not have a wink of sleep with them to-night. Where *is* that nux?" She hunted for the medicine in her bag, and the children submitted; for they had eaten all the cherries, and they took their medicine without a murmur. "I wonder at your letting them eat the sour things, Basil," said their mother, when the children had run off to the news-stand again.

"I wonder that you left me to see what they were doing," promptly retorted their father.

"It was your nonsense about the brides," said Isabel; "and I think this has been a lesson to us. *Don't* let them get anything else to eat, dearest."

"They are safe; they have no more money. They are frugally confining themselves to the admiration of the Japanese bows and arrows yonder. Why have our Indians taken to making Japanese bows and arrows?"

Isabel despised the small pleasantry. "Then you saw nobody at the hotel?" she asked.

"Not even the Ellisons," said Basil.

"Ah, yes," said Isabel; "that was where we met them. How long ago it seems! And poor little Kitty! I wonder what has become of them? But I 'm glad they 're not here. That 's what makes you realize your age: meeting the same people in the same place a great while after, and seeing how old they 've grown. I don't think I could bear to see Kitty Ellison again. I 'm glad she did n't come to visit us in Boston, though, after what happened, she could n't, poor thing! I wonder if she 's

ever regretted her breaking with him in the way she did. It 's a very painful thing to think of, — such an inconclusive conclusion ; it always seemed as if they ought to meet again, somewhere."

"I don't believe she ever wished it."

"A man can't tell what a woman wishes."

"Well, neither can a woman," returned Basil, lightly.

His wife remained serious. "It was a very fine point, — a very little thing to reject a man for. I felt that when I first read her letter about it."

Basil yawned. "I don't believe I ever knew just what the point was."

"Oh yes, you did ; but you forget everything. You know that they met two Boston ladies just after they were engaged, and she believed that he did n't introduce her because he was ashamed of her countrified appearance before them."

"It *was* a pretty fine point," said Basil, and he laughed provokingly.

"He might not have meant to ignore her," answered Isabel thoughtfully ; "he might have chosen not to introduce her because he felt too proud of her to subject her to any possible misappreciation from them. You might have looked at it in that way."

"Why did n't *you* look at it in that way ? You advised her against giving him another chance. Why did you ?"

"Why ?" repeated Isabel, absently. "Oh, a woman does n't judge a man by what he *does*, but by what he *is !* I knew that if she dismissed him it was because she never really had trusted or could trust his love ; and I thought she had better not make another trial."

"Well, very possibly you were right. At any rate, you have the consolation of knowing that it 's too late to help it now."

"Yes, it 's too late," said Isabel ; and her thoughts went back to her meeting with the young girl whom she had liked so much, and whose after history had interested her so painfully. It seemed to her a hard world that could come to nothing better than that for the girl whom she had seen in her first glimpse of it that night. Where was she now ? What had become of her ? If she had married that man, would she have been any happier ? Marriage was not the poetic dream of perfect union that a girl imagines it ; she herself had found that out. It was a state of trial, of probation ; it was an ordeal, not an ecstasy. If she and Basil had broken each other's hearts and parted, would not the fragments of their lives have been on a much finer, much higher plane ? Had not the commonplace, every-day experiences of marriage vulgarized them both ? To be sure, there were the children ; but if they had never had the children, she would never have missed them ; and if Basil had, for example, died just before they were married — She started from this wicked reverie, and ran towards her husband, whose broad, honest back, with no visible neck or shirt-collar, was turned towards her, as he stood, with his head thrown up, studying a time-table on the wall ; she passed her arm convulsively through his, and pulled him away.

"It 's time to be getting our bags out to the train, Basil ! Come, Bella ! Tom, we 're going ! "

The children reluctantly turned from the news-man's trumpery ; and they all went out to the track, and took seats on the benches under the colonnade. While they waited, the train for Buffalo drew in, and they remained watching it till it started. In the last car that passed them, when it was fairly under way, a face looked full at Isabel from one of the windows. In that moment of astonishment she forgot to observe whether it was sad or glad ; she only saw, or believed she saw, the light of recognition dawn into its eyes, and then it was gone.

"Basil ! " she cried, "stop the train ! That was Kitty Ellison ! "

"Oh no, it was n't," said Basil, easily,

"It looked like her; but it looked at least ten years older."

"Why, of course it was! We 're all ten years older," returned his wife in such indignation at his stupidity that she neglected to insist upon his stopping the train, which was rapidly diminishing in the perspective.

He declared it was only a fancied resemblance; she contended that this was in the neighborhood of Eriecreek, and it must be Kitty; and thus one of their most inveterate disagreements began.

Their own train drew into the depot, and they disputed upon the fact in question till they entered on the passage of the Suspension Bridge. Then Basil rose and called the children to his side. On the left hand, far up the river, the great Fall shows, with its mists at its foot and its rainbow on its brow, as silent and still as if it were vastly painted there; and below the bridge, on the right, leap the Rapids in the narrow gorge, like seas on a rocky shore. "Look on both sides, now," he said to the children. "Isabel, you must see this!"

Isabel had been preparing for the passage of this bridge ever since she left Boston. "Never!" she exclaimed. She instantly closed her eyes, and hid her face in her handkerchief. Thanks to this precaution of hers, the train crossed the bridge in perfect safety.

William Dean Howells.

LIFE.

SPRING'S breath is in the air: the dreaming Earth,
Long wrapped in deep repose,
Beneath the snows,
Waiting the season's birth,
Stirs in her sleep;
Still her warm heart doth keep
Sweet memories of love's departed days;
Yet does her bosom thrill
Beneath its mantle chill,
Owning the magic of her lover's gaze;
For now her lord, the Sun,
Afar his course hath run,
And comes to wake her with his kindling rays.

Ah! 't is no idle word,
In song and saga heard,
That tells the tale of love's awakening power.
The Northmen's myth sublime,
The poet's tender rhyme,
Breathe kindred truths, that fit the passing hour.

Poet or Viking, heart of flesh or flame!
That heart's own history
Revealed life's mystery;
To Nature's child the nature secret came.
And who shall say
That in the heart of clay,

Throbbing beneath our feet, no spirit dwells?
Or that yon star,
Pulsating from afar,
Naught save a blind mechanic force impels?

O ye who deeply con great Nature's lore,
(Yet backward read,)
Do ye not miss, indeed,
The mightiest truth in all that mighty store?
Ye deftly read that hieroglyphic page,
And downward trace
The footsteps of the race,
Until ye find the glory of our age,
Its thought sublime,
Lost in primeval slime.

Ye hold the substance, but the vital flame
Eludes your grasp;
Spirit ye cannot clasp:
O brave truth-seekers, can ye therefore claim
That love and trust
Are accidents of dust?

Though ye may scan
The unfolding powers of man,
And mark the height to which his thought may soar,
How can ye tell
What inner life may dwell
Even in the slime that paves the ocean floor?

"God's spirit moved above the lifeless waves,
And life was born:"
'T is thus creation's morn
Has shone on us across the centuries' graves.
To-day the lamp of ancient faith burns dim;
New lights arise,
And flood the eastern skies,
And echoes far great Nature's primal hymn.

Life is, and was, and shall be, ever still,
The regnant soul;
While suns and planets roll,
Shall bend obedient matter to its will;
Day after day
Shall veil itself in clay,
And ever thus its spiral track ascend:
Each shell downcast
More perfect than the last,
Each step more potent for the crowning end.

'T is thus I fain would read the ancient writ
Of ages gone,
Graven on crumbling stone;
At the great mother's feet, I thus would sit,
And list the story of her morning time;
And as I heard,
Each retrospective word
Should inly glow with prophecies sublime;
Life is, and was, and shall be, evermore.
Oh, deep and vast
The records of the past,
But measureless the promises in store.

S. E. C.

COLONIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

NOTHING is more interesting than to trace, through many years and almost endless wanderings and changes, the fortunes of an idea or habit of thought. The subject is a much-neglected one, even in these days of sweeping and minute investigation, because its inherent difficulties are so great, and the data so multifarious, confused, and sometimes contradictory, that absolute proof and smooth presentation seem well-nigh impossible. Yet the ideas, the opinions, even the prejudices of men, impalpable and indefinite as they are, have at times a wonderful vitality and force. The conditions under which they have been developed may change, or pass utterly away, while they, mere shadowy creations of the mind, will endure for generations. Long after the world to which it belonged has vanished, a habit of thought will live on, indelibly imprinted upon a race or nation, like the footprint of some extinct beast or bird upon a piece of stone. The solemn bigotry of the Spaniard is the fossil trace of the fierce struggle of eight hundred years with the Moors. The theory of the Lord's day peculiar to the English race all over the world is the deeply branded sign of the brief reign of Puritanism. A certain fashion of thought prevailed half a century ago; another is popular to-day. There is a resemblance between the two, the existence of both is recognized, and both, without much consideration, are set down as sporadic and independent. We have all heard of those rivers which are suddenly lost to sight in the bowels of the earth, and, coming as suddenly again to the surface, flow onward to the sea as before. Despite the vanishing, it is always the same river. Or the wandering stream may turn aside into fresh fields, and, with new shapes and colors, seem to have no connection with the waters of its source or those which finally mingle with the sea. It is exactly so with some kinds of ideas and modes of thought, — those that are wholly distinct from the countless host of opinions which perish utterly, and are forgotten in a few years, or which are still oftener the creatures of a day, or an hour, and die by myriads, like the short-lived insects whose course is run between sunrise and sunset.

The purpose of this article is to discuss briefly certain opinions which belong to the more enduring class. They are sufficiently well known. When they are mentioned every one will recognize

them, and will admit their existence at the period to which they belong. The point which is overlooked is their connection and relationship. They all have the same pedigree, a marked resemblance to each other, and they derive their descent from a common ancestor. My intention is merely to trace the pedigree and narrate the history of this numerous and interesting family. I have entitled them collectively Colonialism in the United States, a description which is more comprehensive than satisfactory or exact.

In the year of grace 1776, we published to the world our Declaration of Independence. Six years later, England assented to the separation. These are tolerably familiar facts. That we have been striving ever since to make that independence real and complete, and that the work is not yet entirely finished, are not, perhaps, equally obvious truisms. The hard fighting by which we severed our connection with the mother country was in many ways the least difficult part of the work of building up a great and independent nation. The decision of the sword may be rude, but it is pretty sure to be speedy. Armed revolution is quick. A South American, in the exercise of his constitutional privileges, will rush into the street and declare a revolution in five minutes. A Frenchman will pull down one government to-day, and set up another to-morrow, besides giving new names to all the principal streets of Paris during the intervening night. We English-speaking people do not move quite so fast. We come more slowly to the boiling point; we are not fond of violent changes, and when we make them we consume a considerable time in doing it. Still, at the best, a revolution by force of arms is an affair of a few years. We broke with England in 1776, we had won our victory in 1782, and by the year 1789 we had a new national government in operation.

But if we are slower than other people in the conduct of revolutions, owing largely to our love of dogged fighting and inability to recognize defeat, we are infinitely more deliberate than our neighbors in altering, or even modifying, our ideas and modes of thought. The slow mind and ingrained conservatism of the English race are the chief causes of their marvelous political and material success. After much obstinate fighting in the field, they have carried through the few revolutions which they have seen fit to engage in; but when they have undertaken to extend these revolutions to the domain of thought, there has arisen always a spirit of stubborn and elusive resistance, which has seemed to set every effort, and even time itself, at defiance.

By the treaty of Paris our independence was acknowledged, and in name and theory was complete. We then entered upon the second stage in the conflict, that of ideas and opinions. True to our race and to our instincts, and with a wisdom which is one of the glories of our history, we carefully preserved the principles and forms of government and law, which traced an unbroken descent and growth from the days of the Saxon invasion. But while we kept so much that was of inestimable worth, we also retained, inevitably, of course, something which it would have been well for us to have shaken off together with the rule of George III. and the British Parliament. This was the colonial spirit in our modes of thought.

The word "colonial" is preferable to the more obvious word "provincial," because the former is absolute, while the latter, by usage, has become in a great measure relative. We are very apt to call an opinion, a custom, or a neighbor "provincial," because we do not like the person or thing in question; and in this way the true value of the word has of late been frittered away. But colonial-

ism is susceptible of accurate definition. A colony is an offshoot from a parent stock, and its chief characteristic is dependence. In exact proportion as dependence lessens, the colony changes its nature and advances toward national existence. For a hundred and fifty years we were English colonies. Just before the Revolution, in everything but the affairs of practical government, the precise point at which the break came, we were still colonies in the fullest sense of the term. Except in matters of food and drink, and of the wealth which we won from the soil and the ocean, we were in a state of complete material and intellectual dependence. Every luxury, and almost every manufactured article, came to us across the water. Our politics, except those which were purely local, were the politics of England, and so also were our foreign relations. Our books, our art, our authors, our commerce, were all English; and this was true of our colleges, our professions, our learning, our fashions, and our manners. There is no need here to go into the details which show the absolute supremacy of the colonial spirit and our entire intellectual dependence. When we sought to originate, we simply imitated. The conditions of our life could not be overcome.

The universal prevalence of the colonial spirit is shown most strongly by one great exception, just as the flash of lightning makes us realize the intense darkness of a thunder-storm at night. In the midst of the provincial and barren waste of our intellectual existence in the eighteenth century there stands out in sharp relief the luminous genius of Franklin. It is true that Franklin was cosmopolitan in thought, that his name and fame and achievements in science and literature belonged to mankind; but he was all this because he was genuinely and intensely American. His audacity, his fertility, his adaptability, are all characteristic of America, and not of an English colony. He moved with an easy and assured step, with a poise and balance which nothing could shake, among the great men of the world; he stood before kings and princes and courtiers, unmoved and unawed. He was strongly averse to breaking with England; but when the war came he was the one man who could go forth and represent to Europe the new nationality without a touch of the colonist about him. He met them all, great ministers and great sovereigns, on a common ground, as if the colonies of yesterday had been an independent nation for generations. His autobiography is the corner-stone, the first great work of American literature. The plain, direct style, almost worthy of Swift, the homely, forcible language, the humor, the observation, the knowledge of men, the worldly philosophy of that remarkable book, are familiar to all; but its best and, considering its date, its most extraordinary quality is its perfect originality. It is American in feeling, without any taint of English colonialism. Look at Franklin in the midst of that excellent Pennsylvanian community; compare him and his genius with his surrounding, and you get a better idea of what the colonial spirit was in America in those days, and how thoroughly men were saturated with it, than in any other way.

In general terms it may be said that, outside of politics and the still latent democratic tendencies, the entire intellectual life of the colonists was drawn from England, and that to the mother country they looked for everything pertaining to the domain of thought. The colonists in the eighteenth century had, in a word, a thoroughly and deeply rooted habit of mental dependence. The manner in which we have gradually shaken off this dependence, retaining of the past only that which is good, constitutes the history of the decline of the colonial spirit in the United States. As this spirit existed everywhere at the outset,

and brooded over the whole realm of intellect, we can in most cases trace its history best in the recurring and successful revolts against it, which, breaking out now here, now there, have at last brought it so near to final extinction.

In 1789, after the seven years of disorder and demoralization which followed the close of the war, the United States government was established. Every visible political tie which bound us to England had been severed, and we were apparently entirely independent. But the shackles of the colonial spirit, which had been forging and welding for a century and a half, were still heavy upon us, and fettered all our mental action. The work of making our independence real and genuine was but half done, and the first struggle of the new national spirit with that of the colonial past was in the field of politics, and occupied twenty-five years before victory was finally obtained. We still felt that our fortunes were inextricably interwoven with those of Europe. We could not realize that what affected us nearly when we were a part of the British Empire no longer touched us as an independent nation. We can best understand how strong this feeling was by the effect which was produced here by the French Revolution. That tremendous convulsion, it may be said, was necessarily felt everywhere; but one much greater might take place in Europe to-day without producing here anything at all resembling the excitement of 1790. We had already achieved far more than the French Revolution sought or accomplished. We had gone much further on the democratic road than any other nation. Yet worthy men in the United States put on cockades and liberty caps, erected trees of liberty, called each other "Citizen Brown" and "Citizen Smith," drank confusion to tyrants, and sang the wild songs of Paris. All this was done in a country where every privilege and artificial distinction had been swept away, and where the government was the creation of the people themselves. These ravings and symbols had a terrific reality in Paris and in Europe, and so, like colonists, we felt that they must have a meaning to us, and that the fate and fortunes of our ally were our fate and fortunes. A part of the people engaged in an imitation that became here the shallowest nonsense, while the other portion of the community, which was hostile to French ideas, took up and propagated the notion that the welfare of civilized society lay with England and with English opinions. Thus we had two great parties in the United States, working themselves up to white heat over the politics of England and France. The first heavy blow to the influence of foreign politics was Washington's proclamation of neutrality. It seems a very simple and obvious thing now, this policy of non-interference in the affairs of Europe which that proclamation inaugurated, and yet at the time men marveled at the step, and thought it very strange. Parties divided over it. People could not conceive how we could keep clear of the great stream of European events. One side disliked the proclamation as hostile to France, while the other approved it for the same reason. Even the Secretary of State, Thomas Jefferson, one of the most representative men of American democracy, resisted the neutrality policy in the genuine spirit of the colonist. Yet Washington's proclamation was simply the sequel to the Declaration of Independence. It merely amounted to saying, We have created a new nation, and England not only cannot govern us, but English and European politics are none of our business, and we propose to be independent of them and not meddle in them. The neutrality policy of Washington's administration was a great advance toward independence and a severe blow to colonialism in politics. Washington himself exerted a powerful influence against the

colonial spirit. The principle of nationality, then just entering upon its long struggle with state rights, was in its very nature hostile to everything colonial; and Washington, despite his Virginian traditions, was thoroughly imbued with the national spirit. He believed himself, and insensibly impressed his belief upon the people, that true nationality could only be obtained by holding ourselves aloof from the conflicts and the politics of the Old World. Then, too, his splendid personal dignity, which still holds us silent and respectful after the lapse of a hundred years, communicated itself to his office, and thence to the nation of which he was the representative. The colonial spirit withered away in the presence of Washington.

The only thorough-going nationalist among the leaders of that time was Alexander Hamilton. He was not born in the States, and was therefore free from all local influences; and he was by nature imperious in temper and imperial in his views. The guiding principle of that great man's public career was the advancement of American nationality. He was called "British" Hamilton by the very men who wished to throw us into the arms of the French republic, because he was wedded to the principles and the forms of constitutional English government, and sought to preserve them here adapted to new conditions. He desired to put our political inheritance to its proper use, but this was as far removed from the colonial spirit as possible. Instead of being "British," Hamilton's intense eagerness for a strong national government made him the deadliest foe of the colonial spirit, which he did more to strangle and crush out than any other man of his time. The objects at which he aimed were continental supremacy, and complete independence in business, politics, and industry. In all these departments he saw the belittling effects of dependence, and so he assailed it by his reports and by his whole policy, foreign and domestic. So much of his work as he carried through had a far-reaching effect, and did a great deal to weaken the colonial spirit. But the strength of that spirit was best shown in the hostility or indifference which was displayed toward his projects. The great cause of opposition to Hamilton's financial policy proceeded, undoubtedly, from state jealousy of the central government; but the resistance to his foreign policy arose from the colonial ignorance which could not understand the real purpose of neutrality, and which thought that Hamilton was simply and stupidly endeavoring to force us toward England as against France.

Washington, Hamilton, and John Adams, despite his New England prejudices, all did much while they were in power, as the heads of the federalist party, to cherish and increase national self-respect, and thereby eradicate colonialism from our politics. The lull in Europe, after the fall of the federalists led to a truce in the contests over foreign affairs in the United States, but with the renewal of war the old conflict broke out. The years from 1806 to 1812 are among the least creditable in our history. The federalists ceased to be a national party. The fierce reaction against the French Revolution drove them into an unreasoning admiration of England. They looked to England for the salvation of civilized society. Their chief interest centred in English politics, and the resources of England formed the subject of their thoughts and studies, and furnished the theme of conversation at their dinner tables. It was just as bad on the other side. The republicans still clung to their affection for France, notwithstanding the despotism of the empire. They regarded Napoleon with reverential awe, and shivered at the idea of plunging into hostilities with any one. The foreign policy of Jefferson was that of a thorough colonist.

He shrank with horror from war. He would have had us confine ourselves to agriculture, and to our flocks and herds, because our commerce, the commerce of a nation, was something with which other powers were likely to interfere. He would have had us exist in a state of complete commercial and industrial dependence, and allow England to carry for us and manufacture for us, as she did when we were colonies, weighed down by the clauses of the navigation acts. His plans of resistance did not extend beyond the old colonial scheme of non-importation and non-intercourse agreements. Read the bitter debates in Congress of those years, and you find them filled with nothing but the politics of other nations. All the talk is saturated with colonial feeling. Even the names of opprobrium which the hostile parties applied to each other were borrowed. The republicans called the federalists "tories" and a "British faction," while the federalists retorted by stigmatizing their opponents as jacobins. During these sorry years, however, the last in which our politics bore the colonial character, a new party was growing up, which may be called the national party, not as distinguished from the party of state rights, but as the opposition to colonial ideas. This new movement was headed and rendered illustrious by such men as Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, the brilliant group from South Carolina, comprising Calhoun, Langdon Cheves, and William Lowndes, and at a later period by Daniel Webster. Clay and the South Carolinians were the first to push forward the resistance to colonialism. Their policy was crude and ill defined. They struck out blindly against the evil influence which, as they felt, was choking the current of national life. They were convinced that, to be truly independent, the United States must fight somebody. Who that somebody should be was a secondary question. Of all the nations which had been kicking and cuffing us, England was, on the whole, the most arrogant, and offensive; and so the young nationalists dragged the country into the war of 1812. We were wonderfully successful at sea, but in other respects this war was neither very prosperous nor very creditable. The treaty of Ghent was absolutely silent as to the objects for which we had expressly declared war. But the real purpose of the war was gained, despite the silent and almost meaningless treaty which concluded it. We had proved to the world and to ourselves that we existed as a nation. We had demonstrated the fact that we had ceased to be colonies. We had torn up colonialism in our public affairs by the roots, and we had crushed out the colonial spirit in our politics. After the war of 1812 our politics might be good, bad, or indifferent, but they were our own politics, and not those of Europe. The wretched colonial spirit which had belittled and warped them for twenty-five years had perished utterly, and with the treaty of Ghent it was buried so deeply that not even its ghost has since crossed our political pathway.

Besides being the field where the first battle with the colonial spirit was fought out, politics then offered almost the only intellectual interest of the country, outside of commerce, which was still largely dependent in character, and very different in its scope from the great mercantile combinations of to-day. Religious controversy was of the past, and except in New England, where the liberal revolt against Calvinism was in progress, there was no great interest in theological questions. When the constitution went into operation the professions of law and medicine were in their infancy. There was no literature, no art, no science, none of the multifarious interests which now divide and absorb the intellectual energies of the community. In the quarter of a century which

closed with the treaty of Ghent we can trace the development of the legal and medical professions, and their advance towards independence and originality. But in the literary efforts of the time we see the colonial spirit displayed more strongly than anywhere else, and in apparently undiminished vigor.

Our first literature was political, and sprang from the discussions incident to the adoption of the constitution. This literature was concerned with our own affairs, and aimed at the foundation of a nation. It was therefore fresh, vigorous, often learned, and thoroughly American in tone. Its masterpiece was the Federalist, which marks an era in the history of constitutional discussion, and which was the conception of the thoroughly national mind of Hamilton. After the new government was established, our political literature, like our politics, drifted back to provincialism of thought, and was absorbed in the affairs of Europe; but the first advance on the road to literary independence was made by the early literature of the constitution.

To this period, between the years 1789 and 1815, Washington Irving, our first eminent name in literature, belongs. This is not the place to enter into an analysis of Irving's genius, but it may be fairly said that while in feeling he was a thorough American, in literature he was a cosmopolitan. His easy style, the tinge of romance, and the mingling of the story-teller and the antiquarian remind us of his great contemporary, Walter Scott. In his quiet humor and gentle satire, we taste the flavor of Addison. In the charming legends with which he has consecrated the beauties of the Hudson River valley, and thrown over that beautiful region the warm light of his imagination, we find the genuine love of country and of home. In like manner we perceive his historical taste and his patriotism in the last work of his life, the biography of his great namesake. But he wrought as well with the romance of Spain and of England. He was too great to be colonial; he did not find enough food for his imagination in the America of that day to be thoroughly American. He stands apart, a great gift from America to English literature, but not a type of American literature itself. He had imitators and friends, whom it has been the fashion to call a school, but he founded no school, and died as he had lived, alone. He broke through the narrow trammels of colonialism himself, but the colonial spirit hung just as heavily upon the feeble literature about him.

In that same period there flourished another literary man, who was far removed in every way from the brilliant editor of Diedrich Knickerbocker, but who illustrated by his struggle with colonialism the strength of that influence far better than Irving, who soared so easily above it. Noah Webster, poor, sturdy, independent, with a rude but surprising knowledge of philology, revolted in every nerve and fibre of his being against the enervating influence of the colonial past. The spirit of nationality had entered into his soul. He felt that the nation which he saw growing up about him was too great to take its orthography or its pronunciation blindly and obediently from the mother land. It was a new country and a new nation, and Webster determined that so far as in him lay it should have linguistic independence. It was an odd idea, but it came from his heart, and his national feeling found natural expression in the study of language, to which he devoted his life. He went into open rebellion against British tradition. He was snubbed, laughed at, and abused. He was regarded as little better than a madman to dare to set himself up against Johnson and his successors. But the hardheaded New Englander pressed on, and finally brought out his dictionary, — a great work, which has fitly preserved

his name. His knowledge was crude, his general theory mistaken; his system of changes has not stood the test of time, and was in itself contradictory; but the stubborn battle which he fought for literary independence and the hard blows he struck should never be forgotten, while the odds against which he contended and the opposition he aroused are admirable illustrations of the overpowering influence of the colonial spirit in our early literature.

What the state of our literature was, what the feelings of our few literary men, and what the spirit with which Webster did battle all come out in a few lines written by an English poet. We can see everything as by a sudden flash of light, and we do not need to look further to understand the condition of American literature in the early years of the century. In the waste of barbarism called the United States, the only oasis discovered by the delicate sensibilities of Mr. Thomas Moore was in the society of Mr. Joseph Dennie, a clever editor and essayist, and his little circle of friends in Philadelphia. The lines commonly quoted in this connection are those in the epistle to Spencer, beginning, —

"Yet, yet, forgive me, O ye sacred few,
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew;"

which describe the poet's feelings toward America, and his delight in the society of Mr. Dennie and his friends. But the feelings and opinions of Moore are of no moment. The really important passage describes not the author, but what Dennie and his companions said and thought, and has in this way historical if not poetic value. The lines occur among those addressed to the Boston frigate when the author was leaving Halifax: —

"Farewell to the few I have left with regret;
May they sometimes recall, what I cannot forget,
The delight of those evenings, — too brief a delight,
When in converse and song we have stol'n on the night;
When they 've asked me the manners, the mind, or the mien
Of some bard I had known or some chief I had seen,
Whose glory, though distant, they long had adored,
Whose name had oft hallowed the wine-cup they poured.
And still, as with sympathy humble but true
I have told of each bright son of fame all I knew,
They have listened, and sighed that the powerful stream
Of America's empire should pass like a dream,
Without leaving one relic of genius, to say
How sublime was the tide which had vanished away!"

The evils apprehended by these excellent gentlemen are much more strongly set forth in the previous epistle, but here we catch sight of the men themselves. There they sit adoring Englishmen, and eagerly inquiring about them of the gracious Mr. Moore, while they are dolefully sighing that the empire of America is to pass away and leave no relic of genius. In their small way they were doing what they could toward such a consummation. It may be said that this frame of mind was perfectly natural under the circumstances; but it is not to the purpose to inquire into causes and motives; it is enough to state the fact. Here was a set of men of more than average talents and education; not geniuses, like Irving, but clever men, forming one of the two or three small groups of literary men in the United States. They come before us as true provincials, steeped to the eyes in colonialism, and they fairly represent the condition of American literature at that time. They were slaves to the colonial spirit, which bowed before England and Europe. They have not left a name or a line which is remembered or read, except to serve as a historical illustration, and they will ultimately find their fit resting-place in the foot-notes of the historian.

With the close of the English war the United States entered upon the second stage of their development. The new era, which began in 1815, lasted un-

til 1861. It was a period of growth not simply in the direction of a vast material prosperity and a rapidly increasing population, but in national sentiment, which made itself felt everywhere. Wherever we turn during those years, we discover a steady decline of the colonial influence. Politics were wholly national and independent. The law was illustrated by great names, which take high rank in the annals of English jurisprudence. Medicine began to have its schools, and to show practitioners who no longer looked across the sea for inspiration. The Monroe doctrine bore witness to the strong foreign policy of an independent people. The tariff gave evidence of the eager desire for industrial independence, which found practical expression in the fast-growing native manufactures. Internal improvements were a sign of the general faith and interest in the development of the national resources. The rapid multiplication of inventions resulted from the natural genius of America in that important field, where it took almost at once a leading place. Science began to have a home at our seats of learning, and in the land of Franklin it found a congenial soil.

But the colonial spirit, cast out from our politics and fast disappearing from business and the professions, still clung closely to literature, which must always be the best and last expression of a national mode of thought. In the admirable Life of Cooper, just published, by Professor Lounsbury, the condition of our literature in 1820 is described so vividly and so exactly that it cannot be improved. It is as follows: —

"The intellectual dependence of America upon England at that period is something that it is now hard to understand. Political supremacy had been cast off, but the supremacy of opinion remained absolutely unshaken. Of creative literature there was then very little of any value produced; and to that little a foreign stamp was necessary, to give currency outside of the petty circle in which it originated. There was slight encouragement for the author to write; there was still less for the publisher to print. It was, indeed, a positive injury, ordinarily, to the commercial credit of a bookseller to bring out a volume of poetry or of prose fiction which had been written by an American; for it was almost certain to fail to pay expenses. A sort of critical literature was struggling, or rather gasping, for a life that was hardly worth living; for its most marked characteristic was its servile deference to English judgment and dread of English censure. It requires a painful and penitential examination of the reviews of the period to comprehend the utter abasement of mind with which the men of that day accepted the foreign estimate upon works written here, which had been read by themselves, but which it was clear had not been read by the critics whose opinions they echoed. Even the meekness with which they submitted to the most depreciatory estimate of themselves was outdone by the anxiety with which they hurried to assure the world that they, the most cultivated of the American race, did not presume to have so high an opinion of the writings of some one of their countrymen as had been expressed by enthusiasts, whose patriotism had proved too much for their discernment. Never was any class so eager to free itself from charges that imputed to it the presumption of holding independent views of its own. Out of the intellectual character of many of those who at that day pretended to be the representatives of the highest education in this country, it almost seemed that the element of manliness had been wholly eliminated; and that, along with its sturdy democracy, whom no obstacles thwarted and no dangers daunted, the New World was also to give birth to a race of literary cowards and parasites."

The case is vigorously stated, but is not at all overcharged. Far stronger, indeed, than Professor Lounsbury's statement is the commentary furnished by Cooper's first book. This novel, now utterly forgotten, was entitled Precaution. Its scene was laid wholly in England; its characters were drawn from English society, chiefly from the aristocracy of that favored land; its conventional phrases were all English; worst and most extraordinary of all, it professed to be by an English author, and was received on that theory without suspicion. In such a guise did the most popular of American novelists and one of the most eminent writers of fiction of the day first appear before his countrymen and the world. If this were not so pitiable, it would be utterly ludicrous. The most melancholy feature of the case is that Cooper was not in the least to blame, and no one found fault with him. His action was regarded by every one as a matter of course. In other words, the first step of an American entering upon a literary career was to pretend to be an Englishman, in order that he might win the approval, not of Englishmen, but of his own countrymen.

If this preposterous state of public opinion had been a mere passing fashion it would hardly be worth recording. But it represented a fixed and settled habit of mind, and is only one example of a long series of similar phenomena. We look back to the years preceding the Revolution, and there we find this mental condition flourishing and strong. At that time it hardly calls for comment, because it was so perfectly natural. It is when we find such opinions existing in the year 1820 that we are conscious of their significance. They belong to colonists, and they are uttered by the citizens of a great and independent state. The sorriest part of it is that these views were chiefly held by the best educated portion of the community. The great body of the American people, who had cast out the colonial spirit from their politics and their business, and were fast destroying it in the professions, was sound and true. The parasitic literature of that day makes the boastful and rhetorical patriotism then in the exuberance of youth seem actually noble and fine, because, with all its faults, it was honest, genuine, and inspired by a real love of country.

Yet it was during this period, between the years 1815 and 1861, that we began to have a literature of our own, and one which any people could take pride in. Cooper himself was the pioneer. In his second novel, The Spy, he threw off the wretched spirit of the colonist. The popularity of this story broke down all barriers, and it was read everywhere with delight and approbation. The chief cause of the difference between the fate of this novel and that of its predecessor lies in the fact that The Spy was of genuine native origin. Cooper loved and knew American scenery and life. He understood certain phases of American character on the prairie and the ocean, and his genius was no longer smothered by the dead colonialism of the past. The Spy, and those of Cooper's novels which belong to the same class, have lived and will live, and certain American characters which he drew will likewise endure. He might have struggled all his life in the limbo of intellectual servitude to which Moore's friends consigned themselves, and no one would have cared for him then or remembered him now. But with all his foibles, Cooper was inspired by an intense patriotism, and he had a bold, vigorous, aggressive nature. He freed his talents at a stroke, and giving them full play attained at once a world-wide reputation, which no man of colonial mind could ever have dreamed of reaching. Yet his countrymen, long before his days of strife and unpopularity, seem to have taken singularly little patriotic

pride in his achievements, and the well bred and well educated shuddered to hear him called the "American Scott;" not because they thought it inappropriate and misapplied, but because it was a piece of irreverent audacity toward a great light of English literature.

Cooper was the first, after the close of the war of 1812, to cast off the colonial spirit and take up his position as a representative of genuine American literature; but he soon had companions, who carried still higher the standard which he had raised. To this period, which closed with our civil war, belong many of the names which are to-day among those most cherished by English-speaking people everywhere. We see the national spirit in Longfellow turning from the themes of the Old World to those of the New. In the beautiful creations of the sensitive and delicate imagination of Hawthorne, the greatest genius America has as yet produced, there was a new tone and a rich originality. The same influence may be detected in the wild fancies of Poe. We find a like native strength in the sparkling verses of Holmes, in the pure and gentle poetry of Whittier, and in the firm, vigorous work of Lowell. A new leader of independent thought arises in Emerson, destined to achieve a world-wide reputation. A new school of historians appears, adorned by the talents of Prescott, Bancroft, and Motley. Many of these distinguished men were far removed in point of time from the beginning of the new era. They all, however, belong to and are the result of the national movement, which began its onward march as soon as we had shaken ourselves clear from the influence of the colonial spirit upon our public affairs by the struggle which culminated in "Mr. Madison's war," as the federalists loved to call it.

These successes in the various departments of intellectual activity were all due to an instinctive revolt against provincialism. But, nevertheless, the old and time-worn spirit which made Cooper pretend to be an Englishman in 1820 was very strong, and continued to impede our progress toward intellectual independence. We find it clinging to the lesser and weaker forms of literature. We see it in fashion and society and in habits of thought, but we find the best proof of its vitality in our sensitiveness to foreign opinion. This was a universal failing. The body of the people showed it by bitter resentment; the cultivated and highly educated by abject submission and deprecation, or by cries of pain.

As was natural to a very young nation, just awakened to its future destiny, just conscious of its still undeveloped strength, there was at this time a vast amount of exuberant self-satisfaction, of cheap rhetoric, and of noisy self-glorification. There was a corresponding readiness to take offense at the unfavorable opinion of outsiders, and yet an eager curiosity to hear foreign opinions of any kind. We were, of course, very open to satire and attack. We were young, undeveloped, with a crude, almost raw civilization, and a great inclination to be boastful and conceited. Our English cousins, who had failed to conquer us, bore us no good will, and were quite ready to take all the revenge which books of travel and criticism could afford. It is to these years that the Marryats and Trollopes, the authors of Cyril Thornton and of the American Notes, belong. Most of these productions are quite forgotten now. The only ones which are still read, probably, are the American Notes and Martin Chuzzlewit: the former preserved by the fame of the author, the latter by its own merit as a novel. There was abundant truth in what Dickens said, to take the great novelist as the type of this group of foreign critics. It was an age in which Elijah Pogram and Jefferson Brick flourished rankly. It is also true that

all that Dickens wrote was poisoned by his utter ingratitude, and that to describe the United States as populated by nothing but Bricks and Pograms was one-sided and malicious, and not true to facts. But the truth or the falsehood, the value or the worthlessness, of these criticisms are not of importance now. The striking fact, and the one we are in search of, is the manner in which we bore these censures when they appeared. We can appreciate contemporary feeling at that time only by delving in much-forgotten literature; and even then we can hardly comprehend fully what we find, so completely has our habit of mind altered since those days. We received these strictures with a howl of anguish and a scream of mortified vanity. We winced and writhed, and were almost ready to go to war, because English travelers and writers abused us. It is usual now to refer these ebullitions of feeling to our youth, probably from analogy with the youth of an individual. But the analogy is misleading. Sensitiveness to foreign opinion is not characteristic of a youthful nation, or at least we have no cases to prove it, and in the absence of proof the theory falls. On the other hand, this excessive and almost morbid sensibility is a characteristic of provincial, colonial or dependent states, especially in regard to the mother country. We raged and cried out against adverse English criticism, whether it was true or false, just or unjust. We paid it this unnatural attention because the spirit of the colonist still lurked in our hearts and affected our mode of thought. We were advancing fast on the road to intellectual and moral independence, but we were still far from the goal.

This second period in our history closed, as has been said, with the struggle generated by a great moral question, which finally absorbed all the thoughts and passions of the people, and culminated in a terrible civil war. We fought to preserve the integrity of the Union; we fought for our national life, and nationality prevailed. The grandeur of the conflict, the dreadful suffering which it caused for the sake of principle, the uprising of a great people, elevated and ennobled the whole country. The flood-gates were opened, and the tremendous tide of national feeling swept away every meaner emotion. We came out of the battle, after an experience which brought a sudden maturity with it, stronger than ever, but much graver and soberer than before. We came out self-poised and self-reliant, with a true sense of dignity and of our national greatness, which years of peaceful development could not have given us. The sensitiveness to foreign opinion which had been the marked feature of our mental condition before the war had disappeared. It had vanished in the smoke of battle, as the colonial spirit disappeared from our politics in the war of 1812. Englishmen and Frenchmen have come and gone, and written their impressions of us, and made little splashes in the current of every-day topics, and have been forgotten. Just now it is the fashion for every Englishman who visits this country, particularly if he is a man of any note, to go home and tell the world what he thinks of us. Some of these writers do this without taking the trouble to come here first. Sometimes we read what they have to say out of curiosity. We accept what is true, whether unpalatable or not, philosophically, and smile at what is false. The general feeling is one of wholesome indifference. We no longer see salvation and happiness in favorable foreign opinion, or misery in the reverse. The colonial spirit in this direction also is practically extinct.

But while this is true of the mass of the American people whose mental health is good, and is also true of the great body of sound public opinion in the United States, it has some marked exceptions; and these exceptions consti-

tute the lingering remains of the colonial spirit, which survives, and shows itself here and there even at the present day, with a strange vitality.

In the years which followed the close of the war, it seemed as if colonialism had been utterly extinguished. Unfortunately, this was not the case. The multiplication of great fortunes, the growth of a class rich by inheritance, and the improvement in methods of travel and communication all tended to carry great numbers of Americans to Europe. The luxurious fancies which were born of increased wealth, and the intellectual tastes which were developed by the advance of the higher education, and to which an old civilization offers peculiar advantages and attractions, combined to breed in many persons a love of foreign life and foreign manners. These tendencies and opportunities have revived the dying spirit of colonialism. We see it most strongly in the leisure class, which is gradually increasing in this country. During the miserable ascendency of the Second Empire, a band of these persons formed what was known as the "American colony," in Paris. Perhaps they still exist; if so, their existence is now less flagrant and more decent. When they were notorious they presented the melancholy spectacle of Americans admiring and aping the manners, habits, and vices of another nation, when that nation was bent and corrupted by the cheap, meretricious, and rotten system of the third Napoleon. They furnished a very offensive example of peculiarly mean colonialism. This particular phase has departed, but the same sort of Americans are, unfortunately, still common in Europe. I do not mean, of course, those persons who go abroad to buy social consideration, nor the women who trade on their beauty or wits to gain a brief and dishonoring notoriety. These last are merely adventurers and adventuresses, who are common to all nations. The people referred to here form that large class, comprising many excellent men and women, no doubt, who pass their lives in Europe, mourning over the inferiority of their own country, and who become thoroughly denationalized. They do not change into Frenchmen or Englishmen, but are simply disfigured and deformed Americans.

We find the same wretched habit of thought in certain groups among the rich and idle people of our great Eastern cities, especially in New York, because it is the metropolis. These groups are for the most part made up of young men, who despise everything American, and admire everything English. They talk and dress and walk and ride in certain ways, because the English do these things in those ways. They hold their own country in contempt, and lament the hard fate of their birth. They try to think that they form an aristocracy, and become at once ludicrous and despicable. The virtues which have made the upper classes in England what they are, and which take them into public affairs, into literature and politics, are forgotten. Anglo-Americans imitate the vices or the follies of their models, and stop there. If all this were merely a passing fashion, an attack of Anglo-mania or of Gallo-mania, of which there have been instances enough everywhere, it would be of no consequence. But it is a recurrence of the old and deep-seated malady of colonialism. It is a lineal descendant of the old colonial family. The features are somewhat dim now, and the vitality is low, but there is no mistaking the hereditary qualities. The people who thus despise their own land, and ape English manners, flatter themselves with being cosmopolitans, when in truth they are genuine colonists, petty and provincial to the last degree.

We see a like tendency in the same limited but marked way in our literature. Some of our cleverest and best fiction has been largely devoted to study-

ing the character of our countrymen abroad; that is, either denationalized Americans, or Americans with a foreign background. At times this species of literature resolves itself into an agonized effort to show how foreigners regard us, and to point out the defects which jar upon foreign susceptibilities even while it satirizes the denationalized American. The endeavor to turn ourselves inside out in order to appreciate the trivialities of life which impress foreigners unpleasantly is very unprofitable exertion, and the Europeanized American is not worth either study or satire. Writings of this kind, again, are intended to be cosmopolitan in tone, and to evince a knowledge of the world; they are in reality steeped in colonialism. We cannot but regret the influence of a spirit which wastes fine powers of mind and keen perceptions in a fruitless striving and a morbid craving to know how we appear to foreigners, and to show what they think of us.

We see also men and women of talent going abroad to study art and remaining there. The atmosphere of Europe is more congenial to such pursuits, and the struggle as nothing to what must be encountered here. But when it leads to an abandonment of America, the result is wholly vain. Sometimes these people become tolerably successful French artists, but their nationality and individuality have departed, and with them originality and force. The admirable school of etching, which has arisen in New York; the beautiful work of American wood-engraving; the Chelsea tiles of Lowe, which have carried the highest prizes at English exhibitions; the silver of Tiffany, specimens of which were bought by the Japanese commissioners at the Paris Exposition, are all strong, genuine work, and are doing more for American art, and for all art, than a wilderness of over-educated and denationalized Americans who are painting pictures and carving statues and writing music in Europe or in the United States, in the spirit of colonists, and bowed down by a wretched dependence.

There is abundance of splendid material all about us here for the poet, the artist, or the novelist. The conditions are not the same as in Europe, but they are not, on that account, inferior. They are certainly as good. They may be better. Our business is not to grumble, because they are different, for that is colonial. We must adapt ourselves to them. We alone can use properly our own resources; and no work in art or literature ever has been, or ever will be, of any real or lasting value which is not true, original, and independent.

If these remnants of the colonial spirit and influence were, as they look at first sight, merely trivial accidents, they would not be worth mentioning. The range of their influence is limited, but it affects an important class. It appears almost wholly among the rich or the highly educated in art and literature; among men and women of talent and refined sensibilities. The follies of those who imitate English habits belong really to but a small portion of even their own class. But as these follies are contemptible, the wholesome prejudice which they excite is naturally, but thoughtlessly, extended to all who have anything in common with those who are guilty of them. In this busy country of ours the men of leisure and education, although increasing in number, are still few, and they have heavier duties and responsibilities than anywhere else. Public charities, public affairs, politics, literature, all demand the energies of such men. To the country which has given them wealth and leisure and education they owe the duty of faithful service, because they, and they alone, can afford to do that work which must be done without pay. The few who are imbued with the colonial spirit not only fail in their duty, and become contemptible and absurd, but they injure the

fluence and thwart the activity of the great majority of those who are similarly situated, and who are patriotic and public spirited.

In art and literature the vain struggle to be somebody or something other than an American, the senseless admiration of everything foreign, and the morbid anxiety about our appearance before foreigners have the same deadening effect. Such qualities were bad enough in 1820. They are a thousand times meaner and more foolish now. They retard the march of true progress, which must be here, as elsewhere, in the direction of nationality and independence. This does not mean that we are to expect or to seek for something utterly different, something new and strange, in art, literature, or society. Originality is thinking for one's self. Simply to think differently from other people is eccentricity. Some of our English cousins, for instance, have undertaken to hold Walt Whitman up as the herald of the coming literature of American democracy, merely because he departed from all received forms, and indulged in barbarous eccentricities. They mistake difference for originality. When Whitman did best, he was nearest to the old and well-proved forms. We, like our contemporaries everywhere, are the heirs of the ages, and we must study the past, and learn from it, and advance from what has been already tried and found good. That is the only way to success anywhere, or in anything. But we cannot enter upon that or any other road until we are truly national and independent intellectually, and are ready to think for ourselves, and not look to foreigners, to see what they think.

To those who grumble and sigh over the inferiority of America we may commend the opinion of a distinguished Englishman, as they prefer such authority. Mr. Herbert Spencer said recently, "I think that whatever difficulties they may have to surmount, and whatever tribulations they may have to pass through, the Americans may reasonably look forward to a time when they will have produced a civilization grander than any the world has known." Even the Englishmen whom our provincials of to-day adore, even those who are most hostile, pay a serious attention to America. That keen respect for success and anxious deference to power characteristic of Great Britain find expression every day, more and more, in the English interest in the United States, now that we do not care in the least about it; and be it said in passing, no people despises more heartily than the English a man who does not love his country. To be despised abroad, and regarded with contempt and pity at home, is not a very lofty result of so much effort. But it is the natural and fit reward of colonialism. Members of a great nation instinctively patronize colonists.

It is interesting to examine the sources of the colonial spirit, and to trace its influence upon our history and its gradual decline. The study of a habit of mind, with its tenacity of life, is an instructive and entertaining branch of history. But if we lay history and philosophy aside, the colonial spirit as it survives to-day, although curious enough, is a mean and noxious thing, which cannot be too quickly or too thoroughly stamped out. It is the dying spirit of dependence, and wherever it still clings it injures, weakens, and degrades. It should be exorcised rapidly and completely, so that it will never return. I cannot close more fitly than with the noble words of Emerson: —

"Let the passion for America cast out the passion for Europe. They who find America insipid, they for whom London and Paris have spoiled their own homes, can be spared to return to those cities. I not only see a career at home for more genius than we have, but for more than there is in the world."

Henry Cabot Lodge.

A LANDLESS FARMER.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

It was late in a lovely day of early spring, the first warm Sunday of the year, when people who had been housed all winter came out to church, like flies creeping out of their cracks to crawl about a little in the sunshine. It seemed as if winter, the stern old king, had suddenly died, and as if the successor to the throne were a tender-hearted young princess, and everybody felt a cheerful sense of comparative liberty and freedom. The frogs were lifting up their voices in all the swamps, having discovered all at once that they were thawed out, and that it was time to assert themselves. A faint tinge of greenness suddenly appeared on the much-abused and weather-beaten grass by the roadsides, and the willows were covered with a mist of greenish gold. The air was fragrant, and so warm that it was almost summer-like; but the elderly people shook their heads, as they greeted each other gravely in the meeting-house yard, and said it was fine weather overhead, or spoke of the day reproachfully as a weather-breeder. There seemed to be a general dislike to giving unqualified praise to this Sunday weather, which was sure to be like one of the sweet spring flowers that surprise us because they bloom so early, and grieve us because they are so quick to fade.

After church was over in the afternoon, two or three men were spending an idle hour on a little bridge where the main highway of Wyland crossed Cranberry brook; a small stream enough in summer, when it could only provide water sufficient for the refreshment of an occasional horse or dog belonging to some stray traveler. It was apt to dry up altogether just when it was needed most; but now the swamp which it drained was running over with water, and sent down a miniature flood, that bit at the banks and clutched at the roots and tufts of rushes as if it wished to hold itself back. It had piled already a barricade of leaves and sticks and yellow foam against the feeble fence that crossed it at the roadside, and the posts, which were already rotted away, were leaning over and working to and fro, as if they had hard work to stand the strain, and might fall with a great splash and go down stream with the mossy rails and the sticks and yellow foam any minute.

The water had risen to within a short distance of the floor of the bridge, and the three men stood watching it with great interest. Two of them, who had come from church, had found the other standing there. He owned the pasture through which the brook ran on its way to the river; but on that side of the road the ground fell off, so there was a small cascade; and his own stone walls, which stopped at the edge of this, were in no danger. He wore his every-day clothes, but the other men were in their Sunday best.

"Warm for the time o' year, ain't it?" asked one of these, taking off his hat, and giving his forehead a rub with his coat sleeve. "I wore my overcoat that I have been wearing this winter to meeting this morning, and the heft of it was more than a load of hay. I come off without it this afternoon. The folks said I should get my death o' cold, and I do' know but they was right, but I wa'n't going to swelter as I did in the forenoon for nobody."

"'T is warm," said Ezra Allen, who was without his own waistcoat, and who whittled a deliciously smooth and soft

bit of pine with a keen-edged knife, in ideal Yankee fashion. "I 've been looking to see that old fence of Uncle Jenkins's topple over; the stream 's most as high as I ever see it. I should n't wonder if it come over the bridge, if this weather holds."

"Crambry Brook 's b'en over this bridge more times 'n' you 've got fingers and toes, Ezra," said the third man, scornfully. "Guess you 've forgot. When I was a boy, 't was customary for it to go over the bridge every spring, and I do' know but I 've seen it in the fall rains as well. Parker Jenkins come near getting drowned here once, you know."

"You 're thinking of the little old bridge that used to be over it when we was boys; 't was two or three foot lower than this. The road used to be all under water in them days; I know that well as anybody. I was n't referring to the bridge. I said the brook was high as I ever see it. Ef you had that little bridge here before they histed up the road, I guess you 'd find it well wet down."

"Don't seem to me as if the brooks run so high as they used," suggested Henry Wallis, mildly. "They say it 's because the country 's been stripped of its growth so. Cutting the pines all off lets the sun get to the springs, and the ground dries right up. I can't say I understand it myself, but they 've got an argument for everything nowadays."

"There ain't so much snow as there used to be when we was boys," said Ezra Allen. "I never see no such drifts anywhere about as used to be round the old school-house; we used to make caves in 'em that you could stand right up in, and have lots o' clear room overhead, too."

"You 're considerable taller than you was in them days, Ezry," said Asa Parsons. "That makes some difference;" and the three neighbors laughed together, as if it were a great joke.

All through the parish were little knots of people like this, gossiping together on their unfrequented front steps, or before the barn doors, where happy fowls fluffed their feathers and scratched the wet ground, or quawked and strutted to and fro. There was a good deal of social visiting going on, and as the three men stood together on the bridge, which was a favorite abiding place in summer, being not far from several farmhouses, they spoke to one neighbor after another, as he or she went along in the muddiest possible wagons. As for the horses, they were steaming as if they had come from the races, and looked as if they wished, like their masters, to be relieved of their winter coats.

"Seems to me everybody was out today," said Ezra Allen, who was a rosy-faced, pleasant-looking man of about forty. "I do' know when I 've missed a Sunday before;" and he went on clipping little white chips from his stick, which was dwindling away slowly.

The other men waited for a few moments, until they became certain that he would say no more of his own accord; and then Asa Parsons boldly inquired what had kept him at home from meeting, and was told that he had watched the night before with old Mr. Jerry Jenkins.

"I want to know if you did," said Wallis, with much concern. "I 'd no idea that he was so bad off as to have watchers. And I should think his own folks might take care of him amongst themselves. He ain't been sick enough to tucker them out, seems to me."

"I guess I 'm as near to being his own folks as anybody, if setting by him counts for anything," said Ezra, with a good deal of feeling. "I always thought everything of Uncle Jerry. He 's done me more kind turns than anybody else ever did, and he 's a good-hearted man, if ever there was one. He 's none of your sharpers, but he 's got the good will of everybody that knows him, 'less it 's his own children."

The three friends were leaning against the rail of the bridge, all in a row. Ezra whittled fiercely for a minute; the hands of his companions were plunged deep into their already sagging pockets. They looked at him eagerly, for they knew instinctively that he was going to say something more. He shut his jack-knife with a loud snap, and turned and threw the bit of white pine into the noisy, rushing brook. It was only a second before it had gone under the bridge, to show itself white and light on the brown water, and lift itself as if for a leap on the rounded edge of the little fall, and disappear. Ezra's forced discretion seemed to have been thrown away with it.

"Sereny Nudd found out, somehow or 'nother, before I come away this morning, that I mistrusted about things, and she come meachin' round, wanting me not to tell; but all I told her was that I would n't have done it, if I was her, if I was going to be ashamed of it. I don't know when anything has riled me up so. Says I, right to her face and eyes, I 'm mortified to death to think I am any relation to such folks as you be, and she shut the door right in my face, and I cleared out. I 've been sorry all day I said it; not on account of her, but now she 's mad she won't let me go near the old gentleman, if she can help it, and I might have looked after him a good deal."

"What 's to pay?" asked Wallis and Parsons, eagerly; it was some time since anything had happened to them which promised to be of so much interest as this. Ezra Allen was not easily excited, and was an uncommonly peaceable man under ordinary circumstances.

"Well, if I must say it, they 've prevailed upon that poor old man to sign away his property, and I call it a burning shame."

"How long ago?" and the hearers looked at Ezra with startled countenances. Yet there could be seen a flicker of satisfaction at this beginning of his story.

"Some time in the winter," answered Ezra. "The poor creatur' has been laid up, you know, a good deal of the time, and there come a day when he was summoned to probate court, on account of that trust money he 's got for the Foxwell child'n. You know he 's guardeen for 'em, and it 's been a sight o' trouble to him. He might have sent word to the judge that he wa'n't able to come and see to it, and 't would ha' done just as well three months hence, being a form of law he had to go through; but what does them plants o' grace do but work him all up, and tell him a lot o' stuff an' nonsense, until he was ready to do whatever they said. He put the power into Aaron Nudd's hands to go over and tend to the Foxwell matter; and then they went at him again (he told me all about it in the night, though I have had an inkling of it for some time past), and they told him 't want likely he 'd ever get about again, and he was too old to look after business, and go hither and yon about the country. All he wanted was his livin', they told him, and he 'd better give them the care of things and save himself all he could, and make himself comfortable the rest of his days. Sereny Nudd is dreadful fair-spoken when she gives her mind to it, and uncle, he 's somehow or 'nother always had a great respect for her judgment, and been kind of 'fraid of her into the bargain; and he was sick and weak, and they bothered him about to death, till he signed off at last, just to get a little peace. Mary Lyddy Bryan was there at the time, a mournin' and complainin', same as she always is. Sereny won't have her about, generally, but she got her to help then, and between 'em they won him over. Mary Lyddy is always a dwellin' on being left a widow with no means, and a gre't family to fetch up, and her father 's always had to help her. Both of her boys is big

enough to be doing for themselves, and ought to be put on to farms, or to some trades; but they 'll never do a stroke of work if they can help it."

"Did they draw up the papers just as they wanted 'em, and make the old sir sign 'em?" asked Parsons. "I should n't ha' thought he 'd been fool enough."

"Nor I, neither," replied Ezra, who was in the flood tide of successful narration; "but we know, all of us, that their father ain't what he used to be, and he was a sick man at the time. They put it to him this way: that he would have everything he wanted, same 's if 't was his own, and that he should have his say about everything just the same, — 't was only to save him trouble of the care of things, — and the way Sereny fixed it was abominable. She got him, first of all, to give Mary Lyddy her place to Harlow's Mills, where she lives, out and out, 'because,' says she, 'it may smarten up the boys, and give them some ambition, if they feel it 's their own.' Mary Lyddy always was kind of wanting, and she never see through it that Sereny was getting double what she was, she was so pleased about getting her place in her own right. Uncle, he told me he did n't want to do anything about the bank stock, and, to tell the truth, he always meant the farm for Parker; but the girls set to so about him that there wa'n't no use. Sereny said if ever her father wanted to change his mind he could do it, and make out new papers."

"After he 'd gone and give it to her, it wa'n't his to give," growled Asa Parsons. "Did n't he know that?"

"Well, I can tell you he 's been sick ever since he realized what he 'd done," said Ezra. "He said last night that it had been gnawing at his conscience that it wa'n't fair to Parker or to Mary Lyddy, neither. I stuck up for Parker, but I told him Mary Lyddy would n't be any better off if she had a million; and Sereny wa'n't far from the truth when she said he 'd always been doing for her. But as for Parker, he 'd done well enough if he had n't been nagged to death. I know he drank more 'n was good for him, and hated farm work; but there was sights o' good things about him, and he wa'n't no common fool. They 've dinned it into the old man's ears that he must be dead, they ain't heard from him for so long; but Sereny never would write to him, and the old man's eyesight 's failed him of late. He cried like a child as he lay there in bed, last night. He got hold of my hand and gripped it, and said he did n't know, till he got Mary Lyddy to read him the paper all through, once when Sereny was out to a neighbor's, that they 'd worded it so 's to leave Parker out. It gives Mary Lyddy her place, and a piece of woodland beside, that comes from her mother's folks; and everything else — this farm, and the bank stock and everything, — to Sereny. She 's got as much as three thousand dollars more than her half, — grasping creatur's both on 'em, she and Aaron Nudd is, and they 've got a young one that 's going to be worse 'n either of 'em. I thought last night that the sooner poor old uncle was laid away, down in the burying-ground, the better 't would be for him. Like 's not they 'll never trouble themselves to set up a stone for him; but I 'll see to it myself, sure as the world, if they don't show him respect, — taking away his rights, kind as he 's always been, and a good neighbor. His only fault has been that he was too lavish. There ain't much the matter with him that I can see, except he 's distressed, and seemed to feel he was broke in his mind, and there was nothing to look forward to. They 've moved him out of the room where he always slept into a back bed-room, where there ain't room to swing a cat, and no chance for a fire. I like to have froze to death. I set up in my overcoat all night, for

't was chillier than you 'd suppose before such a mild day. He wa'n't warm enough along towards morning, and I scouted round till I got some blankets, — for there was n't nothing over him but old quilted spreads. Sereny come in in the morning, mad as fire any way, because it seems she heard us talking in the night; but when she see them blankets, she like to have died, and asked why I did n't come to her if I wanted more bedclothes, — 't was too bad to spill medicines all over the best she had. 'There ain't a spot on 'em, nor a brack in 'em,' said I, real pleasant, though I could ha' bit her head off. 'I remember I was with your mother when she bought 'em; 't was one of the last times she was ever over to the mills. I happened to be into Harlow's shop when she was selecting them, — she got them very cheap. I told our folks what a bargain they was for the quality; not that I pretend to be a judge of such things, but the women thought they did n't need them.' I just spoke of it to Sereny, so she 'd see I knew they were none of her buying; and I said, right before her, 'The best ain't too good for you, uncle' " —

"Well," said Henry Wallis prudently, "I never thought I should like to take up with Sereny Nudd, for better for worse; but she may do well by her father, after all. Old folks has been known to be difficult, but she ain't done right so far as we can see."

"Done right!" exclaimed Asa Parsons. "It 's a burning shame, and I hope she 'll be met with. That 's what was going on one day last winter, when I saw that sneaking Josh Hayden riding home with Aaron Nudd. He 's a lawyer, — what there is of him, — and I suppose they got him over to do the business. I heard he 'd deeded Mary Lyddy her place."

"I don't want to think of it," said Ezra, disgustedly, "but it follows me about the whole time. I suppose I could have got out to meeting to-day, but it would have been more than I could stand to see Nudd and Sereny parade up the broad aisle. I wa'n't so beat out that I could n't have gone; one night's watching won't use me up!"

The friends now separated, for the air was growing cold and damp. Asa Parsons mentioned that his overcoat would n't do him any harm if he had it then, and he and Wallis went away together, while Ezra turned toward the other direction.

"Suppose you 'll be out to town-meeting," Wallis called after him. It was fairly amazing that nobody should have spoken about the great day, anticipations of which were in every man's mind, to a greater or less degree. Ezra Allen had not been without his hopes of running for selectman, — to tell the truth, he had looked forward all the week before to furthering his cause among his neighbors by a friendly word in season on Sunday; but his uncle's wrongs had driven his own political interests quite out of his head. He walked slowly home in the fast-gathering spring chilliness, the noise of the brook growing fainter and fainter. He suffered a slight reaction from his enthusiasm, and wished he had not spoken so warmly against his cousins. "Mary Lyddy 's a poor dragging creatur'," he said to himself; "and as for Sereny, she 's near, and set in her own way, but she may treat the old gentleman well, for shame's sake. I don't know but I was hasty, but I don't care if I was; it wa'n't the right thing for her to do; and then, there 's Parker." By way of balancing any harm he might have done, he held his peace in his own household, and refrained from beguiling the tediousness of a Sunday evening by introducing this most interesting subject of conversation. He had a way of keeping things to himself at times, which his wife found most provoking; but he was possessed of that uncharacteristic trait

of many reticent people, of telling his secrets generously and even recklessly, if he once was forced to break through the first barrier of reserve.

The next morning was clear and not cold, but the warmth and revivifying influence of the day before was not to be felt. It was commonplace New England spring weather, and had a relationship to the melting of snow and the lingering of winter which was most unconsoling. A large number of persons had taken violent colds, and the frogs preserved a discreet silence. Asa Parsons wore not only his overcoat to town-meeting, but a woolen comforter round his throat as well; and he sneezed from time to time, angrily, as if it were a note of disapproval and contempt. There was a grand quarrel over the laying out of a new piece of road, and it was at first found very difficult to choose the town officers. There was a monotonous repetition of polling the house, and when Ezra Allen lost, at last, the coveted position of selectman, he had become so angry with some of his opponents, and so tired with the noisy war, that the glory of the occasion was very much tarnished. It was over at four o'clock, and nobody had had any dinner, except a slight refreshment of wilted russet apples and very watery and sour cider, which could be bought at abominable prices over the tailboard of one of the wagons which were fastened in long rows to the fences near the old meeting-house, which had been given over to governmental purposes.

Aaron Nudd was by no means a favorite among his townsfolk. He was very stingy, and had saved considerable money, for which it was supposed Serena Jenkins had married him. He was of the opposite party in politics to Ezra Allen, and he had been the opposing and successful candidate for the office which Ezra had lost. Aaron's wagon was next but one, and the two men unfastened their horses sulkily, without looking at each other. Ezra went home prepared to believe any report of cruelty or injustice on the part of his uncle's children, and full of the intention to tell the story of their trickery in his own household. But he was not even to have this pleasure on that unlucky day. His wife asked him reproachfully, as he entered, why he had said nothing of what everybody had been talking about who went by the house, and which would have been no story at all without his own report (already much magnified) of the meanness and knavery of Serena Nudd.

The next morning Ezra resumed his business of wheelwright, from which he had taken a two days' vacation; but the excitement had been a good deal of a strain upon him, and he worked without much enthusiasm for a few hours, and about eleven o'clock laid down his tools altogether. The spoke-shave was so dull that it needed grinding, and there was nobody to turn the grindstone, and his head ached a little. He did not feel inclined to start out upon a new piece of work, and, taking a disgusted look around the shop at the disjointed limbs of various old and new vehicles, he threw off his apron, and went to the house, which was only a few rods distant along the road. Outside the shop door were stacked some dozens of wheels in various stages of decay and decrepitude, and two or three old wagon-bodies and chaise-tops were resting on the ground in most forlorn condition, as if they had been relentlessly exposed to all the winter weather. The wood-work of one new farm cart was set up on trestles, and had received its first coat of paint; but that was the only sign of any progress of the art that was carried on within. One would think, from the outward appearance of a wheelwright's shop, that it was also a repository of worn-out carriages of every description. The trade is apparently never carried on without much useless rubbish, unless one may venture the suggestion that it

is necessary to have a collection of specimens showing the advances and effects of various diseases of wheels, as surgeons are furnished forth with anatomical cabinets. On the seat of an old wagon there was perched a large rag doll, and when Ezra saw it he smiled, for the first time that morning. He was very fond of his little girl, to whom the doll belonged.

He pushed open the kitchen door with some faint thrills of pleasure, for a great whiff of a well-known odor blew out through the half-opened window which he had just passed. His wife was frying doughnuts, and he did not notice at first, for the smoke and steam obscured the atmosphere, that some one was sitting at the other side of the room.

"Just in time, ain't I?" said Ezra, cheerfully; then, to his great disgust and confusion, he saw that the guest was his cousin. "Is that you, Sereny?" he asked, in quite another tone.

"Yes, it is," said Mrs. Nudd, snappishly, "and I should think you'd be ashamed to look me in the face, Ezra Allen. You 've been and done the best you could to take away my good name, and I don't see what harm I ever done you nor yours;" and she began to cry in a most obnoxious fashion.

Ezra gave himself an angry twitch and went over to the window, where he stood with his back to the company, and looked longingly at the safe harbor of the shop which he had just left. His wife, who was a fearful soul and who hated a quarrel, escaped with her colander full of doughnuts to the recesses of the pantry, from whence she stole a glance now and then at the others, like a distressed mouse which had doubts about venturing out of its hole. Mrs. Nudd sniffed and sobbed, and wiped her not very wet eyes with her handkerchief again and again; but still Ezra did not speak, and nothing could be more aggravating.

"Enoch Foster said, this morning," she remarked, in a broken voice, "that he supposed you was put out about the election, and Aaron's getting in ahead of you. But I wa'n't going to hear my own first cousin spoken of no such way, and I said that had n't nothing to do with it; you was too straightfor'ard a man. I knew you was hasty to speak, but there never was nothing mean about you, with all your faults; and I explained it as best I could, for I 'm sure I don't know no other reason. Poor old father's mind is broke more than folks think, who comes in and sees him for a visit; and he 's got set upon our having got away his property from him. 'T was all his own set-out to deed it to us now in his life-time. He got kind of worried and confused a spell ago, and seemed to want to be rid of the care of it; and we made the change to gratify him. Aaron said he would n't have no such goings-on, and that he did n't want the farm nohow. He 's been desiring for a long spell to move to Harlow's Mills and go into the shoe factory; he could have had a first-rate chance any time in the boxing room, but we seemed to be pinned right down where we was, on father's account."

"You need n't have drove off Parker, then," grumbled Ezra; but though Mrs. Allen heard him in the pantry, and shook for fear, Mrs. Nudd went on complacently: —

"I 'm sure we 've always done the best we could by our folks, and by the neighbors. We ain't had the means to be free-handed, for we never knew what was our own and what was n't. One day father 'd be real arbitrary, and gather up whatever there was, even the butter money, that anybody 'd think I might have a right to; and next thing, he would n't want to be consulted about anything. Aaron went to him one day about a bunch o' laths, when he was going to alter the hen-coop, and father give it to him right an' left, because he bothered him about it. He refused him

the money, and said Aaron had made enough off from the place, and he should think he might attend to a job of that size himself."

Ezra gave a sympathetic chuckle, and his cousin wished she had left out this illustration. "I only spoke of it because some days father would have grieved hisself to death if he had n't been told something that was half the importance," she explained, in a higher key than ever. "If you had to summer and winter him I guess you 'd find out. He ain't so easy-going and pleasant as folks seem to think. I know it ain't right to talk so about my own father, that 's failed from what he used to be, but I 've got to stand up for myself, if my own relations won't stand up for me;" and at this point she cried again, more sorrowfully than before. "I do have a hard time," she said, in conclusion: "father to please; and Mary Lyddy a-dwellin' on her trials, and tellin' her complaints, and wantin' to borrow everything I 've got; and Aaron a-fussin' and discontented, and talking about going West; and Parker, he spent about all the ready money he could tease out of father. I wonder the place ain't all mortgaged, and I dare say we shall find it is. Some days, I wish I was laid in my grave, for I sha'n't get no rest this side of it."

Ezra's wife, in the pantry, was ready to cry, also, by the time she heard the end of this touching appeal, and she did not see how her husband could be so stony-hearted. She wished he would say something, and knocked two pans together for a signal, and then was dreadfully shocked by what she had done. She was not very fond of Serena Nudd, and could talk angrily about her, behind her back, at any time; but being a weak little soul, and anxious to avoid contention, when there was any danger of getting a blow herself, she was ready, being also a woman, to take her complaining visitor's part.

But Ezra shifted his weight from one foot to the other, and fumbled a button which was at the back of his collar, and which, at that opportune moment, came off and dropped on the floor. "I guess you 'll have to set a stitch in this, if you will, Susan," he said, with well-feigned indifference; and Susan came obediently out from among the pots and pans, very shamefaced and meek. The button had rolled almost to Mrs. Nudd's feet, and when Ezra looked for it unsuccessfully, she stooped and picked it up, and handed it to his wife with a heavy sigh, and then rose to take leave.

"I shall be ready any time to watch with the old gentleman, if he needs it, or even thinks he does," remarked Ezra, as if he had heard nothing of what his cousin Serena had said; and she did not know how to answer him, though usually she was equal to the occasion. She went away in doubt whether she had won a great victory, or had been defeated; and she took the plate of doughnuts which Susan humbly offered in the old gentleman's behalf, hardly knowing what it was, she felt so unlike herself, all of a sudden. But she "came to" before she was out of sight of the house, and though she hated Ezra worse than ever, she ate one of the doughnuts with uncommon relish, and put another in her pocket.

The spring days lengthened and grew into summer, and the excitement which attended the knowledge of the transfer of old Mr. Jenkins's property died slowly away. He looked so wilted and changed by his illness of the winter that it was by no means difficult for the town's-people to believe that his mind had become as much enfeebled as his body. As for his nearest neighbors, they saw him rarely, for he was too lame to make the short journey to their houses; and in the early summer business of the farms, nobody found much time to go visiting Serena Nudd, or her most unpopular husband. He was a sly-looking, faded-out little man, of no

attractions, and a sneaking manner which disgusted the persons he sought most eagerly to please. It had been thought that he would favor some projects about the new road, which he frowned upon directly he was in office; and that angered the parties who were most concerned, and there grew steadily a feeling of shame and regret that he should have won so easily his prominent position in town affairs. He paid the taxes on the farm with unusual promptness, and the treasurer took notice that he had crossed out Mr. Jenkins's name from the tax-bill and inserted his own in its place. There was a good deal of sympathy felt for the old man, because he had not deserved such a miserable son-in-law. People hoped that he was treated well, but it was taken for granted, in those few weeks, that the poor old farmer was fast breaking up, and, under the circumstances, nobody could wish him to live long, since it would only involve the greater discomforts of old age, and a continued suffering of one sort and another. As for his daughter Serena, she was making great bids for friendship, and was showing herself both generous and neighborly, in a way that much surprised her acquaintances. She spoke with great concern of her father's failing health, and some persons began to say she was good-hearted, and what a pity it was that she should have thrown herself away on such a man as Aaron Nudd. She drove old Mr. Jenkins to church one hot Sunday, when Aaron was reported to be kept at home by the expected swarming from a hive of bees; and it was certainly very kind, the way in which she helped him down out of the high wagon, and along the broad aisle to his pew. He looked round the church as pleased as a child, and seemed to enjoy the unusual opportunity of being among his friends and neighbors. The older people watched him affectionately, — he was younger than several who were there, — and many of the younger members of the congregation expected him to betray in some way his shattered wits. But he seemed to be in full possession of his faculties as far as any one could decide at that time; and when Serena ostentatiously found his place in a hymn-book, and offered it to him, he shook his head at her in great perplexity, and proceeded to search for the right page in his own copy of Watts' and Select Hymns, which was of large type, and for years had been ready to his hand in the corner of the pew. "I'm all right, if it was n't for my lameness," he told a half dozen of the friends who crowded about him. "I can get about a good deal better than the folks think I can, too; but Sereny keeps right after me," he added, in a lower voice to Ezra Allen, who had been more pleased than anybody to see his uncle in his accustomed seat, and who indulged a hope that now he was about again he would take things into his own hands. But the poor man stumbled on the meeting-house steps that very Sunday, and gave himself a bad strain, and passed many a long and lonely day afterward in his dark, close bedroom, in that summer weather. Out-of-doors the birds sang, and the grass grew and grew, until it waved in the wind and was furrowed like the sea. The old farmer worried and fretted about the crops, and could not imagine how the fields got on without his oversight and care. He was always calling Aaron, or the man who had been engaged to help him, and demanding strict account of the potatoes and corn and beans. He had worked day in and day out on his land, until that summer, and he was sure everything must be going to wreck and ruin without him. Aaron evaded some of his questions, he thought, and treated him like a child. If it had not been for his lameness, he would have risen in wrath from his bed, and have dispersed the whole family, like marauding chickens. Even Ezra Allen was not atten-

tive, and this was hard to understand, though the frequent breaking of farm tools and the wear and tear of the vehicles of the town gave him more than enough to do, while he had his own farming to look after beside.

Serena grew less and less amiable, but she was what she and her neighbors called a regular driver, and she had a hard fight to get through with her every-day work. If her father demanded a long explanation of the reasons that had led to the selling of a cow, she was by no means ready to satisfy him, and to stop in the midst of everything to answer his restless, eager questions by quieting accounts of the circumstances; and as for the man who had come several times to make the bargain, he was kept out of the old farmer's hearing altogether. At last, in a desperate moment, Mr. Jenkins, like a distressed New England Lear, said that as soon as he was well enough he should go to stay for a while with his other daughter; for Mary Lyddy was always civil spoken to him, and was always pleased to see him, if other people were not. "It will be a first-rate thing to get rid of him through haying," Serena told her lord and master that night. "I 'm thankful it was his own proposal;" and then they talked over the question of her father's prompt removal to another scene of uselessness.

The next morning but one, Serena put her head inside the old man's door, and said she guessed he had better get out into the fresh air that day. Aaron was coming right in to help him. This was good news, for Mr. Jenkins had urged his daughter to believe that there was no need of his lying in bed any longer, while she had insisted that she was following the doctor's orders, and that if he stirred before the proper time he would only bring fresh disasters upon himself and his family. He found himself weak and stiff when he tried to move about, but such was his delight at being again his own master that he soon felt uncommonly strong and energetic, and sat down at the breakfast-table in the kitchen with a look of proud satisfaction.

"I 'm going to be in first-rate trim for haying," he announced gravely. Aaron had swallowed his breakfast as nearly whole as possible, and had departed; and Serena was already clattering at the dishes.

"This is prime corn-cake," said the farmer. "I declare, Sereny, it tastes like it used to, — just like what your mother used to make."

"It always tastes alike to me," responded Mrs. Nudd, in a not unkindly tone. "You 're getting to be notional." Serena was not celebrated for her skill in cookery, and this compliment had touched her tenderly.

"Ain't it a good while since we have had a nice cabbage?" asked Mr. Jenkins, presently. "I suppose, though, they 're about gone. I declare, how the weeks fly by! It don't seem but a fortnight since we were getting 'em in, in the fall of the year."

"For mercy sake!" said Serena. "I believe you are losing your faculties! The idea of cabbages keeping through haying! You might as well wish for some of the Thanksgiving pies. There! I do the best I can to suit you, but it 's hard for one pair o' hands to do everything. I did expect to have help in haying time, but Aaron says he can't afford it, now he 's got the whole farm to lug."

"He 's got the whole farm to help him, at any rate," said Mr. Jenkins, blazing up into something like his youthful spirit. "He was always crying poor, and wheedling round, and you was, too, till you got the farm, and now you 're worse off than you was before. I 've always made an honest living, and stood well in the town, and I 've brought up my children, and kept my fences and buildings in good order. I won't have

such talk from you nor Aaron Nudd neither." But Serena had flown, and the old man might have relieved his mind by more just accusations without causing trouble, for there was nobody within hearing. The kitchen was hot, and the late June light was flaring in at the windows and door; it promised to be a very hot day. Mr. Jenkins felt a little tired and weak; he wished he had not said so much, and told himself again the familiar and unwelcome truth that he had had his day. He looked about the room, which did not seem natural, for some reason or other. "Sereny!" he suddenly shouted. "What 's become of my chist o' drawers, — my desk? My papers is all in it. I hope you have n't got them into a mess;" and he looked around him again, puzzled and miserable. There was a noise of the pounding and creaking caused by a rolling-pin in the great pantry, and presently Serena said that he used it very little, and it was considerably in the way, and an old furniture dealer had come along and offered a good price for it, and she had sold it. She needed a new sewing-machine, and she did n't suppose he would care. She always wanted that place for her sewing-machine, right between the windows, where there was a good light.

"I am going to learn you that I won't be pulled about by the nose in this way another day;" and Mr. Jenkins's daughter did not remember that she had ever seen her father in such a rage before. "You can tell Aaron to hunt up that man, and get my piece o' furniture back; 't was my father's before me, and it has stood in this kitchen a hundred years. I don't care what you want, nor what you don't want, nor nothing about your sewing-machine. You just go and get that secretary back, or it 'll be the worse for you. I don't see as you 've any call to act as if I was dead, right before my face. It 's a hard thing for a man o' my years to see another master over his own house, and live to see himself forgotten;" and the poor old creature, whose pleasure at being about the house again was so cruelly spoiled, shook with anger, and meant to walk out-of-doors indignantly; but his strength suddenly failed, and he leaned back in his chair again. Serena had nothing further to say, and the knocking and rolling still continued. She was making a tough company of dried-apple pies for the family sustenance in the haying season. The kitchen looked strangely empty without its one handsome and heavy piece of furniture, whose dark wood and great dull brass handles had somehow given a nobler character to the room, which was the usual gathering place of the family. In Serena's mother's day the bat-handles had always been well polished, and had many an evening reflected the brightness of the roaring great chimney-place fire. A little later in the morning, the farmer asked his daughter to fetch him the papers which had been kept carefully in the quaint corners and pigeon-holes. She feared to disobey, and for hours the old man sat drearily unfolding and poring over the small basketful of worn papers which held his history and his few business records. There was a curl which his wife had cut from the head of their little child who had died, and there was a piece of the Charter Oak at Hartford, and a bit of California gold that his brother had sent home in the early days of the gold-diggings stored away with the rest, — the old man's few treasures and playthings. They were huddled together in miserable confusion, though he had always known where to put his hand on each, when they were in their places.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE PAUPER QUESTION.

The labors of Henry Ozanam in Paris, of Edward Denison and Octavia Hill in London, of Daniel von der Heydt in Elberfeld, of Charles L. Brace and Mrs. Charles R. Lowell in New York, embracing diverse fields of action, have aroused a new interest in social problems, because they have animated the benevolent with the hope that the evils of pauperism and crime are not ineradicable. These names are but representative of a long list of persons, whose disinterested zeal and intelligence have adorned the age with examples of the noblest humanity. By a law of compensation which seems always to work in human affairs, as the industrial reconstruction of society, consequent upon discoveries in science and their application in arts, went on, invading and overturning old relations and habits, there sprang up a race of philanthropists to meet this moral confusion by reknitting the ties which hold all parts of the community in healthful social order.

A characteristic of modern benevolence is its recognition of the solidarity of human society. By virtue of this fact, man can no longer be regarded as a self-poised, isolated unit, whose character is the result of his own determination, but as the creature of his environment. Two fruitful inferences proceed from this principle: first, the inadequacy of mere physical instrumentalities to work a change in the condition of the debased, since these do not reach their fellowships; and secondly, the complicity of society in the evils of its wretched classes. Outlawry is a fiction; the word of the magistrate cannot undo the deed of God. For weal or harm, every living soul is an integral part of society; his deterioration is a disorder in the whole body. Probably these conclusions have not been formulated in the minds of many wise and effective disciples of charity, but they emerge none the less from all careful investigations into the situation and requirements of the miserable, and they are disclosed in the strenuous efforts of thoughtful philanthropists to reform the institutions and methods of the community, as an indispensable prerequisite to the reformation of persons. Let this contrast serve for an illustration: Professor Fawcett, in his work on Pauperism, tells us that an English landlord, desirous of improving the character of his agricultural tenants, whose bestiality was attributed to overcrowding, enlarged his cottages by adding rooms, so that the family could separate into decent privacy. Instead of doing this, however, his tenants sublet the new rooms, and thus increased the evils. These laborers were not conscious of any wants which could not be satisfied by herding in a single room. Their character was unchanged, and a mere mechanical improvement in their surroundings could not alter their habits. If Miss Octavia Hill met with better results in Barrett's Court, she was not less convinced than the landlord mentioned that no reformation was practicable among the objects of her solicitude, until their habitations were suited to good manners, and reflected upon them the standards of respectable society. But she knew equally well that her *presence* must enforce a decent discipline, and link her wards to a higher order of feeling and motive, or her tenants would go on as of old, turning the passage-ways into receptacles of garbage, and hewing the staircases into fire-wood. Miss Hill's success grew out of the recognition of two facts: the complicity of society in the degradation of her wards, and their capacity to re-

spond to moral influences. They were the victims of neglect, and hence worse sufferers in character than in circumstances; but they were also human souls, susceptible to the order and beauty of discipline, when it was presented by one whose trained faculties attached her in a hundred joyous, honorable ways to that society which discipline unites and regally endows.

The proper mode of dealing with pauperism is involved with various propositions for remodeling existing systems of charity. Were poverty and misfortune identical with pauperism, no vexatious question would arise to perplex a conscientious benevolence. Technically, the pauper is simply a person who has become dependent on the community. But a vast deal more is attached to the term in every mind. There is a type of character implied in it. A grave change, indeed, must have gone on in individual character before a person's private trials can become subjects of public concern. Mere poverty does not dissolve those ties of kindred and acquaintance which avail for even the severest misfortunes of life. A man loses his place in society, with its kindly ministries of good-will, and becomes an object of public relief by the decay of those finer qualities which render man a social being and not a brute, and the community a society and not a herd. Pauperism is an anti-social condition, and that is a moral state. It is the nearest approach to actual outlawry that human nature can exhibit. If we may pronounce the judgment which Mr. R. L. Dugdale only suggests in his pamphlet, The Jukes, which is a study of hereditary pauperism pursued through six generations, embracing several hundreds of descendants of the same stock, pauperism involves a deeper incapacity to sustain social relations than crime. It is a lower abyss of physical and mental inaptitude, and, consequently, it is more incorrigible. It is doubtful if any class of unfortunates, whether reduced by the "hand of God," as the old phrase ran, or by vice, can escape the taint of spiritual debasement, when they become objects of public and official relief.

Inasmuch as a frightful chasm lies between that position where a man is sustained by those resources of industry, thrift, affection, and esteem which centre legitimately in himself, and that wherein these are all dried up and public relief takes their place, the attention of social economists has long been directed towards the danger of offering facilities for crossing the chasm to those who are tempted to take the step by the pressure of poverty, — a danger which is enhanced by the fact that the temptation appeals to those who have the fewest safeguards of intelligence and self-respect. It is widely felt that public charity does present such facilities, and that it is a source of corruption, unless accompanied by provisions for restricting it to unavoidable suffering. Some of the humanest spirits, who have sacrificed themselves without reservation to charitable labors, even sympathetic women, through the secret chambers of whose heart the cry of pain went vibrating like a trumpet-blast from heaven, summoning them to duty, have regarded the prodigal relief of the present day as a source of no less mischief than intemperance. This opinion stands on record in a most emphatic way. Lord Grey's reform of the English poor law in 1834 was preceded by the most thorough scrutiny ever made of the pauper system of that country, by a parliamentary commission. It resulted in the creation of a national board of commissioners, who were to give effect to the changes deemed necessary. After several years' experience, in the midst of a succession of bad harvests, and when the accompanying pressure of disordered markets had spread distress over the whole realm, the commissioners said, in their report to Parliament in 1839, that

"all *poor laws* are in their essence impolitic and uncalled for, and that, consequently, their abolition ought to be the ultimate object of any changes that may be made, — an object, however, that cannot be attained without being preceded by several years of careful preparation for it."

For the reasons now alleged, much criticism has turned upon the system of legal relief practiced in England and America. One feature of it is generally reprobated by thoughtful men, and that is the out-door relief administered by overseers or guardians of the poor. The suppression of this form of assistance is the first step urged, but it is only a first step. Still further measures would undoubtedly follow, and indeed they are already set on foot, but their efficiency is hindered by the distribution of public doles. Little reflection is needed to perceive that this simple reform aims at a vast deal more than the relief of the taxpayer from an insignificant burden; at more even than a withdrawal of a limited amount of temptation from the poor. It is designed to be the entering wedge of a *system* of effective action. The corner stone of that system is the discrimination between real and simulated destitution, with a practical control of those who become the wards of charity. Should out-door legal relief be abolished, it would then be possible to erect an English system which should incorporate the best features of French and German charity.

A comparison of the three systems will go far to show what amendments the administration of poor relief in America requires. For this purpose European experience is especially valuable for us, since nearly all the States of our Union have imported the English plan and theory of official charity, without much scrutiny, and with all their defects. Besides this, the information concerning pauperism in Europe is much more thorough and systematic than with us.

The English scheme of poor relief lies in confusion. Until Lord Grey's government, the justices of the peace had authority to order pauper relief at their discretion. There was no uniformity of method observed in the realm, but each parish was at liberty to pursue its own counsels. The local officers had some ground for prodigality in the standard set up by a statute of 1796, which directed the public pauper to be maintained "in a state of comfort." Poor-houses, built under the Elizabethan statute of 1601, existed in most parishes, but they were designed only for impotent folk. At the beginning of the present century pauperism increased with great rapidity, and in some seventeen years the ratepayers' burden was doubled, — a tax that in some instances amounted to a confiscation of ratable property. Whether as a consequence or a cause of this increase, the justices of the peace had adopted the expedient of making allowances from the parish treasury for insufficient wages, and had fixed a standard to which the weekly income of paupers should be raised out of the rates. They justified this course by the argument that it was cheaper to provide a partial than an entire maintenance for the dependents upon the parish. The effect was disastrous, for it appeared in the general reduction of wages, which brought the most industrious to the brink of starvation, and destroyed the motive of self-support.

When the ruinous nature of this method was brought to light by a parliamentary investigation which occupied four years, Lord Grey carried an amendment to the poor law through the legislature, which stripped the local justices of the power to order relief, created a national board of commissioners, with district commissioners under them, and ordered the erection of work-houses in every parish, or authorized union of

parishes. It was the intention of the framers of this amendment to confine all relief to inmates of the work-house, except in cases of peculiar emergency. The parish officers were to see that work was provided for and secured from all the inmates who were capable of performing it, especially able-bodied dependents. Those who would not accept this mode of relief were to be held as not sufficiently pinched by want to be objects of official aid. This is the famous but neglected "work-house test" of England. Its character and issue were tersely stated by Mr. Edward Denison in 1869, the year previous to his death: "The framers of the poor law of 1834 never seriously considered how they could find work for the destitute. They only wanted a disagreeable and deterrent occupation. Their principle was to offer board and lodging in the work-house to all who would take it; the only further consideration being how to make the recipient's condition so uncomfortable that he would avoid it as long as he could, and get out of it on the first opportunity. Possibly this system, thoroughly and universally enforced by able administrators, would have stamped out pauperism altogether, to the infinite advantage of the whole laboring class. But the law never was in harmony with public opinion; it was very partially and negligently executed, and of course broke down. The poor law of 1834 has practically been repealed long ago." Four causes wrecked the plans of Lord Grey's government: the recalcitrancy of the parish authorities, who would not follow the instructions of the board of commissioners; the distress consequent upon the bad harvests of 1837–39, and upon the commercial depression of that period; the sundering of families in the work-house; and the lack of proper discrimination between helpless and able-bodied inmates. One building and one administration were offered to the infant and the idle, to the aged and the vagabond, to the deserted mother and the penniless inebriate, to the blind or maimed and the street beggar. Two incompatible designs were to be pursued under one roof. The same institution was to be a hospital for the helpless and an agency for repressing importunity. Humanity lay behind one part of the scheme, and suspicion behind the other. Occupation meant to be "deterrent" in one ward could not be regarded as honorable in another. The work-house dress and discipline confounded the impotent with the vagabond. Misfortune wore the badge of vice. Of course, in such an institution, the natural associations of the family must be broken up by artificial classifications. Parents are sundered from children, husbands from wives, brothers from sisters, — a separation which is the bane of institutional life. The one cause rendered the work-house unpopular, while the other rendered its repressive design fruitless. The general commissioners were not clothed with authority over the parish guardians, whose administration still managed the tax-rate, and distributed its proceeds. Local self-sufficiency and usage met the intervention of a national committee with jealousy and obstinacy, as if it were an impertinence. Then, the quick succession of general distress compelled the commissioners to relax their instructions, and in three or four years after the poor law was amended there were in England seven out-door beneficiaries of the parish-rate to one inmate of the work-houses, — a proportion which has been maintained ever since with disheartening monotony. The sequel is thus narrated by Edward Denison: "The guardians, with short-sighted economy, knowing that the fewer the inmates of the work-house the smaller their expenses, neglected to offer the work-house when they ought to have offered it, and got into a way of giving small doles of out-door relief to those

whom they knew they ought to have admitted. Once embarked on the system of giving out-door relief, without the application of either work-house or labor test, there was naturally no end to it. They had taken the lock off the door; they had no means of discriminating the applicants. These, of course, became more and more numerous, as it became evident that any one might get relief, if he were lucky, deserving or undeserving. Then, having voluntarily pulled down the barrier which excluded only the unworthy, they were at length, in self-defense, compelled to put up another of some sort, and they put up one which excluded all alike, or, at least, let no more than half in. They gave so little relief that it was a mere mockery. Then in comes public benevolence, says the poor law has broken down, and does its best to make a real break-down of it. That, in my view, is the history of the matter." To this statement he adds his opinion, formed when he was living in Philpot Street, at the East End of London, whither he went to obtain by daily contact with it some clear insight into the nature of pauperism: "The remedy is to bring back the poor law to the spirit of its institution." The same conclusion had been reached by Sir Charles Trevelyan, a coadjutor of Denison's in philanthropic endeavor, and one of the most patient students of this social problem in England. It is shared by Professor Fawcett, the present postmaster-general of the realm. And it has also recently been proposed by Mr. Seth Low, the mayor of Brooklyn, before a conference of charities held in Boston; and his intelligent devotion to the cause of the poor in his native city attracted to him that attention which raised him to civic honors, usually reserved, not for riper, but for more protracted years.

How exactly this brief account is paralleled by our American States! New York, for example, by a statute which Mr. Low thinks to be "as nearly perfect as can be," but which, "unhappily, has been much disregarded," restricts out-door relief, to quote Mr. Low's words again, "to persons not in a condition to be removed to the poor-house, and in cases where the disability is likely to be temporary." So distinct is this provision that the city of Brooklyn was impelled in 1878 to withhold its customary appropriations for out-door relief, and with what results will be told further on. Here, then, is English experience repeated. An excellent repressive law is neglected; an unlawful system of inadequate doles to the lucky is set up; in self-defence a barrier is erected against the depletion of the public treasury by excluding, without discrimination between need and mere greedy clamor, half the claimants of relief. Then voluntary charity steps in, and creates a confusion amenable to no method or discipline. Divided among a hundred practically irresponsible organizations, and flowing from thousands of hands, guided by neither experience nor information, the generosity of men, conscientious enough to give but not to befriend, engulfs the poor in stronger temptations to pauper life.

In one respect Mr. Denison's representation may fairly be controverted. "They gave," he says of the guardians, "so little relief that it was a mere mockery." Probably he would himself have consented to change this sentence, and make it read, "They gave so unsuitably that it was a mere mockery;" for his published letters show that he deplored the lavishness of English relief, and that he commended the Paris scale of relief, which is so small that one may wonder whether there is any use of dispensing it at all. The Parisian allowance for a paralytic or blind person is one dollar per month. This is the scale of relief for a pauper in his seventieth year. From this sum it rises slowly to $2.40 for one in his eighty-fifth year.

Septuagenarians and octogenarians entitled to hospital relief may have $4.80 on each of the five wintry months, and $3.80 on each of the remaining months of the year. These are the largest allowances authorized, and comprise nearly all that are made in money. Relief in kind is on a still smaller scale, and is denied to able-bodied men except in extraordinary cases.

A few years since the city of Leipsic had a standard of maximum relief to cover clothing, rental, fuel, light, and food. It was about sixty-two cents per week of our money for able-bodied men; women, children, and the aged were deemed to require less. This standard has been abolished, but the actual subsequent distribution of relief has averaged below it. The old Leipsic standard does not differ materially from that of Elberfeld, in Rhenish Prussia, a city notable in the charitable world for the excellence, thoroughness, and efficiency of its relief system. Now these low standards are not to be accounted for by the parsimonious spirit of the communities where they exist, nor by the cheapness of the necessaries of life there. They are found to be adequate, while under our prodigality and disorder society constantly presents the aspect of unsatisfied pauperism. Beggars are never absent from our streets; the child's whine for cold pieces is heard almost daily at our back doors; the stoves of the poor are never sufficiently replenished with charity coal; the dispensaries are crowded; the soup-kettles are draining all winter into the messengers' pails; the sick are constantly waiting for the hospital bed to become vacant; the merciful man walks all his life among supplicating hands. There is no such appearance of mendicancy in France, nor in the better organized German towns; not even in Belgium, "the classic land of pauperism," as it has been called. The penuriousness of France or Prussia avails to do what the strenuous lavishing of England and America cannot accomplish.

It is time to ask the reason of this difference. We have mentioned France and some German cities as examples of economy. In them there are two systems, conceived in exactly opposite political theories; but notwithstanding this, their administration of relief quite as exactly corresponds in principle and in method. Under each the entire control of relief is substantially held by one management; therefore the pauper is practically in the custody of a single authority; the work-house test is fully compensated for by a system of investigation which makes relief at the homes of the poor quite safe; and two great remedial influences are kept in constant action upon the pauper, namely, employment and the constant pressure of friendship. How these things are accomplished we are now briefly to inquire.

Louis XIV. invited the great charitable foundations of France, in terms that could not be resisted, to confide their trusts to the government. The movement thus begun was completed by Napoleon I., when he sequestered the revenues of the church, and made the priesthood directly dependent upon the treasury of the empire. But while Louis XIV. was thus enlarging the functions of the French government, his troops were ravaging Germany. At the peace of Westphalia, a generation earlier, the population of Germany was found to be reduced to one fourth its former number; its cities were in ruins, its finances in disorder; its institutions had to be created afresh. Thus Germany was one of the latest of modern European nations to establish order and accumulate trusts. There are fewer institutions originating in private, self-controlled charitable foundations in that country than in any European country west of Russia and the Balkan peninsula. Her hospitals and asylums are largely the

creation of civic munificence, and therefore amenable to authority. There are exceptions to this statement, but they are not serious enough to hinder the application of coördinated charity to the best systems of German relief.

The theoretical divergence of the French and German schemes of public charity is this: in France the state absorbs private benevolence into its official organization; in Germany the state abstains from official action, but authorizes private organization, and clothes it with needful powers.

It must be understood, however, that in speaking of a German system of poor relief reference is made to the successful methods employed in typical German cities, as in Hamburg, Berlin, Leipsic, Elberfeld, Barmen, and Crefeld. Of the North German Confederation, and of nearly every German state, it may be said there is no system. Their legislation has thus far been confined to laying down the principles upon which the liability of each state, or each community, for the relief of the poor is to be determined, and to prescribing the lines within which each poor district may exercise authority. As in England and America, the details of administration are left to each locality.

A rapid survey of the French and German schemes will elicit their common features. Paris may be taken as the completest illustration of the practice throughout the country, — a practice followed in Belgium in all its respects. We have already seen that the ancient and valuable charity foundations of France passed into government control. Under the civil code, private generosity is forbidden to erect any new eleemosynary institutions without the permission of the chief executive of the state, — a permission which is very rarely accorded. Individuals may endow government institutions as much as they please, but the state is strictly averse to independent, self-regulated charity organizations, and will not incorporate them. From these old trusts there accrues an income, not only for the maintenance of hospitals, but for distribution in alms. To this resource are added the contributions of the benevolent, the proceeds of certain fines, and, when occasion requires, a subvention from the public treasury. Here we reach the first principle of French relief. Although administered by the state, this relief is charity. The funds are supplied by the voluntary acts of the people; the official is but the almoner of them. Consequently, the pauper can set up no claim to aid. This principle is in direct contrast to the English theory. Under the latter, applicants for aid have brought the poor guardians into court to compel them to give relief; and it has been held that, although the pauper could not recover damages, the guardian was liable to penalty for a denial of statutory relief. Probably the same doctrine would be held in the American courts notwithstanding the difference of method between Great Britain and America in levying the poor tax.

The agency for dispensing the money entrusted to the state for charitable distribution in France is called the "Bureau de Bienfaisance." There is one for each commune, or borough, in Paris, as it is intended there shall be one for each commune throughout the land. Of this bureau the *maire* is hereditary president, and his aids are hereditary or *ex-officio* vice-presidents. Twelve administrators are appointed in each bureau, and assigned each to one division of the commune. Their appointment proceeds from the Prefect of the Seine, who, in turn, is the creature of the interior secretary of the national government. The functions of the administrator are those of an overseer of the poor, with a voice and vote in the business of the bureau. In addition to these, the Prefect of the Seine appoints a secretary-treasurer of each bureau, in whose hands are the

registers and the money, and who is in subordination to the Director-General of Public Relief, another agent of the general government. The bureau employs a staff of doctors, midwives, and Sisters of Charity, but all paid employees hold office from the Prefect of the Seine. So far everything is official. The provision for voluntary effort is this: Each administrator may nominate as many assistants in his division as he can persuade the board of direction to accept. They are described as commissioners and charitable ladies, and their duties are thus prescribed: "They second the administrators in their care of households inscribed in the registers; they are specially charged with the duty of obtaining all possible information of the poor to be entered on the books; they propose their admission; they distribute at each dwelling the ordinary and extraordinary contributions; they visit the persons assisted by the bureau, to learn their position, the resources of the family, and all other facts which may enlighten the board."

Let it also be considered that this system of administration is closely supported by the police; that every person must be inscribed upon the register before relief can be obtained; that a pauper must prove a residence of twelve months in Paris, and give notice of any change of lodging; that he is dependent on the administrator for the certificates required for unusual surgical appliances, for pensions from the war department, for legal papers affecting inheritance or exemption from taxes and fines, and for admission to hospital relief; that the separate bureaux are all bound in one administration by means of conferences held under the Director-General of Public Relief, and of reports made to his office; and it will be seen that very little opportunity is left to voluntary and private effort. The whole plan is summed up in the words of Mr. Edward Denison: —

"Whoever desires to understand the French system of dealing with destitution must constantly bear in mind these two facts: —

"(1.) That in France the state makes no special provision for the poor.

"(2.) That in France no one can do anything at all except through state machinery.

"The result of the joint operation of these two circumstances is that private charity supplies the funds, and state machinery administers them."

One point remains to be noticed. All in-door or institutional relief is restricted to the smallest limits possible. Even in the case of a septuagenarian applying for extraordinary hospital relief, every inducement is held out to him to remain with his relatives. There is no work-house in France; no almshouse, even, in our sense of the word. The Dépots de Mendicité, which may be thought to correspond with the work-house, are not tests of destitution, nor relieving agencies at all. They are the receptacles of persons convicted before a magistrate of some petty misdemeanor, as begging, vagrancy, drunkenness, and such offenses as with us consign the perpetrator to the house of correction.

A system like this assumes the practical custody of the pauper from the moment he begins to receive aid. He is placed in subordination to an authority, which controls every avenue of relief; he is under the constant supervision of visitors, who not only deliver to him his allowance, but who befriend and counsel him, who seek employment for him, and teach him the best use of his own resources. Except in cases of nearly complete impotency, from age or defect, he is never *maintained*, but only *assisted*, by public relief.

On the other hand, the bureau takes every precaution that no form of distress shall need to apply elsewhere. While the profligate has little opportunity to take refuge among strangers, and to ply

the arts of mendicancy on disconnected and discordant societies, the needy is not forced to go from office to office, to obtain fuel here, medicine there, and food elsewhere. Provision is made for every form of exposure to suffering from birth to the tomb. Even bed-clothes are loaned, dresses for the first communion are supplied, and studious apprentices are encouraged with small annual gifts of money. And all this apparatus is directed by a single management, in the decisions of which the judgments of men actually engaged in the work unite.

It has sometimes been disputed whether there was less suffering from want in Paris than in other large cities, but it is not questioned that France is remarkably free from mendicants. Should it be said that this may be attributed to the proverbial habits of economy and thrift which characterize the French poor, it might well be retorted that their independence is not assailed by the temptations of unwise and cruel charity.

An examination of the system practiced in Elberfeld will show that the same results are aimed at by very similar means. The Elberfeld plan has been adopted in the neighboring cities of Barmen and Crefeld; it is analogous to that of Hamburg, Leipsic, and Berlin. We shall state the features common to those cities. In the original conception of these relief agencies, the care of the poor is wholly entrusted to "a society of patriotic men, authorized by the municipal council to administer poor relief," as the constitution of the Leipsic Directory phrases it. These societies are self-perpetuating and self-regulated, though liable to be overruled by the civil authority. They connect themselves with the municipal authority by assigning seats in their boards of direction to some municipal councilors, burgomeisters, and financial officers. They coördinate their enterprise with hospitals and like foundations, as in Hamburg and Berlin, by giving them a representation in the board, or, as in Leipsic, by a municipal ordinance requiring voluntary societies to divulge the nature and amount of relief which they grant to the beneficiaries of the directory. In Hamburg, at one time, a police regulation went so far as to forbid almsgiving on the street. The voluntary society is authorized to collect subscriptions from the citizens, and to disburse them at its discretion. The funds so procured are augmented in some instances by police fines and licenses for places of amusement. In Prussia, a citizen chosen to act as an agent of a municipal relief society is liable to a penalty if he refuses his unpaid services. At Elberfeld he loses his communal vote, and has his taxes raised. Usually, the service is cheerfully rendered as an honorable trust.

The Armen Directory, or whatever the society may be called, divides the city into numerous wards or divisions, each under one or two overseers. Each overseer has associated with him a number of private citizens as visitors, chosen from the division under his charge. At Leipsic, a few years since, there were sixty visitors for a population of ninety thousand. This proportion was thought too small, and together with the fact that the different overseers did not meet sufficiently often for conference, and consequently carried diverse methods and vigilance into the work, was believed to impair the efficiency of the system. Elberfeld had two hundred and fifty-two visitors for a population of seventy-one thousand, or one visitor for every eight cases of registered paupers. A point is made, in this city, that no visitor shall have more than *four* cases in charge at one time, and it is rigidly observed; for it will be noticed that eight cases annually would hardly furnish four at one time. Berlin must come very close to the Elberfeld standard, since this capital is divided into one hundred

and sixteen districts, each under a sub-committee of from fifteen to thirty visitors. Did each sub-committee average twenty members, there would have been eight cases of pauperism annually to each visitor, when the population was seven hundred and twenty thousand.

The English type of the work-house is almost unknown in Germany, though in some states, as Saxony and Bavaria, for example, legal provision is made for it. The attempt was twice made to introduce it into Leipsic, but in 1846 the institution was finally abandoned. The German work-house is a convict place. Its doors open only to the mandate of the magistrate. The Armenhaus, or almshouse, is usually an asylum for impotent folk; and while these are employed as their capacity will allow, the institution does not aim at being a test of destitution. In Berlin, the great influx of population since the city became an imperial capital has forced the work-house into a new and probably temporary use. As building has not kept pace with the increase of population, rents have risen rapidly, forcing the poorer tenants to seek for cheaper apartments. These are not easily found, and dislodged families obtain a refuge in the work-house while in quest of new homes.

But the prevailing sentiment of Germany is averse to in-door relief, on account of the separation of families which it involves. The Prussian law makes husbands and wives, parents and children, liable for each others' maintenance, if they have the means therefor. This requirement is extended in some instances by communal law to half brothers and sisters, to grandparents and grandchildren. Where so much emphasis is laid upon the natural duties of relationship, no plan which sunders families or weakens their sense of responsibility one for another can receive much countenance.

Another feature of German law is that relating to settlements. Formerly, each state, to avoid the expense of pauper support, erected barriers to immigration from other states. The North German Confederation has now provided that any German may receive assistance from the commune where his necessity arises, but that the cost of it may be recovered from the commune where he has a legal residence. In Prussia, arbitration courts are established, with jurisdiction over this question. The practical result is that a record of pauperism is kept, almost as strict as that of France. The pauper cannot escape from the environment of kindred and acquaintance, — a fact which in itself is a great obstacle to imposture.

When a destitute person wishes to be aided, under either the Leipsic or the Elberfeld plan, he must apply to the visitor in the locality where he resides. Thus his petition is brought before the overseer and the directory. He is then subjected to a most rigid inquisition, which is called the "Fragebogen" in Leipsic, the "instruction" in Elberfeld. He is informed that if he accepts relief he immediately parts with his civic rights, and that he must observe a courteous and perfect subordination to the relieving officers. Any willful untruth in his declarations subjects him to the custody of the police. He is then required to furnish a correct statement, and a record is made of his kindred in ascending and descending lines; of his occupation and the means of earning of each member of his family; of his previous history, particularly if he has ever been in the hands of the police; of his furniture, jewelry, goods in pawn, loans, debts, membership of any beneficial club, and his claims therein; of his rental, and whether it includes furniture, fuel, and light, and whether he sublets any of his apartments. He is questioned as to his efforts to obtain work, and idleness for a certain number of months without an effort to get employment is a misde-

meanor punishable with imprisonment. While he is receiving relief, he must not keep a dog, or frequent places of amusement, or refuse the labor that may be assigned to him, or use the aid granted him for any purpose but his own immediate and personal wants. This may seem an impertinent, despotic regimen, but it is not without valuable advantages. Above all, it furnishes the information so essential to a proper management of the case, and it enables his guardians to protect him from enticements to sink into a dissembling vagabond.

The pauper, once registered, is placed in the care of a visitor, who is not only unpaid, but a reputable citizen, and who is enjoined to be a faithful, vigilant friend. The visitor is to seek employment for his wards; to visit them weekly; to observe any changes in their circumstances; to help them make the best use of their own resources, and leave the charity lists as soon as possible. The relief accorded is determined at a meeting of the directory, at which the overseers assist, and to which the visitors may come. It is to be in kind, when possible, and is not to be called for, but regularly carried to the pauper's home. At Elberfeld, every month the lists are revised in the board meeting, reports are received of any change of circumstances in the condition of the beneficiaries, and all whose necessities have ceased are dismissed.

The result of Von der Heydt's Elberfeld plan was so remarkable as to attract attention from all parts of Europe and America. In 1852, the year before Von der Heydt's society was formed, the city, with a population of fifty thousand, had four thousand paupers. In 1869 the population was seventy-one thousand, and the paupers one thousand and sixty-two, while the expense had dwindled one half. In Leipsic, the ratio of paupers in 1832 was 9.2 per cent., in 1870 it was 3.26 per cent. In Berlin, the ratio of out-door paupers is about 2.5 per cent., and it is not materially different in Hamburg.

In these European systems, the French scheme is that of official relief, the German that of organized private charity. Both are alike in the following principles: unity of action; the practical and exclusive control of the beneficiary; aid rather than maintenance; out-door rather than in-door relief; assistance based upon thorough information as to the pauper's disposition, resources, and needs, administered by experienced hands, and adequate in character and duration of time to prevent all suffering; and the earliest possible restoration to independence of the pauper. The remedial features of these systems are dependent upon a complete acquaintance with each case, and the absence of interference with its management. Can these two features be grafted on our Anglo-American system? Or rather, since we have no system, can these two principles be rooted in our free soil, so that our rank growths of prodigality and caprice may on this stock bear wholesome fruit?

This is what our benevolent economists seem to aim at. If legal relief can be restrained to the inmates of public institutions, at once a coördination of work will ensue. Private charity takes up the out-door poor; the state assumes the care of the in-door paupers. Those who are in public institutions pass under the discipline of a single authority, and in that custody are removed from the interference of inexperienced, undiscriminating hands, and from the opportunity to practice the dishonorable shifts of the professional mendicant. Moreover, these public institutions are in turn more amenable to the best opinions of the community. Mistakes here soon become obvious, and are more easily remedied. Then, too, public relief comes into orderly relation with private benevolence. The state alone can restrain and coerce. That power is needed when the persuasions of free society fail. Those whom

voluntary charity finds incorrigible, or beyond its influences, will gravitate into public institutions. Thus, private efforts for the good of the depressed will be accompanied with the alternative of the discipline of official oversight, when moral forces prove insufficient.

But is it safe to trust private hands with the whole control of out-door pauperism? In view of the fitfulness, caprice, sentimentality, and corrupting lavishness of ignorant benevolence, students of social science have long been deprecating the disorders of spontaneous charity. Well, it exists as a very momentous part of our social machinery. Nor is there any trace of the slightest disposition on the part of the free-born American or Englishman to surrender his inalienable right to give away his money just as he chooses. He is neither a German nor a Frenchman. We must deal, therefore, with private charity as best we can, appealing to the good sense of the community, and to that genuine humanity which, in every generous breast, is deeper than the desire to gratify a mere sentiment for improved methods of working.

The attempt to organize the charitable forces of society on a basis of voluntary adhesion, which began in London more than a dozen years ago, not uninfluenced by the example of Elberfeld, has already made encouraging progress in England, and is rapidly taking root in our chief cities. Those economists who have most earnestly advocated the abolition of public out-door relief, like Sir Charles Trevelyan, Edward Denison, Octavia Hill, Professor Fawcett, and Seth Low, who have been already mentioned, with a host of others who might be named, have been warm friends of the charity organization movement. In its essential idea, charity organization aims to establish a bureau, through which every established institution and society formed for the assistance of the poor and every private citizen may act in coöperation. It renounces the pleasure of giving any relief which can be procured from agencies already existing. In pursuit of this idea, it schedules and classifies all the discoverable resources of charity, and says to the generous and to the destitute, "Here is where you can best accomplish your aims; here are the means appropriate to your desire or your need."

Charity organization, drawing its agents from workers already in the field, or from fresh volunteers, distributes them through every precinct of the city, to discover what forms of human misery are hidden there; to probe the social wounds, and ascertain how far they penetrate through the flesh into the character; "to search out the cause they know not;" to be discreet friends to the weak and incompetent; to open to them the sources of help, and first of all those which place them upon their feet, and put a brave, hopeful, self-respecting heart in their breasts. Its purpose is that not an outcast soul, however dislodged from society, shall go misunderstood and unbefriended.

Holding this purpose, it comes to the community and says, "We will accept the responsibility of every case of real or simulated distress which you may throw upon us. We will not relieve it ourselves unless it be so exceptional an instance that no other resource is at hand; for our aim is not to create a new organization, but to systematize and bring to the highest efficiency the hundreds of agencies already available, and so put an end to their disorder and waste." It is an agency for investigation, and as such it becomes a bureau of registration, at which relief societies may detect the overlapping of their work, the concealed assistance of their beneficiaries, and the impostures practiced upon them. Here they may find the means to discriminate between meritorious and dissembling want.

Charity organization is a scheme of

conference. Workers fresh from the field come together, that a hundred experiences may converge into some luminous ray of guidance, that the dispirited and perplexed may be encouraged, that the one-sidedness of individual sympathy and observation may be corrected, that the wisdom of the many may coalesce into the wisdom of each one.

A plan like this has in it the meritorious points of the Elberfeld system; or, at least, it will have them as soon as private and public relief shall be separated and put in supplementary relations. It has the virtue of being a voluntary "society of patriotic citizens;" it furnishes friendly visitors, allotting the field among them, so that they do not cover the same cases, nor become overburdened with duty; it acquires that information which makes imposture difficult, and suffers no destitute person to be neglected; it elicits and brings into order the resources of benevolence, so that no form of want goes unprovided for; by checking waste and distributing applicants systematically, it reduces relief from maintenance to assistance, from the prop of idleness to the crutch of the lame, and it can prolong well-adjusted aid while the necessity for it lasts; finally, being a system of unity and thus gaining in a large measure control over the wards of charity, it can terminate relief when the occasion for it passes, and the dependent upon it is ready to "graduate" into the great world of industrial, social, and moral order.

Such is the significance of the attempt to curtail legal relief to the limits of institutions. It is an important, if not an essential, step to systematized work, and until pauperism is confronted with system there is no hope of eradicating it.

This paper, already long, ought not to pass over certain facts which illustrate and support its argument. Chalmers's experiment in one of the poorest and most populous parishes of Glasgow is a case in point, and is freshly appealed to as an example of wise administration. He abolished all legal relief in his parish, and charged every new case of pauparism that arose upon an evening penny collection, which amounted to $400 a year. In a population of ten thousand but twenty new cases arose in four years, of which five were the results of illegitimate births or family desertion, and two of disease. The cost of their relief was but $175 a year. In a few years the established pauperism of the parish sank from 164 to 99, and Dr. Chalmers had to find new educational methods for employing his superfluous poor funds.

Mr. Low, in a paper to be found in the published proceedings of the National Conference of Charities and Correction of 1881, brings forward three instances of the sudden curtailment of public official out-door relief which were attended by no discoverable distress. In 1876, the township in which Indianapolis is, by a change in the trusteeship of poor relief, reduced its expense from $90,000 a year to $8000. In 1878, the city of Brooklyn ceased to give out-door relief, in which $141,207 had been expended the previous year. The sudden withdrawal of this large sum found no compensations elsewhere that could be detected. There was no increase in the population of the almshouse or hospital, no augmented demand upon the treasury of the General Relief Society of the city, no police reports of unusual mendicancy or want. On the contrary, since the cutting-off of public out-door relief, with the exception of 1879, when the inmates of the hospital and almshouse were increased by only eleven, this in-door population and the expenditures of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor have diminished. Like statements may be made concerning Philadelphia, where the municipal councils in 1879 declined any further appropriations for out-door relief, although they had voted $66,000 to this

purpose the previous year. No new strain was put upon either the public institutions or the resources of charitable societies.

For some years the East End Union of London, within whose limits lies one of the most poverty-stricken districts of that city, has abolished all official outdoor relief, with a most encouraging gain upon the pauperism of its territory.

One of the best informed writers on the subject of Italian pauperism writes, "When Napoleon abolished the religious orders and the convent alms at Rome, out of thirty thousand beggars, thus left without assistance, only fifteen thousand had themselves registered and taken into St. John Lateran's. The same thing happened in Lombardy in the time of Joseph II. When the workhouses of Pizzighettone, Abbiategrasso, and Milan were opened for beggars, the greater part of them disappeared."

These instances are taken from widely different countries, times, and circumstances, yet they concur to show that no small part of the apparent pauperism of the community is only simulated, in order to share in the spoils of charity. They sustain with uniformity the oft-repeated proposition that mendicancy grows by the provision made for it.

Probably few would object to the expansion of their comfort which even mendicants may gain by their vulgar cunning, if this were all that should be taken into account. We might well say with Charles Lamb, "Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a half-penny." But the half-penny is not the consideration at all. It is the saving of a human being. And the corrupting influence of professional, or mechanical, or official charity is beyond all denial. In it the element of personal sympathy is almost wholly obscured. The fountain of beneficence is concealed. Paupers do not drink at the clear spring. The almoner of a public fund does not give his own away, but simply distributes among clamorous claimants what they regard as morally their own. They can recognize but little more ground of gratitude to the mechanism of distribution than to the hydrant which brings the water that it taints into their dwellings. There is little in this perfunctoriness to reinstate the poor in the consciousness of social ties. Rather, the official agency of relief is a bar to the avenues of society. It is a gate where those stand, to use Longfellow's graphic words,

> "Who amid their wants and woes
> Hear the sound of doors that close,
> And of feet that pass them by;
> Grown familiar with disfavor,
> Grown familiar with the favor
> Of the bread by which men die."

Whatever scheme of dealing with pauperism may be pressed upon our notice, one truth will doubtless emerge from every experiment, clad in repulsiveness until society recognizes it, transfigured with divine radiance when obeyed. It is the truth that man is not an animal, but a moral and social being. The system must be simply the method by which the noblest spirit acts, not a labor-saving mechanism. The English work-house, with all its discriminating rules, has lapsed again and again into a winter's refuge of vagabonds, a recuperating asylum of the inebriate and licentious, a source of infection to its hapless innocent inmates, and a prop to prolong the career of profligacy. Under the elaborate and splendidly adjusted organization of the Bureaux de Bienfaisance, Napoleon III. thought it necessary, during his reign, to expend more than $360,000,000 on the public improvements of Paris, in order to furnish employment to the people, while Belgium is "the classic land of pauperism." The severe Fragebogen of Leipsic cannot remedy the faithlessness or indifference of the overseer, nor the lack of moral influences attaching to the paucity of visitors. Under all systems, everything depends on the manner of admin-

istration, and the spiritual wealth of the community at their command. While the scope of relief extends to no greater wants than an intelligent farmer considers in his herd, the pauper cannot but feel that he is placed among the cattle outside, and excluded from all participation in the life of these households. The closing of the doors to high human fellowships, with their moral basis of order and concord, with their bright conventions of courtesy and refinement, with their rich play of responsive sympathies, with their hope exciting vistas of still ampler and purer prospects, — this is the saddest element in the situation of those whom adversity, ignorance, or vice has depressed. The poor wretch, who, lapsed from the pale of cosmic life, is sinking into the debasement of animalism, where intelligence turns to predatory instincts, the voice of conscience is quiet, the faculties for fellowship wither up, and the hope of better things does not stir the heart, needs to be environed by the friendships of the capable and strong. Without this higher and harder charity, organization is not method, but mechanism. The hand without the mind is but a tool. Together they are the artist. The mechanisms of charity can never shape the hard rock of pauperism into the features and forms of beauty. For that undertaking society must become an inspired artist. May not this persuasion have led the apostle Paul to couple the principle and exhortation together? "He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

D. O. Kellogg.

WINTER-KILLED.

Beneath the snow the roses sleep,
Below the wave the pearls lie deep;
Wedged in the rock-rift, centuries old,
Lie yellow veins of virgin gold;
Ice-locked within its forest nook
Sleeps the bright spirit of the brook:
And under more than wintry fate,
Or ocean's depths, or bowlder's weight,
Or fettering ice, or frozen grass,
Dishonored Love lies dead, alas!

Yet spring shall wake the rose once more,
The diver bring the pearl to shore;
With sturdy toil, the miner bold
Shall blast the rock and glean the gold,
And April set the brooklet free
To seek its waiting bride, the sea:
But not spring's vivifying kiss,
Nor summer rain's persuasiveness,
Nor toil, nor search, nor patient pain,
Can bring dead Love to life again.

Helen E. Starbleak.

THE FLOODS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

As man extends his control over the surface of this continent, he finds that perfect mastery of it is not easily attained. He deals here with a ruder mother earth than that which environed him in the Old World; frost, flood, and drought, the three dangers of climates in high latitudes, are all more serious evils on this continent than he found them in the cradle lands of his race. In Europe and Western Asia the land is divided into physical kingdoms, or subdivided into principalities, by mountains or arms of the seas. The forces of nature are tamed by the division; floods and famines find barriers set against them, and the worst natural accidents are local in their action. In America there is far more unity in the destiny of the land; blessings and curses have a wider, freer range.

Let us notice at the outset that there are two different North Americas: the one the geographical continent, such as is delineated in maps, and the other the continent that can have any profitable relations to man, — which can support him by its soil, or help him by its mineral resources.

As far as man is concerned, all the areas of North America that drain into the Arctic Sea, and nearly all that drain into Hudson's Bay, may be regarded as not existing. It would be well if they could be taken below the sea, for there is no human promise to them, and if they were away the rest would be more favored in its climate. We must make a similar subtraction for all the region between the meridian of Omaha and that of Sacramento and north of Mexico. Here and there, in this area, are patches of land where men may win bread; but of it all, not over the tenth part will ever see a harvest.

South of the United States, in Mexico and Central America, nature is less niggardly than in the Northern Cordilleran section, and there is a chance for patches of fertility high enough in the mountains to escape the evils of the tropics; but, as a whole, we may say that man has already entered on all his inheritance on this continent.

In its economic aspect, this continent divides itself into four main regions, which, though not very distinct from each other, are peculiar enough to deserve separate names. They are the Atlantic coast belt, including the borders of the Mexican Gulf; the Laurentian basin; the Pacific coast; and, between these, the great basin of the Mississippi. Of these areas, the great central river basin is the chief; we may indeed call it the trunk and viscera of the continent's body, the other parts being only the outlying limbs. Measured in terms of men yet to live on this land, the Mississippi area is many times greater than all the rest of the continent put together. Measured by its future acres of grain, or the future tonnage of minerals, the two prime motors of our economic life, we find that it holds the material wealth on which must rest the burden of the life in the twentieth, and we know not how many more centuries.

As the largest element of our national heritage, this great valley may well receive the especial consideration of the state.

The Mississippi Valley differs in many ways from any other river valley with which our race has had to deal. In the first place, it is much larger than any of the valleys of Europe; it has a greater share of alluvial lands along its several streams, and a more extensive delta at its mouth, than any Old World rivers. The process of occupation by man, and

the change in the conditions which this occupation brings about, have taken place with great rapidity, without allowing any time for the readjustment of the physical conditions which the use of a region by civilized men compels.

When our race came to occupy the Mississippi Valley, its conditions had already been modified by the action of his Indian predecessors to a considerable degree. Nearly all the region west of the Mississippi, and a large portion of that to the north and west of the Ohio, where now lie the States of Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, were destitute of forests. In part, this absence of woods was due to the original influence of climate; but in larger degree it was owing to the Indian habit of burning the herbage, to foster the growth of the fresh grasses which were so advantageous to the buffalo and other large game. East of the Mississippi, it seems pretty clear that this process of deforesting was principally, if not entirely, due to this peculiar forest and prairie burning habit of our predecessors on this continent.

Thus the whites came to this valley at a time when it was in good part unwooded; when the great unbroken forests were, in the main, limited to the eastern or Ohio district of the valley. This district was harder to deforest than that west of the Mississippi, on account of its greater rainfall. The eastern side of the Mississippi has at least twice the rainfall that comes to the western side of the valley; so its wet forests were hard to burn. To this, we owe the fact that the Indians had not carried the treeless belt up to the very foot of the Alleghanies.[1] But what the savages could not do with fire, their successors, more skillful despoilers of the earth, have set about with the axe. A large part of the forest coating of the Ohio Valley has disappeared, and what remains is marked all over by the hand of man.

The first and most important result of this invasion of the forests by civilization is that the rain-water flows more rapidly into the streams, and thence to the sea, than it did before. We easily perceive how this is brought about. In the old virgin forests, whose wildnesses are known to few, the water had a long and slow journey to the main streams. There was commonly a foot or more of vegetable mould, porous as a sponge, and capable of retaining a rainfall of several inches, which it yielded slowly to the streams. This was overlaid in every direction by fallen trees, whose mouldering frames made little dams across every depression, from which the water would slowly filter down the drainage slopes. In the torrential rains that flooded the surface of the wood, the action of the flowing water heaped the decayed débris in every channel, and served to bar its path to the main streams. When the flood had found its way to the open brooks, it encountered the system of beaver dams, which once existed in thousands along all the lesser streams. These wonderful structures have long since passed away; but when the whites first came to this country, every stream less in size than the smaller rivers was dammed here and there by these barriers, so admirably fitted for retaining the waters in the flood times. It was the habit of these primitive hydraulic engineers to abandon their dams whenever they had cleared away their favorite species of trees that grew near them, and to build others; so that a colony of beavers would in a few years construct several dams beside the one they occupied at any particular time. Each of these barriers held the waters imperfectly, serving only to hinder the flood in its swift course; no one dam

[1] I am aware that this view of the origin of the prairies in the Ohio Valley is not generally accepted, and cannot here enter on the proof of it; but I may say that, in my opinion, it rests on abundant evidence.

would hold more than a few acres of water; but, with every little "branch" full of them, the aggregate restraining effect on the current was very great indeed. The floating ice and drift-wood would catch on the barrier of the dam, and so increase its effect in holding back the waters.

There are no data for estimating the relative length of time it required for the floods to escape while these conditions prevailed, compared with the rate of speed that now marks these down-going waters. But it is pretty clear that it must have required at least twice, perhaps thrice, the time for a flood to pour its waters by a particular point on the Ohio one hundred and fifty years ago that it does at present. Let us consider how man's interference has changed the behavior of these floods. In the first place, the larger part of the forests have utterly disappeared. Instead of the spongy mass of the forest bed that never could be entirely closed by frost, and of the sheltering woods that fenced the snow from the sun and from warm winds, we now have more than half the valley, with bare fields, compacted by tillage, open to sun and to the south wind, freezing to the hardness of stone, and from which the rains of the late winter flow away as speedily as they do from the house roofs.

Besides this, all the beaver-dammed, timber-obstructed streams are cleared out, in order that the lumberman may "run" his logs from the remnants of forests among the hills. All the alluvial lands along the streams are turned into open fields, so that the overflowing water has no longer to creep through a tangle of vegetation, as soon as it escapes from the channel, but may move swiftly, however wide its stream. If now, after a time of frost, there comes a general rain that exceeds two or three inches in total fall, the water from the most of the valleys is swiftly precipitated into the main ways, and it all hurries at the average rate of six or more miles an hour from the place where it falls to the earth to the great rivers. These main rivers speedily escape from their banks, and flood the fields and towns throughout the alluvial plains, carrying destruction all the way to the sea. For a time, the increasing volume of the flood waters that each year has brought has managed to make some compensation for itself. The main channels have been widened by cutting away the alluvial plain on either side. In this fashion the flood water way of the Ohio has widened by about one fifth since the settlement of the country began. But now, when many cities have grown on its banks, and the alluvial lands have come to be highly valued, means have been taken to keep the stream as far as possible within its bounds, and even to recover some part of its recent gains on its shores. So the waters are compelled to mount in height, and they rush onward in a swift tide that requires several days to pass any given point. As this flood, reinforced by every tributary, goes onward, it lengthens, but becomes less deep, and takes more hours to pass by. Thus a flood that will be dangerously high for only two days in the upper Ohio will be a week above the danger line on the Mississippi. It is impossible to estimate the loss by such a flood as that of February, 1883, on the Ohio. We can only enumerate the classes of damage done. First, we have the loss from the sweeping away of the soil. As I stood, during the time of the February flood, on a bridge over the Ohio at Cincinnati, looking at the roaring mass of waters, full of wreckage of fences, bridges, houses, and barns, that gathered in quivering, changing heaps against each of the massive piers, I felt that the immediate loss of these temporary structures was less important than the wastage of soil that the stream was bearing away to the sea. Each minute the fertility of a farm went by in the

yellow tide. In this floating soil, the slow winning of many geological periods, the possibilities of food for millions to come slips away unseen in the turbid waters. This is the greatest and least replaceable of the losses. Next comes the immediate loss of structures of all kinds; then the interruption to business in the alluvial tracts that take the burden of the flood; last, and most grievous, but hardest to estimate in money, the epidemics that follow in the train of these floods. The great overflows of 1847 and 1852, which this flood of February, 1883, far exceeded, were followed, in the succeeding warm seasons, by calamitous outbreaks of cholera and related diseases. The lesser inundations of intervening years have apparently left their several marks on the death-rate of the valley. The flood of February of this year is estimated to have occasioned a loss of a million and a half dollars at Cincinnati alone. It is doubtful if the direct loss in the Mississippi Valley will be less than fifty million dollars; and if pestilence should come in its train, the money damage may go far beyond this amount.

Bad as this is at the moment, the prospect for the future is yet more discouraging. The remaining forests of the Ohio Valley, which still cover something over one third of its surface, and serve to modify the floods, lie principally in the mountain districts about its head waters, — the head streams of the Tennessee, Cumberland, Kentucky, Licking, Sandy, Kanawha, Monongahela, etc. These forests clothe steep hillsides, whence the infinitely ramifying streams fall rapidly to the main rivers. The heaviest rainfall of the valley is in this district. As yet the lumberman has left much of this country unchanged; the flood water has there something of the slow escape that once marked its overflow in all the lower regions as well. Now, however, the changes arising from settlement is invading these valleys; the axe is stripping their hill-sides, turning them into bare roofs, from which soil and water flow away in swift yellow torrents. The streams are losing the old barriers of fallen trees and the tangle of lodged drift-wood, that moderated the speed of the current even after the beaver dams had disappeared. When these mountain ridges have been thoroughly subjugated, a process that will be complete within half a century, the disastrous power of the flood will be greatly enhanced; for this region has the largest rainfall of any part of the valley, and when stripped of its forests will, on account of its steepness of surface, send its tide of water with greater speed to the low countries than those regions which now give the worst floods. The question comes before us, Is there any remedy for these inundations, or must they be submitted to with the necessary patience with which we endure cold and droughts? For the lower portions of the Mississippi, that vast alluvial plain, richer than the lowlands of Holland or of the Nilotic delta, a remedy, or at least a satisfactory palliative, may be found in the system of diking and of side outlets, which have been so well proven in many other lands for thousands of years. As soon as the nation comes to a full sense of its duty by its inheritance, this part of the evil will certainly be dealt with. On the upper waters, the greater height of the flood line in relation to the alluvial lands makes the problem much more difficult. Dikes twenty feet high would often be needed to make a safe barrier to the stream. The construction and maintenance of such works, though not beyond the powers of engineering, would be a work of impracticable magnitude. Moreover, the inconvenience of such barriers would be very great. In the numerous cities that have grown and are to grow along these streams, such dikes would prove more inconvenient than the walls of mediæval burgs. Ad-

ditional outlets for the waters are not possible here, as they are in the delta region of the main river.

The only conceivable resources may be found in the possible means of retaining the flood waters in the uplands, so that they may be more slowly discharged into the greater tributaries. Speaking generally, we may say that a flood that will be disastrous if it passes a given point in six days will not rise out of the usual water way if it could be made to take eight days in its passage. Is it possible to retain in the uplands enough of the flood waters of the Ohio to prolong the period of its passage, say at Cincinnati, by as much as two or three days? This problem has never, to my knowledge, received the discussion which it merits. Some years ago, a Mr. Charles Ellet, Jr., a distinguished engineer, proposed to construct a large dam on the upper Kanawha, designed to retain enough water for the replenishment of the stream in times when the water becomes too shallow for the uses of navigation. This is the only considerable inquiry into the problem of water storage in the Ohio basin that is known to me.

Some years ago, while acting as state geologist and surveyor of Kentucky, I looked into the old natural function of the beaver dams; and from them I obtained the idea that it might be possible to make temporary reservoirs, which should be flooded for only a few days in the year, and which would serve to retain enough water to lower the flood height of the main stream by a few feet. I examined a few specimen areas in that State, to determine the possible size and to get approximate estimates of the cost of such dams. My data were very imperfect: but it seemed possible, with about one thousand reservoirs, averaging fifty acres in surface, with a mean depth of ten feet, to hold back the dangerous, or at least the most destructive, part of the flood tide that passes Cincinnati in one day; and that three thousand dams of this area, or a total surface of somewhat over one hundred thousand acres of water reservoirs, having a mean depth of ten feet, would be required to lower the water at Cincinnati below the level of great destruction during such a flood as that of February last. The cost of such dams would be great, but it seemed to me likely that it would not exceed an average of somewhere near ten thousand dollars each, or a total of about thirty million dollars for the completed work. There would probably be no serious difficulty in insuring the automatic action of these dams, so that supervision would not be expensive. The structures being of a cheap character, the annual repairs should not be a serious charge. The occupation of the land by the waters would be only temporary; it need not endure beyond the period of winter; by the middle of March the gates of the dams could be thrown wide open to the passage of the waters, and the land given to the plow. The effect of this overflowing, provided it did not extend later into the season than the first of April, would be advantageous to the land. It would receive each winter a refreshment from the silt deposited upon it, so that, in place of being harmed, it would be helped by the flooding.

If this system should, on careful inquiry, be found practicable, it would be easy, with slight modifications, to make it serve the purpose of maintaining a sufficient depth of water for navigation during the summer season. It was once supposed that the extension of railways would destroy the usefulness of these water ways, but experience has shown that the navigation of the Ohio grows greater each year. The carriage of freight now far exceeds the traffic on any railway in the country. Through its channels the coal supply of the region adjacent to the Mississippi naturally finds its way from the vast coal fields of the Appalachian Mountains. An

immense and rapidly growing freight of iron, salt, and lumber passes along its ways to market, at a cost of less than half what would be required for its carriage on any railway. Owing to the widening of the channel and to the loss of water-storing power in the country, the river is essentially unfit for this work for several months each year; the water being too shallow for any but the smallest steamers. By making a part of these dams storeplaces for the waters of the later spring season, and releasing this water in the time of droughts, as proposed by Mr. Ellet, a better depth of stream could be maintained during the period of short rainfall. I believe that the profit to the country derived from this benefit alone would go far to compensate for the cost of the whole project, if it did not in itself entirely warrant it. This plan is not purely speculative, for something of this sort has been accomplished in certain European rivers, where a system of temporary rises in the water of navigable streams, little freshets, coming at short intervals, is produced by means of such storage reservoirs.

It should not be supposed that this project of flood retention is sufficiently matured to warrant its immediate adoption. It may be claimed, however, as it is the only possible solution of a very grave problem, that it is fairly worth the thorough inquiry which only a careful and widely extended survey could give it.

We may notice that any scheme which would serve to lower the flood line at Cincinnati by as much as ten feet would diminish the freshet level on the lower Mississippi, below Cairo, by a proportionate amount, or probably by something like two or three feet of altitude. This would make the problem of protecting the lands of the lower Mississippi, the most fertile lands of America, a region that has a food-giving power as great as half the State of Iowa, much easier than it now appears to be. The essential difficulty of the lower Mississippi floods lies in the upper three feet of their rise. If that much could be taken away, the problem would be far simpler than it now is.

We may also notice that this project is consistent with the plan of improving the navigation of the smaller tributaries of the Mississippi system, which has already received some attention from the federal government. To give good access to those stores of mineral wealth in the Appalachians, which the proper development of the whole valley demands, will require the improvement, by locks and dams, of these streams in the admirable fashion in operation in France and parts of Germany, where every stream that can in any way be made an outlet for trade has been brought into use. Such a system of water ways will require an extensive series of pools for water storage, which would naturally be a part of the proposed reservoirs for the retention of the flood waters. Indeed, when this system of lockage and damming is completed, the works necessary for the retention of floods and for the maintenance of a summer supply in the main river would incidentally be, in part, accomplished. So that all the necessities of improvement in this river system are parts of the same great task.

Somewhat apart from these lines of profit, but still worthy of notice, we may note the probable advantages to the climate and tillage of the country derived from the longer retention of the waters in the lands. Although a certain proportion of these reservoirs would be used only for the temporary storage of the water, it is likely that a large part of them would be used to retain their water to the times of drought. The presence of these reservoirs in the region could hardly fail to have some effect upon the climate in dry seasons through the evaporation of their water.

Just as the forests engender thunder-storms from the great volume of water they yield to the air in hot seasons, so a multiplicity of small lakes would act to supply the material for local rains. There is yet another advantage to be derived from the detained flood waters: they could be used for the purposes of irrigation, an art that can be profitably applied to most of the fields of the Mississippi Valley that border on the streams. The trouble is that, during the time of drought, these streams yield so little water that they could not be made to serve for irrigation. The waters held back by dams from the flood season could be made to serve this need in times of heat and drought, and would doubtless, in time, be availed of to the great benefit of the agriculture of the district.

It is not to be denied that the perfect control of the Mississippi system of waters is perhaps the greatest engineering problem that our race has ever had to attack. The great rivers of China are the only streams of the thickly peopled parts of the world that present anything like the difficulties that we have to encounter here. The larger streams of Europe, the Rhine, the Danube, the Po, and the Rhone, all have great natural storage reservoirs on their upper waters, that limit the action of the mountain-born floods, and tend to equalize the flow of their waters. No such reservoirs exist on the tributaries of the Ohio and the Missouri, or any other of the Mississippi affluents, except on the head waters of the stream which is incorrectly termed the *upper Mississippi*.

I have limited these considerations to the valley of the Ohio, because the problem is more serious in that valley than in those of the other great embranchments of the Mississippi. Its greater rainfall, the denser population, bringing more cities upon its banks, makes the needs more imminent there than elsewhere. In the Missouri Valley there are few forests to clear away, the rainfall is much less, and population has not become great enough for its banks to be occupied with great cities; still the problem there is only less serious than on the Ohio. Very destructive floods ravage its fertile alluvial lands; and if the destruction is less wide-spread than on the Ohio, it is in part because there is, as yet, less to destroy. Moreover, the Missouri Valley is a region where the incidental profit which would arise from the storage of water would be greater than in the more eastern valley of the Ohio, for the reason that the summer droughts are more serious, the river then shrinks to a lesser stream, and the need of irrigation water is more serious. Apart from the effect in mitigating floods, the storage of water in the uplands of this woody region would be very profitable to all its interests. Indeed, this system is demanded in all the great valleys that enter the Mississippi from the west.

Nature, in giving us the finest river valley for the benefit of our race that the world affords, has given with it a burden of labor worthy of our government. Unhappily, at the present time, the evils of our system of national appropriations for internal improvement have brought a certain odium upon all schemes for the betterment of our water ways. There is an unreasoning disposition among our people unreflectingly to condemn all such projects.

This state of the public mind will, it is to be hoped, prove transitory. The problem of the Mississippi water system is a national problem. It will soon become so urgent that it must be treated in a national way. If the federal government, led by a sectional feeling that is in striking contrast with the state of the public mind a decade ago, refuses to undertake the matter, then it will necessarily be undertaken by some form of association among the States that are

most immediately concerned therein. It needs no Daniel come to judgment to show that such an associated action of States in a matter of continuous governmental work would be full of the gravest political dangers. It would be a federation within the nation for mutual protection against a danger that the general government had failed to repel. It could not fail to weaken the bond of common interest, the source of common obligation, which we gave a generation of labor and of life to affirm. Once let it be established in the public mind that the vital interests of each section must be cared for by associations of the States that are immediately concerned therein, and the idea of a great all-sustaining commonwealth will be fatally weakened. Such a sundering of the moral union of the people would pave the way to, if it did not in itself warrant, a political disintegration of the nation. It seems to me certain that no such policy of blind neglect can ever meet with continued approval in this country. If the governments of Europe, despite their burden of war, and of constant preparation for war, can care for the condition of their water ways, if Great Britain can secure to the people of India the advantages of storage reservoirs to meet the needs of drought-times, our own government, free from all burden of armaments, and soon to be free from the load of national debt, will surely prove that it is willing to do all that is possible to meet such exigencies. Against this tide of necessity political prejudices and sectional jealousies can make no permanent headway. Practical modern governments exist for such duties, and will be properly judged by the efficiency with which they accomplish them. Just as ancient régimes maintained themselves by the power with which they resisted armies, keeping out the Goth, or the Turk, or other foe, so the governments of the practical age we are entering will stand or fall by their power to combat the elemental enemies, pestilence, flood, and famine, or what else of ill to which man once tamely submitted.

N. S. Shaler.

THE "HARNT" THAT WALKS CHILHOWEE.

JUNE had crossed the borders of Tennessee. Even on the summit of Chilhowee Mountain the apples in Peter Giles's orchard were beginning to redden, and his Indian corn, planted on so steep a declivity that the stalks seemed to have much ado to keep their footing, was crested with tassels and plumed with silk. Among the dense forests, seen by no man's eye, the elder was flying its creamy banners in honor of June's coming, and, heard by no man's ear, the pink and white bells of the azalea rang out melodies of welcome.

"An' it air a toler'ble for'ard season. Yer wheat looks likely; an' yer gyarden truck air thrivin' powerful. Even that cold spell we-uns hed about the full o' the moon in May ain't done sot it back none, it 'pears like ter me. But, 'cording ter my way o' thinkin', ye hev got chickens enough hyar ter eat off every pea-bloom ez soon ez it opens." And Simon Burney glanced with a gardener's disapproval at the numerous fowls, lifting their red combs and tufted top-knots here and there among the thick clover under the apple-trees.

"Them 's Clarsie's chickens, — my darter, ye know," drawled Peter Giles, a pale, listless, and lank mountaineer. "An' she hev been gin ter onderstand

ez they hev got ter be kep' out 'n the gyarden; 'thout," he added indulgently, — "'thout I'm a-plowin', when I lets 'em foller in the furrow ter pick up worms. But law! Clarsie is so spry that she don't ax no better 'n ter be let ter run them chickens off'n the peas."

Then the two men tilted their chairs against the posts of the little porch in front of Peter Giles's log cabin, and puffed their pipes in silence. The panorama spread out before them showed misty and dreamy among the delicate spiral wreaths of smoke. But was that gossamer-like illusion, lying upon the far horizon, the magic of nicotian, or the vague presence of distant heights? As ridge after ridge came down from the sky in ever-graduating shades of intenser blue, Peter Giles might have told you that this parallel system of enchantment was only "the mountings:" that here was Foxy, and there was Big Injun, and still beyond was another, which he had hearn tell ran spang up into Virginny. The sky that bent to clasp this kindred blue was of varying moods. Floods of sunshine submerged Chilhowee in liquid gold, and revealed that dainty outline limned upon the northern horizon; but over the Great Smoky mountains clouds had gathered, and a gigantic rainbow bridged the valley.

Peter Giles's listless eyes were fixed upon a bit of red clay road, which was visible through a gap in the foliage far below. Even a tiny object, that ant-like crawled upon it, could be seen from the summit of Chilhowee. "I reckon that 's my brother's wagon an' team," he said, as he watched the moving atom pass under the gorgeous triumphal arch. "He 'lowed he war goin' ter the Cross-Roads ter-day."

Simon Burney did not speak for a moment. When he did, his words seemed widely irrelevant. "That 's a likely gal o' yourn," he drawled, with an odd constraint in his voice, — "a likely gal, that Clarsie."

There was a quick flash of surprise in Peter Giles's dull eyes. He covertly surveyed his guest, with an astounded curiosity rampant in his slow brains. Simon Burney had changed color; an expression of embarrassment lurked in every line of his honest, florid, hard-featured face. An alert imagination might have detected a deprecatory self-consciousness in every gray hair that striped the black beard raggedly fringing his chin.

"Yes," Peter Giles at length replied, "Clarsie air a likely enough gal. But she air mightily sot ter hevin' her own way. An' ef 't ain't give ter her peaceable-like, she jes' takes it whether or no."

This statement, made by one presumably fully informed on the subject, might have damped the ardor of many a suitor, — for the monstrous truth was dawning on Peter Giles's mind that suitor was the position to which this slow, elderly widower aspired. But Simon Burney, with that odd, all-pervading constraint still prominently apparent, mildly observed, "Waal, ez much ez I hev seen of her goin's-on, it 'pears ter me ez her way air a mighty good way. An' it ain't comical that she likes it."

Urgent justice compelled Peter Giles to make some amends to the absent Clarissa. "That 's a fac'," he admitted. "An' Clarsie ain't no hand ter jaw. She don't hev no words. But then," he qualified, truth and consistency alike constraining him, "she air a toler'ble hard-headed gal. That air a true word. Ye mought as well try ter hender the sun from shining ez ter make that thar Clarsie Giles do what she don't want ter do."

To be sure, Peter Giles had a right to his opinion as to the hardness of his own daughter's head. The expression of his views, however, provoked Simon Burney to wrath; there was something astir within him that in a worthier sub-

ject might have been called a chivalric thrill, and it forbade him to hold his peace. He retorted: "Of course ye kin say that, ef so minded; but ennybody ez hev got eyes kin see the change ez hev been made in this hyar place sence that thar gal hev been growed. I ain't a-purtendin' ter know that thar Clarsie ez well ez you-uns knows her hyar at home, but I hev seen enough, an' a deal more 'n enough, of her goin's-on, ter know that what she does ain't done fur *herself*. An' ef she will hev her way, it air fur the good of the whole tribe of ye. It 'pears ter me ez thar ain't many gals like that thar Clarsie. An' she air a merciful critter. She air mighty savin' of the feelin's of everything, from the cow an' the mare down ter the dogs, an' pigs, an' chickens; always a-feedin' of 'em jes' ter the time, an' never draggin', an' clawin', an' beatin' of 'em. Why, that thar Clarsie can't put her foot out 'n the door, that every dumb beastis on this hyar place ain't a-runnin' ter git nigh her. I hev seen them pigs mos' climb the fence when she shows her face at the door. 'Pears 'ter me ez that thar Clarsie could tame a b'ar, ef she looked at him a time or two, she 's so savin' o' the critter's feelin's! An' thar 's that old yaller dog o' yourn," pointing to an ancient cur that was blinking in the sun, "he 's older 'n Clarsie, an' no 'count in the worl'. I hev hearn ye say forty times that ye would kill him, 'ceptin' that Clarsie purtected him, an' hed sot her heart on his a-livin' along. An' all the home-folks, an' everybody that kems hyar ter sot an' talk awhile, never misses a chance ter kick that thar old dog, or poke him with a stick, or cuss him. But Clarsie! — I hev seen that gal take the bread an' meat off'n her plate, an' give it ter that old dog, ez 'pears ter me ter be the worst dispositionest dog I ever see, an' no thanks lef' in him. He hain't hed the grace ter wag his tail fur twenty year. That thar Clarsie air surely a merciful critter, an' a mighty spry, likely young gal, besides."

Peter Giles sat in stunned astonishment during this speech, which was delivered in a slow, drawling monotone, with frequent meditative pauses, but nevertheless emphatically. He made no reply, and as they were once more silent there rose suddenly the sound of melody upon the air. It came from beyond that tumultuous stream that raced with the wind down the mountain's side; a great log thrown from bank to bank served as bridge. The song grew momentarily more distinct; among the leaves there were fugitive glimpses of blue and white, and at last Clarsie appeared, walking lightly along the log, clad in her checked homespun dress, and with a pail upon her head.

She was a tall, lithe girl, with that delicately transparent complexion often seen among the women of these mountains. Her lustreless black hair lay along her forehead without a ripple or wave; there was something in the expression of her large eyes that suggested those of a deer, — something free, untamable, and yet gentle. "'T ain't no wonder ter me ez Clarsie is all tuk up with the wild things, an' critters ginerally," her mother was wont to say. "She sorter looks like 'em, I 'm a-thinkin'."

As she came in sight there was a renewal of that odd constraint in Simon Burney's face and manner, and he rose abruptly. "Waal," he said, hastily, going to his horse, a raw-boned sorrel, hitched to the fence, "it 's about time I war a-startin' home, I reckons."

He nodded to his host, who silently nodded in return, and the old horse jogged off with him down the road, as Clarsie entered the house and placed the pail upon a shelf.

"Who d' ye think hev been hyar a-speakin' of compli*mints* on ye, Clarsie?" exclaimed Mrs. Giles, who had overheard through the open door every

word of the loud, drawling voice on the porch.

Clarsie's liquid eyes widened with surprise, and a faint tinge of rose sprang into her pale face, as she looked an expectant inquiry at her mother.

Mrs. Giles was a slovenly, indolent woman, anxious, at the age of forty-five, to assume the prerogatives of advanced years. She had placed all her domestic cares upon the shapely shoulders of her willing daughter, and had betaken herself to the chimney-corner and a pipe.

"Yes, thar hev been somebody hyar a-speakin' of compli*mints* on ye, Clarsie," she reiterated, with chuckling amusement. "He war a mighty peart, likely boy, — that he war!"

Clarsie's color deepened.

"Old Simon Burney!" exclaimed her mother, in great glee at the incongruity of the idea. "*Old Simon Burney!* — jes' a-sittin' out thar, a-wastin' the time, an' a-burnin' of daylight — jes' ez perlite an' smilin' ez a basket of chips — a-speakin' of compli*mints* on ye!"

There was a flash of laughter among the sylvan suggestions of Clarsie's eyes, — a flash as of sudden sunlight upon water. But despite her mirth she seemed to be unaccountably disappointed. The change in her manner was not noticed by her mother, who continued banteringly, —

"Simon Burney air a mighty pore old man. Ye oughter be sorry fur him, Clarsie. Ye must n't think less of folks than ye does of the dumb beastis, — that ain't religion. Ye knows ye air sorry fur mos' everything; why not fur this comical old consarn? Ye oughter marry him ter take keer of him. He said ye war a merciful critter; now is yer chance ter show it! Why, air ye a-goin' ter weavin', Clarsie, jes' when I wants ter talk ter ye 'bout'n old Simon Burney? But law! I knows ye kerry him with ye in yer heart."

The girl summarily closed the conversation by seating herself before a great hand-loom; presently the persistent thump, thump, of the batten and the noisy creak of the treadle filled the room, and through all the long, hot afternoon her deft, practiced hands lightly tossed the shuttle to and fro.

The breeze freshened, after the sun went down, and the hop and gourd vines were all astir as they clung about the little porch where Clarsie was sitting now, idle at last. The rain clouds had disappeared, and there bent over the dark, heavily wooded ridges a pale blue sky, with here and there the crystalline sparkle of a star. A halo was shimmering in the east, where the mists had gathered about the great white moon, hanging high above the mountains. Noiseless wings flitted through the dusk; now and then the bats swept by so close as to wave Clarsie's hair with the wind of their flight. What an airy, glittering, magical thing was that gigantic spider-web suspended between the silver moon and her shining eyes! Ever and anon there came from the woods a strange, weird, long-drawn sigh, unlike the stir of the wind in the trees, unlike the fret of the water on the rocks. Was it the voiceless sorrow of the sad earth? There were stars in the night besides those known to astronomers: the stellular fire-flies gemmed the black shadows with a fluctuating brilliancy; they circled in and out of the porch, and touched the leaves above Clarsie's head with quivering points of light. A steadier and an intenser gleam was advancing along the road; and the sound of languid footsteps came with it; the aroma of tobacco graced the atmosphere, and a tall figure walked up to the gate.

"Come in, come in," said Peter Giles, rising, and tendering the guest a chair. "Ye air Tom Pratt, ez well ez I kin make out by this light. Waal, Tom, we hain't furgot ye sence ye done been hyar."

As Tom had been there on the previous evening, this might be considered a joke, or an equivocal compliment. The young fellow was restless and awkward under it, but Mrs. Giles chuckled with great merriment.

"An' how air ye a-comin' on, Mrs. Giles?" he asked propitiatorily.

"Jes' toler'ble, Tom. Air they all well ter your house?"

"Yes, they 're toler'ble well, too." He glanced at Clarsie, intending to address to her some polite greeting, but the expression of her shy, half-startled eyes, turned upon the far-away moon, warned him. "Thar never war a gal so skittish," he thought. "She 'd run a mile, skeered ter death, ef I said a word ter her."

And he was prudently silent.

"Waal," said Peter Giles, "what 's the news out your way, Tom? Ennything a-goin' on?"

"Thar war a shower yander on the Backbone; it rained toler'ble hard fur a while, an' sot up the corn wonderful. Did ye git enny hyar?"

"Not a drap."

"'Pears ter me ez I kin see the clouds a-circlin' round Chilhowee, an' a-rainin' on everybody's corn-field 'ceptin' ourn," said Mrs. Giles. "Some folks is the favored of the Lord, an' t'others hev ter work fur everything an' git nothin'. Waal, waal; we-uns will see our reward in the nex' worl'. Thar 's a better worl' than this, Tom."

"That 's a fac'," said Tom, in orthodox assent.

"An' when we leaves hyar once, we leaves all trouble an' care behind us, Tom; fur we don't come back no more." Mrs. Giles was drifting into one of her pious moods.

"I dunno," said Tom. "Thar hev been them ez hev."

"Hev what?" demanded Peter Giles, startled.

"Hev come back ter this hyar yearth. Thar 's a harnt that walks Chilhowee every night o' the worl'. I knows them ez hev seen him."

Even Clarsie's great dilated eyes were fastened on the speaker's face. There was a dead silence for a moment, more eloquent with these looks of amazement than any words could have been.

"I reckons ye remember a puny, shriveled little man, named Reuben Crabb, ez used ter live yander, eight mile along the ridge ter that thar big sulphur spring," Tom resumed, appealing to Peter Giles. "He war born with only one arm."

"I 'members him," interpolated Mrs. Giles, vivaciously. "He war a mighty porely, sickly little critter, all the days of his life. 'T war a wonder he war ever raised ter be a man, — an' a pity, too. An' 't war powerful comical, the way of his takin' off; a stunted, one-armed little critter a-ondertakin' ter fight folks an' shoot pistols. He hed the use o' his one arm, sure."

"Waal," said Tom, "his house ain't thar now, 'kase Sam Grim's brothers burned it ter the ground fur his a-killin' of Sam. That warn't all that war done ter Reuben fur killin' of Sam. The sheriff run Reuben Crabb down this hyar road 'bout a mile from hyar, — mebbe less, — an' shot him dead in the road, jes' whar it forks. Waal, Reuben war in company with another evil-doer, — *he* war from the Cross-Roads, an' I furgits what he hed done, but he war a-tryin' ter hide in the mountings, too; an' the sheriff lef' Reuben a-lying thar in the road, while he tries ter ketch up with the t'other; but his horse got a stone in his hoof, an' he los' time, an' hed ter gin it up. An' when he got back ter the forks o' the road whar he had lef' Reuben a-lyin' dead, thar war nothin' thar 'ceptin' a pool o' blood. Waal, he went right on ter Reuben's house, an' them Grim boys hed burnt it ter the ground; but he seen Reuben's brother Joel. An' Joel, he tole the sheriff that late that evenin' he hed tuk

Reuben's body out'n the road an' buried it, 'kase it hed been lyin' thar in the road ever sence early in the mornin', an' he could n't leave it thar all night, an' he hed n't no shelter fur it, sence the Grim boys hed burnt down the house. So he war obleeged ter bury it. An' Joel showed the sheriff a new-made grave, an' Reuben's coat whar the sheriff's bullet hed gone in at the back an' kem out'n the breast. The sheriff 'lowed ez they 'd fine Joel fifty dollars fur a-buryin' of Reuben afore the cor'ner kem; but they never done it, ez I knows on. The sheriff said that when the cor'ner kem the body would be tuk up fur a 'quest. But thar hed been a powerful big frishet, an' the river 'twixt the cor'ner's house an' Chilhowee could n't be forded fur three weeks. The cor'ner never kem, an' so thar it all stayed. That war four year ago."

"Waal," said Peter Giles, dryly, "I ain't seen no harnt yit. I knowed all that afore."

Clarsie's wondering eyes upon the young man's moonlit face had elicited these facts, familiar to the elders, but strange, he knew, to her.

"I war jes' a-goin' on ter tell," said Tom, abashed. "Waal, ever sence his brother Joel died, this spring, Reuben's harnt walks Chilhowee. He war seen week afore las', 'bout daybreak, by Ephraim Blenkins, who hed been a-fishin', an' war a-goin' home. Eph happened ter stop in the laurel ter wind up his line, when all in a minit he seen the harnt go by, his face white, an' his eyeballs like fire, an' puny an' one-armed, jes' like he lived. Eph, he owed me a haffen day's work; I holped him ter plow las' month, an' so he kem ter-day an' hoed along cornsider'ble ter pay fur it. He say he believes the harnt never seen him, 'kase it went right by. He 'lowed ef the harnt hed so much ez cut one o' them blazin' eyes round at him he could n't but hev drapped dead. Waal, this mornin', 'bout sunrise, my brother Bob's little gal, three year old, strayed off from home while her mother war out milkin' the cow. An' we went a-huntin' of her, mightily worked up, 'kase thar hev been a bar prowlin' round our corn-field twict this summer. An' I went ter the right, an' Bob went ter the lef'. An' he say ez he war a-pushin' 'long through the laurel, he seen the bushes ahead of him a-rustlin'. An' he jes' stood still an' watched 'em. An' fur a while the bushes war still too; an' then they moved jes' a little, fust this way an' then that, till all of a suddint the leaves opened, like the mouth of hell mought hev done, an' thar he seen Reuben Crabb's face. He say he never seen sech a face! Its mouth war open, an' its eyes war a-startin' out'n its head, an' its skin war white till it war blue; an' ef the devil hed hed it a-hangin' over the coals that minit it could n't hev looked no more skeered. But that war all that Bob seen, 'kase he jes' shet his eyes an' screeched an' screeched like he war *de*stracted. An' when he stopped a second ter ketch his breath he hearn su'thin' a-answerin' him back, sorter weak-like, an' thar war little Peggy a-pullin' through the laurel. Ye know she 's too little ter talk good, but the folks down ter our house believes she seen the harnt, too."

"My Lord!" exclaimed Peter Giles. "I 'low I could n't live a minit ef I war ter see that thar harnt that walks Chilhowee!"

"I know *I* could n't," said his wife.

"Nor me nuther," murmured Clarsie.

"Waal," said Tom, resuming the thread of his narrative, "we hev all been a-talkin' down yander ter our house ter make out the reason why Reuben Crabb's harnt hev sot out ter walk *jes' sence his brother Joel died*, — 'kase it war never seen afore then. An' ez nigh ez we kin make it out, the reason is 'kase thar 's nobody lef' in this hyar worl' what believes he warn't ter blame in that thar killin' o' Sam Grim. Joel

always swore ez Reuben never killed him no more 'n nothin'; that Sam's own pistol went off in his own hand, an' shot him through the heart jes' ez he war a-drawin' of it ter shoot Reuben Crabb. An' I hev hearn other men ez war a-standin' by say the same thing, — though them Grims tells another tale; but ez Reuben never owned no pistol in his life, nor kerried one, it don't 'pear ter me ez what them Grims say air reasonable. Joel always swore ez Sam Grim war a mighty mean man, — a great big feller like him a-rockin' of a deformed little critter, an' a-mockin' of him, an' a-hittin' of him. An' the day of the fight, Sam jes' knocked him down fur nothin' at all; an' afore ye could wink Reuben jumped up suddint, an' flew at him like an eagle, an' struck him in the face. An' then Sam drawed his pistol, an' it went off in his own hand, an' shot him through the heart, an' killed him dead. Joel said that ef he could hev kep' that pore little critter Reuben still, an' let the sheriff arrest him peaceable-like, he war sure the jury would hev let him off; 'kase how war Reuben a-goin' ter shoot ennybody when Sam Grim never left a-holt of the only pistol between them, in life or in death? They tells me they hed ter bury Sam Grim with that thar pistol in his hand; his grip war too tight fur death to unloose it. But Joel said that Reuben war sartain they 'd hang him. He hed n't never seen no jestice from enny one man, an' he could n't look fur it from twelve men. So he jes' sot out ter run through the woods, like a painter or a wolf, ter be hunted by the sheriff, an' he war run down an' kilt in the road. Joel said *he* kep' up arter the sheriff ez well ez he could on foot, — fur the Crabbs never hed no horse, — ter try ter beg fur Reuben, if he war cotched, an' tell how little an' how weakly he war. I never seen a young man's head turn white like Joel's done; he said he reckoned it war his troubles. But ter the las' he stuck ter his rifle faithful. He war a powerful hunter; he war out rain or shine, hot or cold, in sech weather ez other folks would think thar war n't no use in tryin' ter do nothin' in. I 'm mightily afeard o' seein' Reuben, now, that 's a fac'," concluded Tom, frankly; "'kase I hev hearn tell, an' I believes it, that ef a harnt speaks ter ye, it air sartain ye 're bound ter die right then."

"'Pears ter me," said Mrs. Giles, "ez many mountings ez thar air round hyar, he mought hev tuk ter walkin' some of them, stiddier Chilhowee."

There was a sudden noise close at hand: a great inverted splint-basket, from which came a sound of flapping wings, began to move slightly back and forth. Mrs. Giles gasped out an ejaculation of terror, the two men sprang to their feet, and the coy Clarsie laughed aloud in an exuberance of delighted mirth, forgetful of her shyness. "I declar ter goodness, you-uns air all skeered fur true! Did ye think it war the harnt that walks Chilhowee?"

"What 's under that thar basket?" demanded Peter Giles, rather sheepishly, as he sat down again.

"Nothin' but the duck-legged Dominicky," said Clarsie, "what air bein' broke up from settin'." The moonlight was full upon the dimpling merriment in her face, upon her shining eyes and parted red lips, and her gurgling laughter was pleasant to hear. Tom Pratt edged his chair a trifle nearer, as he, too, sat down.

"Ye ought n't never ter break up a duck-legged hen, nor a Dominicky, nuther," he volunteered, "'kase they air sech a good kind o' hen ter kerry chickens; but a hen that is duck-legged, an' Dominicky, too, oughter be let ter set, whether or no."

Had he been warned in a dream, he could have found no more secure road to Clarsie's favor and interest than a discussion of the poultry. "I 'm

a-thinkin'," she said, "that it air too hot fur hens ter set now, an' 't will be till the las' of August."

"It don't 'pear ter me ez it air hot much in June up hyar on Chilhowee, — thar 's a differ, I know, down in the valley; but till July, on Chilhowee, it don't 'pear ter me ez it air too hot ter set a hen. An' a duck-legged Dominicky air mighty hard ter break up."

"That's a fac'," Clarsie admitted; "but I 'll hev ter do it, somehow, 'kase I ain't got no eggs fur her. All my hens air kerryin' of chickens."

"Waal!" exclaimed Tom, seizing his opportunity, "I 'll bring ye some ter-morrer night, when I come agin. We-uns hev got eggs ter our house."

"Thanky," said Clarsie, shyly smiling.

This unique method of courtship would have progressed very prosperously but for the interference of the elders, who are an element always more or less adverse to love-making. "Ye oughter turn out yer hen now, Clarsie," said Mrs. Giles, "ez Tom air a-goin' ter bring ye some eggs ter-morrer. I wonder ye don't think it 's mean ter keep her up longer 'n ye air obleeged ter. Ye oughter remember ye war called a merciful critter jes' ter-day."

Clarsie rose precipitately, raised the basket, and out flew the "duck-legged Dominicky," with a frantic flutter and hysterical cackling. But Mrs. Giles was not to be diverted from her purpose; her thoughts had recurred to the absurd episode of the afternoon, and with her relish of the incongruity of the joke she opened upon the subject at once.

"Waal, Tom," she said, "we 'll be havin' Clarsie married, afore long, I 'm a-thinkin'." The young man sat bewildered. He, too, had entertained views concerning Clarsie's speedy marriage, but with a distinctly personal application; and this frank mention of the matter by Mrs. Giles had a sinister suggestion that perhaps her ideas might be antagonistic. "An' who d 'ye think hev been hyar ter-day, a-speakin' of compli*mints* on Clarsie?" He could not answer, but he turned his head with a look of inquiry, and Mrs. Giles continued, "He is a mighty peart, likely boy, — *he* is."

There was a growing anger in the dismay on Tom Pratt's face; he leaned forward to hear the name with a fiery eagerness, altogether incongruous with his usual lack-lustre manner.

"Old Simon Burney!" cried Mrs. Giles, with a burst of laughter. "*Old Simon Burney!* Jes' a-speakin' of compli*mints* on Clarsie!"

The young fellow drew back with a look of disgust. "Why, he 's a old man; he ain't no fit husband fur Clarsie."

"Don't ye be too sure ter count on that. I war jes' a-layin' off ter tell Clarsie that a gal oughter keep mighty clar o' widowers, 'thout she wants ter marry one. Fur I believes," said Mrs. Giles, with a wild flight of imagination, "ez them men hev got some sort'n trade with the Evil One, an' he gives 'em the power ter witch the gals, somehow, so 's ter git 'em ter marry; 'kase I don't think that any gal that 's got good sense air a-goin' ter be a man's second ch'ice, an' the mother of a whole pack of step-chil'ren, 'thout she air under some sort'n spell. But them men carries the day with the gals, ginerally, an' I 'm a-thinkin' they 're banded with the devil. Ef I war a gal, an' a smart, peart boy like Simon Burney kem around a-speakin' of compli*mints*, an' sayin' I war a merciful critter, I 'd jes' give it up, an' marry him fur second ch'ice. Thar 's one blessin'," she continued, contemplating the possibility in a cold-blooded fashion positively revolting to Tom Pratt: "he ain't got no tribe of chil'ren fur Clarsie ter look arter; nary chick nor child hev old Simon Burney got — He hed two, but they died."

The young man took leave presently,

in great depression of spirit, — the idea that the widower was banded with the powers of evil was rather overwhelming to a man whose dependence was in merely mortal attractions; and after he had been gone a little while Clarsie ascended the ladder to a nook in the roof, which she called her room.

For the first time in her life her slumber was fitful and restless, long intervals of wakefulness alternating with snatches of fantastic dreams. At last she rose and sat by the rude window, looking out through the chestnut leaves at the great moon, which had begun to dip toward the dark uncertainty of the western ridges, and at the shimmering, translucent, pearly mists that filled the intermediate valleys. All the air was dew and incense; so subtle and penetrating an odor came from that fir-tree beyond the fence that it seemed as if some invigorating infusion were thrilling along her veins; there floated upward, too, the warm fragrance of the clover, and every breath of the gentle wind brought from over the stream a thousand blended, undistinguishable perfumes of the deep forests beyond. The moon's idealizing glamour had left no trace of the uncouthness of the place which the grayish daylight revealed; the little log house, the great overhanging chestnut-oaks, the jagged precipice before the door, the vague outlines of the distant ranges, all suffused with a magic sheen, might have seemed a stupendous alto-rilievo in silver repoussé. Still, there came here and there the sweep of the bat's dusky wings; even they were a part of the night's witchery. A tiny owl perched for a moment or two amid the dew-tipped chestnut-leaves, and gazed with great round eyes at Clarsie as solemnly as she gazed at him.

"I'm thankful enough that ye had the grace not ter screech while ye war hyar," she said, after his flight. "I ain't ready ter die yit, an' a screech-owl air the sure sign."

She felt now and then a great impatience with her wakeful mood. Once she took herself to task: "Jes' a-sittin' up hyar all night, the same ez ef I war a fox, or that thar harnt that walks Chilhowee!"

And then her mind reverted to Tom Pratt, to old Simon Burney, and to her mother's emphatic and oracular declaration that widowers are in league with Satan, and that the girls upon whom they cast the eye of supernatural fascination have no choice in the matter. "I wish I knowed ef that thar sayin' war true," she murmured, her face still turned to the western spurs, and the moon sinking so slowly toward them.

With a sudden resolution she rose to her feet. She knew a way of telling fortunes which was, according to tradition, infallible, and she determined to try it, and ease her mind as to her future. Now was the propitious moment. "I hev always hearn that it won't come true 'thout ye try it jes' before daybreak, an' a-kneelin' down at the forks of the road." She hesitated a moment and listened intently. "They'd never git done a-laughin' at me, ef they fund it out," she thought.

There was no sound in the house, and from the dark woods arose only those monotonous voices of the night, so familiar to her ears that she accounted their murmurous iteration as silence too. She leaned far out of the low window, caught the wide-spreading branches of the tree beside it, and swung herself noiselessly to the ground. The road before her was dark with the shadowy foliage and dank with the dew; but now and then, at long intervals, there lay athwart it a bright bar of light, where the moonshine fell through a gap in the trees. Once, as she went rapidly along her way, she saw speeding across the white radiance, lying just before her feet, the ill-omened shadow of a rabbit. She paused, with a superstitious sinking of the heart, and she heard the animal's

quick, leaping rush through the bushes near at hand; but she mustered her courage, and kept steadily on. "'T ain't no use a-goin' back ter git shet o' bad luck," she argued. "Ef old Simon Burney air my fortune, he 'll come whether or no, — ef all they say air true."

The serpentine road curved to the mountain's brink before it forked, and there was again that familiar picture of precipice, and far-away ridges, and shining mist, and sinking moon, which was visibly turning from silver to gold. The changing lustre gilded the feathery ferns that grew in the marshy dip. Just at the angle of the divergent paths there rose into the air a great mass of indistinct white blossoms, which she knew were the exquisite mountain azaleas, and all the dark forest was starred with the blooms of the laurel.

She fixed her eyes upon the mystic sphere dropping down the sky, knelt among the azaleas at the forks of the road, and repeated the time-honored invocation: —

"Ef I 'm a-goin' ter marry a young man, whistle, Bird, whistle. Ef I 'm a-goin' ter marry an old man, low, Cow, low. Ef I ain't a-goin' ter marry nobody, knock, Death, knock."

There was a prolonged silence in the matutinal freshness and perfume of the woods. She raised her head, and listened attentively. No chirp of half-awakened bird, no tapping of woodpecker, or the mysterious death-watch; but from far along the dewy aisles of the forest, the ungrateful Spot, that Clarsie had fed more faithfully than herself, lifted up her voice, and set the echoes vibrating. Clarsie, however, had hardly time for a pang of disappointment. While she still knelt among the azaleas her large, deer-like eyes were suddenly dilated with terror. From around the curve of the road came the quick beat of hastening footsteps, the sobbing sound of panting breath, and between her and the sinking moon there passed an attenuated, one-armed figure, with a pallid, sharpened face, outlined for a moment on its brilliant disk, and dreadful starting eyes, and quivering open mouth. It disappeared in an instant among the shadows of the laurel, and Clarsie, with a horrible fear clutching at her heart, sprang to her feet.

Her flight was arrested by other sounds. Before her reeling senses could distinguish them, a party of horsemen plunged down the road. They reined in suddenly as their eyes fell upon her, and their leader, an eager, authoritative man, was asking her a question. Why could she not understand him? With her nerveless hands feebly catching at the shrubs for support, she listened vaguely to his impatient, meaningless words, and saw with helpless deprecation the rising anger in his face. But there was no time to be lost. With a curse upon the stupidity of the mountaineer, who could n't speak when she was spoken to, the party sped on in a sweeping gallop, and the rocks and the steeps were hilarious with the sound.

When the last faint echo was hushed, Clarsie tremblingly made her way out into the road; not reassured, however, for she had a frightful conviction that there was now and then a strange stir in the laurel, and that she was stealthily watched. Her eyes were fixed upon the dense growth with a morbid fascination, as she moved away; but she was once more rooted to the spot when the leaves parted and in the golden moonlight the ghost stood before her. She could not nerve herself to run past him, and he was directly in her way homeward. His face was white, and lined, and thin; that pitiful quiver was never still in the parted lips; he looked at her with faltering, beseeching eyes. Clarsie's merciful heart was stirred. "What ails yer, ter come back hyar, an' foller me?" she cried out, abruptly. And then a great horror fell upon her. Was not one to whom a ghost should speak

doomed to death, sudden and immediate?

The ghost replied in a broken, shivering voice, like a wail of pain. "I war a-starvin', — I war a-starvin'," he said, with despairing iteration.

It was all over, Clarsie thought. The ghost had spoken, and she was a doomed creature. She wondered that she did not fall dead in the road. But while those beseeching eyes were fastened in piteous appeal on hers, she could not leave him. "I never hearn that 'bout ye," she said, reflectively. "I knows ye hed awful troubles while ye war alive, but I never knowed ez ye war starved."

Surely that was a gleam of sharp surprise in the ghost's prominent eyes, succeeded by a sly intelligence.

"Day is nigh ter breakin'," Clarsie admonished him, as the lower rim of the moon touched the silver mists of the west. "What air ye a-wantin' of me?"

There was a short silence. Mind travels far in such intervals. Clarsie's thoughts had overtaken the scenes when she should have died that sudden terrible death: when there would be no one left to feed the chickens; when no one would care if the pigs cried with the pangs of hunger, unless, indeed, it were time for them to be fattened before killing. The mare, — how often would she be taken from the plow, and shut up for the night in her shanty without a drop of water, after her hard day's work! Who would churn, or spin, or weave? Clarsie could not understand how the machinery of the universe could go on without her. And Towse, poor Towse! He was a useless cumberer of the ground, and it was hardly to be supposed that after his protector was gone he would be spared a blow or a bullet, to hasten his lagging death. But Clarsie still stood in the road, and watched the face of the ghost, as he, with his eager, starting eyes, scanned her open, ingenuous countenance.

"Ye do ez ye air bid, or it 'll be the worse for ye," said the "harnt," in the same quivering, shrill tone. "Thar 's hunger in the nex' worl' ez well ez in this, an' ye bring me some vittles hyar this time ter-morrer, an' don't ye tell nobody ye hev seen me, nuther, or it 'll be the worse for ye."

There was a threat in his eyes as he disappeared in the laurel, and left the girl standing in the last rays of moonlight.

A curious doubt was stirring in Clarsie's mind when she reached home, in the early dawn, and heard her father talking about the sheriff and his posse, who had stopped at the house in the night, and roused its inmates, to know if they had seen a man pass that way.

"Clarsie never hearn none o' the noise, I 'll be bound, 'kase she always sleeps like a log," said Mrs. Giles, as her daughter came in with the pail, after milking the cow. "Tell her 'bout'n it."

"They kem a-bustin' along hyar a while afore day-break, a-runnin' arter the man," drawled Mr. Giles, dramatically. "An' they knocked me up, ter know ef ennybody hed passed. An' one o' them men — I never seen none of 'em afore; they 's all valley folks, I 'm a-thinkin' — an' one of 'em bruk his saddle-girt' a good piece down the road, an' he kem back ter borrer mine; an' ez we war a-fixin' of it, he tole me what they war all arter. He said that word war tuk ter the sheriff down yander in the valley — 'pears ter me them town-folks don't think nobody in the mountings hev got good sense — word war tuk ter the sheriff 'bout this one-armed harnt that walks Chilhowee; an' he sot it down that Reuben Crabb war n 't dead at all, an' Joel jes' purtended ter hev buried him, an' it air Reuben hisself that walks Chilhowee. An' thar air two hunderd dollars blood-money reward fur ennybody ez kin ketch him. These hyar valley folks air powerful

cur'ous critters, — two hunderd dollars blood-money reward fur that thar harnt that walks Chilhowee! I jes' sot myself ter laughin' when that thar cuss tole it so solemn. I jes' 'lowed ter him ez he could n't shoot a harnt nor hang a harnt, an' Reuben Crabb hed about got done with his persecutions in this worl'. An' he said that by the time they hed scoured this mounting, like they hed laid off ter do, they would find that that thar puny little harnt war nothin' but a mortal man, an' could be kep' in a jail ez handy ez enny other flesh an' blood. He said the sheriff 'lowed ez the reason Reuben hed jes' taken ter walk Chilhowee sence Joel died is 'kase thar air nobody ter feed him, like Joel done, mebbe, in the nights; an' Reuben always war a pore, one-armed, weakly critter, what can't even kerry a gun, an' he air driv by hunger out'n the hole whar he stays, ter prowl round the cornfields an' hen-coops ter steal suthin', — an' that 's how he kem ter be seen frequent. The sheriff 'lowed that Reuben can't find enough roots an' yerbs ter keep him up; but law! — a harnt eatin'! It jes' sot me off ter laughin'. Reuben Crabb hev been too busy in torment fur the las' four year ter be a-studyin' 'bout eatin'; an' it air his harnt that walks Chilhowee."

The next morning, before the moon sank, Clarsie, with a tin pail in her hand, went to meet the ghost at the appointed place. She understood now why the terrible doom that falls upon those to whom a spirit may chance to speak had not descended upon her, and that fear was gone; but the secrecy of her errand weighed heavily. She had been scrupulously careful to put into the pail only such things as had fallen to her share at the table, and which she had saved from the meals of yesterday. "A gal that goes a-robbin' fur a hongry harnt," was her moral reflection, "oughter be throwed bodaciously off'n the bluff."

She found no one at the forks of the road. In the marshy dip were only the myriads of mountain azaleas, only the masses of feathery ferns, only the constellated glories of the laurel blooms. A sea of shining white mist was in the valley, with glinting golden rays striking athwart it from the great cresset of the sinking moon; here and there the long, dark, horizontal line of a distant mountain's summit rose above the vaporous shimmer, like a dreary, sombre island in the midst of enchanted waters. Her large, dreamy eyes, so wild and yet so gentle, gazed out through the laurel leaves upon the floating gilded flakes of light, as in the deep coverts of the mountain, where the fulvous-tinted deer were lying, other eyes, as wild and as gentle, dreamily watched the vanishing moon. Overhead, the filmy, lace-like clouds, fretting the blue heavens, were tinged with a faint rose. Through the trees she caught a glimpse of the red sky of dawn, and the glister of a great lucent, tremulous star. From the ground, misty blue exhalations were rising, alternating with the long lines of golden light yet drifting through the woods. It was all very still, very peaceful, almost holy. One could hardly believe that these consecrated solitudes had once reverberated with the echoes of man's death-dealing ingenuity, and that Reuben Crabb had fallen, shot through and through, amid that wealth of flowers at the forks of the road. She heard suddenly the far-away baying of a hound. Her great eyes dilated, and she lifted her head to listen. Only the solemn silence of the woods, the slow sinking of the noiseless moon, the voiceless splendor of that eloquent day-star.

Morning was close at hand, and she was beginning to wonder that the ghost did not appear, when the leaves fell into abrupt commotion, and he was standing in the road, beside her. He did not speak, but watched her with an eager, questioning intentness, as she placed the contents of the pail upon the moss at

the roadside. "I 'm a-comin' agin termorrer," she said, gently. He made no reply, quickly gathered the food from the ground, and disappeared in the deep shades of the woods.

She had not expected thanks, for she was accustomed only to the gratitude of dumb beasts; but she was vaguely conscious of something wanting, as she stood motionless for a moment, and watched the burnished rim of the moon slip down behind the western mountains. Then she slowly walked along her misty way in the dim light of the coming dawn. There was a footstep in the road behind her; she thought it was the ghost once more. She turned, and met Simon Burney, face to face. His rod was on his shoulder, and a string of fish was in his hand.

"Ye air a-doin' wrongful, Clarsie," he said, sternly. "It air agin the law fur folks ter feed an' shelter them ez is a-runnin' from jestice. An' ye 'll git yerself inter trouble. Other folks will find ye out, besides me, an' then the sheriff 'll be up hyar arter ye."

The tears rose to Clarsie's eyes. This prospect was infinitely more terrifying than the awful doom which follows the horror of a ghost's speech.

"I can't holp it," she said, however, doggedly swinging the pail back and forth. "I can't gin my consent ter starvin' of folks, even ef they air a-hidin' an' a-runnin' from jestice."

"They mought put ye in jail, too, I dunno," suggested Simon Burney.

"I can't holp that, nuther," said Clarsie, the sobs rising, and the tears falling fast. "Ef they comes an' gits me, an' puts me in the pen'tiary away down yander, somewhars in the valley, like they done Jane Simpkins, fur a-cuttin' of her step-mother's throat with a butcher-knife, while she war asleep, — though some said Jane war crazy, — I can't gin my consent ter starvin' of folks."

A recollection came over Simon Burney of the simile of "hendering the sun from shining."

"She hev done sot it down in her mind," he thought, as he walked on beside her and looked at her resolute face. Still he did not relinquish his effort.

"Doin' wrong, Clarsie, ter aid folks what air a-doin' wrong, an' mebbe *hev* done wrong, air powerful hurtful ter everybody, an' henders the law an' jestice."

"I can't holp it," said Clarsie.

"It 'pears toler'ble comical ter me," said Simon Burney, with a sudden perception of a curious fact which has proved a marvel to wiser men, "that no matter how good a woman is, she ain't got no respect fur the laws of the country, an' don't sot no store by jestice." After a momentary silence he appealed to her on another basis. "Somebody will ketch him arter a while, ez sure ez ye air born. The sheriff 's a-sarchin' now, an' by the time that word gits around, all the mounting boys 'll turn out, 'kase thar air two hunderd dollars blood-money fur him. An' then he 'll think, when they ketches him, — an' everybody 'll say so, too, — ez ye war constant in feedin' him jes' ter 'tice him ter comin' ter one place, so ez ye could tell somebody whar ter go ter ketch him, an' make them gin ye haffen the blood-money, mebbe. That 's what the mounting will say, mos' likely."

"I can't holp it," said Clarsie, once more.

He left her walking on toward the rising sun, and retraced his way to the forks of the road. The jubilant morning was filled with the song of birds; the sunlight flashed on the dew; all the delicate enameled bells of the pink and white azaleas were swinging tremulously in the wind; the aroma of ferns and mint rose on the delicious fresh air. Presently he checked his pace, creeping stealthily on the moss and grass beside the road rather than in the beaten path. He pulled aside the leaves of the laurel

with no more stir than the wind might have made, and stole cautiously through its dense growth, till he came suddenly upon the puny little ghost, lying in the sun at the foot of a tree. The frightened creature sprang to his feet with a wild cry of terror, but before he could move a step he was caught and held fast in the strong grip of the stalwart mountaineer beside him. "I hev kem hyar ter tell ye a word, Reuben Crabb," said Simon Burney. "I hev kem hyar ter tell ye that the whole mounting air a-goin' ter turn out ter sarch fur ye; the sheriff air a-ridin' now, an' ef ye don't come along with me they 'll hev ye afore night, 'kase thar air two hunderd dollars reward fur ye."

What a piteous wail went up to the smiling blue sky, seen through the dappling leaves above them! What a horror, and despair, and prescient agony were in the hunted creature's face! The ghost struggled no longer; he slipped from his feet down upon the roots of the tree, and turned that woful face, with its starting eyes and drawn muscles and quivering parted lips, up toward the unseeing sky.

"God A'mighty, man!" exclaimed Simon Burney, moved to pity. "Why n't ye quit this hyar way of livin' in the woods like ye war a wolf? Why n't ye come back an' stand yer trial? From all I 've hearn tell, it 'pears ter me ez the jury air obleeged ter let ye off, an' I 'll take keer of ye agin them Grims."

"I hain't got no place ter live in," cried out the ghost, with a keen despair.

Simon Burney hesitated. Reuben Crabb was possibly a murderer, — at the best could but be a burden. The burden, however, had fallen in his way, and he lifted it.

"I tell ye now, Reuben Crabb," he said, "I ain't a-goin' ter holp no man ter break the law an' hender jestice; but ef ye will go an' stand yer trial, I 'll take keer of ye agin them Grims ez long ez I kin fire a rifle. An' arter the jury hev done let ye off, ye air welcome ter live along o' me at my house till ye die. Ye air no-'count ter work, I know, but I ain't a-goin' ter grudge ye fur a livin' at my house."

And so it came to pass that the reward set upon the head of the harnt that walked Chilhowee was never claimed.

With his powerful ally, the forlorn little spectre went to stand his trial, and the jury acquitted him without leaving the box. Then he came back to the mountains to live with Simon Burney. The cruel gibes of his burly mockers that had beset his feeble life from his childhood up, the deprivation and loneliness and despair and fear that had filled those days when he walked Chilhowee, had not improved the harnt's temper. He was a helpless creature, not able to carry a gun or hold a plow, and the years that he spent smoking his cob-pipe in Simon Burney's door were idle years and unhappy. But Mrs. Giles said she thought he was "a mighty lucky little critter: fust, he hed Joel ter take keer of him an' feed him, when he tuk ter the woods ter purtend he war a harnt; an' they do say now that Clarsie Pratt, afore she war married, used ter kerry him vittles, too; an' then old Simon Burney tuk him up an' fed him ez plenty ez ef he war a good workin' hand, an' gin him clothes an' houseroom, an' put up with his jawin' jes' like he never hearn a word of it. But law! some folks dunno when they air well off."

There was only a sluggish current of peasant blood in Simon Burney's veins, but a prince could not have dispensed hospitality with a more royal hand. Ungrudgingly he gave of his best; valiantly he defended his thankless guest at the risk of his life; with a moral gallantry he struggled with his sloth, and worked early and late, that there might be enough to divide. There was no possibility of a recompense for him, not

even in the encomiums of discriminating friends, nor the satisfaction of tutored feelings and a practiced spiritual discernment; for he was an uncouth creature, and densely ignorant.

The grace of culture is, in its way, a fine thing, but the best that art can do — the polish of a gentleman — is hardly equal to the best that Nature can do in her higher moods.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE FLANEUR.

BOSTON COMMON, DECEMBER 6, 1882.

DURING THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

I LOVE all sights of earth and skies,
From flowers that glow to stars that shine;
The comet and the penny show,
All curious things, above, below,
Hold each in turn my wandering eyes:
I claim the Christian Pagan's line,
Humani nihil, — even so, —
And is not human life divine?

When soft the western breezes blow,
And strolling youths meet sauntering maids,
I love to watch the stirring trades
Beneath the Vallombrosa shades
Our much-enduring elms bestow;
The vender and his rhetoric's flow,
That lambent stream of liquid lies;
The bait he dangles from his line,
The gudgeon and his gold-washed prize.
I halt before the blazoned sign
That bids me linger to admire
The drama time can never tire,
The little hero of the hunch,
With iron arm and soul of fire
And will that works his fierce desire, —
Untamed, unscared, unconquered Punch!
My ear a pleasing torture finds
In tones the withered sibyl grinds, —
The *dame sans merci's* broken strain,
Whom I erewhile, perchance, have known,
When Orleans filled the Bourbon throne,
A siren singing by the Seine.

But most I love the tube that spies
The orbs celestial in their march;

That shows the comet as it whisks
Its tail across the planets' disks,
As if to blind their blood-shot eyes;
Or wheels so close against the sun
We tremble at the thought of risks
Our little spinning ball may run,
To pop like corn that children parch,
From summer something overdone,
And roll, a cinder, through the skies.

Grudge not to-day the scanty fee
To him who farms the firmament,
To whom the milky way is free;
Who holds the wondrous crystal key,
The silent Open Sesame
That science to her sons has lent;
Who takes his toll, and lifts the bar
That shuts the road to sun and star.
If Venus only comes to time,
(And prophets say she must and shall,)
To-day will hear the tinkling chime
Of many a ringing silver dime,
For him whose optic glass supplies
The crowd with astronomic eyes, —
The Galileo of the Mall.

Dimly the transit morning broke;
The sun seemed doubting what to do,
As one who questions how to dress,
And takes his doublets from the press,
And halts between the old and new.
Please Heaven he wear his suit of blue,
Or don, at least, his ragged cloak,
With rents that show the azure through!

I go the patient crowd to join
That round the tube my eyes discern,
The last new-comer of the file,
And wait, and wait, a weary while,
And gape, and stretch, and shrug, and smile,
(For each his place must fairly earn,
Hindmost and foremost, in his turn),
Till hitching onward, pace by pace,
I gain at last the envied place,
And pay the white exiguous coin:
The sun and I are face to face;
He glares at me, I stare at him;
And lo! my straining eye has found
A little spot that, black and round,
Lies near the crimsoned fire-orb's rim.

O blessed, beauteous evening star,
Well named for her whom earth adores, —
The Lady of the dove-drawn car, —
I know thee in thy white simar;
But veiled in black, a rayless spot,
Blank as a careless scribbler's blot,
Stripped of thy robe of silvery flame, —
The stolen robe that Night restores
When Day has shut his golden doors, —
I see thee, yet I know thee not;
And canst thou call thyself the same?

A black, round spot, — and that is all;
And such a speck our earth would be
If he who looks upon the stars
Through the red atmosphere of Mars
Could see our little creeping ball
Across the disk of crimson crawl
As I our sister planet see.

And art thou, then, a world like ours,
Flung from the orb that whirled our own
A molten pebble from its zone?
How must thy burning sands absorb
The fire-waves of the blazing orb,
Thy chain so short, thy path so near,
Thy flame-defying creatures hear
The maelstroms of the photosphere!
And is thy bosom decked with flowers
That steal their bloom from scalding showers?
And hast thou cities, domes, and towers,
And life, and love that makes it dear,
And death that fills thy tribes with fear?

Lost in my dream, my spirit soars
Through paths the wandering angels know;
My all-pervading thought explores
The azure ocean's lucent shores;
I leave my mortal self below,
As up the star-lit stairs I climb,
And still the widening view reveals
In endless rounds the circling wheels
That build the horologe of time.
New spheres, new suns, new systems gleam;
The voice no earth-born echo hears
Steals softly on my ravished ears:
I hear them "singing as they shine" —
— A mortal's voice dissolves my dream:
My patient neighbor, next in line,
Hints gently there are those who wait.
O guardian of the starry gate,

What coin shall pay this debt of mine?
Too slight thy claim, too small the fee
That bids thee turn the potent key
The Tuscan's hand has placed in thine.
Forgive my own the small affront,
The insult of the proffered dime;
Take it, O friend, since this thy wont,
But still shall faithful memory be
A bankrupt debtor unto thee,
And pay thee with a grateful rhyme.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

A QUARTER of a century ago the only indication at our colleges of interest in athletics was to be found in the rough-and-tumble game of foot-ball and the annual boat-races. Athletic contests, in the narrow sense to which the phrase is technically limited, were unheard of. Systematic training at the gymnasium, for the purpose of uniform bodily development; organizations for the improvement of the various out-door games which are of interest to player and public; contests between teams or sets of players of different classes, or of different colleges; foot-races and similar exhibitions of individual prowess, — all were neglected, or were totally unknown. The admirable work done to-day at the gymnasium was then impossible, because much of the machinery now in use had not been invented. There were not sufficient numbers interested in the walking, running, and leaping contests between individual amateurs to bring forward either prizes or candidates for the annual competitions. Base-ball and foot-ball as then played furnished only suggestions for the games of to-day. Lacrosse was unknown as a college game, and tennis had not become fashionable. In short, there has grown up at our colleges, during this period, a new department, which thrives in proportion to the encouragement given by the faculties, but which thrives even where it is discouraged by official frowns. This department is almost exclusively under the charge of the students, and the first thing that strikes the attention of the investigator is its wonderful organization. Not only are the various crews, teams, and sets of players under the leadership of captains, but each game has its representative association, which in turn forms part of a comprehensive organization, whose function it is to supervise in a general way the affairs of all. This tendency is also shown in the systematic character of the gymnastic exercises, and in the wonderful contests, restrained by rule, and managed with generalship and strategy, which have crystallized out of the rude and boisterous games which boys formerly played for fun and for exercise.

These changes have been so great, the interest taken by the student and the public is so prominent, the influence exerted by them is so manifest, that the question to what extent college faculties should encourage athletic contests and intercollegiate games has become a subject for public discussion. Many participate in this discussion who know but little of the actual condition of athletics in our colleges, but who predicate their

opinions upon college life as they formerly knew it; theorizing upon the effects which they believe to have been wrought by these changes. Possibly a more complete knowledge of the subject would not alter the preconceived notions of such disputants, but the attention given by the press to the games and the thousands who flock to see them testify to a public interest in the matter, which will welcome any contribution to the knowledge of these affairs. The gymnasium, with its ladders, bars, and swinging rings, its rowing, fencing, and sparring rooms, and perhaps also its bowling alleys, is today an essential part of a thoroughly equipped college. In charge of it is placed an educated man, — a member, perhaps, of the faculty, — whose duty it is to examine physically any student who may submit himself for the purpose, and to prescribe the amount and character of exercise desirable for the person thus examined. To accomplish the uniform development of all the muscles of the body, to counteract cases of abnormal development, and to overcome cases of abnormal weakness, movements of weights of various sizes, in every conceivable direction and from all sorts of attitudes, are prescribed.

The contestants in the various races and games find in the gymnasium, at all seasons of the year, the opportunity and the means to maintain the physical conditions essential for success. Here, also, the young man of sedentary habits can take the gentler exercise adapted to his condition; and here, in friendly competition, the vigorous youth, who seeks only amusement in his exercise, can vault, and leap, and test his strength with many a willing competitor. Taken in hand in this manner, the gymnasium is of the same value to all the students, whatever their physical state. Only the best of results can follow from such intelligent exercise. This is especially true in the case of those whose habits of life are sedentary, and who are physically feeble. Encouraged and directed by competent authority, they take suitable exercise, and are restrained from competition with their more vigorous companions, which might prove equally disastrous with total neglect. If to the foregoing it be added that prizes are occasionally offered by apostles of muscular development for the student who shall show the greatest gain within a given period, it will be understood how important a position the gymnasium has assumed in the modern college.

Almost equally essential with the gymnasium is a field for games, large enough for a foot-ball, a base-ball, a lacrosse, and a cricket ground, and also for a number of lawn-tennis courts. Towards this field, each afternoon when the weather permits, the current of players will set from the college yard. Clad in the uniforms of their respective clubs, or as fancy dictates, the effect of the many-colored garments of the players upon the eye of the spectator is at once pleasing and attractive. Knickerbocker suits, bright-colored stockings, gaudy caps, white canvas shoes, and merino shirts or flannel blouses, either white or of the college colors, — such are the prevailing characteristics of the costumes of the players.

Rows of seats line the field, and so general is the interest in the contests that even when ordinary practice games are going on there is a fair sprinkling of spectators in these seats.

The most popular game, not only with the students, but also with the public, is base-ball. It of course needs no description, the game as played by the college nines being identical with that played by the professional clubs.

The intercollegiate contest which attracts the greatest attention, is the source of the greatest expense, and has been the most roundly abused, but in which, at the same time, the college pride is most conspicuously aroused, is

the annual boat-race. The details of the races have for years been telegraphed over the country, and public attention has been so thoroughly called to them that many who never saw a shell can discuss the last Oxford and Cambridge or Harvard and Yale race.

Lawn tennis, although so recent a candidate for popular favor, has already won for itself a position from which it cannot easily be dislodged. It demands little strength from the player, but calls for dexterity in serving the ball, agility in receiving it, rapid decision in determining whether the service should be returned or will defeat itself by falling outside the court, and great restraint in batting, when under the excitement of quick play, so as to avoid sending the ball beyond the limits of the court. The advantage of the game is that the small size of the courts permits great numbers of them to be laid out without interfering with the other games; and further, so few players are required for a set that games can be organized by those who are at liberty, and need the exercise, at hours when some of the members of the nines and elevens will be sure to be engaged in the recitation room.

Why lawn tennis should have slumbered so long, to be revived now with such vigor, it is difficult to say. Strutt asserts that tennis courts were common in the sixteenth century. He describes a picture of the game published in 1658, with players serving the ball over a line, and also says, "We have undoubted authority to prove that Henry VII. was a tennis player. In a manuscript register of his expenditures, made in the thirteenth year of his reign, and preserved in the remembrancer's office, this entry occurs: 'Item, for the king's loss at tennis, twelvepence; for the loss of balls, threepence.' Hence we may infer that the game was played abroad, for the loss of the balls would hardly have happened in a tennis court." In other words, the game was substantially the *lawn* tennis of to-day, and not the game with the covered court. The difference between the net and the rope is not essential to the game, as the rule in each case requires that the service shall be "over," — a rule the infraction of which is inevitably disclosed by the net, but which might be avoided if a rope were used.

Lacrosse[1] as a collegiate game is yet in its youth. It is of Indian origin, and hence has the right to claim that it is distinctively American.

Between the years 1760 and 1776, Alexander Henry, a trader, was engaged in traffic and travel in Canada and in the Indian territories. He thus describes the game of "Baggatiway, called by the Canadians *le jeu de la crosse:*" "It is played with a bat and ball, the bat being about four feet in length, curved, and terminated in a sort of racket. Two posts are placed in the ground a considerable distance from each other, say a mile or more. Each party has its post, and the game consists in throwing the ball up to the post of the adversary. At the beginning the ball is placed in the middle of the course, and each party endeavors as well to throw the ball out of the direction of his own post as into that of the adversary." At the siege of Detroit, in May, 1763, Pontiac, according to Parkman, made use of a game of ball, "the better to cover his designs." That this game was lacrosse is evident from the account, given in a note, of a tradition that Pontiac himself gave an Ojibway girl, whom he suspected of having betrayed him, "a severe beating with a

[1] The game is mentioned by name in the Relation of 1636, by Father Brebeuf, and is described from time to time by the Jesuits in their Relations, and by other writers who have occasion to describe Indian habits. Lafitau, in 1724, following his special craze, which was to identify Indian customs with those of the ancients, devotes some pages, in his quaint and pedantic way, to prove that the game was nothing more nor less than one called by Pollux Episcyre.

species of racket such as the Indians used in ball play." Henry was at Michillimackinac on the 4th of June, 1763, when the garrison of that fort was massacred; and although he did not see the game of Baggatiway, by means of which the Indians, under a chief named Minararana, lulled the suspicions of the soldiers and gained entrance to the fort, he gives a long account of how this was accomplished. "Nothing could be less liable," he says, "to excite premature alarm than that the ball should be tossed over the pickets of the fort, nor that, having fallen there, it should be followed, on the instant, by all engaged in the game, as well the one party as the other, all eager, all struggling, all shouting, all in the unrestrained pursuit of a rude athletic exercise. Nothing could be less likely to excite premature alarm. Nothing could be more happily devised, under the circumstances, than a stratagem like this; and this was in fact the stratagem which the Indians had employed, and by which they had obtained possession of the fort."

Jonathan Carver, "a captain of the provincial troops in America," visited the spot in 1766, and in the book of travel which he published he gives an account of the surprise of the garrison. In his description of the game he says, "It is played by large companies, that sometimes consist of more than three hundred." The posts are fixed in the ground, "about six hundred yards apart." "They" — the Indians — "are so exceedingly dexterous in this manly exercise that the ball is usually kept flying in different directions by the force of the rackets, without touching the ground during the whole contention." Notwithstanding the fact that severe accidents frequently happen, they seem never to provoke spite. "Nor," he adds, "do any disputes ever happen between the parties."

As played to-day, the number of players on each side is limited to twelve. Crosses, similar to those described by Henry, are used for batting and throwing the ball. Two flag-staffs, six feet high and six feet apart, are planted at each end of the field, the length of which will vary with the skill of the players. The ball, which during the game cannot be touched by the hand, must be driven between these posts, in order to score a goal. The players are distributed over the field in such positions that each player is faced by an opponent. The game is opened by the ball being placed in the centre of the field, and the two men stationed there begin the struggle for its possession as soon as the game is called. The players acquire great dexterity in throwing and catching the ball with their rackets. To secure a throw during the game, when opposed by an adversary who is endeavoring by every means to dislodge the ball, requires great skill and self-control. The player must still shape the direction of its flight, even when compelled to wield his cross in a constrained or unnatural position. The way in which some players succeed in thus projecting the ball towards the desired goal, in spite of the efforts of their opponents to disturb them, is remarkable, and attracts the attention of the observer more, perhaps, than the neat way in which they catch it in their rackets, their adroit methods of picking it up with their crooks alone, or even the great distances which they are enabled to project it. Great skill is also requisite to retain the ball on the flat net of the racket, while running across the field over which the opposing force is scattered; but the capacity to do this is an element of good play. It is not improbable that this game will become popular among our collegians. It has not as yet had time to assert all its claims for approval. It is plain, however, that it calls for grace, skill, and agility in the player.

Why cricket should be so popular in

England, and prove such a failure with our young men, is inexplicable; but, notwithstanding the organization of cricket elevens, and the attempts made from time to time to create an interest in the game, we do not seem to have been able as yet to develop good cricket players. Nevertheless, cricket clubs are kept up, and a languid interest in the game is maintained, which may at some future time develop into vigorous life.

Hare and hounds associations, either independently or under the management of the athletic associations, exist at many of our colleges. Their meets furnish an interesting run for the hares and the twenty or thirty hounds who pursue them, and the send-off is a pretty sight. The hares are given a suitable start. They carry with them bags filled with small bits of paper, from which, as they run, they sprinkle their path with pieces, to give a distinct clue to the hounds. When fairly out in the country they exercise the utmost ingenuity to perplex the pursuing hounds: choosing routes which lead through brush and bog; now in at the window of some barn or outhouse, and out at a hole in the side or floor; over hedge and through ditch, across brook and river, until the spot is reached where the scent bags are abandoned, — the sign to the hounds that the run is over and that they can make their best time to the goal.

The interest in this sport is maintained not only by the general competition between hares and hounds, but also by the spirit of emulation which prevails among the hounds as to the order of their arrival at goal, on their return.

Bicycle clubs are to be found at most of the colleges. The number who have the taste for this form of exercise, and who can afford to purchase the expensive machines necessary for its indulgence, is limited. In the neighborhood of our colleges, wherever the roads are level, young men will be met, bestriding their bicycles, and with easy, gentle motion traversing the highways which penetrate the surrounding country. The interest taken in the bicycle clubs is not general, but to those who are in position to join them there is much pleasure to be derived from these afternoon excursions, and much benefit to be gained from the exercise.

The game which, next to base-ball, attracts the student is foot-ball: not the game prohibited in Great Britain by edict of Edward III., nor that of which Strutt quaintly remarks, "When the exercise becomes exceeding violent, the players kick each others' shins without the least ceremony, and some of them are overthrown at the hazard of their limbs;" nor is it exactly like the game into which Tom Brown was plunged, so soon after his arrival at Rugby. Strutt would find very little kicking of shins in the game of to-day, — very little kicking, indeed, of any sort; and instead of the whole school mustering on the ground, Tom Brown would find only eleven on each side.

The game as played to-day requires generalship on the part of the captain, and discipline on the part of the team. Avoirdupois and strength are at a premium for rushing, blocking, and tackling; fleetness of foot for running with the ball; and skill in kicking for sending the clumsy oval whirring through the air at the exact angle and line that shall carry it over the bar and between the posts of the adversary's goal.

As the game progresses, a wise captain can detect the weak points in the opposing team, and can utilize his own forces so as to take advantage of them. He can, for a purpose, strengthen his rushers at the expense of weakening the defenses of his goal. He can, from time to time, change the tactics of his halfbacks; now urging them to run with the ball, and again, if he finds the tackling of his adversary so perfect that he can gain no ground by this, causing the ball to be punted before the kicker is men-

aced by a tackle. But while it is true that the influence of the captain in the previous training and in the management of the team during the game is necessarily great, and may be decisive, it is also true that there is no game played at the colleges which offers such opportunities for brilliant individual play as foot-ball. A successful run with the ball, a fortunate escape from an impending capture, a quick punt in the face of a threatened tackle, an adroit check of some disaster, perhaps the overthrow by a light weight of a heavy rusher, who is rapidly nearing the goal line with the ball in his arms, — all these are readily appreciated by the spectators, who watch the fluctuations of the game with as much interest as the players themselves, and who invariably greet a brilliant individual play in a match game with cheer upon cheer for the lucky player who has made it. A handsome check of an attempt to break through the line of rushers, in a scrimmage; a successful tackle in the field; a fortunate pass of the ball when running, beset by the opposing side; in short, any good play, whether by the team or by individuals in it, is recognized, and received with hearty, enthusiastic applause. Rewards of this nature make a position on the eleven desirable to the student; and were it not for the streak of brutality which has run through some of the matches, it might be doubted whether foot-ball would not usurp the present popularity of base-ball. If that element can ever be held in complete check by any system of rules, it may well be that the greater elasticity of the game, together with the chance that it affords for a display of tactics on the part of the leader, and for brilliant individual play on the part of the members of the team, will win for it the position in the affection of the students which it will then fairly deserve.

Hundreds who do not understand foot-ball flock to see the match games in the intercollegiate contests, and easily comprehend enough of their strategy and management to derive enjoyment from them. With a knowledge of the rules of the game, with a thorough understanding of the position of affairs as it moves along, and with an appreciation of what constitutes good play comes that livelier satisfaction and keener enjoyment which inspires the student to an enthusiasm in which even the disinterested spectator must participate.

Hazlitt quotes from a letter written in March, 1560, the following sentiment, which, when applied to our college matches, is equally true to-day: —

"You may do well, if you have any idle time, to play the good fellow, and come and see our matches at foot-ball; for that and bowling will be our best entertainment."

And so, too, in this nineteenth century, it may be well for some of the critics who denounce the policy of encouraging athletic sports in colleges; who charge to the debit of this policy many evils that fairly belong there, and some that do not; who find in these sports nothing but a wretched imitation of the habits of English collegians, — it may be well for some of them "to play the good fellow, and come and see some of our matches." And not only the matches, but the daily outpouring of the students into the green fields, where they can breathe the pure air of outdoors, and for the moment forget their books, and with joyous excitement obtain that bodily exercise which all need, but many neglect. It would be well for those who criticise to remember that to achieve distinction in any of these sports is not consistent with a life of debauchery, or irregular habits of any sort, but that the members of teams and crews who enter upon a course of training voluntarily adopt methodical habits of life, content themselves with a simple diet, abandon all forms of indulgence which are condemned by sanitary au-

thorities, keep early hours, and in general conform their lives to just the model that would be selected for them by their well-wishers. Nor do the hours adopted for their daily exercise necessarily interfere with the maintenance of a good standard of scholarship.

The daily routine work of the gymnasium is in itself a bore, which would soon drop into desuetude were it not for the companionship of the great numbers interested in athletics, whose buoyant health and overflowing spirits relieve the hour of its tedium, and convert a task into a pleasure.

If we admit, as we must, that there are young men who overdo the thing, whose ambition does not rise beyond a place in the University crew; that the contests stimulate a tendency to back up the college by betting; that the expenses of the various teams have to be paid by somebody, and that subscription papers are passed around for the purpose of raising such funds; that the traveling about to play matches during term time interferes with the studies of those on the teams, and that the games ought to be so arranged as to prevent this, — if we admit all this, still the weight of these charges is partially offset by the stimulus which these games give to the great health-giving system of athletics, which keeps our young men boys for a year or two longer, and will lengthen the lives of many of them by a decade.

The young man whose sole ambition it is to row in the University crew, and who devotes his attention to this at the expense of his studies, would probably come to college if there were no crew, and his ambition would then be satisfied with some similar standard. If he gains nothing else, the nut-brown skin, the deep layers of muscles on chest and back and arm, are better than the pallid complexion and flaccid muscles which would come from late hours spent over the card table, in drinking and smoking.

If there are some weak enough to gamble upon the results of these matches, and to think that loyalty to their Alma Mater compels them to back up her team or crew with money, shall we charge the whole of this offense to the account of these matches? Is not some part of this evil due to the fact that public opinion itself is at fault? Look at the enormous volume of the transactions on margins and in futures in stocks, oil, cotton, tobacco, and grain at the exchanges in our cities, — transactions which are almost entirely outside the wants of legitimate trade, which are in their nature mere speculative ventures, and which are generally characterized as gambling. To judge of the effects of this upon a community, step into the narrow streets in Chicago, in the rear of the Exchange, and see the pool shops, where contingencies are sold at prices varying from ten dollars to ten cents, thus enabling even the street boot-blacks to take their little ventures. It can but be that this open defiance of the austere views upon the subject of gambling, held by a large portion of our people, must have its effect upon our collegians. If this be true, this lamentable failing on their part, which tends to bring disgrace upon intercollegiate games, should be charged, in part at least, to a debauched public sentiment. The games serve rather to disclose than to cause an evil, which, if it exists, will find indulgence even if the occasion for its display, the match game, be withdrawn. The billiard table, the private card table, and alas, too often, the public game of faro furnish constant opportunities for the gratification of this taste. The strength of mind that can resist the temptation within the college walls will not be severely tried in the open air, even under the excitement of the match game.

That young men who join the teams are sometimes put to extraordinary expenses, and that their fellows are occasionally appealed to in behalf of the

teams, is true; and probably it is true that some are weak enough to subscribe who wish they had the strength of character to say no. But after all, is there any great harm in this? One of the great lessons in life to the easy-going spirit is to learn when to say no. The very strength of this argument is its weakness. There are so many teams, there are so many occasions for subscription papers, that no young man with ordinary means can afford to put his name down to all. Therefore, all are obliged to decline some of the subscriptions, and each person can decline any that he chooses, with the certainty that he is not a special object of comment.

Even if all the charges brought against intercollegiate games are true, the fact that they stimulate athletics in our colleges must be passed to their credit. If the evils which follow in their train are all that they are asserted to be, still the good they bring is so plain that the effort should be not to prevent the games, but to regulate them so that the attendant evils shall be avoided, and all their good influences be exerted.

Again we say to the critics, "Play the good fellow, and come and see our matches," and join with us in urging the faculties to do nothing which shall check the growing taste for athletics in our colleges, but rather to put forth their efforts in giving the intercollegiate games such tone and form as shall relieve them from complaint and free them from possible criticism.

Andrew M. F. Davis.

THE RAIN AND THE FINE WEATHER.

In looking over my year-book, I find no entry recording a holiday spoiled by the rain, while numerous instances are noted of holidays gained from that source. Wherefore "la pluie et le beau temps" of the sweeping Gallic phrase are in my version freely rendered as equivalents; or, at least, the rain is regarded as one phase of that fine weather which we enjoy the whole year round. How can I entirely sympathize with those who reckon their time by a sun-dial, and boast it as a virtue that they "count the bright hours only"? The sun-dial and the bright hours are well, but I should be loath to repudiate those gray and lowering hours, in which the countenance of our thoughts so easily outshines that of the weather, — some of the more radiant days being, perhaps, a trifle too vivid for our ordinary spiritual habit. If I keep a sun-dial, I have also a tower of the winds and a musical clepsydra, the latter propelled directly by the cascade from heaven: thus I think to deal equitably by all hours and seasons.

Our roof-trees grow dense and dark above us, every year more and more shutting off the prospect skyward. Thanks to the rain that we are occasionally called out to inspect the "brave o'erhanging firmament;" for who is not concerned to watch the arrival and unlading of the great galleys which bring us our fresh and soft water supplies? Frowns and corrugations on the face of heaven shall succeed in commanding our attention, where ten days together of ethereal smiles and tenderness shall fail. There is one pleasure in the rain itself, and another in anticipating it by predictions. Distant be the day when the spectroscope, with its "rain band" indicator, shall come into general use, superseding oral prognostication. When this day arrives, it will be to the grief and confusion of those clever meteorolo-

gists who are found in every neighborhood. After all, will the gain in scientific certitude compensate for the loss of pleasure to be derived from pure speculation? Notwithstanding the superior skepticism with which we meet the dicta of our familiar weather oracle, there is commonly a kernel of natural philosophy as well as natural poetry within the absurd envelope of vulgar tradition. Most of the twelve cardinal rain signs enumerated in the Georgics are still in good repute. "Never hath a shower hurt any person unforewarned." It took me some time to probe to the probable origin of the saying with regard to the new moon and the Indian's powder-horn. Why, indeed, should that aboriginal worthy hang the powder-horn upon a dry rather than a wet moon? The mystery was cleared up for me on my hearing a hunter express his preference for wet weather, as then the leaves on the forest floor, being moist, would not rustle under foot, and betray his presence to the game. Of course, the wood-crafty Indian knew this fact, and took advantage of it; he would, therefore, have his powder-horn in use during a wet time, but in the dry would naturally suspend it on the convenient lunar peg! True, there are those who have no respect for this trite omen, having from their own experience evolved a more likely system of prognostics. I have a neighbor who asks no stronger argument in favor of rain than to see his dog eat grass. Another observer is specially in the confidence of the "line storm" agent, and has been assured that the direction of the wind during this period "pretty nearly" determines the direction in which we are to look for all the storms of the season following. Still another, unconsciously verifying the Emersonian maxim, hitches the wagon of his weather faith to a shooting star. A transcendental farmer he, whose vane is the meteor's dart shot into the teeth of the approaching but yet invisible storm; where the star falls, from that quarter he anticipates the next rough weather. This is the farmer who plants his apple-trees at a slight deflection from the vertical, so that their tops shall exactly indicate the "two o'clock sun." The trees are thus, as he argues, given a westing, so that all the strong prevailing winds from that quarter can do is to lift them to a perpendicular position, by the time they are full-grown. This system of planting, though it may be good arboriculture, would go far towards doing away with the picturesque wryness of the apple orchard.

It may be questioned whether the clouds of heaven have their favorite lanes and by-ways marked out on the map of the country over which they pass, yet I frequently hear that the rain "follows the river." If this be true, the rain has a sufficiently puzzling route, as the river in question abhors a right line, and delights to double upon itself as often as it can. It is to be remarked that the Lake (Erie), but a few miles distant, is not popularly held to have such a following as is claimed for its humble tributary. No local savant can satisfactorily apologize for the slight. I am assured by one living near the river that lightning strikes in its vicinity more frequently than elsewhere; that the chestnut oftener than any other tree, except the hemlock, is the mark of the thunderbolt; and that the beech enjoys a singular immunity from danger, — so much so that my informant would not believe, on report, that a beech had been struck, but would require to see the mischief with his own eyes. It would be an entertaining, and perhaps not unprofitable, task to edit the science and pseudo-science in common circulation within the area of a single county, district, or township.

"The former and the latter rains" play the same part in the year's tillage as they did when the first furrows were drawn in the earth. The spring still

comes riding in on the moist surges of the south wind, and the departing summer, also, goes by water, embarking on the tumbling flood of the big September storm. Though one season indulges in a reckless expenditure of moisture, and another pinches us with drought, we are pretty sure that the account balances. If any region, formerly well supplied with rain, has come to suffer from aridity, it is probably because the forests, those natural well-sweeps connecting with the heavenly cisterns, have been cut down. A pity it is that their hydraulic action is not visible in some such way as the sun and his specious water-buckets, so that man should be advised by self-interest to stay his inroads upon the sylvan territory. Is the rain sent alike upon the just and the unjust? There is one class of the unjust, namely, the timber destructionists, who are likely to bring about a reversal of the old benevolent decree.

It is a little strange that the poets, while so free to praise the summer rain, should have nothing to say about rain in the winter. Have they not heard the wild hunter, who, with his rattling shot, brings down the coveys of the frost, — the headlong charioteer cracking his thousand whips in the vacant air, unintercepted by leafy branches? How his lashes score and lacerate the earth's false cuticle of ice and snow, until the quick is reached, and dormant vitality excited! In every February rain faint vernal rumors are heard, and cipher dispatches are sent to the initiated. The rain in March brings overbold declaration for spring, afterwards diplomatically offset by an occasional demonstration in honor of winter. I am sorry for those who fail to perceive the honest stuff there is in March, who can never get along with his chaff and swagger. It must be that nature relishes the extravagant impersonations of this actor, else he would not be encouraged to remain so long upon the scene, or be so frequently recalled, — "with hey, ho, the wind and the rain!" As yet, the skies are not blue, but only blue-eyed, the azure seen in glimpses through the clouds as through rough eye-sockets. The fields present an unfamiliar topography, all depressions having been filled up by the rain. A pool thus formed is a kaleidoscope of color and motion: the wind produces on its surface a veiny arabesque, and at one side of the margin the breaking of the ocean surf is imitated. Every gust darkens it most wonderfully, as though there had been thrown into the water some instantly dissolving pigment. This sudden depth of shade is due to the bulk of the water having been swept aside, thus destroying the glaze of reflected light, and revealing the dark bottom of the pool. "The river is bluer than the sky" is good painting. Heaven, as seen in the watery mirror, is always deeper in hue than the actual sky. Whence is the mordant used to set this dye? If there be any hair-line rift in the clouds through which a blue ray can fall, trust the rain-pool to detect and report it with liberal exaggeration. One will often be baffled in his search for the zenith to match the smiling under-heaven laid open in the transient perspective glass at his feet. With no small speculative delight have I seen the village, after an abundant rain, apparently built over a celestial abysm, and threatening every moment to fall and disappear over the frail earth-verge. The more frequent the pools, the more extensive the downward aerial prospect, and the more exquisite the sense of suspension between two infinities. To my surprise, the passers-by seemed wholly oblivious to the fine peril which threatened, as they plodded their way through the unsolid streets, grumbling at the inefficiency of the road supervisor.

April comes,

> "With boweriness and showeriness
> And rare delights of rain."

Mantling in the sun's warmth, and daily replenished, the pasture pools are now, at the surface, rinks for the nimble gyrations of various water-flies, while below swarm the fairy shrimps, simulating the fin-waving life of the fish. In their green translucency they look not unlike animated bits of some pulpy, aquatic plant, so that the name of the order, *phyllopoda*, is well illustrated by this species. In one season of unusual mildness, I knew these creatures to make their appearance as early as the middle of February.

Rain in April! Who knows not the capricious, partial shower that runs out in shining array, under review of the sun, advancing a furlong or so, then stopping short, as though recalled by solar command? Not a yard further will the precious moisture go, however the mouth of nature may water in expectation. I hear the ever-thirsty grass, with a slight, tremulous sigh, express its disappointment and sense of neglect. There is a copious drinker! I almost think to measure the depth of the rainfall by ascertaining the liquid contents in the brimming tube of a blade of grass. In the space between morning and evening, it has plainly lifted itself higher, and acquired a livelier color.

After a parched interval, with what alertness we look and listen for indications of rain! — not, however, forgetting to remind each other that "all signs fail in dry weather." We are fain to credit the "more wet" of the quail, the ceaseless trilling of the tree-frog, the chuckle of the cuckoo, and the shutting of various sunny eyes in the grass. We also take fresh hope when the trees that have so long stood sultrily immobile begin swaying tumultuously, uttering hoarse, delirious murmurs of anticipation. Yet we have often before seen this majestically looming cloud break and dissolve in gusty sighs, without showing any practical benevolence. We do not expect much from these sparse, loud-clicking drops, sown broad-cast, like a handful of pluvial "small change," or beggars' pence, just to test nature's alacrity in picking up alms. Falling in the fine dust of the road, they are at once absorbed, curiously dotting or stippling the powdery surface; falling on the leaves, which the drought has rendered tense and crisp, like a sort of drum parchment, they beat a brisk, urgent tattoo; the grass blades seem to dodge the sharp fusillade. The looming cloud, for once, does not disappoint us, but ascends, and spreads rapidly a gray, uniform canopy. When the lightning flashes, it advises us there is brilliant repartee in the heavens. What a keen *jeu d'esprit* was this last! In the soul is a spark of venturous, fiery wit, which in spite of the mortal body's fear starts up to fence with the lightning, singing, as the shaft flies past, "Strike me, and I strike back!" Now comes the rain, a celestial ocean at flood-tide. It has its surges and billows, its mighty "third waves," its momentary lulls and recessions. How far is it through this liquid obscurity up to the azure and the sunbeam? We will walk abroad under the rain, like divers in the pearl gulfs; we will take a surf bath, where nothing is lacking but the saline taste: for, if this be not a true sea in which we disport, it is at least the returning wave of sublimated lakes and rivers, the tribute of the naiads and of the earth now refunded.

Even in this temperate latitude we frequently have, at the beginning of a summer storm, an interval of elemental chaos that would do credit to a Central American *temporal*. The trees rock and bend, leaning to the leeward, with all their foliage blown out, like a garment, in one direction, revealing their lithe and robust anatomy. What admirable elasticity and dexterous trimming to the storm are seen among these hardy, long-disciplined Spartans of nature! Occasionally, a young tree, deficient in athletic training, is snapped

off at the ankle; and as though the storm carried a pruning-knife, and this were the month for pruning, numerous small branches, twigs, and single leaves are remorselessly shorn away and scattered to the winds. After a continued rain, such as in June lodges the crops, the infinite rank growth of leafage seems completely to muffle up the world.

> "The boweriness and floweriness
> Make one abundant heap."

The trees are heavy and torpid with moisture; there is no motion in the foliage, except as some terminal leaf twinkles in discharging a drop larger than usual. The rain trickles down the rough, swollen bark, finding its way by casual channels, as the water from a spring drips through the loose black clods of a shaded hillside. A momentary jet rises wherever a drop falls on a hard surface. Well-washed stones become dark and semi-reflective, showing, like a roiled stream, distorted and indistinct images of surrounding objects. The long undulation of meadows and grain-fields, the liquescent greens of the landscape, faintly seen through the waving veil of the rain, suggest a submarine vegetation, swept by a gale of waters. When there is no wind, the rain is of such temper that we characterize it as "gentle;" it then comes serenely down by a direct path; when set on by the wind, it drives in keen oblique splinters. Sometimes there is a crossing of lances, as though two rain armies were in the field. If the eye is rejoiced at the descending shower, the ear also has its share of pleasure. From all sides comes up the whispered acclamation of a million grateful leaves. We infer their gratitude, as, in any human crowd, we understand the drift of communication, though unable to distinguish individual voices. After listening a while to this comfortable susurrus of the leaves, we seem to hear a monotonous rhythm, to which we readily set symphonious words, or syllables, without meaning. Whatever the style of parley the rain may hold with the sea or with the open prairie, its loquacity must always be sweetest in a wooded country. The senses of sight and hearing are not the only ones regaled at this time. Before the rain comes the breath of the rain, bringing flavorous news from all lush places in the woods and pastures. Virgil's farmer knew what it meant when he saw his cattle "snuff the air with wide-open nostrils." In the first rain of autumn, after intense summer heat, the leaves of the maple give out a subtle aroma, as if the essential principle of the sap and tissues had been volatilized; though already burnt in the summer's censer, their ashes are fragrant when put in solution by the rain.

Nature is on good terms with her children on a rainy day, seeming to treat it as a *dies non*, giving herself up to their amusement. If we are not afraid of a wetting, we may meet some very pretty gossips abroad, since we are not alone in our enjoyment of the rain and fine weather. The robin shows himself preeminently a rain-bird. He takes a position as nearly vertical as possible, so as to shed the water, his plumage growing darker for the drenching. He has moistened his whistle (as the flute-player moistens his flute), and is now blowing out the superfluous drops in a series of mellow dissyllabic notes, somewhat more pensive and refined than his ordinary efforts. He sings the lyric of the rain. A "sprinkle" encourages rather than interrupts the chimney-swifts in their airy pursuit of food; and the more familiar sparrows dart under the eaves, into porches, even alighting on window-sills, in quest of insects that have sought shelter in these places. In the orchard the wren is on the alert, scrambling along the leaning trunk with the dexterity of the woodpecker or the creeper, and peering into every nook and cranny of the bark. He, too, is foraging, yet — that he may not be accused of being wholly absorbed in this sordid occupa-

tion — from time to time pipes a moist and rippling stave, whose "expression mark" might be *allegretto grazioso.* There is still another creature, from which, if gifted vocally, we should probably hear some thrilling wet-weather notes. At the first report of rain, our old doorside friend, the toad, exhibits all the delight possible to an organization so cold and phlegmatic. His yellow sides and throat seem to throb with excitement, as he comes out of his hermitage in the mould of a neglected flower-pot. As soon as wet, his spotted mosaic coat becomes brighter, resembling in color and markings some freaked pebble washed up by the waves. With an eye to business (he is possibly something of a savant, and counts upon the present atmospheric condition as favorable to his fly-catching enterprise), he gathers himself up and hurries into the grass, looping himself along by his long, ridiculous legs.

While these visible rillets of the rain are making their way, with much frothing and bubbling, to some permanent vein of water, one imagines the streams underground rejoicing, in their own dark, voiceless way, at the reinforcement they receive. For hours afterward I taste the river of heaven in water from the well. Some time ago I made the discovery of a music-box or whispering-gallery of the rain, which I had passed a hundred times without suspecting its musical capacity. It is entirely subterranean, with a tube or shaft connecting it with the surface. Laying my ear to this, I hear a succession of delicious melodies, abounding in trills, turns, grace-notes, and broken chords, in which the last fine high note is followed by an echo. It is Nicor, chief of water-sprites, sitting in a cavern and playing liquid chimes, laughing to himself during the rests! The mason who constructed this music-box with bricks and mortar thought only to produce a cistern, not dreaming of the acoustic luxury that should result from his labors. This is the clepsydra that keeps the rainy hours, dropping the minutes and seconds in a silver or crystal coinage of sound.

Edith M. Thomas.

WILLOW.

O SLENDER willow, that beside
The meadow brooklet leanest here,
Sad, in this joy-time of the year,
Dost cast gold catkins on the tide,

As strips the widowed Hindoo bride
Her jeweled arms, with grief austere, —
O slender willow? . . .

Or makest fickle haste to hide
The pale young sunshine's gifts, once dear,
Ere beam more splendid shall appear,
To clothe thee all in verdurous pride, —
O slender willow?

C. E. Sutton.

PRESIDENT MONROE.

THE full title of Mr. Gilman's scholarly essay on James Monroe[1] hints at the grounds on which the fifth President finds a place in the careful list of American statesmen, and Monroe's own career and historic associations suggest very interesting speculations as to the future conditions of public life in America. John Quincy Adams was more distinctly trained to an administrative life; but he was also a man of more striking individuality, and the figure which he shows in our history is that of a person, rather than that of an officer. His official position served as a background upon which to write his character, and although he lived from boyhood in the atmosphere of public service, he can scarcely be called the product of that service.

The character of Monroe, on the other hand, does not indicate a power which would have made him a marked man under all conditions. The fact that he has hitherto not been the subject of a formal biography is a slight sign of the absence in him of strong lines of personality. Mr. Gilman, in accordance with the scheme of the series in which his book stands, has not attempted a life. He invites some historical student, in search of a subject, to undertake a full life of Monroe; yet it is doubtful if any student would be attracted by the personal element in the subject. The few pages which Mr. Gilman gives to this side are interesting and satisfactory; one does not care for much more. An indefinite series of anecdotes or illustrations, if they could be found, would hardly build any very picturesque figure. Monroe appears as an awkward, diffident man, slow of speech, courteous, unimaginative, a little dull, perhaps, but uniformly unselfish, honorable, and faithful. He was, as Mr. Gilman points out, rather a man of action than of intellectual power; and his promptness and self-reliance during the second war with Great Britain certainly seem to bear out this view, and lead one to believe that Colonel Monroe, as he was commonly called, would have made a good general in the war for independence, if he had been older then, and would be an efficient railroad president, if he were in his prime now.

It is chiefly from the recollections of Judge Watson, contributed to this volume, that we get our notion of Monroe in his personal relations, and there are one or two passages which are interesting as bringing us closer to the man as he knew himself. "There was not," says Judge Watson, "the least particle of conceit in Mr. Monroe, and yet he seemed always strongly to feel that he had rendered great public service. From Washington to John Quincy Adams, he was the associate and co-laborer of the greatest and best men of his day. . . . One striking peculiarity about Mr. Monroe was his sensitiveness, his timidity in reference to public sentiment. I do not mean as it respected his past public life; as to that, he appeared to feel secure. But in retirement his great care seemed to be to do and say nothing unbecoming in an ex-President of the United States. He thought it incumbent on him to have nothing to do with party politics. This was beneath the dignity of an ex-President; and it was unjust to the people who had so highly honored him to seek to throw the weight of his name and character on either side

[1] *James Monroe* in his Relations to the Public Service during Half a Century, 1776 to 1826. By DANIEL C. GILMAN, President of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. [American Statesmen Series.]

of any contest between them. Hence, Mr. Monroe, after retiring from office, rarely, if ever, expressed his opinions of public men or measures, except confidentially."

From these and other details, it is not difficult to reconstruct Mr. Monroe as he saw himself, and one can have only respect for a man who took so serious a view of his office and its responsibilities. In a merely external view, Monroe's official honor was very great. "No one but Washington was ever reëlected to the highest office in the land with so near an approach to unanimity." It is true that the calm of the political waters upon the reëlection of Monroe was not very profound, but the common consent by which he was continued in office was a just tribute to the integrity and good sense of the President. One who had enjoyed this public confidence might fairly be complacent over it, but Monroe showed his fine character by respecting the public as much as the public respected him, and by using his office as the chief servant of the nation.

What impresses us most in his public life is the completeness with which he caught the sentiment of the people, and reproduced it in his official papers. The Monroe Doctrine is the completest expression of this. Mr. Gilman has shown how little that doctrine was a mere pronunciamento of the President, and how gradually it was evolved as the growth of the public consciousness. In giving voice to the gathering conviction of the nation, Mr. Monroe was the spokesman of the people, and not its champion. Historical students, indeed, will be a little disappointed that Mr. Gilman has not discussed the question of the share which the Secretary of State had in the document. So little is Mr. Monroe's personal equation of force that it remained for a still later development of the popular thought to give the formal statement a fuller content; so that when we speak, to-day, of the Monroe Doctrine it becomes necessary to discriminate between the historic expression and the convenient formula which stands now for somewhat more. The doctrine is one of the landmarks of national progress, but, like other landmarks in nature, it diminishes in apparent greatness as one comes nearer to it.

It is, however, as we have hinted, chiefly as an illustration of administrative evolution that President Monroe's career may be studied to advantage. If we were to select representatives of this evolution in the three periods of United States history, they would be Monroe, Buchanan, and Garfield. Mr. Buchanan hit himself off, when he labeled himself, like a wax figure, an Old Public Functionary. He is the Turveydrop of American statesmen, and represents a condition of public life when the highest officer of the nation was a puppet in the hands of stronger men. He was the outgrowth of an oligarchy; he had passed his life in office, learning thoroughly all parts of the mechanism; he was entirely at home in the artificial political life which was built upon the conception of the administration as a delicately adjusted machine, contrived for continuing the party in power. The administration in Buchanan's time was the government, but it pretended to be only the attorney for the government. It would, perhaps, be more exact to say that the real government was in the hands of a compact body of men, who ruled in the name of the people, and employed the administration as their agency.

Mr. Monroe, on the other hand, while he had served the same kind of apprenticeship as Mr. Buchanan, was the product of a different time. The English and colonial conception of the administration as the real government lingered for some time after the formal proclamation of democratic principles, and in the early years of the republic, when the cen-

tral organization was simple and very limited in its agencies, the government was largely aristocratic. It was under this *régime* that Monroe was trained, and he came to the top when the system was giving way before the rising tide of democracy. He inherited the ideas of the strong men who had laid the foundations of the nation, and he carried them out faithfully and with a high sense of honor. Place was a trust, and he never failed so to regard it.

In the administration which it was hoped would bear Mr. Garfield's name, the people looked with eagerness and some confidence for the realization of a public life which should make the administration, what the theory of democracy demands, a register of the best public mind. As the country grows more complex in its inter-relations, it requires that the management of its public affairs should be entrusted to men who have been trained for it, and trained in a school which recognizes one authority, — we, the people. It is for this reason that so positive an injunction has been given to rid the civil service of its oligarchic taint. No facts in our recent political history are so significant as the decision with which this injunction has been pronounced, and the silent, unorganized combination which has used the ballot as a skillful weapon. The truth is that a century of ballot-throwing has been needed to perfect the engine; and now that it is in the possession of the people, and well adjusted to their hands, it is used with tremendous force. The individual ballot and the unpolitical office go together, and in the new era upon which we are entering this presentation of Monroe's career becomes of great value. We believe that the government is passing into the hands of the people, and we have reason to believe that an administration will result which will express that government as admirably as Monroe's expressed the aristocratic government of his day.

We ought not to leave Mr. Gilman's book without recognizing the thoroughness of its equipment. He has made a readable book for any citizen; he has also made a most serviceable hand-book for the special student; and by his relegation to an appendix of matters which constitute an index to his subject, he has served both classes, and offended neither.

MR. QUINCY'S REMINISCENCES.

It is not without a sense of its privileges that The Atlantic Monthly is housed in a mansion famous for the men and women who have lived in it, or been entertained at its hospitable board; thus it is with a slight sense of returning courtesies that it welcomes a book[1] which brings back so many figures once familiar in the Quincy mansion in Park Street, Boston, and not the least among them that of the cheerful narrator of old scenes. For although Mr. Quincy writes mainly of other and often more famous men than himself, the glimpses which he gives of his own personality are delightful. He is an old man, telling mainly of scenes through which he passed in his youth; and he looks back upon the young man who figured as the annalist in his diary with a whimsical alienation, as upon a prankish colt, who amuses him greatly now. There are intimations, now and then, in his book,

[1] *Figures of the Past*, from the Leaves of Old Journals. By Josiah Quincy. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1883.

that the records have been obliged to pass the scrutiny of some vigilant literary censor; and Mr. Quincy even protests, with the air of an uncle who is under some tyrannical surveillance, that he is not allowed to tell some excellent stories which he had set down. We have no doubt of it. We are sure that he might shock us, and give us a guilty sense of enjoyment, and perhaps his censor was right; but after all, we are most pleased that the garrulousness of a sunny age has not been entirely checked, for the stream of reminiscences is one which flows on with a careless ease, very delightful to the reader.

Mr. Quincy gave a happy title to his volume, for it is eminently a book which calls up the figures of the past. The writer himself was not only brought into familiar relations with notable persons, when he was a young man, but it is plain that his interest in persons has always been lively, and the frank catholicity of his temper and belief made him quick to recognize the virtue which resides in character aside from circumstance. He is a democratic gentleman, who has all the fine instincts which enable him to penetrate mere class or arbitrary distinctions. A singular illustration of this is in the admirable portrait which he has drawn of Andrew Jackson. He has not himself called our attention to his own good breeding, but the reader will scarcely fail to observe in the Governor's young aid, who did escort duty to the President when he made his tour in Massachusetts, a genuine courtesy, which was no sham official politeness. Mr. Quincy recalls with candor the prejudice which he felt toward Jackson, and gracefully acknowledges his own unconditional surrender. In doing so, he not only gives us a clear and honorable sketch of the President, but he unwittingly writes down his own generous and chivalrous nature.

"I was fairly startled," he writes, "a few days ago, at the remark of a young friend,[1] who is something of a student of American history. 'Of course,' said he, 'General Jackson was not what you would call a gentleman!' Now, although I had only a holiday acquaintance with the general, and although a man certainly puts on his best manners when undergoing a public reception, the fact was borne in upon me that the seventh President was, in essence, a knightly personage, — prejudiced, narrow, mistaken upon many points, it might be, but vigorously a gentleman in his high sense of honor, and in the natural, straightforward courtesies which are easily to be distinguished from the veneer of policy; and I was not prepared to be favorably impressed with a man who was simply intolerable to the Brahmin caste of my native State. Had not the Jackson organs teemed with abuse of my venerated friend, John Adams? Had not the legislature of New Hampshire actually changed the name of a town from Adams to Jackson; thereby performing a contemptible act of flattery, which, to the excited imaginations of the period, seemed sufficient to discredit republican government forever after? Had not this man driven from their places the most faithful officers of government, to satisfy a spirit of persecution relentless and bitter beyond precedent?

"I did not forget these things when I received Governor Lincoln's order to act as special *aide-de-camp* to the President, during his visit to Massachusetts; and I felt somewhat out of place when I found myself advancing from one side of Pawtucket Bridge (on the morning of June 20, 1833) to meet a slender, military-looking person, who had just left the Rhode Island side of that structure. Lawyers are credited with the capacity of being equally fluent upon

[1] In our unworthy jealousy of Mr. Quincy's literary adviser, we have decided to consider him and the young friend named above as identical.

all sides of a question; and if I had suddenly received orders to express to General Jackson my detestation of his presidential policy, I think I should have been equal to the occasion. My business, however, was to deliver an address of welcome; and here was Jackson himself, advancing in solitary state to hear it. Well in the rear of the chief walked the Vice-President and heir-apparent, Martin Van Buren; and slowly following came the Secretaries of War and the Navy, Cass and Woodbury. It is awkward to make a formal speech to one man, and I missed the crowd, which the military, upon both sides of the bridge, were keeping upon *terra firma*. I seemed to be the mouthpiece of nobody but myself. The address, somehow, got delivered, the distinguished guest made his suitable reply, and then we walked together to the fine barouche-and-four, which was to take us through the State. The President and Vice-President were waved to the back of the carriage; Colonel Washburn and myself occupied the front seat; the Cabinet were accommodated with chariots, somewhat less triumphal, behind us; the artillery fired (breaking many windows in Pawtucket, for which the State paid a goodly bill), and we were off."

This was the beginning of an intercourse which has supplied Mr. Quincy with reminiscences occupying a score of pages; he has consulted his diaries and his memory, and has drawn thence a number of fresh and natural impressions regarding the President. "His conversation," he says, "was interesting, from its sincerity, decision, and point. It was easy to see that he was not a man to accept a difference of opinion with equanimity; but that was clearly because, he being honest and earnest, Heaven would not suffer his opinions to be other than *right*. Mr. Van Buren, on the other hand, might have posed for a statue of Diplomacy. He had the softest way of uttering his cautious observations, and evidently considered the impression every word would make."

Mr. Quincy gives an amusing incident which occurred during a review of the Boston Brigade, and takes the opportunity, with a somewhat mock gravity, of exonerating himself from an imputation under which he has rested for fifty years. Mr. Van Buren and the members of the Cabinet had declined to take part in the review, but suddenly reconsidered their decision, when all the suitable horses had been otherwise engaged. "I frankly told him," says Mr. Quincy, "that I had given up the animals that had been engaged, and that the party must now take such leavings as might be had. Remembering that from a militia stand-point the trappings are about seven eighths of the horse, I at once ordered the finest military saddles, with the best quadrupeds under them that were procurable. They appeared in due time, and we mounted and proceeded to the field in good order; but the moment we reached the Common, the tremendous discharge of artillery which saluted the President scattered the Cabinet in all directions. Van Buren was a good horseman, and kept his seat, but, having neither whip nor spur, found himself completely in the power of his terrified animal, who, commencing a series of retrograde movements of a most unmilitary character, finally brought up with his tail against the fence which then separated the mall from the Common, and refused to budge another inch. In the mean time the President and his staff had galloped cheerfully round the troops, and taken up their position on the rising ground, near the foot of Joy Street, to receive the marching salute. 'Why, where 's the Vice-President?' suddenly exclaimed the President, turning to me for an explanation. 'About as near on the fence as a gentleman of his positive political convictions is likely to get,'

said I, pointing him out. I felt well enough acquainted with Jackson, by this time, to venture upon a little pleasantry. 'That 's very true,' said the old soldier, laughing heartily; 'and you 've matched him with a horse who is even more non-committal than his rider.' Now the democrats were very sensitive about Mr. Van Buren, and among them started a report that I had provided their prince imperial with this preposterous horse, in order to put him in a ridiculous position. I was much annoyed by this story, and although it may be thought a little late to give it a formal contradiction through the press, I feel constrained to do so. It was the Vice-President's own fault, and no neglect on the part of the managing aide-de-camp, that placed him in a position to which his party so reasonably objected."

The President certainly made a convert of the young officer who was so near to him in those days, — a convert, not to his political doctrines, but to a belief in the chief's integrity and true nobility. Mr. Quincy bears testimony to the indomitable will by which Jackson triumphed over the frailties of his physical nature: "An immaterial something flashed through his eye, as he greeted us in the breakfast room, and it was evident that the faltering body was again held in subjection." He relates how the general was compelled, at a public reception in Cambridge, to abandon handshaking, but that he made an exception in favor of two pretty children. "He took the hands of these little maidens, and then lifted them up and kissed them. It was a pleasant sight, one not to be omitted when the events of the day were put upon paper. This rough soldier, exposed all his life to those temptations which have conquered public men whom we still call good, could kiss little children with lips as pure as their own."

There is a delightful air of gallantry about these reminiscences. To the young Mr. Quincy, jotting down his day's experience in his diary, the maidens with whom he danced and rode were wonderfully lovely and witty; to the old Mr. Quincy, turning over the leaves of his diary, and piecing out the records with his memory, the loveliness and wit are just as real and lasting. A sigh escapes him, now and then, over the lost fragrance of the bouquet, and the feminine figures of the past move across the stage in the somewhat attenuated form of Miss A. and Miss B.; but we are spared those hypocritical ejaculations of the vanity of life, which blooming youth sometimes brings to the lips of trembling age. On the contrary, there is a heartiness of enjoyment in the recollection of mirth, which gives one a sense of the generous nature of the fine old gentleman who reviews his past. Sometimes, indeed, he tells frankly whom he admired, and we cannot do better than reproduce a couple of pages of his book, which have the vigor of honest admiration, and conclude with a redoubtable caution: "Wednesday, March 8 [1826], spent the evening at Mrs. Bozeley's ball [in Baltimore], where I was greatly struck by the beauty of the ladies. The principal belles were Miss Clapham, Miss Gallatin, and Miss Johnson. This last lady has one of the most striking faces I ever saw. It is perfectly Grecian. And this, added to her fine figure and graceful movement, presented a *tout ensemble* from which I could not keep my eyes. I was introduced to her, and found her manners as bewitching as her person. She was all life and spirit. After finishing the first dance, I discovered a corner, where we sat for nearly an hour, keeping up an easy, laughing sort of conversation. This would have occasioned observation elsewhere; but here no one seemed to notice it, except the gentleman who wished to dance with her, so I had a very comfortable time. When we were obliged to separate, I tried to dance with Miss Clapham, but

found she was engaged. I could only represent to her partner that I should never have another opportunity of dancing with this lady, whereas he would have many others; but he was inexorable, and refused to give her up; so I did the next best thing in standing by her and talking to her during all the intervals of the dance. After it was over, I retired, well satisfied that the reputation of Baltimore for the gayety and beauty of its ladies was fully deserved.

"There is no use in multiplying extracts like this," continues Mr. Quincy, philosophically. "It is the old, old story of maidenly fascinations upon a young man. Let me hope that the intuitive sympathy of a few youthful readers will give piquancy to the foolish words which chronicle experiences once so vivid. At yet another ball, my journal tells how I was introduced to Miss ——, 'the great belle of the city,' and testifies that I found her 'pretty, agreeable, and sensible.' And then there is written some idle gossip of the young fellows of Baltimore about this fair lady. The question with them was, Why did not Miss —— marry? She was nearly as old as the century, and had had annual crops of eligible offers, from her youth up. There must be some explanation; and then excellent and apparently conclusive reasons why the lady had not married, and never would marry, were alleged, and these were duly confided to the guardianship of my journal. It is apropos to this lady that I shall be generous enough to relate a subsequent awkwardness of my own; for it enforces what may be called a social moral, which it is useful to remember. A few years after this (that is, they *seemed* very few years to me), a gentleman from Baltimore was dining at my house. During one of the pauses of conversation, it occurred to me to inquire after the former belle of his city, about whom I had heard so much speculation. Expecting an immediate acquiescence in the negative, I carelessly threw out the remark, 'Miss ——, of Baltimore, I believe, was never married.' No sooner were the words uttered than I saw that something was wrong. My guest changed color, and was silent for some moments. At length came the overwhelming reply: 'Sir, I *hope* she was married. *She is my mother.*' And so the moral is that we cannot be too cautious in our inquiries concerning the life, health, or circumstances of any mortal known in other years, and bounded by another horizon."

Mr. Quincy's reminiscences are made to revolve around certain important centres. He gives a few chapters to student life at Harvard sixty years ago, and calls up with mingled respect and entertainment the figure of Professor Popkin, whose name raises expectations which will not be disappointed. John Adams makes another centre, and so does Daniel Webster and Lafayette. It seems impossible for the old to communicate to the young the enthusiasm which Lafayette inspired when he returned to this country. They look back upon the days of that great triumphal reception with a half-puzzled air, and try in vain to record the immense excitement which pervaded the thinly settled country. "To me," says Mr. Quincy, "his last words were, 'Remember, we must meet again in France!' and so saying, he kissed me upon both cheeks. 'If Lafayette had kissed *me*,' said an enthusiastic lady of my acquaintance, 'depend upon it, I would never have washed my face as long as I lived!' The remark may be taken as fairly marking the point which the flood-tide of affectionate admiration reached in those days."

Of all the figures in the book, however, Joseph Smith, the Mormon, comes forward with perhaps the most distinctness and freshness. It is worth while to get the impressions of such a man upon the mind of so honest a gentleman

and good observer as Mr. Quincy; and we value the impressions the more that Mr. Quincy makes so little attempt to construct a theory about the prophet. He does better than that: he gives us a series of instantaneous photographs. In fine, the whole volume is a most agreeable addition to the scanty memoirs of our social life in the early part of the century; and since we have not reached the somewhat scornful height of Mr. Wendell Phillips's depreciation of diaries, we are well content to applaud Mr. Quincy's half-serious, half-whimsical defense of himself for these trifles: "Ah, Mr. Phillips, let us not altogether despise the poor fribbles who keep journals. They do manage to keep a few myths out of history, after all. . . . 'You can count on the fingers of your two hands all the robust minds that have kept journals,' says my eminent friend. Well, perhaps you can; but I think it might require all the hands of Briareus to number the robust minds that have lamented that they took no written note of the scenes and persons among which they passed. Most pathetic in its regret was the language I have heard from Judge Story, and other first-class men, respecting this omission. It has rung in my ears when, tired and full of business, I was disposed to shirk the task. So let us possess our souls in patience, even if our 'sixpenny neighbor' is keeping a journal. . . . It is Arthur Helps who says that poor 'sixpenny' Pepys has given us 'the truest book that ever was written;' no slight praise this, as it seems to me. But let not the reader fear that any chronicles of mine shall be catalogued among the diaries and journals from which Mr. Phillips would deliver us. I have taken stringent measures to secure him and his posterity from so great a calamity."

WOODBERRY'S HISTORY OF WOOD-ENGRAVING.

Mr. Woodberry makes generous acknowledgment to Professor Charles Eliot Norton, without whose aid and counsel he declares that his book[1] could not have been written; but it should not be inferred from this that there is, in his treatment of the history of wood-engraving, any lack of individuality and independence. Far from that, a principal charm of this volume lies in the fact that it is characterized by a clear sight, and a comprehensiveness not thwarted by undue bias in favor of one theory or one master, although we feel the personality of the author in his writing, and are agreeably aware of his preferences. Only at one or two points is he pursued, and to some extent ensnared, by the old, haunting idea which takes possession of so many persons, that limits must be set, beyond which no achievement, however skillful and refined, however artistic or gratifying to the eye, can be reckoned as legitimate. It may be admitted that Holbein made his work with the graver the highest exemplar of what may be wisely attempted on the original basis of wood-engraving; but it does not follow that there should be no new departures, no variations or adventurings in new paths. Mr. Woodberry says of Holbein, "He perceived more clearly than Dürer the essential conditions under which wood-engraving must be practiced. . . . If he had needed cross-hatching, fine and delicate lines, har-

[1] *A History of Wood-Engraving.* By George E. Woodberry. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

monies of tone, and soft transitions of light, he would have had recourse to copperplate; but not finding them necessary, he contented himself with the bold outlines, easily cut and easily printed, which were the peculiar province of wood-engraving." Now, when the province of an art is spoken of, critics are too ready to forget that this may include several departments; or that the province may annex to itself other territories, and become a kingdom or a republic, having various sovereignties within itself. There are those who insist that the methods of Jean-François Millet in painting are unjustifiable, and would like to carry all painting back to the careful definition of detail in Veronese; people who admire some accessory, put in by an apprentice, perhaps, in the picture of a great Italian, more than the best work of a modern master, equally devout and equally truthful, but approaching things from a point of view wholly different. Victor Hugo was for a long time denounced as not writing French, simply because he gave a new direction to the language in its use for fiction; and it is but a little while since Richard Wagner was bitterly opposed by a large class, for his abandonment of melody. In the same way, Mr. Woodberry speaks with dissatisfaction of the recent tendency of engraving towards "refining or abandoning line." It is true, as was said in our notice of Mr. Linton's History of Wood-Engraving in America, that lines are to the engraver what words are to the poet; but the question whether he has put meaning into them can be decided only by a broad and sympathetic mode of interpretation, and not by a single rigid canon. The engraver must be granted a fair choice of ways in which he shall impart significance, like that which the poet enjoys. It is hypercritical to condemn him for employing the same texture on different surfaces in one composition, so long as he does not vitiate the truthfulness of his effect by so doing; and if he wishes occasionally to mimic the brush-marks of the designer, there seems to be no sound artistic principle forbidding him thus to attest the fact which we all know, that he is reproducing a picture. The engraver is not really enslaved to the draughtsman by the new system, for he is often called upon to interpret passages in his own way. Still, on the whole, he is subordinate, and occupies the relation of the musical virtuoso to the composer. But it is difficult to maintain that there should not be a body of reproducing engravers, and that they may not have as distinct an artistic value as the originators, like Holbein and William Blake and Mr. Linton; a value as proper to wood-engraving, too, though it may not be as high. Nor can we see how even an originator, if he chose to adopt the modern style, would prove himself false to the true aims of the art. In the new movement, however, we must expect many extravagances and weaknesses, along with the good attained. Our illustrated magazines furnish multitudinous examples of manifestly absurd choice of texture, obscuration of form, useless blindness, and flatness of effect; and Mr. Woodberry must be thanked for protesting against these, notwithstanding that he is somewhat affected by a conservatism which, if obeyed, might hold wood-engraving in a state of stagnation. In a work of this kind it is impossible to do justice to individuals by the selection of specimens of their work; but it strikes us as unfortunate for the completeness of the last chapter that there should be no example given of Mr. Anthony, Mr. Henry Marsh, or Mr. Linton, who are appreciatively mentioned. A more serious omission, perhaps, is the failure to include even a solitary cut of the modern French engravers. Taken altogether, nevertheless, the illustrations afford much reason for satisfaction. They constitute an

abundant, progressive, and useful series. In his text, Mr. Woodberry groups the divisions of the subject with excellent judgment. There is first a chapter on the origin of the art and the "holy prints;" then the block-books, and early printed books at the North, and early Italian engraving on wood are surveyed. The history is carried on swiftly, but without any slurring, through the period of Dürer and Holbein to the rapid decline and extinction of the art, after scarcely three centuries of growth; and finally the revival, which in England was led by Bewick, towards the end of the last century, and the recent development in America are chronicled. Generally Mr. Woodberry's style is attractive, and contributes much to the charm of his exposition: he is suave and observes a becoming leisure; yet he wastes no time, and he is both forcible and eloquent when he is bestowing admiration, or has a lesson to inculcate. The purpose of arranging that which is essential to a just knowledge of the subject in a popular form, but with all the virtue of a ripe cultivation, is eminently well carried out, and is assisted by a list of the chief works on wood-engraving, at the end. Its temperate, discriminating tone, and the thoroughness of the review it gives from the earliest to the latest moment of the art, make the volume a very useful addition to one important alcove of literature.

SYMONDS'S RENAISSANCE IN ITALY.

In these two volumes[1] the author presents his study of the Italian literature of the Renaissance, to which his previous works on the political history and the fine arts of the same period were preliminary. Even here, in preface to his immediate subject, he has found it necessary to occupy a considerable space with an account of the earlier literature that furnished the material and suggested the artistic methods of the later writers. He marks three periods of literary development: the mediæval, ending with the death of Boccaccio (1375), during which Italian literature was formed; the humanistic, ending with the birth of Lorenzo de' Medici (1448), during which scholars reverted to the Latin culture, at the expense of the vulgar tongue; the renascent, ending with the death of Ariosto (1533), during which the divided currents of the modern and Latin spirit merged in the golden age of letters. Incidentally, he discusses such familiar topics of subsidiary interest as the history of the popular legends that gave the theme for imagination, and the blight that fell on the miracle plays before they could result in drama. But the most important portion of his work is a biographical and critical account of the authors of the romantic epics, burlesque tales, novels, and idyls of the final period, accompanied by a running comment in reply to the repeated and significant question, Why did Italy produce no Shakespeare, Molière, or Calderon, — more than all, why had she no Juvenal?

The traditional romance that hangs about Italy has fostered a popular misapprehension of nearly all things Italian. As the mother of Christian art and the Catholic church, the land is supposed to be religious; as the long-enslaved and last-freed of the nations of Europe, the race is believed to be de-

[1] *Renaissance in Italy.* Italian Literature. In Two Parts. By John Addington Symonds. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1882.

ficient in political sagacity. Yet it requires but little reflection, hardly more than a thought of the Reformation, to prevent surprise at the fact that the Italians were at heart the most irreligious of Christian peoples, and that the church, viewed by them always as a secular institution, is a monument of their genius applied to practical affairs. Italian art, too, as an expression of national life, must be ascribed less to piety than to the native bent of mind, the inbred race disposition, which seeks to bring all spiritual things within the perception of the senses; indeed, the course of development in Italian art lies principally in the gradual substitution of an æsthetic aim for a devout motive as the source of inspiration. No people is less dreamy, in the Northern sense; the genius of the race is positive, definite, objective, practical, circumscribed in the tangible and visible facts of experience. Between Italian intellect and Italian feeling there seems to be no border-land. Ecstasy may fall from heaven and kindle masses of men into passion, as in the case of the Flagellanti, but it is a malady of emotion only; the madness passes, the mind remains untouched. In Dante's poem, as has been often pointed out, these race qualities are clearly apparent: the journey is mapped out as on a chart; the hours are duly reckoned; the world beyond is laid open to accurate observation; the dark places of his Vision are not dark with the spirit's excess of light, but with mediæval metaphysics. In later authors, however different the subject, the temper of mind is the same. The grasp on reality is no less tenacious, the attention to detail no less careful; the incidents of the adventure, the look of the landscape, the physiognomy of the characters, no less plainly defined as phenomena ocularly seen.

In the tales of chivalry, whether romantic, heroic, or burlesque, which seem to us to possess the characteristics of later Italian literature in most variety, this realism is veiled by the apparent unreality of the fable. Arthur and Roland belong to the North; and to the Northern mind itself, although they have the substance of ideals, they are very remote. But the Arthur of Italian nobles, the Roland of the Italian people, are the thinnest of shades; nor were they less insubstantial to most of the poets of the golden age than to us. The people gave the Carolingian myth to them as the burden of their stories; but, leaving Boiardo out of the account, they could not accept the conditions of that imaginative world and believe in it; nor could Boiardo, who had without doubt a real enthusiasm for chivalry, believe with Spenser's faith. Italy had no feudal past; how could the *bourgeois* Pulci feel any living sympathy with feudal ideals? The myth was emptied of its moral contents; how could Ariosto be earnest as Tennyson is? In dealing with deeds of knight-errantry, adventures in the lists and the forest, wizard springs and invincible armor, all the poets were conscious of something quixotic; to Ariosto it was the main element. He could not be serious; the mock gravity of irony was the most he could compass. This sense of unreality in the legend was not all that led especially the last poets of the age to play with their art. A more powerful reason was the hopelessness of society in their age, deep as that which in earlier times fell on their ancestors, who witnessed the barbarian incursions on Roman soil. Politically, morally, and religiously, society was breaking up. What was there to be serious about? All that gives meaning to life was gone: the ties of family, country, and God were snapped. What better thing was there to do than to retire to the country, and let the world go "the primrose way"? The striking thing in all this is that the sense of the pleasure to be derived from the refinements of culture excluded from the minds of nearly

all the most gifted Italians that gloom which would have wrapped a Northern nation, at the sight of an anarchy which, if less terrible with blood than the French Revolution, was more appalling to the spirit. The Italians, however, went to their villas, to hear Bandello tell stories and Berni read verses. The City of the Plague, from which Boccaccio's garden party fled, is the permanent background of this golden age.

Life was something left behind, but art remained; and for the purposes of art, whose function was entertainment, the adventures of Orlando and his like were sufficiently serviceable. Such myths afforded opportunity for inexhaustible invention of incident, for the play of fancy and the exhibition of the courtesies and humors of life; and should there be a lapse into seriousness, there was room for satire on the clergy and for sentiments of the Reformation. These tales, it is true, were products of culture separated from the realities of society, and neglectful of them; but they were not, as might have been anticipated, expressive of individual rather than national temperament. They are prominently characterized by the Italian love of incident, pictures, and fun. The incidents are invented for their own sake, not to develop character or exhibit it in action; they are only adventures, happenings, skillfully interwoven and rapidly passed; but amid them the conduct of the personages is true Italian, realistic. In presenting these incidents and the scenes in which they take place, the poets, as Lessing complained, adopt pictorial methods: they describe the ladies piecemeal, the landscapes leaf by leaf. Possibly, as Mr. Symonds suggests, the habitual sight of pictures enables the Italian to succeed where the German fails; to harmonize the colors on the canvas and build up the fragments into a proportioned statue, and thus obtain a single mental impression. Whether this be so or not, the pictorial quality is a tribute exacted from literature by the ruling art, and illustrates the Italian proclivity to identify the mind's eye with the body's, to turn the things of the intellect into objects of sense. This realism, too, is shown as continuously in the frequent lapsing of Pulci's story, for example, into undisguised burlesque, low comedy, and broad fun; and more subtly in the prevailing irony of Ariosto, — in the tolerance yielded by him, to use the author's simile, with the elderly acquiescence in a story told to children. The poems thus constructed were an acceptable, usually a high, mode of amusement; they interested the fancy, delighted the senses, and stirred laughter. The Italians of the Renaissance asked no more.

In the *novellæ*, of which so large a number were written on the model of Boccaccio, the absorption of interest in simple incident is more plain, and the presence of contemporary manners more manifest. Various as they are, including every rank of life in their characters and every phase of action in their events, they all bear a family resemblance. They are for the most part comedies of intrigue, arresting attention by romantic or piquant situations; usually immoral, not infrequently obscene. The crafty seducer is the text, the fool of a husband the comment; and when the gloss is read, afforded by the lives of the cardinals and the wit of the *capitoli*, no ground remains for doubting that they hold the mirror up to society as it then was. If they have any other than a humorous or romantic interest, it is the interest of the tragedy of physical horror, as in our English Titus Andronicus. Of course there are many novellæ to which this broad and rapid generalization would not apply, — tales wholly innocent, or harmless at least, full of movement, fancy, and action, graceful and charming with the art of story-telling at its Italian best; but, as

a whole, they must be described as exhibiting a masque of sin. They are bourgeoise in taste and temper; the corruption they set forth is not of the court or the *curia* only, but of the citizens; the laugh with which they conclude is an echo from the lips of the trades-people. Their principal value now is historic; they are the clear record of that social decay which condemned Italy to centuries of degradation. To ask why they did not generate the novel or suggest the drama is to state a literary puzzle; but the hundred considerations which have been put forth to explain the abortive issue of the miracle plays apply here also. It would seem as if the laws of spiritual development were unperceived; as if the knowledge of right and wrong as indestructible agencies to build or shatter character did not exist; as if the spirit had stiffened into that senseless stupor in which evil is no longer recognized for itself. It was left for the dramatists of the Globe Theatre to take these external incidents and show the meaning they had for humanity; to transfer the interest from the momentary and outer act, and centre it upon the living soul within. The Italians could not work the mines they owned; the pure gold of poetry that the novellæ held in amalgamation was to be the treasure of England. The novellæ of the last years do not differ from the original of Boccaccio except for the worse; his successors never equaled their master, nor have their works obtained currency, like his, among men, as a part of the general literature of the cultivated world.

As the novelists make more prominent the realistic element of the narrative poems, the idyllic writers develop more plainly the pure poetic quality; in reading them one willingly assents to the enthusiasm which names their works the literature of the golden age. More than the epic of the novella, the idyl influenced the future. Arcadia is a well-known region in every great literature of Europe, and its atmosphere still hangs over the opera. The creator of this pastoral myth was the father of much beauty. Something was borrowed from the Garden of Eden, from the Virgilian fields, and from the Earthly Paradise; the religious, classical, and mediæval moods united in it; but essentially it was pure Italian, — Arcadia was an idealized Italy. The scene presented was the same country life that forms the background of all contemporary literature, but charmed, ennobled, and bathed in a softer than Italian air. There was little left in that age of ruin but delight in the natural beauty that was darkened by no shadow of humanity. The villa, the cultivated fields, the still, calm morning sky, were probably never more dear to the Italian heart than then, and it was this unsophisticated and keenly felt delight in nature that flowered in the idyl. To Northern nations Arcadia must always be a dream; to the Italians, then, at least, it was only the refinement of what was most real to them. It was because the idyl was so deeply rooted in a genuine emotion that it outlived the other modes of literature contemporary with it, and developed its final perfection only in the next age of the counter reformation, in the art of Tasso and Guarini. But even in its earlier history the idyl shares with the best narrative poems that beauty of form which has conferred on both an immortality denied to the novellæ. The poets were all literary artists: they polished their verses with assiduous care; they expended many years in correction, elaboration, and adjustment; and they obtained that exquisite finish which, surface-like as it may seem, is adamant to the tooth of time. They achieved beauty, and won the delight that comes from its creation and contemplation; humor, too, they made their own, and gave it universal interest; they illustrated in practice the theory of art for

art's sake; yet, after all, what is the judgment of posterity, we will not say on the men who were never suspected of being heroes, but on their works? They have left a literature, not of intellectual or moral weight, but of recreation; one that does not reveal, but amuses, — does not enlighten, inform, or guide life, but solaces and helps to while it away. This literature enriched the Northern minds by making them more sensitive to beauty, and by sharpening their perception of artistic refinements; it has left no other mark on civilization. The interest which the golden age excites in cultivated minds seldom loses its *dilettante* character; the really serious interest is in the Italy of Dante and Giotto, or in the genius of isolated men who stand apart, like Michel Angelo.

In a brief and rapid review of so wide a field as is opened in these two volumes, much must necessarily be neglected which would afford that limitation of general statements which can be given only by details; but the best of the literature described by Mr. Symonds is broadly featured as has been indicated. Some works detach themselves from any classification here possible, and are of a nobler kind, such as Alberti's, Castiglione's, and especially Macchiavelli's and Campanella's; but they are more affected by individuality of temperament. Mr. Symonds's characterization of each author separately is very full, and if sometimes novel, as is the case with his praise of Poliziano, — "of this Italy (of the Renaissance) Poliziano was the representative hero, the protagonist, the intellectual dictator," — or if sometimes less favorable than late criticism has adopted, as in the case of Macchiavelli, it is always scholarly and deserving of thoughtful consideration. Yet in his work as a whole, including the previous volumes, it seems to us that the point of view chosen is not the best, if the Renaissance was to be presented in the most powerful way. The literature of the golden age, which he has made the culmination of his work, is not the centre of interest in the period under review. The Renaissance was a movement of civilization not less important than the Reformation or the Revolution, and to Italy, as its source, the debt of the world is great. But the Renaissance was not conveyed to Europe by the literature of its corruption; it was conveyed in far different ways. To fasten attention on this literature, as the conclusion of the whole matter, is to mislead the mind and obscure the facts. It follows from this that we regard the earlier or introductory volumes as the most valuable to those who would learn what the Renaissance really was; this literature serves as an illustration, but it is not the heart of the matter. Within their own limits, however, it needs to be said, these two volumes are the best, the only adequate, account of their subject in English.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

THE discovery of Europe by Americans is making good headway, and we have to chronicle three books which, in their separate spheres, illustrate very well the enterprise of Americans, and the facility with which our countrymen possess themselves of the country. It can no longer be said that our explorers have only coasted along the shores and held parley with the natives: they have pushed into the interior, and traced some streams to near their source; they have

discovered some ruins, and have begun to speculate a little upon the origin of the native races, and to describe their manners and customs in detail. For the better acquaintance and more scientific study of life, colonies have been formed, and some adventurous students have adopted the mode, and to a certain extent become naturalized in the land. It is none the less true, and a fact not to be regretted, that in literature as in society men change the sky they live under, but not the natures which they carry.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, by virtue of a patient endurance of England, has given us not only a novel[1] wholly English in its circumstance, but one which deals with a historic England. He has chosen the period of the first quarter of the present century, and by so doing has rid himself quite completely of all temptation to insert any Americanism. The England of that day and the United States were farther apart in their mutual influence than they had been before or have been since. There is nothing, therefore, in the form of the book to give the slightest hint of any other than an English nativity; and yet one may amuse himself by detecting, now and then, a note which suggests that the writer is viewing England, and is not himself of the soil. To be sure, the very attitude of a historical romancer is necessarily a little outside of his subject; and perhaps this helps to confirm the illusion we are entertaining, — that the American, however long he may remain away from his native soil, never quite loses the native accent.

Be this as it may, we doubt if an Englishman would detect the subtle presence of America in the book any more readily than an American. Mr. Hawthorne has the artist's rather than the historical student's faculty, and he has helped himself to the tone and color of the life which he depicts with a quickness of perception and a deftness of touch which make mere historical treatment seem lumbering and ineffective. He has not, it would appear, given himself the trouble which Thackeray took to preserve the *vraisemblance* of an earlier period, but he has not been betrayed into too great anxiety for historical effect. He has allowed his story to move on its way unencumbered by an excess of antiquarian baggage, and the result is a freedom which constantly makes the reader forget that he is reading a story, and persuades him that he is listening to a veritable narrative.

It certainly is an admirable art which does this, and Mr. Hawthorne has secured his success by asking the reader's interest in the persons of his drama, and not in the stage properties among which they move. The principal characters are not many, and they are all involved in the plot of the story. A young man, who figures as a very self-conscious and self-analytic poet; an old man of singularly marked features, who yet moves about apparently unrecognized in a circle to which he returns, after a sudden disappearance under a cloud a score of years or more before; a rascally banker; a cold-blooded solicitor; a young woman of a somewhat heavy cast, but very vigorous in nature; a young woman of brilliant parts and passionate caprice, — these are not singularly new to fiction, and when one reviews the story he almost fails to discover why he became so much interested in the movement of these characters.

Yet interested most will become, and it is this vitality in the book which is a mark of strength in the author. He tells his story with a will, and one is carried along by the very force of the action. This is the more noticeable that the resolution of the author is expended upon a fictitious moral. The *motif* of the book is self-sacrifice, and by a careful concealment of the nature of this

[1] *Dust.* A Novel. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1883.

sacrifice until the story is nearly completed, the author succeeds in developing the plot without injury. It is as if a series of business transactions were to be conducted upon the basis of counterfeit money. As long as everybody concerned believes the money to be genuine, all seems to go well; but when any one outside discovers the metal to be base, he may look with some interest upon the business, but he will not himself engage in it.

Mr. Hawthorne would have us believe that Sir Francis Bendibow, the rascally banker, and Mr. Charles Grantley, the old man of marked features, were associated in business when young men; that Mr. Grantley discovered Sir Francis to be a gambler of the deepest dye, who had misappropriated the funds of the bank; that, in order to shield Sir Francis, Charles Grantley placed all his money in his partner's hands to make good the loss of the bank, left his wife and young daughter in the gambler's care, and fled to India, to begin life over again, — his expectation being that his own name would thus be stained, and his partner's cleared. His return fills Sir Francis with dismay. The wife of Grantley had died. The daughter had been married to a French marquis, and had now come back a widow, bent on making mischief generally. She is Perdita, the young woman of brilliant parts, and no actual recognition ever takes place between her and her father, who continues his course of generosity by leaving all his fortune to the other young woman, if she will accept it, and as an alternative, if she refuse, to his daughter. He is killed by Sir Francis, who fears that he will divulge the secret which he carries; and it is in the Dust which all these and more events raise that his actions smell sweet and blossom.

Where the plot is so intricate as it is in this book, it is not easy to make a brief statement serve as explanation, nor is it quite fair to attempt this; but the point we would emphasize is the nonsensical nature of the self-sacrifice which Mr. Grantley makes, and upon which the whole development of the novel turns. Self-sacrifice is a fine thing, but it must be allowed a justifiable motive. To shield a villain, when every indication points to the villainy being ingrained, one does not part with his good name, and at the same time bestow upon his daughter the inheritance of felony. He does not leave his daughter to be piously brought up by the villain who has wronged him, and go off to India to make his fortune, and bring it back for the benefit of another young woman, his landlady's daughter.

There comes, through this misapplication of morality, to be a certain air of unreality about the monetary transactions of the book. This great banking house, a rival of Childs', is built on the bottomless pit of a gambling hell; the poet receives a check for eleven hundred and fifty pounds — which we hope, in passing, was not drawn on Bendibow Brothers — ten days after his great Southeyan poem of Iduna is published. Nothing in the book is more unreal than these eleven hundred and fifty pounds: an English publisher makes his accounts more exact than that; there should be some odd shillings, pence, and halfpence. The twenty thousand pounds which Mr. Grantley leaves dance about from hand to hand, with the alacrity of counterfeit coin; and finally, when the hero has got into a pecuniary scrape, where his own and his wife's integrity have placed him, he is pulled out by a lucky five thousand pounds, left him by a nebulous ducal uncle. Money, indeed, in this book, has an air of legerdemain about it, which makes it curiously volatile. We begin to want a little of it.

In one respect we may commend the author, that he has shown a reserve in using his heroine's capacity for second sight. She employs it twice quite effectively, but we are very glad she does

not use it again. As a delicate piece of machinery in a novel, such a contrivance may work well, but only when carefully handled. In spite of the central fault of the book, there is so much cleverness about it, so much good writing, and so many skillful touches that one cannot help admiring the author's faculty. No one who throws so much vitality into his work can be blamed for writing novels as often as he wants to.

Mr. James, as is well known, is the most brilliant of the discoverers of Europe, yet he has been quite as much interested in watching the movements of his fellow explorers. Indeed, his close familiarity with them and the Europeans among whom they pass has made him at times a little negligent of his country, and too much disposed, perhaps, to confine his portrayal of the American type to those varieties which have been seen in Europe. Thus, in his narrative of the Siege of London[1] by a persistent and victorious young Western woman, he has fallen a little into that vague and indolent geographical spirit which so amusingly characterizes the English people whom he banters. Mrs. Headway, who constituted the entire force which laid siege to London, was an indefinitely married lady of the Southwest. There is something rather fine in the largeness of Mrs. Headway's previous district "I 'm very well known in the West," she says, when making an attack upon one of the outposts, "I 'm known from Chicago to San Francisco, if not personally (in all cases), at least by reputation." San Diego was the scene of her latest movements. It was there that Mr. Littlemore, the American gentleman, who presents the most formidable obstacle to her successful siege, knew her, when he was himself looking after his silver mine. "She thought it a disadvantage, of old," Mr. James tells his readers, "to live in Arizona, in Dakotah, in the newly admitted States;" and the severe and virtuous American, who has not been abroad and even doubts if Europe be quite proper, is strongly moved to ask geographical questions of Mr. James.

It is, however, no very difficult task to bound Mrs. Headway. On the contrary, although Mr. James is reticent as to her exact history, and there is a somewhat legendary air about her early exploits, he manages to impress the reader with her limitations, and to indicate very shrewdly the limitations, in another way, of the young English baronet who is the citadel which she has made up her mind to capture, and finally does capture by strategy. The story, as we have intimated, is of an American adventuress who, in her excessive power of adaptation, reaches an admirably simulated respectability, and, having fascinated Sir Arthur Demesne, finally turns his defences against himself. As a piece of warfare, Mrs. Headway's siege is conducted with admirable address. The reader is puzzled to know how a young woman, whose reported conversation, though entertaining, is undeniably the expression of a hard, vulgar person, will succeed in making capture of the Englishman, who, if slow-witted, has at any rate the sensibilities of a gentleman. Time, of so much consequence in most sieges, seems here a dangerous element, and one would suspect that Sir Arthur's wits would catch up at last with his instincts. So they would, but Mrs. Headway uses against him the very weapons upon which Sir Arthur must rely. He has an honor which has been wrought out of somewhat poor material in a long series of generations, until now it has a nobility of temper, and thus far Sir Arthur Demesne has used it effectively. At the critical moment Mrs. Headway deftly wrests it from him, and points its blade another way.

It is hardly worth while to look for

[1] *The Siege of London, The Pension Beaurepas, and The Point of View.* By Henry James, Jr. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

any very deep meaning in this brilliant little story. As a sketch of superficial manners it is vivacious and very intelligible. The humor in the study of the young diplomatist is capital, and one may take a grim satisfaction in seeing the very cautious Mr. Littlemore defeated by his own caution, and left to all the dissatisfaction which a too tardy resolution must have brought him.

In the Pension Beaurepas, already known to the readers of The Atlantic, Mr. James has made us acquainted with two foreign Americans, who enable us to enter a little more easily into the perplexities of native Europeans, when they try to form their impressions of Americans from the specimens thrown up on their shores. Mrs. Church, the American mother, who has tried to efface her nationality with a wash of European culture of a severe order, and Miss Aurora Church, her daughter, who attempts a feeble revolt into the condition of free-born American girls, are individuals, but scarcely types. They amuse us as much as they must puzzle our European inquirers, and belong in the international museum of literature as examples of climatic and other effects upon the American genus, when undergoing voluntary or involuntary exile. The shade of distinction between Miss Ruck, the genuine American girl, and Miss Church, who makes desperate efforts at recovering her nationality, is a very nice one, and, with the help of a pretty vigorous treatment of Miss Ruck, is made clear and decisive.

Miss Church reappears as one of the half dozen people who cross to America and make report in The Point of View of the impression created upon them by American life. Mr. James's subtlety never appeared to better advantage than in this clever bundle of letters. When one considers that he has undertaken to make Americans, who have been Europeanized, return to America and report on the country, either to Europeans or to those of their own special kind, one sees what a feat is accomplished. These letters are so agile, so true to every wind of doctrine that blows, so prospective, retrospective, and introspective, that the reader is lost in admiration. They are instantaneous mental photographs, and among the freshest of Mr. James's witty decisions upon his country men and women. He even abandons himself, in Marcellus Cockerel, to a certain luxury of praise of things American, which has hardly a trace of irony, and shows, better than anything in the book, Mr. James's power of dramatic assumption. One generally feels that, however elaborately the various characters are dressed, the voice is always the voice of Mr. James, and that the blessing intended for the character falls upon the head of the spirited wit who has planned the disguise; but there is a downright quality about Mr. Cockerel's speech, a vehemence of American assertion, which invests him with a singular individuality. We do not recall another instance where Mr. James has so entirely withdrawn himself from view.

Mr. James has in various instances made such good occupation of French territory that one is a little surprised to find an American author, hitherto unknown in polite literature, who has been also very much at home in France, and yet appears not to have made the acquaintance of his compatriot. Indeed, the American colony is conspicuously absent from the circle into which Mr. Hardy introduces us in his novel, But Yet a Woman.[1] None the less, it is clear that Mr. Hardy also has made his voyage of discovery, and has penetrated the interior. So completely has he adopted the French life that one might almost fancy one was reading in this book the translation of a report, made by a Frenchman himself, of the society in which he lived. This is, however, but a momentary

[1] *But Yet a Woman.* By Arthur S. Hardy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

fancy, due to the confidence with which Mr. Hardy moves among scenes wholly foreign from America. When one comes to look at the book more closely, one recognizes qualities which one would fain believe to be of home origin. In a negative way, the book is free from anything like a posture. The absence of attitudinizing is in itself a sign of quiet power, and the reader has not gone far into the narrative before he commits himself with confidence to a master who, he perceives, has entered the heart, and not merely the manners, of his characters.

The story of the book, in its main outline, is the gradual supremacy which love asserts over the heart of a woman. The incidents, which are not various, are selected from those which pertain to the life of a French maiden, living with a bookish uncle, and looking forward to conventual vows, who is thrown into the society of a young physician, the son of her uncle's friend, and through the relation is turned aside from her first purpose. The woman in her asserts itself, not in violent or conflicting emotions, but attains to a domination, as the sun rises above the mists. There is no struggle between a human love and a divine call, but there is an expansion and elevation of the human love; so that, in the transfiguration of the woman, the religious purpose remains as a constituent part of the nature.

It is here that we think Mr. Hardy has shown a temper alien from French thought and more akin to American. There is a freedom and breadth in the treatment of Rénée which removes the question involved from the region of conventional morality, and gives one the sense that a higher court is appealed to. With equal power, a subtle change is made to go on in the young physician, Roger, by which a nature, whose tendency rather than determination is toward a merely physical apprehension of life, becomes enriched and idealized in Rénée's love. It must not be supposed from this that the reader is invited to a theological discussion, or presented with a disguised tract. No: Mr. Hardy is an artist, and he has treated his theme in an artistic manner; but he is also an artist who recognizes the play of deep and moving passions in human society, which are not based on merely physical laws. The attraction of Rénée and Roger to each other is the attraction of natures which, in their separate movements, are capable of high thought, and act upon each other not in the ignorance, but in the activity, of these thoughts. There is an imagination which pictures scenes, outward show, appearances, and confesses only so much of cause as lies immediately behind the changes produced; and there is an imagination of a more penetrative kind, which is constantly opening to the reader glimpses of a deeper life, and suggesting that the actions of men and women have a more substantial base than the conventions of society.

To the calm, fine nature of Rénée, which opens as a flower opens, there is opposed the more striking and masterly character of Stéphanie, a woman of restless nature, of large ambition, and yet capable of being dominated by the highest qualities of womanhood. If Rénée was yet a woman, when all was told, and could lay aside the *réligieuse* as one lays aside a garment no longer needed, Stéphanie was yet a woman also in the expression of the highest power of self-sacrifice. She might have had the love of Roger, or, more exactly, she might have robbed Rénée of that love; and in the exercise of her restraint there is the expression of a truly great character. It is long since we have seen the finer qualities of womanhood so generously and so subtly displayed as in these two figures, each needed to complement the other. It is possible to be said that Mr. Hardy has rather the light than the fire of love in his novel, but at least this result is not reached by the use of a

cold analysis; it is rather the outcome of thoughtfulness in the artist, who feels deeply the life of his creations, and is perhaps less concerned with the effect which they may produce upon others than with the working out of their several destinies.

It is true also that Mr. Hardy's hand is not wholly that of a practiced artist. He has told a story, he has put into action well-distinguished characters, and he has inspired his work with a fine motive, but he has written rather cautiously than in the confidence of one who knows his instruments thoroughly. The evil genius of the book, for example, though studied with care, does not always seem to move of his own accord. One feels the author give him a little push, now and then. The hold which he has upon Stéphanie is not very clearly explained; the mystery is more annoying than moving, and one begins to suspect that the author had not quite made up his mind what the influence was, or that he feared, by making it plain, to throw Stéphanie's fine nature off the track.

The incidents of the book, the story of Stéphanie's dealings with the Comte de Chambord and the journey in Spain, with the graphic sketch of Antonio, are all necessary to the elaboration of the plot, and add positively to its richness. The minor characters are delicately touched, especially Father Le Blanc, and the flavor of the story given by the reflection and comment is always fine and gracious. It is a positive pleasure to take up a book so penetrated as this is by pure and noble thought, and marked by so high a respect of the author for his work. Mr. Hardy has, as it were, gone to France as artists of the brush have gone. Like them, he has studied with French masters, and his first work, like theirs, is of French subjects. But, not always like them, he carried a nature which has not been translated into the French idiom; and it is fair to believe, it certainly is reasonable to hope, that this success, for it is a success, may be followed by the treatment of subjects nearer home. We do not complain, however, of the foreign air; there is no doubt that a work of imagination gains by the distance thus given; but we have a little regret that Mr. Hardy will miss an audience which turns more easily to scenes where it can supply the lower standards of familiarity, and we have a strong regret that a large audience may thus miss a noble pleasure.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Paris has been persistently inhospitable towards Wagner the artist, and yet, during more than half his life, Paris appeared to him as the Mecca of art. His first visit to Paris was made in 1841. Wagner was then twenty-eight years of age: he had written two operas, — the Three Fairies, and the Novice of Palermo, or the Defense of Love, taken from Measure for Measure; he had married his first wife, a Magdeburg actress, Wilhelmina Planer; he had been successively bandmaster in the theatres of Magdeburg, Koenigsberg, Dresden, and Riga; but hitherto fortune had not smiled upon the young musician. Paris! Why not try Paris? Every year, how many young musicians come to Paris, in the hazardous quest of glory and wealth, and how very few achieve either!

Accompanied by his wife and a big dog, Wagner arrived at Boulogne from

Riga, by way of London, in the beginning of 1841. At Boulogne he had the good fortune to meet Meyerbeer, his compatriot, who gave him letters of introduction to Léon Pillet, the manager of the Opéra; Anténor Joly, the manager of the Renaissance theatre; and Schlesinger, the music publisher. Wagner had played to Meyerbeer the first two acts of Rienzi, a new opera which he had begun to write; he had developed to the famous composer his own ideas and projects with juvenile and communicative enthusiasm. Meyerbeer had listened with interest, and so Wagner arrived at Paris full of faith and hope. Meyerbeer had indeed told him that he would probably meet with great difficulties; he had even significantly asked him if he had means to enable him to live and wait for ten years; but Wagner was confident in his future, and probably attached more importance to Meyerbeer's letters of recommendation than Meyerbeer himself did. Thanks to these letters, Wagner found himself well received, it is true; but, in spite of his German density, he soon came to comprehend the superficiality of French politeness, — thanks to many months of cruel experience, during which he and his wife and his dog lived in a single miserably furnished room in the old Rue de la Tonnellerie. And the daily bread? It was earned with pain by reading proofs for Brandus, by arranging scores for the piano and for the flute and cornet-à-piston, by writing frenetic galops. The current piano scores of La Favorite, of the Reine de Chypre, of the Guitarrero, are by Wagner; by him, too, is the music of Heine's Two Grenadiers. Wagner also wrote at this time some romances to the words of Ronsard's Mignonne and Victor Hugo's Dors mon Enfant, and he was even reduced to writing the music for the couplets of Dumanoir's vaudeville La Descente de la Courtille, most of which the leader of the orchestra of the Variétés declared to be inexecutable. One of the songs of this vaudeville, Allons à la Courtille, had, it appears, its hour of celebrity. We may imagine what a humiliation it must have been for Wagner to have recourse to such means of bread-winning, which barely left him time at night to work at his Rienzi and his Phantom Ship. At this time Wagner began his career as a writer, and contributed several articles to Schlesinger's Gazette Musicale, in which he constantly speaks of the superiority of the French over the German school. His opinions on this point were destined to change radically. Meanwhile, times became so hard that Wagner resorted to a strange means of raising the wind. He hired some rooms, and, after living in them a week or two, he sublet them, hired others, and sublet them, and so on. Finally, his creditors became so ferocious that he had to take refuge at an inn in the wood of Meudon, where he began to write his Tannhaüser. To add to the gloom of the situation, Rienzi was refused at the Opéra, and the manager of the Renaissance, who had accepted it, failed before the rehearsals had begun. But a singer of talent and heart, Madame Schroeder-Devrient, touched by Wagner's incessant misfortunes, undertook to get the work played at Dresden. She attained her object: the opera was a great success, and Wagner was immediately appointed *Capellmeister* to the King of Saxony. This was in 1842. Dawn had at length broken.

During this first visit, Wagner succeeded in getting only one of his pieces played, the overture of Christopher Columbus; and that, too, in an obscure concert given by the Gazette Musicale to its subscribers. The Opéra also paid him five hundred francs for his libretto of the Phantom Ship, but refused his music. M. Dietsch wrote some music for this libretto, which was produced unsuccessfully at the Opéra in 1842, but without Wagner's name.

Wagner returned to Paris for a few days in 1848. The musician, although Capellmeister of the king, had declared himself an ardent revolutionary; he had fought behind the barricades of Dresden, and had been obliged to fly. Finally, he settled at Zurich, where he published his pamphlet on Art and Revolution, in which he distinctly took up a position as the reformer of the modern lyric stage. Ten years later, in 1859, Wagner was living in grand style in an elegant villa in the Rue Newton, at Paris. At his Wednesday receptions we find Berlioz, Emile Perrin, Emile Ollivier, Carvalho, etc. There is a Wagnerian *cénacle*, with Champfleury, Baudelaire, and Courbet at the head. Wagner is even powerfully protected at court by the Austrian ambassadress, Madame de Metternich. What a difference between 1841 and 1859! The fact is that in the mean time Wagner had grown famous. Lohengrin and Tannhaüser had been performed all over Germany; the music of Wagner had been presented by himself and by the critics as essentially revolutionary; Liszt had become the Calvin of the reform of which Wagner was the Luther; the music of the future had provoked fierce debates. Tannhaüser, too, had been played before the two emperors, on the occasion of their interview at Stuttgart in 1857; and the French journalists, the historiographers of the imperial journey, had spoken in detail of the great German musical reform. Some fragments of Wagner had even been played at concerts in Paris, before the master's arrival in 1859.

The incidents of Wagner's attempt to conquer the Parisians during his second residence in Paris are curiously illustrative of the national character. He gave a concert at the Théâtre des Italiens on January 25, 1860. The programme comprised fragments from the Phantom Ship, Tannhaüser, Tristan and Isault, and Lohengrin. The concert ended in almost a riot, and the press was nearly unanimous in condemning the music of Wagner. On March 13, 1861, Tannhaüser was performed at the Grand Opéra by Mesdames Tedesco, Marie Sass, and Reboux, and Messieurs Morelli and Niemann. It was hissed and whistled down, and was withdrawn after the third night. The piece had not been heard, but the press nevertheless declared with unanimity that a trial had been given, and that now "the music of the future was dead and buried." What is the explanation of this senseless opposition? As regards the representation of Tannhaüser, there is a secret history, of which something will be said shortly. But the opposition to the concert in 1860, — what was the cause of that? We might ask, in the same way, What was the cause of the hostility to the Romanticists of 1830? In all countries, innovators of genius encounter at first an instinctive hatred on the part of the public, a certain ordinary and fatal resistance. In France they encounter more than this. The French temperament — so smart, so mobile, so predisposed to mockery and ridicule — lacks, precisely on account of these characteristics, one quality which is indispensable for the comprehension of masterpieces: I mean artlessness, simplicity, or what the French call *naïveté*. The French have a tendency to discover the ridiculous side of grandeur of sentiments, of sublimity, of noble or terrible passions. The French temperament naturally sees the great figures of mythology through the spectacles of Offenbach. What pleases the French particularly is agreeable, witty, and slightly sentimental art, fine observation, and ingenious satire. And so no nation equals them in comic opera, vaudeville, and comedy of manners. For them art is, above all things, an amusement, a distraction, and not a study. They are readily bored by anything serious, and when by chance they do admit a masterpiece on one of their stages it is only by way of a curiosity.

You do not find Calderon, Goethe, or Shakespeare played on the Parisian stage. Even Victor Hugo, a native genius, has been unable to overcome the antipathy of his countrymen for serious works. Why should we expect the seductions of music to accomplish this miracle? Wagner, too, had against him his nationality and the zeal of his apostles; and so the French wits did not spare the music of the future and its Teuton Messiah, who laid himself open to the shafts of satire by his excessive vanity and pretensions. At the concert the public howled, and almost came to blows with the few who ventured to protest. In the press the critics were all against the intruder. Even Hector Berlioz wrote, in the Journal des Débats, that he could not agree with those who declare "that the ear ought to become accustomed to everything, — to series of diminished sevenths ascending and descending, to triple dissonances without preparation or resolution, to atrocious modulations." The Italian Fiorentino, the shining critical light of the Constitutionnel, fell foul of the composer's personal appearance. "M. Wagner," he wrote, "looks like a notary in the execution of his functions. His physiognomy is intelligent, his air stiff and starchy. He has a fine, noble, and high forehead; the lower part of the face is crushed and vulgar. One might imagine that two fairies had presided over his birth: the one angry, the other kind and affectionate. The fairy of harmony caressed and beautified the brow, from which so many bold conceptions and strong thoughts were to issue; the fairy of melody, foreseeing the harm this child was destined to do her, sat on his face and flattened his nose." The next day Fiorentino's *mot* went the round of Paris, and Wagner was judged!

The failure of this concert was, however, only negative; it attracted everybody's attention to Wagner, and he was veritably the lion of the season. Wagner had, too, the good or the ill fortune to be protected by Madame de Metternich, who was then all-powerful at the Tuileries; and it was through her influence that Tannhaüser was performed at the Grand Opéra in 1861, "by order of the emperor." The anecdotic history of the time says that this imperial order was not issued out of pure love of art, or even out of simple curiosity. The story runs that they were playing a game of forfeits, one night, at the Tuileries; the emperor lost, and Madame de Metternich decided that the penalty should be the production of Tannhaüser. Wagner's other lady protectress, the Countess von Schelnitz, was less fortunate in her instances with the Emperor of Germany to obtain for Wagner the title of general director of German music, as the final and official consecration of his career. The emperor recognized the genius of Wagner the musician, but he never forgot that Wagner the revolutionary of 1848 had fired upon his soldiers from behind the barricades of Dresden.

However, Tannhaüser was performed in the presence of the emperor and of all the celebrities of Paris. It was hissed, as we have already seen. In her anger, Madame de Metternich flung an ultra-Parisian epithet in the face of the audience, and broke her fan — a lovely fan, painted by Watteau — on the edge of her box. In Jules Janin's article on the performance, the phrase "O le bel éventail brisé!" returned like a eulogic refrain. For Janin the failure of Tannhaüser was unimportant; the evil was not irreparable; but that fan that Watteau had painted, — who could replace it? "O le bel éventail brisé!"

The enigma of the scandal of the fall of Tannhaüser has several solutions. First of all, Tannhaüser had the disadvantage of being a serious work, requiring continuous attention on the part of the auditors. Then there was a political solution. The empire was becoming un-

popular; the spirit of opposition was beginning to take a definite form, and the malcontents, the jealous, and the gapers and *badauds* thought they were manifesting their independence by barking in unison against the favorite of the Tuileries, the German composer, who got his works played "by imperial order." Furthermore, a recent decree had restored certain liberties of speech and of the press, and the long-restrained torrent dashed upon the first victim that presented itself. This victim, this scapegoat, happened to be Wagner. Add to these circumstances the fact that the piece was badly put upon the stage, poorly interpreted, and wretchedly played by an orchestra whom Wagner's natural irritability had ill disposed during the rehearsals. Then, again, there was the question of the ballet, — a question which was hotly discussed for months before the opera was produced. "An opera without a ballet? What did that mean?" asked the gentlemen of the Jockey Club, the pillars of the Opéra. "Take care!" said the minister to Wagner; and Wagner made concessions after the first night, only to find himself furiously blamed for having abandoned his principles. And the strident symphony continued, and the latch-keys of the Jockey Club triumphed. These gentlemen were in the right. If they had not protested, Tannhaüser would have been imposed upon them for at least a month, and their amiable friends of the *corps du ballet* would have languished for want of occupation. Wagner's music was evidently noise and verbiage; the gentlemen of the Jockey Club required melody and legs. So Tannhaüser was withdrawn, and there remained in souvenir thereof a verb of the first conjugation, *tannhaüser*, the meaning of which was, during the brief period of its vogue, to bore with useless talk and fuss without arriving at any practical conclusion.

Wagner received, in compensation for this painful scandal, the news that his exile was at an end. He returned to Germany, and achieved those triumphs that are familiar to all. The French Wagnerians held together bravely, with M. Pardeloup at their head. From time to time M. Pardeloup would introduce a fragment of Lohengrin into the programme of his popular concerts at the Cirque d'Hiver, and the public would hiss and howl instinctively. In 1868 M. Pardeloup, being then lessee of the Théâtre Lyrique, completed his ruin by mounting Wagner's Rienzi, which failed most completely. Just after the war Wagner grossly offended the Parisians by writing a ridiculous and stupid "comedy in the antique manner," in which he scoffed at the sufferings of the Parisians during the siege. This insult the Parisians have never forgotten. Finally, in 1881, the Parisians, for some inexplicable reason, or rather, perhaps, caprice, consented to make a distinction between Wagner the man and Wagner the musician. The Wagner concerts at the Château d'Eau theatre had great success. Wagnerism became a fashionable musical tenet, and that year every Parisian who respected himself was bound to have heard the first act of Lohengrin and *Quès aco?* the delicious Parisienne-rie sung by Madame Judic in Lili, at the Variétés.

At the present moment Paris counts a goodly number of Wagnerians, mitigated Wagnerians, who endure fragments, but who certainly would not endure Wagner on the French stage. Indeed, the feeling against Wagner is still so strong that many years must elapse before any attempt can be made in that direction, — a fact which was sufficiently proved two years ago, when M. Angelo Neumann announced his intention of playing Lohengrin at the Théâtre du Nations. The simple announcement raised such a tempest in the press that M. Neumann very prudently vanished into the background, and abandoned a

considerable sum of money, which he had paid as a deposit for the theatre.

In conclusion, it may be interesting to see what was Wagner's own feeling about his reception in France. An eminent French critic, M. Fourcaud, has recorded the master's own words in an account of an interview he had with him at Bayreuth, at the time of the Parsifal performances.

"Pardeloup," said Wagner, "does all he can to acclimatize me in France, and I am very grateful to him. But I shall never be understood in concerts. I am a theatrical man, and I need not only actors, but also scenery and complicated *mise-en-scène*. In a dramatic work, everything holds together, and the conditions of its execution cannot be changed with impunity. For that matter, I shall never be played commonly in France. My music is too German. I try to be of my country as profoundly as I can. It is dangerous to sing me without my verses: they are the indispensable complement of my melodic declamations. . . . I know that I am not played, for certain sad and paltry reasons. . . . But let us say no more about that affair. It is a thing of the past. People think I guard rancor. Rancor? And why? Because Tannhaüser was hissed? But was Tannhaüser heard, even? No, the moment for sincere music has not yet come. As for the press, I have not had to complain so much as people think. I did not pay visits to the journalists, as Meyerbeer did; but Baudelaire, Champfleury, and Schuré, nevertheless, wrote the finest things that have been written about me. You see I have no reason to be as dissatisfied as I am said to be; and I am not dissatisfied, either."

— One evening, not long ago, I was sitting before the library fire in a certain house in Boston, and some one went to the piano and began to play a piece of music which was entirely unfamiliar to me. I quickly went off into a delightful unconsciousness of outward things, and instead of following the notes, and being aware of the mechanical part of the harmony, I found myself remembering the days I had spent in Norway some time before. I looked up again at the seven mountains that tower above the old city of Bergen. I saw the shining waters of the fiord, and the quaint prows, and heavy square sails of the Norland ships coming solemnly up the long harbor, as if they were manned by crews of Norsemen, who had been bewitched and delayed by some enchantment, and had reached their port many centuries too late. I saw the old wooden houses of the town, and the clean-swept paving-stones of the wide *torvets*, or public squares; and I heard the strange-sounding chatter at the fish-market, where the buyers stood on shore and bargained for the fish that were eagerly held up in the crowded boats of the sellers. And I looked in at the windows of the fur shops and silver shops, as I went along the narrow streets. I could see the dried-up old men and women, who sat in the streets to sell their strange fruits and wooden shoes, and the bright colors and curious white caps of the peasant women's costumes. Then I remembered one cloudy morning, when, through the quickly falling, warm summer showers, I drove to a black little lake lying between two high mountains, which made for it most bleak and barren shores. A lonely sea-bird fluttered to and fro, as if it were under some spell, and were imprisoned there for its sins. The water seemed like that in some subterranean cavern which had been suddenly unroofed and opened to the dim light of that dark day. It was like a vision of a lake in Hades.

As we drove down the steep roads back to the city, the sun blazed out suddenly and the trees glistened, and the rosy-faced children called to each other, and ran about clacking their wooden shoes on the pavement and looking at us curiously. "Now we will have just

time to go to see the Griegs," said my friend; "they are not far away;" and presently we stopped before a high wooden house, and were again lucky enough to have a sight of the charming face of the Norwegian composer. It was a great satisfaction and pleasure (having scarcely done more than look at him before) to see him quietly in his own house; to see his own old-fashioned piano, and to hear him talk in delightful fragments of English; to watch his delicate pale face and slender figure become alert and quick with enthusiasm, and his eyes flash with fun. One could only regret that so fine a genius as Edward Grieg's had not a stronger body for its servant. His wife, a most accomplished and interesting woman, with her bright, sweet face, and curly hair, that waved about as she moved, and curved back from her forehead thick and soft, like a bird's winter feathers, seemed as merry and busy as possible. They had lately come from Germany, and now were going down to the Hardangerfiord for some holidays; and Mrs. Grieg (or Fru Grieg, as one would say in Norway) told us that she had been packing and unpacking their traveling boxes all the morning, making ready for a start. "Were we going to leave Norway without seeing the Hardanger? That was a great pity! Why could we not come with them? It could not always rain; it would be bright weather soon; it was pleasant in the Hardanger even if it did rain." . . . The composer's wife is a rare musician, also; we were told that there is nothing more charming than to hear her sing to her husband's playing. But for us this pleasure was put off until we should see them again, which, unfortunately, never happened. My own interest in them was entirely personal; for, not being possessed of any right to be called musical, I had little knowledge of either the great man or his works. I had been very glad to go and see Grieg with my friend, who was an old friend of his, and who parted from him sorrowfully because he looked so far from strong, and as if some gentler climate than Norway's ought to be giving him its protection. He and his wife stood together in the doorway to watch us go away, and I shall long remember their faces, spirited and delicate, and full of the signs of rare power and promise. They seemed very merry with each other, and glad to be together, these dear people. I hope some other day I shall hear them play and sing.

These were some of the things I dreamed about as the music went on; I even said to myself that it was a great pity I did not know by heart a great deal of Grieg's music, for I was sure that I would like it.

Then the sound of the piano ceased, and everybody stirred a little in the usual fashion, and said, "Oh, lovely!" And one listener asked, "What is that? It is something new." To which the fair musician answered, "It is something I have just been learning of Grieg's."

— Having occasion, lately, to look into a volume of essays which I had not opened since student days, and which had then been a source of high inspiration, I found myself curiously moved. As I turned the leaves, I was conscious that they still retained a divine warmth and glow. Something of the ability claimed by the trance-reader seemed mine. I needed not to follow the print; electric memory served me instead of literal sight. I had forgotten neither page nor place on the page occupied by those maxims and "jewels five-words-long," which I had been wont to transfer to my note-book; coining, and adding thereto, other maxims and jewels, whose stolen sheen I could not then detect. For me, now, the margins of that friendly text are significantly illuminated, stamped with the bright vagaries and ambitious heraldic devices of fire-new youthful imagination. I per-

ceive that, although our souls may have grown cold through long hardening and prosaic years, a cited or remembered sentence from some inspired writ of our early acceptation restores, for the time, the same clear-sighted, imponderous frame that was ours at the first reading. Talk of personal magnetism! The magnetism impersonal of some books is quite as remarkable. We are taken captive and carried whither they will, into strange, outlying regions of which our mental topography hitherto has taken no account. Æneas, enveloped in a kindly mist, breathed from Paphos, and so withdrawn from the sight and power of his enemies, was not luckier than are we, when some mighty vanisher, dwelling between covers, reaches forth, conceals, and spirits us away, just as the superior numbers of the worldly, the trivial, and the commonplace are like to prove too much for our valor and resistance. Some books meet us at the drift period of our history, and reorganize and solidify our distracted and floating elements; others dislodge our false foundations, leaving us to ascertain for ourselves on what plan it were best to rebuild. Tyndall, with his treasured, stall-worn copy of Emerson, dating a new starting-point from the moment of purchase, strikes us as a notable illustration of the reproductive virtue to be found in certain books. But what shall be said of the following case? My friend tells me he is thinking of dropping the company of a particular author, inasmuch as the latter is always markedly rebuking him, always whipping the world over his shoulders! "Stand and receive," would seem to be the best counsel in this instance. We can afford to endure uncomplainingly whatever chastisement our keen understanders see fit to administer. If it hurts, there is proof that we are not incorrigible. The choice observation, the apt characterization, the right-naming faculty, when we come upon them in a book, pique and quicken such as we possess of the same power. Our imagination begins to show unwonted mettle, and is impatient at having any Pegasus ahead of it on the road. How can we rest unaffected by that which, in a quicker and finer spirit, excites awe, transport, sacred delight? In some way we must manage to put ourselves into the state in which these high effects are receivable and communicable.

There are the books which, from the earliest times, have served as touchstones for testing intellectual and spiritual quality. One, a considerable epic poem, carried by Alexander in a choice casket through all his Asiatic campaigns, has come safely down to us, despite the wear and tear of ages. Its casket, the perpetual suffrage of youth and poetry, has preserved it. Said disillusioned Middle Age to Boyhood, come exultant from the battles of the Iliad and the marvelous voyages of the Odyssey, "You act as though you thought Master Homer had never been read until you took him in hand, and as though he is beholden to you for recognition!" Perhaps the satiric commentator spoke wiser than he knew. Who does not remember what a night's reading of Chapman's Homer did for a young English poet, the ancient vintage working upon his fancy, and causing it to throw off, by next morning, the sonnet for which alone he deserved to wake and find himself famous!

A few books out of all the centuries may be likened to vast Atlantic continents, presenting a diverse coast of discovery to each adventurer from beyond the seas. Each, on landing, plants a standard, and claims a new world for that Castile and Leon from which he happens to have sailed. The mainlands which many unlike crafts visit are usually those of the richest and most varied endowment. The "poet's poet," surely Spenser; the poet's encyclopædist, Burton, with his huge Anatomy;

the poet's ancient historian, Herodotus; the poet's story-teller, Boccaccio; the poet's mediæval chronicler, Froissart; and others, lesser and greater, are entitled to all the complimentary additions we can give them, for the munificent invitation they hold out to "free plunder." They say, in effect, "Come, take from me what you will; it shall not be charged against you." Montaigne everywhere boasts of his profitable borrowings from the ancient philosophers. He even enters upon a defense of Seneca and Plutarch, on the ground that it becomes him to stand up for their honor, since his own works are "entirely built up" of what he has taken from them. The books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have been found (by Thoreau) to suggest "a certain fertility, an Ohio soil, as if they were making a humus for new literature to spring in." Who can say that any book of enduring memory has yet been explored to its very centre; that it has not warming and illuminating resources, packed away in its understrata for the use of future discoverers? On the bulletin-board of the ages is a standing advertisement calling for inspired readers. Occasionally, a situation is filled, whereat the unquiet names of some inspired writer is soothed and placated.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. The fourth of Mr. Froude's Short Studies on Great Subjects (Scribners) closes the series. It is devoted to a half dozen essays, chiefly biographical and historical, including one of special interest on the Oxford Counter-Reformation, in which he goes over the ground of Thomas Mozley's recent volumes, and treats the subject from a different point of view. Each writer complements the other. Mr. Froude's spirit in the volume is one of despair tempered by philosophy. — The first volume of Jowett's Thucydides has been reissued in an American edition (Lothrop) under the care of Professor A. P. Peabody. The accompanying volume of essays and criticisms has not been reprinted, and this work appears as a complete one. It is, in fact, the translation only, with its marginal notes, and for the full worth the reader must still go to the English edition. It will be much, however, if American students are led to read this fine translation of a great work. — Leading Men of Japan, with an historical summary of the empire by Charles Lanman (Lothrop), is a composite work; the former half being devoted to a collection of biographical sketches of Japanese men of affairs, and the latter to a description of the country and its recent development. The work gives in a half-journalistic manner a readable statement of Japan. — Life of Lord Lawrence, by R. Bosworth Smith, in two volumes (Scribners), is a full, detailed biography of a man great in character, in opportunity, and achievement; and since Lawrence was identified with the British empire in India during its most critical period, the reader has abundant opportunity for acquainting himself with the history of administration there. A single chapter only is required to describe the last ten years of Lord Lawrence's life, spent in England. The work is well furnished with maps. — A new and notable claimant for historical honors comes in the person of John Bach McMaster, a professor, we believe, in Princeton, who has published the first of five volumes, to contain A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War. (Appleton.) The volume before us, a comely octavo, carries the narrative into Jackson's administration; but the reader will find that administrations are rather landmarks than stopping-places in this history, and that he is invited to get abreast of a great and growing mass of people, to hear what they were doing in their homes when the great men were imagining that they themselves were governing at Philadelphia and Washington. It must not be supposed, however, that the great subjects of history are overlooked; they are treated, but rather from the illustrative side of manners. We are much mistaken if this work does not spring at once into a deserved popularity. — Mr. Parke Godwin has given to the world the biography of William Cullen Bryant (Appleton), which has been looked for with interest. It is in two octavo volumes, with portraits of the early and the later face. As the first full biography of the greater men of letters in America, after Irving, it will have a special value. — Messrs. Roberts Brothers have begun a series of Famous Women, of which George Eliot, by Mathilde Blind, is the first volume. The sketch is mingled biography of the woman and criticism of her writings. — The Autobiography of James

Nasmyth, engineer, edited by Samuel Smiles, is published in the Franklin Square Library. (Harpers.) — The lovers of Shelley will be glad to get in so compact a shape a selection of his letters, with an introduction by Mr. Richard Garnett. (Appleton.) The volume is neatly printed, and very prettily bound in vellum.

Apologetics and Homiletics. Professor Frederic Huidekoper, of Meadville, reissues in two volumes (David G. Francis, New York) his important treatises, Judaism at Rome, B. C. 76 to A. D. 140, Indirect Testimony of History to the Genuineness of the Gospels, Acts of Pilate, and The Belief of the First Three Centuries concerning Christ's Mission to the Under-World. Professor Huidekoper's learning is well fortified by copious citation and reference, and his work will have a special value for students whose own libraries are meagre, since they will find here a thesaurus of historical learning. — The Yale Lectures on Preaching, which have already drawn out some admirable books by Drs. Storrs, Brooks, and others, appear this year in the course given by President Robinson, of Brown University. (Holt.) The treatment is interesting to others than preachers, for it covers the relation of the pulpit to modern society. — Principles of Agnosticism Applied to Evidences of Christianity is a volume of nine sermons, to which a tenth is added, on the Christian Doctrine of the Trinity, by John Andrews Harris. (Whittaker.) Mr. Harris grapples with his subject manfully, employing, it may be, somewhat old-fashioned methods to meet the latest skepticism, and we are not quite sure that he has measured his antagonist. — Lectures on The Calling of a Christian Woman, and her Training to Fulfill it, by Morgan Dix, Rector of Trinity Church, New York (Appleton), is a little volume which raised a deal of dust about the author, when it was in the form of newspaper reports. Since much of current comment is based on hearsay, the critics of Dr. Dix would do well to read his work as he puts it forth, before they turn their backs on him. Dr. Dix may need to be scolded, but the present aspect of womankind in America does not seem to render pulpit exercises uncalled for. — The Relations of the Church to the Colored Race is a speech delivered by Rev. J. L. Tucker, D.D., of Jackson, Miss., before the Richmond Church Congress (Charles Winkley, Jackson) and is well worth the attention of all who are interested in the question of christianizing the freedmen. Dr. Tucker brings to the discussion an exceptional experience with the colored race, and his earnest appeal has practical direction and force.

Literature. The Epic of Kings is the title which Miss Helen Zimmern gives to her very interesting and valuable rendition of stories from the Persian poet Firdusi. Miss Zimmern has done her work, not from the original Persian, but from the French translation by Jules Mohl. This is, however, of little consequence, since Mohl's translation is faithful and her work is reconstructive. It is interesting to see how the great national works are becoming the inheritance and furnishing of other and remote nations. It is through such literature that a true and generous breadth of vision is secured. — Four more volumes of the Riverside Hawthorne (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) have been published, — The Scarlet Letter and the Blithedale Romance, The Marble Faun, Our Old Home, and English Note-Books. The etchings which front these books are especially to be commended; indeed, all the parts of the volumes as examples of book-making are well studied.

Fiction. Mr. Black's Shandon Bells (Harpers) employs the figure of the journalist and author to give a peculiarly present tense to the story. Somehow, this character, in a novel, has a painfully self-conscious attitude; the novelist who includes a writer among his *dramatis personæ* appears to be mixing subject and object in a perplexing fashion. — L'Evangéliste, a Parisian novel, by Alphonse Daudet, is translated by Mary Neal Sherwood (Petersons), and may possibly convey to American readers phases of Parisian life for which they have standards of comparison in their own experience. — The author of Miss Molly appears in a new story, Geraldine Hawthorne, which is published in the Leisure Hour series. (Holt.) It is a curious book. The author has laid the scenes during our war for independence in a nebulous America. It would be impossible, one would think, to be more timid than she has been in her historical romance. The words Boston and Ticonderoga and General Washington come out on the page occasionally in a half-frightened manner, but it is plain that the author does not intend to be caught in any anachronism, if she can help it, and so she studiously avoids dates and places and facts. — The Gentle Savage, by Edward King (Osgood), is a contribution to international literature, and introduces an old friend in the nearly extinct Yankee, and a new one in the Indian of the future. With these and a Nihilist and Europeans of different degrees of civilization, and foot-notes which interpret the foreign phrases, one feels as if he had traveled very much by the time he has finished the novel. — An Honorable Surrender, by Mary Adams (Scribners), is a novel of the order which has become somewhat plentiful, wherein a girl of twenty shows the advantages and disadvantages of a sharp intellect, — so sharp as to be forever dividing and whittling. — Tontine, by Matilda J. Barnett (F. Pitman, London) is a preposterous novel. We do not remember ever before to have come across a case of a heroine named after an insurance company. — In the No Name series (Roberts) a new volume is A Daughter of the Philistines, which deals with American life in some of its expansive activities. — Angus Graeme, Gamekeeper, is a two-volume novel (Alexander Gardner, London), of Scottish life, in which lowly devotion gets its deserts. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library, the latest numbers are My Connaught Cousins, Bid me Discourse, by Mary Cecil Hay, and Unspotted from the World, by Mrs. G. W. Godfrey. — The War of the Bachelors is a story of the Crescent City at the period of the Franco-German war. It is by "Orleanian," and is printed for the author. It can be had of George F. Wharton in New Orleans. We doubt if it be worth sending for. — Mr. Howells's farce of The Sleeping Car (Osgood), comes very near being

the most delightful thing he has written. The humor and ingenuity of this little piece are rare both in kind and degree.

Science and Empirical Philosophy. Physiognomy is further described as a manual of instruction in the knowledge of the human physiognomy and organism, considered chemically, architecturally, and mathematically; embracing the discoveries of located traits, with their relative organs and signs of character, together with the three grand natural divisions of the human face. The author is Mary Olmstead Stanton, who issues the book herself in San Francisco. No one who had not previously seen a human face would be likely to recognize it in the extraordinary collection of faces which illustrate the volume. Indeed, the general analysis of the human being leaves one a little in doubt whether he ever saw a man or woman. — The Gallop, by Edward L. Anderson (David Douglas, Edinburgh), is an interesting piece of criticism, illustrated by photographs and diagrams of Governor Stanford's book. Mr. Anderson seeks to discriminate the gallop from the fast pace, and to correct what he regards as false impressions created by Mr. Muybridge's photographs. — Animal Intelligence, by George J. Romanes, is one of the International Scientific series (Appleton), and is concerned chiefly with a collection of pertinent facts in the whole range of the animal kingdom from mollusks to monkeys. The author reserves for another volume the consideration of these facts in their relation to the theory of descent. This work, thus, is not a mere collectanea, but has a definite intention. The unscientific reader will find it very entertaining; the scientific reader a contribution also to comparative psychology. — Postal Telegraphy, an address before the Board of Trade of Scranton, Pa., by J. A. Price, is a plea for governmental occupation of the telegraph system. (M. R. Walter, Scranton.)

Poetry and Anthologies. The Lowell Birthday Book (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is upon the plan of the previous Longfellow, Emerson, and Whittier birthday books of the same house, and is happy in its selections from a writer who is eminently quotable. — Poems and Essays is the title of a volume by Gideon Dickinson (A. Williams), and the title-page obligingly informs us, further, that the book includes The Fallen Chief, The Minstrel's Curse, Kenilworth, Tributes to Holmes and Longfellow, Booth as Hamlet, The Wizard's Grave; also, early and juvenile poems, and translation, from the German, with some account of minstrels and minstrelsy of the Middle Ages, and early ballad-poetry of different nations. Mr. Dickinson is certainly liberal in his bill of fare. He thinks, in his prefatory poem, that scorn and hatred will be buried at the book. — Songs of Humanity and Progress, by John T. Markley (H. Holloway, Eastbourne, Eng.), is a collection by the author of his rather violent and beefy lyrics. — Angeline, by George H. Calvert, is a poem of forty-six nine-line stanzas. — Songs and Song-Legends of Dahkotah Land, by Edward L. Fales (The Highland Publishing Co., St. Paul, Minn.), is a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, having partly to do with Dakota, but chiefly with the author's own sentiments.

Theology and Philosophy. Dorner on the Future State (Scribners) is a translation of so much of that author's system of Christian doctrine as relates to the doctrine of the last things. It is introduced and annotated by Newman Smyth, who offers it as his contribution to the discussion which is raging, and will some day be noted as one sign of the current renaissance of theology. — The Religions of the Ancient World, by George Rawlinson (Scribners), is a small volume by an historical student, who could not well treat of Oriental monarchies without some special reference to their religious systems, and in this work has given a sketch of the religions of Egypt, Assyria and Babylonia, Persia, India, Phœnicia, Etruria, Greece, and Rome. — Final Causes, by Paul Janet (Scribners), is a reprint of an English translation from the French by William Affleck, with a preface by Robert Flint, Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. Dr. Flint regards it as the most comprehensive work which has been written on the subject, although it confessedly omits the treatment of final causes in the regions of intellect and emotion, morality and history. — The Relations of Christianity to Civil Society (Whittaker) is a volume of Bohlen Lectures of uncommon vigor. Bishop Harris, of Michigan, the author of the work, has treated his subject in a broad, positive manner; and even if one should question some of his premises and assumptions, as, for example, the identification of the Church and Christianity, he cannot fail to admire the virility of the treatment and the frankness with which Bishop Harris has made his applications. There is one conclusion which he does not state, and yet seems to us unavoidable, and that is that all the churches in Bishop Harris's diocese ought to be taxed.

Politics and Economy. The Science of Politics is the forty-third volume in the International Scientific series (Appleton), and is by Sheldon Amos, well known by his former work on the science of law. The subject of politics was once before treated in this series in the volume of Physics and Politics by Mr. Bagehot; Mr. Amos has had a somewhat different task in his effort to apply scientific methods to politics, and he has certainly succeeded in producing a most interesting work, and one which fully recognizes the ethical properties of politics as predominating over the merely conventional. — The Works of James Abram Garfield, in two octavo volumes, edited by B. A. Hinsdale (Osgood), comprise the record of President Garfield's public life from the time of his entrance into Congress until his death, as contained in his speeches and addresses. Mr. Hinsdale has prefaced the volumes with a vigorous and clear analysis and statement of President Garfield's intellectual nature, and by the thoroughness of his work has justified his selection as editor. So far as these speeches required introduction and comment, Mr. Hinsdale has given them, and the volumes will prove a storehouse for students of our history during the period of the war and reconstruction. The versatility, the energy, and the unflagging industry of the President are well shown, and both the native power and the

power of circumstance render him an admirable expositor of the great historic problems which have vexed the country for the past quarter century. — The Rev. Richard Hibbs sends us a vigorous brochure, entitled Prussia and the Poor, or observations upon the systematized relief of the poor at Elberfeld in contrast with that of England. (Frederic Morgate, London). The book is founded upon a visit and personal inquiry, but chiefly upon an acquaintance with the depths of English misery, and a fiery indignation at his countrymen's cant. We recommend the author to read Bishop Harris's Bohlen Lectures, to which we refer elsewhere. They will give direction to his thought. — Wealth Creation, by Augustus Mongredien, with an introduction by Simon Sterne (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.), is the work of a merchant, who carries into his studies of political economy the experience of practical management of affairs. Mr. Sterne thinks that "it is unrivaled in demonstrating that all trade is barter, and that the intervention of money is a mere lubricant to facilitate barter." — The eighth of the Economic Tracts, published by the Society for Political Education in New York, is the Caucus System, by Frederic W. Whitridge, which is a historical review and criticism.

Literary Criticism and History. English Literature in the Eighteenth Century, by Thomas Sergeant Perry (Harpers), is in substance a course of lectures upon the subject, and has the mode of direct address; for this reason, also, in part, the book is not a history of the literature of that century, but an essay upon the laws governing it, with illustrations drawn from well-known examples. These illustrations are abundant and give a half-anecdotal character to the work. — Landmarks of English Literature, by Henry J. Nicoll (Appleton), undertakes to deal solely with the very greatest names in the several departments of English literature. Mr. Nicoll takes a sensible and somewhat rough-and-ready survey of literature, but he is rather a descriptive than philosophic guide. He deals chiefly with the plainer, more obvious aspects of his subject. — Emerson as a Poet, by Joel Benton (M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York), is an interesting and thoughtful little essay, very attractively and modestly printed, which collectors of Emersoniana ought not to overlook. The book, besides, has Mr. Kennedy's useful brief concordance. It is a pleasure to find this independent contribution to literary criticism. The frontispiece is especially desirable as one of the best likenesses of Emerson.

Fine Arts. The third volume of Audsley's Popular Dictionary of Architecture and the Allied Arts (Putnams) carries the work through the letter B. Like the previous volumes, it is rather an encyclopædia than a dictionary; for while some of the terms are briefly described, others are treated as articles,— the title Basilica, for example, covering more than sixty of the large octavo pages. The illustrations are strictly descriptive and definitive, and are judiciously employed.— Messrs. Firmin-Didot & Co., of Paris, send the fifteenth part of A. Racinet's Le Costume Historique, this part consisting wholly of very delicate lithographs of costume. — Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio in Rome, by James E. Freeman (Roberts Bros.), follows a previous volume with the same title, and like that is an agreeable series of notes and recollections by a kind and companionable artist, who has long lived amongst the scenes which he depicts. It is the artist quality of the sketches which leads us to place the book in this division.— Notes on the Principal Pictures in the Louvre Gallery at Paris and in the Brera Gallery at Milan, by Charles L. Eastlake (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), serves the traveler well by selecting for him out of a great number of paintings those on which he would most wish to spend his time. The notes are brief, but pointed, and free from critical rubbish. There are many diagrams, also, which will serve to identify the pictures; but we commiserate the student of the fine arts who innocently attempts to build an idea of the paintings upon them.

Travel and Chorography. On the Desert, with a brief review of recent events in Egypt, by Henry M. Field (Scribners), is a volume formed upon notes of travel through the Sinai peninsula. It is the work of a journalist and experienced traveler rather than of a man of artistic sense and literary power. It should be added that Dr. Field's tone is throughout one of Christian interest in the great historic scenes enacted in the desert. — On the Wing is the title of a volume of rambling notes of a trip to the Pacific by Mary E. Blake. (Lee & Shepard.) Mrs. Blake is an agreeable companion on the trip, and one comes to accept cordially all the good words which she has for the business company which managed her traveling affairs.

Health and Medicine. Hygiene for Girls, by Irenæus P. Davis, M. D. (Appleton), is frank and plain spoken. It is in the main sensible, yet it strikes us as rather a book to be read by those who have the care of girls than by girls themselves. — Early Aid in Injuries and Accidents, by Dr. Friedrich Esmarch (H. C. Lea's Son & Co., Philadelphia), is translated from the German by H. R. H. Princess Christian, who was very wisely occupied when she was placing these simple and intelligible instructions within the reach of her countrywomen. The book, both in its original form and as translated, is part of a very general movement to render people less helpless in emergencies.

Books for Young People. Old Ocean, by Ernest Ingersoll (Lothrop), is a collection of papers devoted to the surface of the ocean and somewhat also to its depths. It tells of the commerce which is carried on across the waters, of pirates and explorers, and it tells also of sea animals, of lighthouses, of ship and sea-weed. It is an entertaining medley, and may be commended as a readable book, which will both stimulate and satisfy a healthy curiosity. — Tim and Tip, or the Adventures of a Boy and a Dog, by James Otis (Harpers), is a lively narrative of the experience of a little runaway, who was quite justified in his successive escapes. There is, however, too much brutality in the book.

MAY, 1883

LITERARY BULLETIN

OF

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BOSTON AND NEW YORK

1883

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Thomas Jefferson as a Statesman.

JEFFERSON must be included in even the briefest list of American Statesmen, and it was not only fit, but inevitable, that his Life should be embraced in the series of biographies which Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., is editing with so eminent success.

Mr. Morse has himself prepared this volume, which he has not attempted to make so full of personal details as are the previous lives of Jefferson. It is, rather, restricted to the part — the very conspicuous and influential part — which Jefferson played as a political writer, legislator, cabinet officer, and President; but his activity was so great and his influence so potent that the story of his public career becomes largely the history of the United States during his life. Mr. Morse has endeavored to be so impartial that this book may be accepted as an authentic and every way satisfactory account of Jefferson, and as a valid statement of the causes which have made him so strong and enduring a force in American politics.

From Ponkapog to Pesth.

For several years past Mr. Aldrich has printed in the Atlantic Monthly occasional sketches of travel, mostly in Europe. These have been marked by so clear observation, so shrewd comment on individual and national traits, so delicious humor, and so charming a style that their numerous readers have been impatient to have them reprinted and incorporated in a permanent form. Mr. Aldrich has at length gathered them into a book, which will shortly be published, and which will at once take rank among the most enjoyable of books of travel.

The Quaker Invasion of Massachusetts.

The Quakers of early Massachusetts have caused hardly less discussion by modern historians and their critics than they caused originally by their personal presence and by acts which the authorities found sorely obnoxious. Mr. R. P. Hallowell has made an exhaustive study of the subject, and in a book soon to be issued under the title of this paragraph he narrates the story fully and clearly. His sympathies are with the Quakers, but not so as to blind him to facts or to lead him to apologize for indefensible deeds. All who are interested to know the truth in this curious and pitiful chapter of Massachusetts history should read Mr. Hallowell's book.

Jones Very's Poems.

Several years ago, at the request of Mr. Emerson and others who knew the rare depth and purity of Jones Very's poems, a book of his essays and poetical writings was published. The author was of so retiring a disposition that it required no little urging to induce him to put forth this book, and thus appeal to the world for recognition as a poet. And indeed the book had only a limited circulation, yet it won for the author the admiration of some of the best critics in America. Mr. George William Curtis spoke of the poems very heartily; Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody said: "Jones Very has written some of the best sonnets in our language." A new edition of Mr. Very's poems, including many not contained in the previous edition, will be published in May, in a style appropriate to their serene beauty and singular transparency.

Comparison of All Religions.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke's new book, which is a continuation or supplement to his "Ten Great Religions," will attract and richly reward the attention of all who are interested in the history of religion and in studying the forms and ideas which the religious instincts and sentiments have produced in different ages and races. Mr. Clarke's large knowledge and remarkable candor peculiarly qualify him to write on this subject. The Princeton *Missionary Review*, after speaking emphatically of the great value of his "Ten Great Religions," added: —

> The secret of the author's success, if we mistake not, turns largely on the fact that he has tried to place himself in sympathy with the earnest and often heroic thinkers who originated these religious systems, and thus has come into a position to understand more correctly their mental struggles and the character of the results at which they arrived.

The Freedom of Faith.

Under this title, Rev. T. T. Munger will shortly publish a volume of discourses likely to attract such attention as volumes of sermons rarely secure or merit. Mr. Munger is, as his excellent book "On the Threshold" showed, a minister of the present instead of the past. He is no iconoclast; he does not scorn any doctrine or form merely because it is of ancient date; he has the profoundest reverence for "the faith once delivered to the saints;" but he believes heartily that

> "Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns."

This increasing purpose and this widening of thought cannot fail to modify religious ideas and forms, and Mr. Munger, in the discourses contained in this book, recognizes the changes wrought by the spirit and knowledge of the time, not as inimical to true religion, but as evidences of its divine vigor and immortal principles.

American Men of Letters.

There are in preparation for this excellent series several volumes which cannot fail to be of great interest to all who have any pleasure in litera-

ture, and who honor its eminent representatives. Dr. Holmes has consented to write a Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and both author and subject assure a book of remarkable interest and value. The Life of William Cullen Bryant will be prepared by Mr. John Bigelow, who was for several years associated with Mr. Bryant, and who is amply competent to treat of Mr. Bryant's career as a man of letters, and to treat it with so great literary skill as to make it one of the best of the series. Mr. John R. G. Hassard, of the New York *Tribune*, will write the Life of Bayard Taylor, and will assuredly produce a book of great interest both in what it records and in its manner of treatment. Mr. Sidney Howard Gay will write of Edmund Quincy, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and whose admirable qualities of thought and style he heartily appreciated.

Johnson's Letters, Essays, and Sermons.

This volume, which has just been published, contains, in addition to an admirable Memoir of Mr. Johnson, 142 pages long, by Rev. Samuel Longfellow, articles on Florence, the Alps of the Ideal and the Switzerland of the Swiss, Symbolism of the Sea, Fulfillment of Functions, Equal Opportunity for Woman, Labor Parties and Labor Reform, The Law of the Blessed Life, Gain in Loss, The Search for God, Fate, Living by Faith, "The Duty of Delight," Transcendentalism, and an appendix giving a list of Mr. Johnson's published writings.

Those who have read Mr. Johnson's remarkable works on Oriental Religions, and who appreciate the combined fineness and vigor of his thought and his noble style, will understand how rich a book is this which has just been published.

"A Picture of New York Society."

Mr. Bishop's novel, "The House of a Merchant Prince," has attracted marked attention by the pungency and truthfulness with which he has depicted certain portions of society in New York. The *Tribune* of that city says: —

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Cooper's Novels.

The appearance of Professor Lounsbury's Life of J. Fenimore Cooper in the series of American Men of Letters has naturally brought Cooper's works prominently to public attention. Recently Hon. I. N. Arnold, of Chicago, who when a boy knew Cooper and was strongly attracted by him, read a paper on Cooper and his writings, from which we extract two interesting paragraphs: —

> Cooper was a keen and close observer both of nature and of man, and his imagination was so fertile and vivid, and his power of word-painting so great, that he could present everything he attempted to describe so that it was actually pictured before the reader; and his skill in narration was so great that he seldom failed to seize and hold the attention,

so that he who begins to read one of his stories is rarely willing to lay it down until he gets to the end. . . .

. . . When the Indian shall live only in history, romance, and tradition; when the last hunter shall have disappeared from the reservation; when the plow shall have broken up his last hunting ground, and the buffalo shall, like the mastodon, have become an extinct animal, the nature, habits, and peculiarities of this race will be studied in the pages of Cooper. I do not say Cooper's Indians are not overdrawn and too highly colored, still, with all their exaggeration, his are the best pictures of the race which can be found. . . . Bryant declared Cooper's romances of the sea to be the finest ever written.

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Hunt's "Talks on Art," of which a Second Series was recently published, have a directness, pungency, and originality which make them uncommonly interesting reading. The New York *Tribune* says: —

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Two Admirable Series.

Many good things have already been said of the separate biographies in the "American Men of Letters" and "American Statesmen" series, and as the number of volumes in each group increases the press throughout the country is not slow to recognize the fact that the books, taken collectively, form a contribution of enduring value to our literature and to our history. The New York *Times* says: —

Mr. Morse and Mr. Warner, through the enterprise of their Boston publishers, are doing in their two biographical series a service to the public, the full extent of which, while well rewarded in a commercial sense, is doubtless not generally and rightfully appreciated. Honest and truly important work it is that they and their colleagues are doing, and it is cause for real surprise that no one has found it worth his while to cover these fields before. Professor Lounsbury's "Cooper" and Professor Sumner's "Jackson" — not to mention other volumes — have already become assured of permanent places in the biographical literature of this country.

The Boston *Journal*, in a notice of the recent Life of James Monroe, by President Gilman, remarks: —

The series to which this volume belongs ranks among the most interesting contributions to American history and biography; and the size and plan of construction of the books contained in it particularly adapt them to readers who desire the maximum of information with the least expenditure of time.

The Chicago *Star and Covenant* observes: —

> Among the many valuable books which this great publishing house is giving to the public, the series of "American Statesmen" will constitute a precious library of itself.

History of the Papacy During the Reformation.

Mr. Creighton's important contribution to history has been welcomed with peculiar cordiality by those able to judge of the need of such a work and of the manner in which it has been done. The English *Churchman* says of it:

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"An Admirable Specimen of Literary Biography."

The New York *Evening Post* thus characterizes Professor Lounsbury's Life of Fenimore Cooper, and adds: —

> We can recall no recent addition to American biography in any department which is superior to it. It gives the reader not merely a full account of Cooper's literary career, but there is mingled with this a sufficient account of the man himself apart from his books, and of the period in which he lived, to keep alive the interest from the first word to the last.

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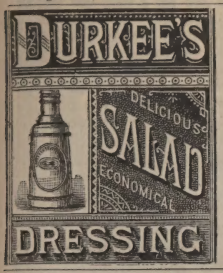

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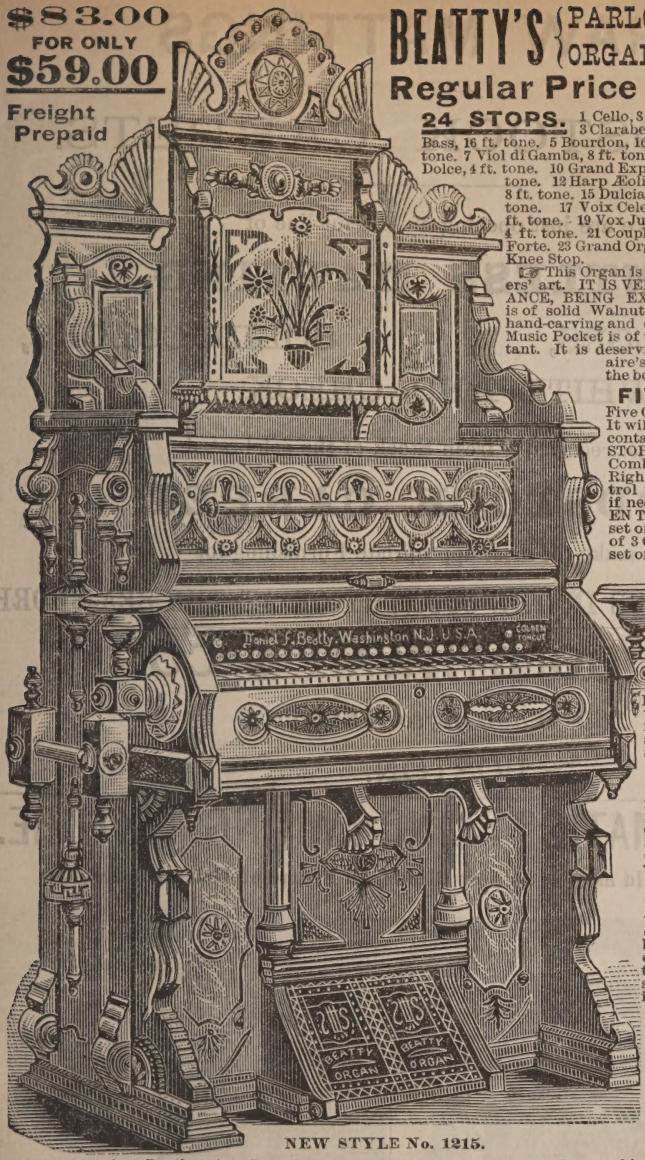

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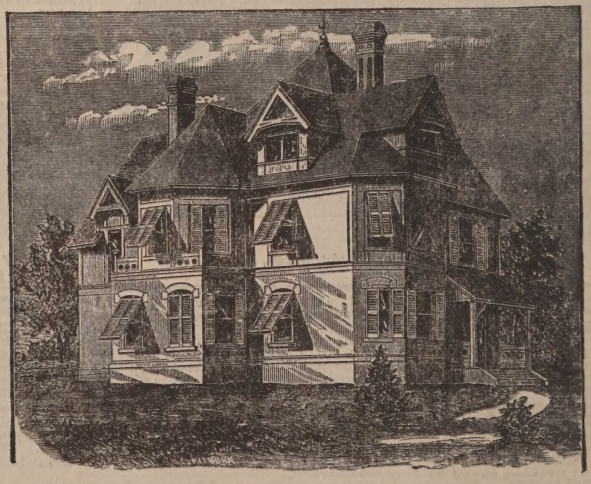

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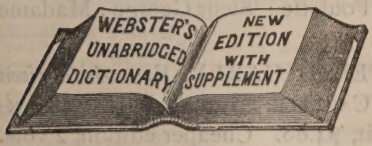

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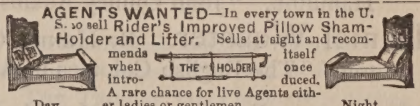

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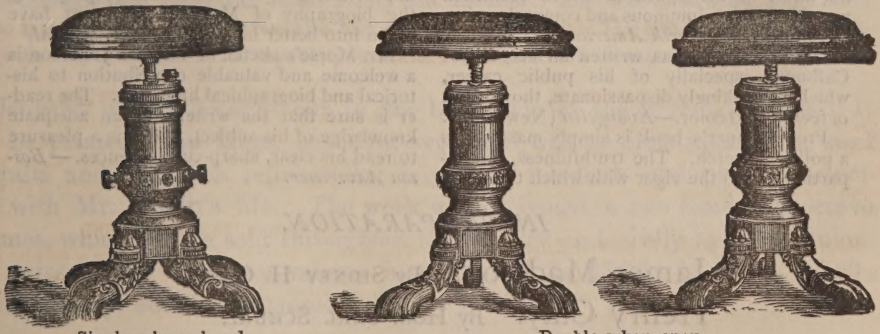

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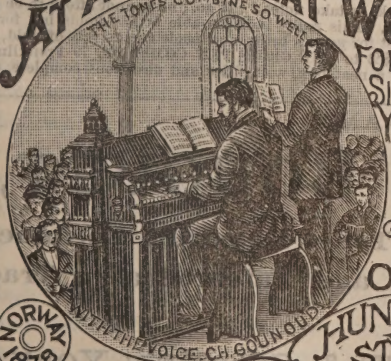

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DAISY MILLER.

A COMEDY. IN THREE ACTS.

ACT III.

Rome. Public parlors at the Hôtel de Paris; evening. Wide windows at the back, overlooking the Corso, open upon a balcony, which must be apparent, behind light curtains, to the audience. The Carnival is going on outside, and the flare of torches, the sound of voices and of music, the uproar of a popular festival, come into the room, rising and falling at intervals during the whole act.

SCENE I. MRS. COSTELLO, MISS DURANT, CHARLES REVERDY. *He comes in first at the left, holding the door open for the others to follow.*

REVERDY. You can see very well from this balcony, if you won't go down into the street.

MRS. C. Down into the street — to be trampled to death? I have no desire to be butchered to make a Roman holiday.

REVERDY, *aside*. They would find you a tough old morsel! (*Aloud.*) It 's the last night of the Carnival, and a peculiar license prevails.

MRS. C. I 'm happy to hear it 's the last night. Their tooting and piping and fiddling has n't stopped for a week, and my poor old head has been racked with pain.

MISS D. Is it very bad now? You had better go to our own quiet parlor, which looks out on the back.

MRS. C. And leave you here with this youth?

MISS D. After all — in the Carnival!

MRS. C. A season of peculiar license — as he himself confesses. I wonder you don't propose at once to mingle with the populace — in a fancy dress!

MISS D. I should like to very much! I 'm tired of being cooped up in a balcony. If this is the last night, it 's my only chance.

MRS. C., *severely*. Alice Durant, I don't recognize you! The Carnival has affected you — insidiously. You 're as bad as Daisy Miller.

REVERDY. Poor little butterfly! Don't speak harshly of *her:* she is lying ill with Roman fever.

MRS. C. Since her visit to the Coliseum, in the cool of the evening, with the inveterate Giovanelli?

MISS D. I suppose he 'll marry her when she recovers — if she does recover!

REVERDY. It was certainly idiotic, from the point of view of salubrity, to go to enjoy the moonlight in that particularly mouldy ruin, and the inveterate Giovanelli, who is old enough to know better, ought to have a thrashing. The poor girl may never recover. The little Flower of the West, as Mrs. Walker

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says, is withering on the stem. Fancy dying to the music of the Carnival!

MRS. C. That 's the way I shall die, unless you come now and take your last look, so that we may go away and have done with it. (*Goes to the window.*) Good heavens, what a rabble! (*Passes out on the balcony.*)

REVERDY, *to Miss Durant, remaining behind.* Will you give her the slip, and come out with me?

MISS D., *looking at him, and listening to the music.* In a fancy dress?

REVERDY. Oh, no; simply in a mask. I 've got one in my pocket. (*Takes out a grotesque mask and holds it to his face a moment, shaking his head at her.*) How d'ye do, lovely woman?

MISS D. Dear me, how very hideous!

REVERDY. If *you* put it on, I shall be as handsome as ever.

MISS D., *aside.* If he should propose out there, it would hide my blushes!

MRS. C., *from the balcony.* Young people, what are you doing? Come out here this minute!

REVERDY. There she is again! (*Aloud.*) Are you afraid they will pelt you with flowers?

MRS. C. A gentleman has already kissed his hand to me!

REVERDY. A season of peculiar license! (*To Miss Durant.*) We can't escape from her now, but it won't be long! (*They rejoin Mrs. Costello on the balcony, Reverdy holding the mask behind him. While they remain there, apparently absorbed in the spectacle in the street, Eugenio and Giovanelli come in.*)

SCENE II. EUGENIO, GIOVANELLI; *then* REVERDY, MISS DURANT.

EUGENIO. You must come in here; we can't talk in the hall.

GIOVANELLI, *with a bouquet of flowers.* I have come for news of the dear young lady. I 'm terribly nervous.

EUGENIO. You think you may lose her? It would serve you right!

GIOVANELLI. If I lose her I shall never try again. I am passionately in love with her.

EUGENIO. I hope so, indeed! That was part of our agreement.

GIOVANELLI. If you begin to joke, I see she 's better.

EUGENIO. If I begin to joke? I 'm as serious as you. If she 's better it 's no thanks to you — doing your best to kill her on my hands.

GIOVANELLI. It was no fault of mine. She had her own way.

EUGENIO. The Coliseum by moonlight — that was a lovely invention! Why did n't you jump into the Tiber at once?

GIOVANELLI. We are not the first who have been there. It 's a very common excursion.

EUGENIO. By daylight, of course; but not when the miasma rises.

GIOVANELLI. Excuse me: it is recommended in the guide-books.

EUGENIO. Do you make love according to Murray? — or, perhaps, according to Bädeker? I myself have conducted families there, to admire the general effect; but not to spend the evening.

GIOVANELLI. I was afraid for myself, Heaven knows!

EUGENIO. "Afraid for yourself" is good — with an American heiress beside you!

GIOVANELLI. I could n't induce her to come away, the moon was so bright and beautiful! And then you wanted her to be talked about.

EUGENIO. Yes: but I wanted you to take her alive. She 's talked about enough to-day. It was only a week ago, but the whole town knows it.

GIOVANELLI. *Per Bacco!* That solemn fool of a Winterbourne has spread the story.

EUGENIO. The further the better! But I thought I had given him something else to do.

GIOVANELLI. I don't know what you had given him to do; but, as luck would

have it, he turned up at the Coliseum. He came upon us suddenly, and stood there staring. Then he took off his hat to my companion, and made her the lowest of bows.

EUGENIO. Without a word?

GIOVANELLI. Without a word. He turned his back and walked off.

EUGENIO. Stupid ass! But it is all right: he has given her up.

GIOVANELLI. He gave her up that day on the Pincian; he has not been near her since.

EUGENIO, *aside.* The Katkoff is really perfect! — though he comes to ask about her every day. (*Aloud.*) Yes, but he wanted a reason: now he has got his reason.

GIOVANELLI, *pretentiously.* I'll give him a better one than that!

EUGENIO. He 's perfectly content with this one; and it must be admitted it would suit most people. We must hope it will suit Mr. Miller.

GIOVANELLI, *gloomily.* Ah, Mr. Miller? I seemed to see him there, too, in the moonlight!

EUGENIO. You 're afraid of him, and your fear makes images. What did Miss Daisy do?

GIOVANELLI. After the American had left us? She held her tongue still till we got home.

EUGENIO. She said nothing about him?

GIOVANELLI. Never a word, thank goodness!

EUGENIO, *thoughtful a moment.* Cavaliere, you 're very limited.

GIOVANELLI. I verily believe I am, to stand here and answer your questions. All this time you have told me nothing about my adored!

EUGENIO. She is doing very well; it has been a light attack. She has sat up these three days, and the doctor says she needs only to be careful. But being careful does n't suit her; she 's in despair at missing the Carnival.

GIOVANELLI, *tenderly.* Enchanting young person! Be so good as to give her these flowers. Be careful of them, you know!

EUGENIO. I should think so — when I pay for them myself.

GIOVANELLI. And ask if I may come up and see her.

EUGENIO, *looking at the bouquet.* You get 'em handsome, I must say. — I don't know what the doctor would say to that.

GIOVANELLI, *smiling.* Let me be the doctor. You 'll see!

EUGENIO. You 're certainly dangerous enough for one. But you must wait till we go out — the mother and the brother and I.

GIOVANELLI. Where are you going, at this hour?

EUGENIO. To show that peevish little brat the illumination.

GIOVANELLI. Mrs. Miller leaves her daughter — at such a time?

EUGENIO. Master Randolph 's the head of the family.

GIOVANELLI. I must get *his* consent to the marriage, then?

EUGENIO. You can get it with a pound of candy.

GIOVANELLI. I 'll buy him a dozen to-morrow.

EUGENIO. And charge it to me, of course.

GIOVANELLI, *stiffly.* Please to open the door. I 'll wait in the hall till you go out. (*Eugenio opens the door, looks at him, and then passes out first. Giovanelli follows. When they have left the room, Reverdy and Miss Durant come in from the balcony.*)

REVERDY, *his finger on his lips.* Hush, hush! She 's looking for the gentleman who kissed his hand.

MISS D. When she kissed hers back, she frightened him away!

REVERDY. I can't stand that balcony business! I want to dance and sing, in the midst of it, with a charming creature on my arm!

MISS D. I forbid you to touch any of your creatures!

REVERDY. In the Carnival one may touch any one. All common laws are suspended.

MISS D. Cousin Louisa won't listen to that.

REVERDY. She 's a great deal worse than we herself — having an affair with a perfect stranger! Now 's our chance to escape; before she misses us, we shall be a mile away.

MISS D. A mile away is very far! You make me feel dreadfully like Daisy Miller.

REVERDY. To be perfect, all you want is to be a little like her.

MISS D. Oh, you wretch — I never!

REVERDY. There, now, you 're just like her!

MISS D. I certainly am not used to being a wall-flower.

REVERDY. A plant in a balcony 's even worse. Come, come! here 's the mask.

MISS D. It 's very dreadful. I can't bear to look so ugly!

REVERDY. Don't I know how pretty you are?

MISS D., *taking his arm, aside.* He can do anything with me he wants! (*Exeunt. Enter Daisy on the opposite side.*)

SCENE III. DAISY *alone; then* WINTERBOURNE, *a* WAITER; MRS. COSTELLO.

DAISY. *She wears a light dressing-gown, like an invalid, and it must be apparent that she has been ill, though this appearance must not be exaggerated. She wanders slowly into the room, and pauses in the middle.* Ah, from here the music is very distinct — and the voices of the crowd, and all the sound of the fête. Upstairs, in our rooms, you can hear it just dimly. That 's the way it seemed to me — just faint and far — as I lay there with darkened windows. It 's hard to be sick when there 's so much pleasure going on, especially when you 're so fond of pleasure as poor silly me! Perhaps I 'm too fond; that 's one of the things I thought of as I lay there. I thought of so many — and some of them so sad — as I listened to the far-away Carnival. I think it was this that helped me to get better. I was afraid I had been bad, and I wanted to live to be good again. I was afraid I should die, and I did n't want to die. But I 'm better now, and I can walk and do everything I want. (*Listening again.*) Every now and then it grows louder, as if the people were so happy! It reminds me of that poetry I used to learn at school, "There was a sound of revelry by night." That 's a sound I always wanted to hear. This is the last night; and when mother and Randolph went out, I could n't stay there alone. I waited a little; I was afraid of meeting some one on the stairs. But every one is in the streets, and they have gone to see the illumination. I thought of that balcony: just to look out a little is better than nothing. (*Listens again a moment.*) Every now and then it increases. (*Goes to the window, but seeing Mrs. Costello outside comes back.*) Ah, there 's some one there; and with this old wrapper . . . (*Looking at her dressing-gown.*) Perhaps the night air is n't good for me; the doctor forbids the night air. Ah, what a pity it 's the last evening! (*Goes to the window again, and while she stands there a waiter throws open the door and ushers in Winterbourne, who at first does not see her.*)

THE WAITER. The ladies are here, sir. (*Surprised not to find them.*) Excuse me. I saw them come in with Mr. Reverdy, but they have gone out again.

WINTERBOURNE. It 's not those ladies I want. Please to ask Madame de Katkoff if she can see me.

THE WAITER. Won't you go up to her sitting-room? She has a great many guests.

WINTERBOURNE, *annoyed.* A great many guests?

THE WAITER. A party of friends, who have come to see the fête from one

of her windows. Her parlor is in the Square, and the view is even finer than from here.

WINTERBOURNE. I know all about her parlor. (*Aside.*) It 's hateful to see her with a lot of others! (*Aloud.*) Ask her if she will kindly speak to me here.

THE WAITER. Ah, you lose a great deal, sir! (*Exit.*)

WINTERBOURNE. The servants in this place are impossible; the young Randolph has demoralized them all! That 's the same fellow who, last summer, wanted to give me a definition of my aunt. (*Seeing Daisy.*) Ah, that poor creature! (*Aloud.*) I 'm afraid I 'm intruding on you here.

DAISY, *coming forward.* You have as good a right here as I. I don't think I have any.

WINTERBOURNE. You mean as an invalid? I am very happy to see you better.

DAISY. Thank you. I 'm very well.

WINTERBOURNE. I asked about you every day.

DAISY. They never told me.

WINTERBOURNE. That was your faithful courier!

DAISY. He was so frightened at my illness that he could n't remember anything.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, yes, he was terribly afraid he should lose you. For a couple of days it was very serious.

DAISY. How do you know that?

WINTERBOURNE. I asked the doctor.

DAISY, *aside.* He 's very strange. Why should he care?

WINTERBOURNE. He said you had done what might kill you.

DAISY. At the Coliseum?

WINTERBOURNE. At the Coliseum.

DAISY. Why did n't you tell me that, when you saw me there?

WINTERBOURNE. Because you had an adviser in whom you have much more faith.

DAISY. Mr. Giovanelli? Oh, it 's not his fault. He begged me to come away.

WINTERBOURNE. If you did n't mind him, you would n't have minded me.

DAISY. I did n't care what happened. But I noticed, all the same, that you did n't speak to me.

WINTERBOURNE. I had nothing to say.

DAISY. You only bowed, very low.

WINTERBOURNE. That was to express my great respect.

DAISY. I had never had such a bow before.

WINTERBOURNE. You had never been so worthy of it!

DAISY, *aside.* He despises me! Well, I don't care! (*Aloud.*) It was lovely there in the moonlight.

WINTERBOURNE. I was sure you found it so. That was another reason I did n't wish to interrupt you.

DAISY, *playing indifference.* What were you doing there, all alone?

WINTERBOURNE. I had been dining at a villa in that part of Rome, and I simply stopped, as I walked home, to take a look at the splendid ruin.

DAISY, *after a pause, in the same manner.* I should n't think you 'd go round alone.

WINTERBOURNE. I have to go as I can; I have n't your resources.

DAISY. Don't you know any ladies?

WINTERBOURNE. Yes; but they don't expose themselves . . .

DAISY, *with quick emotion.* Expose themselves to be treated as you treated me!

WINTERBOURNE. You 're rather difficult to please. (*Reënter the waiter.*)

THE WAITER. Madame de Katko will come in about ten minutes, sir.

WINTERBOURNE. Very good.

THE WAITER. She 's just pouring out tea for the company.

WINTERBOURNE. That will do.

THE WAITER, *smiling.* You know the Russians must have their tea, sir.

WINTERBOURNE. You talk too much.

THE WAITER, *going out.* He 's very sharp to-night! (*Exit Waiter.*)

DAISY, *who has turned away a moment, coming down.* If you are expecting some one, I 'll go away.

WINTERBOURNE. There 's another public room. I 'll see my friend there.

DAISY. I 've nothing to do here. (*Goes toward the door, but stops half-way, looking at him.*) You see a great deal of Madame de Katkoff. Does n't *she* expose herself?

WINTERBOURNE, *smiling.* To dangerous consequences? Never!

DAISY. *She comes down again, as if unable to decide to leave him. Aside.* I 'm determined to know what he thinks. (*Aloud, in a different tone.*) I was going out on the balcony, to see what 's going on.

WINTERBOURNE. Are n't you afraid of the night air?

DAISY. I 'm not afraid of anything!

WINTERBOURNE. Are you going to begin again?

DAISY. Ah, I 'm too late! It 's nearly over. (*At the moment she speaks, Mrs. Costello appears in the window, from the balcony. Reënter Mrs. Costello.*)

MRS. C., *to Winterbourne.* Merciful powers! I thought you were Mr. Reverdy! (*Looking at Daisy.*) And that this young lady was my Alice!

DAISY. Something very different, you see! Now I can have the balcony. (*She passes out of the window.*)

MRS. C. What are you doing with that girl? I thought you had dropped her.

WINTERBOURNE. I was asking about her health. She has been down with the fever.

MRS. C. It will do her good — make her reflect on her sins. But what have you done with my young companions?

WINTERBOURNE. Nothing in the world. The last I saw of them they were frolicking in the Corso.

MRS. C. Frolicking in the Corso? Alice and Mr. Reverdy?

WINTERBOURNE. I met them as I was coming from my lodgings to the hotel. He was blowing a tin trumpet, and she was hiding behind a mask.

MRS. C. A tin trumpet and a mask! Have they gone to perdition?

WINTERBOURNE. They are only taking advantage of the Carnival.

MRS. C. Taking advantage of my back; I had turned it for three minutes! They were on the balcony with me, looking at this vulgar riot, and they slipped away to come in here.

WINTERBOURNE. You never give them a chance: they hunger and thirst!

MRS. C. A chance to masquerade? Think of her education!

WINTERBOURNE. I 'm thinking of it now. You see the results.

MRS. C. I said to myself that I was perhaps too vigilant, and I left them here a moment to talk things over. I saw through the window a young lady and a gentleman, and I took it for granted it was they.

WINTERBOURNE. Ingenuous aunt! They were already a mile away!

MRS. C. It 's too horrible to believe. You must immediately bring them back.

WINTERBOURNE. Impossible just now. I have an engagement here.

MRS. C. I 'll go and look for them myself!

WINTERBOURNE, *laying his hand on her arm.* Don't, don't! Let them have a little fun!

MRS. C. I never heard of anything so cynical!

WINTERBOURNE. Don't you want them to marry?

MRS. C. To marry, yes; but not to elope!

WINTERBOURNE. Let them do it in their own way.

MRS. C. With a mask and a tin trumpet? A girl I 've watched like that!

WINTERBOURNE. You've watched too much. They'll come home engaged.

MRS. C. Ah, bring them, then, quickly!

WINTERBOURNE. I'll go down into the street and look; and if I see them, I'll tell them what's expected of them.

MRS. C. I'll go to my room; I feel a headache coming on. (*Before she goes out, to herself, as if a thought has struck her.*) Had they bribed that monster to kiss his hand? (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV. GIOVANELLI, DAISY. *He enters the room, and she comes in from the balcony at the same moment. He advances with a radiant smile, takes both of her hands, holds them for a moment devotedly, then kisses each of them.*

GIOVANELLI. *Carissima signorina!* When I see you restored to health, I begin to live myself!

DAISY. Poor old Giovanelli! I believe you *do* care for me!

GIOVANELLI. Care for you? When I heard you were ill, I neither ate nor slept. I thought I, too, should have to have the doctor.

DAISY, *laughing.* I should have sent you mine if I had known it. You must eat a good supper to-night, for I am all right now.

GIOVANELLI. You look still a little pale.

DAISY. I look like a fright, of course, in this dreadful dress; but I'm only a convalescent. If I had known you were coming, I should have worn something better.

GIOVANELLI. You look like an angel, always. You might have been sure I would come, after so many days. I was always at your door, asking for news. But now, I think, we shall never again be separated.

DAISY. Never again? Oh, don't talk about the future! What were you doing there in the street?

GIOVANELLI. When I looked up and saw you on the balcony, bending over like a little saint in her shrine? It was that vision that made me come up again.

DAISY. You had gone out to enjoy the Carnival?

GIOVANELLI. I had come here to see you; but I learned from your excellent Eugenio that your mother and your brother were going out in a carriage. They appeared at that moment, and I went down with them to the door, to wish them a happy drive. Little Randolph was greatly excited.

DAISY. He insisted on mother's going; she'll do anything for Randolph. But she did n't want to leave me.

GIOVANELLI, *smiling.* She has left you to me!

DAISY. Did Eugenio go with them?

GIOVANELLI. Oh, yes; he got into the carriage. (*Aside.*) The cheek of that man!

DAISY. They have left me alone, then.

GIOVANELLI. I am almost of the family, dear Miss!

DAISY, *apparently not hearing him, listening to the sounds from without.* They ought n't to have left me alone — when I'm sick, when I'm weak.

GIOVANELLI, *anxiously.* You are not so well, then, as you say?

DAISY, *looking at him a moment, with a little laugh.* You look so scared at the idea of losing me! Poor old Giovanelli! What should you do if you were to lose me?

GIOVANELLI. Don't speak of it — it's horrible! If you are not well, you should go to your room.

DAISY. Oh, I'm all right. I only wanted to frighten you.

GIOVANELLI. It is n't kind — when you know how I love you!

DAISY. I don't know it, and I don't want to know it, as I've told you often. I forbid you to speak of that.

GIOVANELLI. You will never let me mention the future.

DAISY. I hate the future; I care only for the present!

GIOVANELLI. The future is the present, when one sees it as we see it.

DAISY. I don't see it at all, and I don't want to see it. I saw it for a moment, when I was sick, and that was enough.

GIOVANELLI. You have suffered much; but it was not my fault.

DAISY. I don't blame you, Giovanelli. You are very kind. Where are they going, mother and Randolph?

GIOVANELLI. Up and down the Corso; wherever there is something to see. They have an open carriage, with lots of flowers.

DAISY. It must be charming. Have you been going round?

GIOVANELLI. I have strolled about a little.

DAISY. Is it very, *very* amusing?

GIOVANELLI. Ah, you know, I 'm an old Roman; I have seen it many times. The illumination is better than usual, and the music is lively enough.

DAISY. Listen to the music — listen to it!

GIOVANELLI, *smiling.* You must n't let it go to your head. (*Daisy goes to the window, and stands there a moment.*) She has never been so lovely as to-night!

DAISY, *coming back, with decision.* Giovanelli, you must get me a carriage.

GIOVANELLI, *startled.* A carriage, signorina?

DAISY. I must go out — I *must!*

GIOVANELLI. There is not a carriage to be had at this hour. Everything is taken for the fête.

DAISY. Then I 'll go on foot. You must take me.

GIOVANELLI. Into the air of the night, and the crowded streets? It 's enough to kill you!

DAISY. It 's a lovely night, as mild as June; and it 's only for five minutes.

GIOVANELLI. The softer the night, the greater the danger of the malaria. Five minutes, in your condition, would bring back the fever.

DAISY. I shall have the fever if I stay here listening, longing, fidgeting! You said I was pale; but it 's only the delicacy of my complexion.

GIOVANELLI. You are not pale now; you have a little spot in either cheek. Your mother will not be happy.

DAISY. She should n't have left me alone, then.

GIOVANELLI. You are not alone when you 're with me.

DAISY. Of what use are you, except to take me out?

GIOVANELLI. It 's impossible to contradict you. For five minutes, then, remember!

DAISY. For five minutes, then; or for ten! I 'll go and get ready. Don't mind about the carriage: we 'll do it better on foot.

GIOVANELLI, *at the door.* It 's at your own risk, you know. I 'll try for a cab.

DAISY. My own risk! I 'm not afraid.

GIOVANELLI, *kissing his hand to her.* You are awfully beautiful! (*Exit Giovanelli.*)

DAISY, *alone.* I 'm not afraid — I don't care! I don't like him to-night; he 's too serious. I would rather be out-of-doors with him than shut up here. Poor Giovanelli; if he thinks I love him, after all I 've said to the contrary . . . I can dress in three minutes. (*She is going to the door opposite to the one through which Giovanelli has made his exit when Madame de Katkoff comes in, meeting her.*)

SCENE V. DAISY, MADAME DE KATKOFF.
They stand a moment, looking at each other.

MME. DE KATKOFF, *very kindly.* I have not the pleasure of knowing you, though we have spent half the winter in the same hotel; but I have heard of your illness, and you must let me tell you how glad I am to see you better.

DAISY, *aside.* Why does she speak to me? I don't like her, nor want to

know her. (*Aloud.*) Thank you, I 'm better. I 'm going out.

MME. DE K. You must be better, indeed; but (*with interest*) you look a little flushed.

DAISY. It 's talking with a stranger. I think I must go.

MME. DE K. Perhaps you can tell me something first. A gentleman sent me his name, and I was told I should find him here. May I ask you whether you have seen such a person?

DAISY. If you mean Mr. Winterbourne, he was here just now; but he went away with his aunt.

MME. DE K. I suppose he 'll come back, then. But he ought n't to keep me waiting.

DAISY, *very coldly.* I have n't the least idea what he ought to do. I know nothing whatever of his movements.

MME. DE K., *aside.* Poor little thing, she hates me! But she does n't hate *him.* (*Aloud.*) I 'm a stranger as you say; but I should be very glad to become a little less of one.

DAISY. Why should you want to know me? I 'm not of your age.

MME. DE K., *aside, smiling.* She hates me indeed! (*Aloud.*) I should be tempted to say that we might know each other a little as mother and daughter — if I had n't heard that you are already the devoted daughter of a devoted mother.

DAISY. She 's good enough for me — and I 'm good enough for her.

MME. DE K., *more and more gracious.* I envy you both, and I am happy to have the opportunity of saying so. One does n't know how pretty you are till one talks to you.

DAISY. If you are laughing at my dress, I am just going to change it.

MME. DE K. Laughing at your dress? It has always been my admiration.

DAISY, *aside.* What does she mean by that? It 's not as good as hers. (*Aloud.*) I can't stay with you. I 'm going to the Carnival.

MME. DE K. It will last all night; you have plenty of time. I have heard Mr. Winterbourne speak of you.

DAISY. I did n't suppose he ever did that.

MME. DE K. Oh! very often. That 's why I want to know you.

DAISY. It 's a strange reason. He must have told you pretty things of me.

MME. DE K. He has told me you 're a charming young girl.

DAISY, *aside.* Oh, what an awful story! (*Aloud.*) I don't understand what you want of me.

MME. DE K., *aside.* I can hardly tell her that I want to make up to her for the harm I have done her, for I can't do that unless I give up everything. (*Aloud, as if struck by an idea.*) I want to be kind to you. I want to keep you from going out.

DAISY, *smiling.* I don't think you can do that.

MME. DE K. You are barely convalescent: you must n't expose yourself.

DAISY. It won't hurt any one but me.

MME. DE K. We all take a great interest in you. We should be in despair if you were to have a relapse.

DAISY. You all despise me and think me dreadful; that 's what you all do!

MME. DE K. Where did you learn that remarkable fact?

DAISY. Mr. Winterbourne told me — since you speak of Mr. Winterbourne.

MME. DE K. I don't think you understood him. Mr. Winterbourne is a perfect gentleman.

DAISY. Have you come here to praise him to me? That 's strange — for you!

MME. DE K. You know at least that I consider him an excellent friend.

DAISY. I know nothing whatever about it. (*Aside.*) She wants to torture me — to triumph!

MME. DE K., *aside.* She 's as proud as she 's pretty! (*Aloud.*) Are you going out alone?

DAISY. No, indeed. I have a friend.

MME. DE K., *aside.* A friend as well as I. (*Aloud.*) My dear child, I am very sorry for you. You have too many wrong ideas.

DAISY. That 's exactly what they say!

MME. DE K. I don't mean it as other people may have meant it. You make a great many mistakes.

DAISY. As many as I possibly can! In America I was always right.

MME. DE K. Try and believe you are in America now. I 'm not an American, but I want to be your friend.

DAISY. I 'm much obliged to you, but I don't trust you.

MME. DE K. You trust the wrong people. With whom are you going out?

DAISY. I don't think I 'm obliged to tell you.

MME. DE K., *gently.* I ask for a very good motive.

DAISY, *aside.* She may be better than I think. (*Aloud.*) With Mr. Giovanelli.

MME. DE K., *smiling.* A mysterious Italian — introduced by your courier!

DAISY, *with simplicity.* Oh, no; Eugenio got some one else!

MME. DE K., *aside.* Adorable innocence! (*Aloud.*) That 's all I wanted to know.

DAISY. I hope you 've got nothing to say against him.

MME. DE K. Nothing but this: he 's not a gentleman.

DAISY. Not a gentleman? Poor old Giovanelli!

MME. DE K., *aside.* "Poor old Giovanelli?" Good! (*Aloud.*) If he were a gentleman, he would n't ask you to do what you tell me you are on the point of doing.

DAISY. He never asked me. He does what I wish!

MME. DE K., *aside.* She does n't care a fig for him — and I should like to exasperate the courier. (*Aloud.*) It 's none of my business; but why do you wish, in your condition, to go out?

DAISY. Because it 's the last night of the Carnival, and I have no one else to take me.

MME. DE K. Excuse me; but where is your mother?

DAISY. Gone out with my brother.

MME. DE K., *aside.* Extraordinary family! (*Aloud.*) Let me make you an offer: I will order out my carriage, and take you myself.

DAISY, *staring.* Take me yourself? (*Then abruptly, ironically.*) Pray, what would become of Mr. Winterbourne?

MME. DE K., *aside.* She adores him! (*Aloud.*) Ah, you don't care for Giovanelli!

DAISY. Whether I care for him or not, I must n't keep him waiting. (*Exit Daisy, hastily.*)

MME. DE K., *alone.* She 's trembling with agitation, and her poor little heart is full. She thought I wished to torment her. My position is odiously false! And to think I hold her happiness in my hands! (*Winterbourne comes in.*) His, too, poor fellow! Ah, I can't hold it any longer!

SCENE VI. MME. DE KATKOFF, WINTERBOURNE.

WINTERBOURNE. I am afraid I have kept you waiting. I was carried away by my aunt.

MME. DE K. Is she keeping the Carnival, your aunt?

WINTERBOURNE. No, but her companions are. They are masquerading in the Corso, and she 's in despair. She sent me to hunt them up, but they are lost in the crowd.

MME. DE K. Do you mean the young lady whom you described as so prim? If that 's a specimen of her primness, I was right in my little theory.

WINTERBOURNE. Your little theory?

MME. DE K. That the grave ones are the gay ones.

WINTERBOURNE. Poor Miss Durant is n't gay: she 's simply desperate. My aunt keeps such watch at the door that

she has been obliged to jump out of the window. — Have you waited very long?

MME. DE K. I hardly know. I have had company — Miss Daisy Miller!

WINTERBOURNE. That must have made the time fly!

MME. DE K. She 's very touching.

WINTERBOURNE. Very, indeed. She has gone to pieces.

MME. DE K. Gone to pieces?

WINTERBOURNE. She 's quite impossible. You ought n't to talk to her.

MME. DE K., *aside.* Ah, what a fool I 've made of him! (*Aloud.*) You think she 'll corrupt my innocence?

WINTERBOURNE, *after a moment.* I don't like you to speak of her. Please don't.

MME. DE K. She completes my little theory — that the gay ones are the grave ones.

WINTERBOURNE. If she 's grave, she well may be: her situation is intensely grave. As for her native solemnity, you used to insist upon that when, for reasons best known to yourself, you conceived the remarkable design of inducing me to make love to her. You dropped the idea as suddenly as you took it up; but I 'm very sorry to see any symptoms of your taking it up again. It seems to me it 's hardly the moment.

MME. DE K., *aside.* It 's more the moment than you think.

WINTERBOURNE, *rather harshly.* I was very sorry to learn, on coming here, that you have your rooms full of people.

MME. DE K. They have come to look out of my windows. It is not my fault that I have such a view of the Corso.

WINTERBOURNE. You had given me to understand that we should be alone.

MME. DE K. I did n't ask them; they came themselves.

WINTERBOURNE, *impatiently.* I wish to goodness they had stayed at home!

MME. DE K. Should you like me to turn them out?

WINTERBOURNE. I should like it particularly.

MME. DE K. The ambassador and all?

WINTERBOURNE. You told me a month ago that where I was concerned you did n't care a straw for the ambassador.

MME. DE K., *after a moment.* A month ago — yes!

WINTERBOURNE. If you intended to change so soon, you ought to have notified me at the moment.

MME. DE K. The ambassador is very considerate. When I have a few visitors, he helps me to entertain them.

WINTERBOURNE. That proves how little you have need of me.

MME. DE K. I have left my guests in his charge, with perfect confidence.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, if you mean you are at liberty, that 's just what I want.

MME. DE K. What does it occur to you to propose?

WINTERBOURNE. That you should drive out with me, to see the illumination.

MME. DE K. I have seen fifty illuminations! I am sick of the Carnival.

WINTERBOURNE. It is n't the Carnival; it 's the drive. I have a carriage at the door.

MME. DE K. I have no doubt it would be charming; but I am not at liberty in that sense. I can't leave a roomful of people planted there! I really don't see why they should make you so savage.

WINTERBOURNE. I am not savage, but I am disappointed. I counted on this evening: it 's a week since we have been alone.

MME. DE K. Do I appear to so little advantage in company? Are you ashamed of me when others are present? I do the best I can.

WINTERBOURNE. You were always strange — and you always will be!

Sometimes I think you have taken a vow to torment me.

MME. DE K. I have taken a vow — that 's very true; and I admit I 'm strange. We Russians are, you know: you had warning of that!

WINTERBOURNE. Yes; but you abuse the national privilege. I 'm never safe with you — never sure of you. You turn from one thing to the other.

MME. DE K., *aside.* Poor fellow, he 's bewildered! (*Aloud.*) Will you do me a favor?

WINTERBOURNE. I 'm sure it 's something horrible!

MME. DE K. You say you have a carriage at the door. Take it, and go after that poor girl.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, are you coming back to *her?* You try my patience!

MME. DE K. She has just risen from an attack of fever, and it strikes her as a knowing thing to finish her evening in the streets!

WINTERBOURNE, *starting a little.* She has gone out — looking that way?

MME. DE K., *aside.* That will touch him! (*Aloud.*) She won't come home alive.

WINTERBOURNE, *attentive.* Do you believe that?

MME. DE K., *aside.* It *has* touched him. (*Aloud.*) I think it 's madness. Her only safety was to have left Rome the moment she could be moved.

WINTERBOURNE, *after a pause.* I 'm not sure the best thing that can happen to her is not to die! She ought to perish in her flower, as she once said to me!

MME. DE K. That 's a convenient theory, to save you the trouble of a drive!

WINTERBOURNE. You 're remarkably pressing, but you had better spare your sarcasm. I have no further interest in the fate of Miss Daisy Miller, and no commission whatever to interfere with her movements. She has a mother — a sort of one — and she has other protectors. I don't suppose she has gone out alone.

MME. DE K. She has gone with her Italian.

WINTERBOURNE. Giovanelli? Ah, the scoundrel!

MME. DE K., *smiling, aside.* My dear friend, you 're all right. (*Aloud.*) Gently, gently! It 's not *his* fault.

WINTERBOURNE. That she is infatuated? Perhaps not.

MME. DE K. Infatuated? She does n't care a straw for him!

WINTERBOURNE. And to prove her indifference, she lets him take her on this devil's drive? I don't quite see it.

MME. DE K. He 's her convenience — her little pretext — her poor old Giovanelli. He fetches and carries, and she finds him very useful; but that 's the end of it. She takes him to drive: he does n't take her.

WINTERBOURNE. Did she kindly inform you of these interesting facts?

MME. DE K. I had a long talk with her. One woman understands another!

WINTERBOURNE. I hope she understands you. It 's more than I do.

MME. DE K. She has gone out because she 's unhappy. She does n't care what becomes of her.

WINTERBOURNE. I never suspected her of such tragic propensities. Pray, what is she unhappy about?

MME. DE K. About the hard things people say of her.

WINTERBOURNE. She has only to behave like other girls, then.

MME. DE K. Like your friend, Miss Durant? A pretty model, this evening! You say you hope poor Daisy understands me; but she does n't — and that 's part of the misery. She can't make out what I have made of you!

WINTERBOURNE. A creature as miserable as herself! You might have explained: you had the opportunity.

MME. DE K. She left me abruptly — and I lost it forever!

WINTERBOURNE. All this is noth-

ing to *us*. When will your friends leave you?

MME. DE K., *after a pause*. No, it 's nothing to us. — I have n't asked my friends how long they mean to stay.

WINTERBOURNE. Till eleven o'clock — till twelve?

MME. DE K. Till one in the morning, perhaps — or till two. They will see the Carnival out. (*Smiling.*) You had much better join us!

WINTERBOURNE, *passionately*. Unfathomable woman! In pity's name, what did you mean by raising my hopes to such a point, a month ago, only to dash them to the ground?

MME. DE K. I tried to make you happy — but I did n't succeed.

WINTERBOURNE. You tried? Are you trying now?

MME. DE K. No, I have given it up: it 's a waste of time!

WINTERBOURNE. Have you forgotten the day on the Pincian, after your arrival, and what you suddenly offered me — what you promised me — there? You had kept me at arm's length for three years, and suddenly the barrier dropped. The angel of justice has kept the record of my gratitude and eagerness — as well as of my surprise; and if my tenderness and respect were not greater than ever, it is because you had already had the best of them! Have you forgotten our moonlight drive through the streets of Rome, with its rich confusion of ancient memories and new-born hopes? You were perfect that evening, and for many days afterwards. But suddenly you began to change — to be absent, to be silent, to be cold, to go back to your old attitude. To-night it 's as if you were trying to make me angry! Do you wish to throw me over, and leave me lying in the dust? Are you only the most audacious of coquettes?

MME. DE K. It 's not I who have changed; it 's you! Of course I remember our moonlight drive, and how glad you were to take it. You were happy for an hour — you were happy for three days. There was novelty and excitement in finding that, after all, I had a heart in my bosom; and for a moment the discovery amused you. But only for a moment! So long as I refused to listen to you, you cared for me. From the day I confessed myself touched, I became a bore!

WINTERBOURNE. If you want to get rid of me, don't put it off on *me!*

MME. DE K. You don't really care for me; your heart is somewhere else. You are too proud to confess it, but your love for me is an elaborate deception.

WINTERBOURNE. The deception is yours, then — not mine!

MME. DE K. You are restless, discontented, unhappy. You are sore and sick at heart, and you have tried to forget it in persuading yourself that *I* can cure your pain. I *can* cure it; but not by encouraging your illusion!

WINTERBOURNE. If you thought it an illusion, why did you turn there and smile on me?

MME. DE K. Because I was vile and wicked — because I have played a part and worn a mask, like those idiots in the Carnival — because I 'm a most unhappy woman!

WINTERBOURNE, *looking at her, surprised*. I assure you, I understand you less and less!

MME. DE K. I had an end to gain, and I thought it precious; but I have suddenly begun to loathe it! When I met that poor girl just now, and looked into her face, I was filled with compassion and shame. She is dying, I say, and between us we are killing her! Dying because she loves you, and because she thinks you despise her! Dying because you have turned away from her, and she has tried to stifle the pang! Dying because I have held you here — under compulsion of a scoundrel — and she thinks she has lost you forever! I read it all in her eyes — the purest I

ever saw! I am sick of the ghastly comedy, and I must tell the miserable truth. If you 'll believe me, it 's not too late!

WINTERBOURNE, *amazed and bewildered.* Under compulsion — of a scoundrel?

MME. DE K. I have the misfortune to be in the clutches of one, and so has our little friend. You know that her mother's horrible courier was once in my husband's service. Thanks to that accident, he has some papers of mine which I wish to buy back. To make me pay for them, he has forced me to play his game.

WINTERBOURNE. His game? What has he to do with a game?

MME. DE K. I don't defend him: I explain. He has selected a husband for his young lady, and your superior attractions had somehow to be muffled up. You were to be kept out of the way.

WINTERBOURNE, *frowning.* Because I love her? (*Correcting himself.*) I mean, because he thinks so?

MME. DE K., *smiling.* You see I'm right! Because *she* loves you: he has discovered that! So he had the happy thought of saying to me, "Keep Mr. Winterbourne employed, and if the young lady marries my candidate you shall have your letter."

WINTERBOURNE. Your letter? What letter?

MME. DE K. A very silly — but very innocent — one that I wrote some ten years ago.

WINTERBOURNE. Why did n't you ask me to get it?

MME. DE K. Because I did n't want it enough for that; and now I don't want it at all.

WINTERBOURNE. You shall have it — I promise you that.

MME. DE K. You are very generous, after the trick I have played you.

WINTERBOURNE. The trick? Was it *all* a trick?

MME. DE K. An infamous, pitiless trick! I was frightened, I was tempted, I was demoralized; he had me in his power. To be cruel to you was bad enough: to be cruel to her was a crime I shall try to expiate!

WINTERBOURNE, *seated, his head in his hands.* You 'll excuse me if I feel rather stunned.

MME. DE K., *sinking on her knees.* I ask your forgiveness! I have been living in a bad dream.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah, you have hurt me — more than I can say!

MME. DE K., *rising to her feet.* Don't think of yourself, — think of her! If I had only met her before, how much sooner *I* should have done that! We will go and find her together; we will bring her back; we will nurse her and comfort her, and make her understand!

WINTERBOURNE. It 's all so extraordinary — and I have only your word for it.

MME. DE K. See if she contradicts me when you tell her you love her! You don't venture to deny that.

WINTERBOURNE. I have denied it to myself: why should n't I deny it to you!

MME. DE K. You have denied it to yourself? Who, then, had charged you with it?

WINTERBOURNE. You are not consistent, but you are perhaps more consistent than I! And you are very deep!

MME. DE K. I am deep enough to be very sure that from this moment forward I shall be nothing to you. If I have cured you of a baseless passion, that at least is a good work. Venture to say that for these three weeks I have satisfied you.

WINTERBOURNE, *turning away.* You are pitiless — you are terrible!

MME. DE K., *looking at him a moment.* My vanity bleeds: be that my penance! Don't lose time. Go to her now.

WINTERBOURNE, *in thought, gloomily.* Dying? — Dying? — Dying?

MME. DE K. That was a little for the

sake of argument. She will live again — for you!

WINTERBOURNE, *in the same tone.* Gone out with that man? Always with him!

MME. DE K. My dear friend, she has her little pride, as well as you. She pretends to flirt with Giovanelli because her poor, swollen heart whispers to her to be brave!

WINTERBOURNE, *uncertain.* Pretends — only pretends?

MME. DE K., *impatient.* Oh, you 've been stupid; but be clever now!

WINTERBOURNE, *after a pause.* How am I to know that this is not another trick?

MME. DE K., *clasping her hands, but smiling.* Have mercy on me! Those words are my punishment!

WINTERBOURNE. I have been an idiot — I have been a brute — I have been a butcher!

MME. DE K. Perhaps she has come back. For God's sake, go and see!

WINTERBOURNE. And if she 's still out there? I can't talk of these things in the street.

MME. DE K. Bring her home, bring her home! Every moment 's a danger. I offered to go with you; but you would rather go alone.

WINTERBOURNE, *takes up his hat.* Yes, I would rather go alone. You have hurt me very much; but you shall have your letter.

MME. DE K. I don't care for my letter now. There 's such a weight off my heart that I don't feel that one. (*She leaves the room by the right, and Winterbourne is on the point of quitting it on the other side, when Mrs. Walker, Miss Durant and Charles Reverdy come in, meeting him.*)

SCENE VII. WINTERBOURNE, MRS. WALKER, MISS DURANT, REVERDY.

MRS. W. Pray, where is your aunt, Mr. Winterbourne? I have brought her back her truants.

WINTERBOURNE. She has retired to her room, to nurse a headache produced by the sudden collapse of her illusions.

MISS D. I thought she would be rather shocked; but Mr. Reverdy assured me that in the Carnival all common laws are suspended.

REVERDY. So we thought the law that governs Mrs. Costello's headaches might conform to the others.

WINTERBOURNE. What did you think about the law that governs her temper?

REVERDY. Nothing at all, because, so far as I have ascertained, there is n't any!

MRS. W., *to Winterbourne.* They were jostling along, arm in arm, in the midst of the excited populace. I saw them from my carriage, and, having the Consul with me, I immediately overhauled them. The young lady had a wonderful disguise, but I recognized her from Mr. Reverdy's manner.

MISS D. There, sir, I told you you had too much!

REVERDY, *aside.* One needs a good deal, when one 's about to make an offer of one 's heart. (*Aloud.*) It takes a vast deal of manner to carry off a tin trumpet! (*Winterbourne has listened to this absently; he appears restless and preoccupied; walks up, and goes out upon the balcony.*)

MRS. W., *noticing Winterbourne.* What 's the matter with him? — All I can say is that in my representative position I thought I must interfere.

REVERDY, *aside.* The wife of the Consul again? Our consuls ought to be bachelors!

MRS. W. You were dragging her along, with your arm placed as if you were waltzing.

REVERDY. That 's very true; we were just trying a few rounds.

MRS. W. In that dense mass of people, where you were packed like sardines?

REVERDY. We were all turning together; it was all one waltz!

MRS. W., *to Miss Durant.* Mrs. Costello, my dear, will make you dance in earnest!

MISS D. I don't care for Mrs. Costello now!

REVERDY. Let me thank you for those noble words. (*Aside.*) You understood, then?

MISS D., *ingenuous.* Understood what?

REVERDY. What I was saying when she came down on us.

MISS D. Oh yes, as far as you 'd got!

REVERDY. I must get a little farther.

MRS. W., *who has gone up to Winterbourne, and comes down with him.* You may be interested to hear that I saw our little friend in the crowd.

WINTERBOURNE. Our little friend?

MRS. W. Whom we tried to save from drowning. I did n't try this time.

WINTERBOURNE. In the crowd, on foot?

MRS. W. In the thickest and roughest part of it, on Giovanelli's arm. The crush was so dense, it was enough to kill her.

MISS D. They are very good-natured, but you *do* suffocate!

MRS. W. She 'll suffocate easily, in her weak state.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, I can't stand this! Excuse me. (*Exit Winterbourne.*)

MRS. W. What 's the matter with him, I should like to know?

MISS D. He has been like that these three weeks, rushing in and out — always in a fidget.

REVERDY, *to Mrs. Walker.* He 's in love with Miss Durant, and he can't stand the spectacle of our mutual attachment.

MISS D., *gayly.* You horrid vain creature! If that 's all that troubles him!

REVERDY, *aside.* She 'll accept me! (*Aloud.*) Courage — the old lady! (*Enter Mrs. Costello.*)

SCENE VIII. MRS. WALKER, MISS DURANT, REVERDY, MRS. COSTELLO; *then* DAISY, WINTERBOURNE, GIOVANELLI, MME. DE KATKOFF.

MRS. C. (*She stops a moment, looking sternly from Miss Durant to Reverdy.*) Alice Durant, have you forgotten your education?

MISS D. Dear Cousin Louisa, my education made no provision for the Carnival!

REVERDY. That 's not in the regular course; it 's one of the extras.

MISS D. I was just going to your room, to tell you we had come back.

MRS. C. I 've passed an hour there, in horrible torture. I could stand it no longer: I came to see if, for very shame, you had n't reappeared.

MRS. W. The Consul and I picked them up, and made them get into our carriage. So you see it was not for shame!

REVERDY. It was n't for ours, at least; it was for yours.

MRS. C., *with majesty, to Miss Durant.* We shall start for America to-morrow.

MISS D. I 'm delighted to hear it. *There*, at least, we can walk about.

MRS. C. Ah, but you 'll find no Carnival!

REVERDY. My dear Madam, we shall make our own.

MRS. C., *aside to Miss Durant.* This time, it 's to be hoped, he has done it?

MISS D., *blushing and looking down.* He was on the very point, when Mrs. Walker interrupted!

MRS. C. I declare, it 's beyond a joke — to take you back just as I brought you.

MISS D. It 's very tiresome; but it 's not my fault.

REVERDY, *who has been talking to Mrs. Walker.* Miss Alice, shall we try the balcony again?

MRS. C. It 's past midnight, if you please; time for us all to retire.

REVERDY. That 's just what I propose: to retire to the balcony!

MISS D., *to Mrs. Costello.* Just occupy Mrs. Walker!

REVERDY, *to Mrs. Walker.* Just keep hold of Mrs. Costello! (*Offers his arm to Miss Durant, and leads her to the balcony.*)

MRS. W., *looking after them.* I must wait till the Consul comes. My dear friend, I hope those young people are engaged.

MRS. C., *with asperity.* They might be, if it had n't been for you!

MRS. W., *surprised.* Pray, how have I prevented? . . .

MRS. C. You interrupted Mr. Reverdy, just now, in the very middle . . .

MRS. W. The middle of a declaration? I thought it was a jig! (*As the door of the room is flung open.*) Bless my soul! what 's this? (*Enter rapidly Winterbourne, carrying Daisy, in a swoon, in his arms, and followed by Giovanelli, who looks both extremely alarmed and extremely indignant. At the same moment Madame de Katkoff enters from the opposite side.*)

MME. DE K., *with a cry.* Ah, it 's all over! She is gone!

WINTERBOURNE. A chair! A chair! Heaven forgive us, she is dying! (*Giovanelli has quickly pushed forward a large arm-chair, in which Winterbourne places Daisy with great tenderness. She lies there motionless and unconscious. The others gather round. Miss Durant and Reverdy come in from the balcony.*)

MRS. C., *seeing the two last.* Ah, they 're interrupted again!

MRS. W. This time, she 's really drowned!

GIOVANELLI, *much agitated, but smiling to Mrs. Costello and Mrs. Walker.* It will pass in a moment. It is only the effect of the crowd — the pressure of the mob!

WINTERBOURNE, *beside Daisy, with passionate tenderness.* It will pass — because *she 's* passing! Dead — dead — in my arms!

MRS. C., *harshly.* A pretty place for her to be! She 'll come to life again: they don't die like that.

MRS. W., *indignant, to Giovanelli.* The pressure of the mob? A proper pressure to subject her to!

GIOVANELLI, *bewildered and apologetic.* She was so lovely that they all made way; but just near the hotel we encountered one of those enormous cars, laden with musicians and maskers. The crowd was driven back, and we were hustled and smothered. She gave a little cry, and before I knew it she had fainted. The next moment this gentleman — by I know not what warrant — had taken her in his arms.

WINTERBOURNE. By the warrant of being her countryman! Instead of entertaining those ladies, you had better go for a doctor.

GIOVANELLI. They have sent from the hotel. Half a dozen messengers started.

REVERDY. Half a dozen is no one at all! I 'll go and bring one myself — in five minutes.

MISS D. Go, go, my dear! I give you leave. (*Reverdy hurries out.*)

MRS. C., *to Miss Durant.* "My dear, my dear"? Has he done it, then?

MISS D. Oh yes, we just managed it. (*Looking at Daisy.*) Poor little thing!

MRS. C. Ah, *she* has n't a husband!

WINTERBOURNE, *angry, desperate, to the others.* Can't you do something? Can't you speak to her? — can't you help her?

MRS. W. I 'll do anything in the world! I 'll go for the Consul. (*She hurries away on the right.*)

MRS. C. I 've got something in my room — a precious elixir, that I use for my headaches. (*To Miss Durant.*) But I 'll not leave *you!*

MISS D. Not even now?

MRS. C. Not till you 're married! (*They depart on the left.*)

WINTERBOURNE, *holding Daisy's hands and looking into her face.* Daisy! — Daisy! — *Daisy!*

MME. DE K., *who all this time has been kneeling on the other side of her, her face buried on the arm of the chair, in the attitude of a person weeping.* If she can hear that, my friend, she 's saved! (*To Daisy, appealing.*) My child, my child, we have wronged you, but we love you!

WINTERBOURNE, *in the same manner.* Daisy, my dearest, my darling! Wake a moment, if only to forgive me!

MME. DE K. She moves a little! (*Aside, rising to her feet.*) He never spoke so to me!

GIOVANELLI, *a little apart, looking round him.* Where is he, where is he — that ruffian Eugenio?

WINTERBOURNE. In the name of pity, has no one gone for her mother? (*To Giovanelli.*) Don't stand there, sir! Go for her mother!

GIOVANELLI, *angrily.* Give your commands to some one else! It is not for me to do your errands.

MME. DE K., *going to him pleadingly.* Have n't you common compassion? Do you want to see the child die?

GIOVANELLI, *folding his arms.* I would rather see her die than live to be his!

WINTERBOURNE. There is little hope of her being mine. I have insulted — I have defamed — her innocence!

GIOVANELLI. Ay, speak of her innocence! Her innocence was divine!

DAISY, *stirring and murmuring.* Mother! Mother!

WINTERBOURNE. She lives, she lives, and she shall choose between us!

GIOVANELLI. Ah, when I hear *her* voice, I obey! (*Exit.*)

DAISY, *slowly opening her eyes.* Where am I? Where have I been?

MME. DE K. She 's saved! She 's saved!

WINTERBOURNE. You 're with me, little Daisy. With me forever!

MME. DE K. Ah, decidedly I had better leave you! (*Goes out to the balcony.*)

DAISY, *looking at Winterbourne.* With you? With *you?* What has happened?

WINTERBOURNE, *still on his knees beside her.* Something very blessed. I understand you — I love you!

DAISY, *gazing at him a moment.* Oh, I 'm very happy! (*Sinks back again, closing her eyes.*)

WINTERBOURNE. We shall be happy together when you have told me you forgive me. Let me hear you say it — only three words! (*He waits. She remains silent.*) Ah, she sinks away again! Daisy, won't you live — won't you live for *me?*

DAISY, *murmuring.* It was all for you — it was all for you!

WINTERBOURNE, *burying his head in her lap.* Vile idiot! Impenetrable fool!

DAISY, *with her eyes still closed.* I shall be better — but you must n't leave me.

WINTERBOURNE. Never again, Daisy — never again! (*At this moment Eugenio strides into the room by the door opposite to the one through which Giovanelli has gone out.*)

SCENE IX. WINTERBOURNE, DAISY, EUGENIO, MADAME DE KATKOFF; *then* RANDOLPH, *and all the others.*

EUGENIO, *looking amazed at Daisy and Winterbourne.* What does this mean? What horrible thing has happened?

WINTERBOURNE, *on his feet.* You will learn what has happened quite soon enough to please you! But in the meanwhile, it is decent that this young lady should see her mother. (*While he speaks, Madame de Katkoff comes back and takes her place at Daisy's side, where she stands with her eyes fixed upon Eugenio.*)

EUGENIO. Her mother is not important: Miss Miller is in my care. *Cara signorina,* do you suffer?

DAISY, *vaguely.* Poor mother, poor mother! She has gone to the Carnival.

EUGENIO. She came home half an hour ago. She has gone to bed.

MME. DE K. Don't you think there

would be a certain propriety in your requesting her to get up? (*Randolph comes in at this moment, hearing Madame de Katkoff's words.*)

RANDOLPH. She *is* getting up, you can bet your life! She 's going to give it to Daisy.

MME. DE KATKOFF. Come and speak to your sister. She has been very ill. (*She draws Randolph towards her, and keeps him near her.*)

DAISY, *smiling languidly at her brother.* You are up very late — very late.

RANDOLPH. I can't sleep — over here! I've been talking to that waiter.

EUGENIO, *anxious.* I don't see the Cavaliere. Where is he gone?

RANDOLPH. He came up to tell mother, and I came back ahead of him. (*To Giovanelli, who at this moment returns.*) Hallo, Cavaliere!

GIOVANELLI, *solemnly, coming in.* Mrs. Miller is dressing. She will presently arrive.

MME. DE K., *to Randolph.* Go and help your mother, and tell her your sister is better.

RANDOLPH. I 'll tell her through the door — or she 'll put me to bed! (*Marches away.*)

GIOVANELLI, *approaching Eugenio, aside.* I shall never have the girl!

EUGENIO. You had better have killed her! (*Aside.*) He shall pay me for his flowers! (*Reënter Reverdy.*)

REVERDY. The doctor will be here in five minutes.

MME. DE K. He won't be necessary now; nor even (*seeing Mrs. Costello come back with a little bottle, and accompanied by Miss Durant*) this lady's precious elixir!

MRS. C., *approaching Daisy, rather stiffly.* Perhaps you would like to hold it to your nose.

DAISY, *takes the phial, looking at Mrs. Costello with a little smile.* Well, I was bound you should speak to me!

REVERDY. And without a presentation, after all!

WINTERBOURNE. Oh yes, I must present. (*To his aunt.*) I present you my wife!

GIOVANELLI, *starting; then recovering himself and folding his arms.* I congratulate you, Mademoiselle, on your taste for the unexpected.

DAISY. Well, it *is* unexpected. But I never deceived you!

GIOVANELLI. Oh, no, you have n't deceived me: you have only ruined me!

DAISY. Poor old Giovanelli! Well, you 've had a good time.

MRS. C., *impressively, to Winterbourne.* Your wife?

WINTERBOURNE. My dear aunt, she *has* stood the test!

EUGENIO, *who has walked round to Madame de Katkoff, in a low tone.* You have n't kept the terms of our bargain.

MME. DE K. I'm sick of your bargain — and of you!

EUGENIO. (*He eyes her a moment; then, vindictively.*) I shall give your letter to Mr. Winterbourne.

MME. DE K. Coward! (*Aside, joyously.*) And Mr. Winterbourne will give it to me.

GIOVANELLI, *beside Eugenio.* You must find me another heiress.

EUGENIO. I thought you said you 'd had enough.

GIOVANELLI. I have been thinking over my debts.

EUGENIO. We 'll see, then, with my next family. On the same terms, eh?

GIOVANELLI. Ah, no; I don't want a rival! (*Reënter Mrs. Walker.*)

MRS. W., *to Daisy.* I can't find the Consul; but as you 're better it does n't matter.

DAISY. I don't want the Consul: I want my mother.

MRS. W. I went to her room as well. Randolph had told her you were better, and so — and so — (*Pausing, a little embarrassed, and looking round the circle.*)

DAISY. She is n't coming?

MRS. W. She has gone back to bed!

MRS. C., *as to herself and the audience.* They *are* queer people, all the same!

MISS D., *to Mrs. Costello.* Shall we start for America now?

REVERDY. Of course we shall — to be married!

WINTERBOURNE, *laying his hand on Reverdy's shoulder.* We shall be married the same day. (*To Daisy.*) Sha'n't we, Daisy — in America?

DAISY, *who has risen to her feet, leaning on his arm.* Oh, yes; you ought to go home!

Henry James, Jr.

MONSERRAT.

THE queerest freak of nature in Spain, and perhaps in Europe, is Monserrat, the convent mountain on the east coast, about thirty miles from Barcelona. Goethe refers to it in the second part of Faust, where we read: —

> "It is not unamusing to see Nature
> From the Devil's point of view."

It is not generally supposed that the devil, whose office it is to destroy, ever created anything, but if he should try his hand at a landscape the result would be something like Monserrat. Whether he would fill its almost inaccessible caves and the holes in the rocks with hermits is a question for the theologians. That he resisted the establishment there of one of the greatest convents of the Middle Ages, I presume there is no doubt, and that he sees with chagrin the one hundred thousand pilgrims annually crowding to its broken shrines is taken for granted. It is not probable, however, with his Mephistophelean sympathy with the "progress of the age," that he is disturbed by the curiosity-hunters, who have, to use his own language, "a devil of a time" in getting there, or by the thrifty spirit which makes a little money out of the desire to see its sacred places and buy pious souvenirs.

We took the rail from Barcelona to Zaragoza, one day early in June, and rode a couple of hours to the little station of Monistrol. The country is broken into low hills and sharp ravines, and although it is absolutely barren of grass and ragged in aspect, it is much better cultivated than most parts of Spain, and presents an appearance of industrious agriculture. By contrast to the thriftlessness elsewhere, it is a paradise of verdure, and when its nakedness is covered by the vines is far from being unpleasing. From the station, where the road runs along an upland slope, we looked down upon the river Llobregat and its valley. There, at the very base of the mountain, lies the straggling village of Monistrol, with its old stone bridge and high, quaint, dilapidated buildings.

Out of this valley rises the scarped, gashed, and flamboyant mountain, as by a *tour de force*, thrust up, with almost perpendicular sides, into the air nearly four thousand feet. It is said to have a circumference at its base of about twenty-four miles. It springs out of the valley an irregular, unique, independent mass of rock, with little verdure apparently, and glowing in the afternoon light with a dull reddish color. I do not know whether it was really thrown up in some prehistoric spasm of nature, or whether its peculiar form is owing to gradual degradation and decay; but it looks like a molten mass spouted from a solid base into fantastic, contorted, and twisted flames, freaky shapes of fire caught and solidified into pointing fingers, towers, pinna-

cles, beacons, and writhing attitudes of stone. Another mountain so airy, grotesque, and flame-like does not exist. It cannot be anything else than nature from the devil's point of view, and it might well suggest the idea that it is a veritable piece of the infernal landscape flung up here as a curiosity and a warning. This mass of rock is rent by a deep gash on the east side. That this appalling cleft was not there originally, but was formed by a convulsion at the moment of the crucifixion in Palestine, I have only the authority of the monkish writers, who have made this mountain of miracles a subject of deep scientific study. There is this confirmation of the theory: that nobody except the monks can tell when the chasm was made. And there is this, further, to be said: that but for this gash, this ragged ravine, there would have been no place for the convent, and only the poorest sort of shelter for the hermits.

A lumbering omnibus-diligence was waiting at the Monistrol station to take passengers up the mountain. These are sociable conveyances in Spain, having some of the uses and none of the conveniences of railway palace and dining-room cars. Into the interior were jammed nurses, babies, soldiers, priests, and peasants; all talking and chattering, all eating or nursing, all sweltering and half stifled in the clouds of dust that enveloped the coach. It is the fashion in Spain, when one eats his luncheon or dinner in a public conveyance, to offer of his food and drink to his fellow-travelers; it would be very uncivil not to do this. It is the fashion, also, to decline to take it; so that Spain is the land that combines extreme generosity with the least expense. No doubt both the generosity and the economy are genuine. It does one good in his soul to be liberal in the offer of his bread and boiled meat (left from the soup eaten at home) and sour wine to his companions, and they are all put in good humor by declining. We secured places on the driver's seat in front, where we had the full benefit of the dust, and were deprived of the sustenance contained in the garlic-laden air of the interior. We dashed along at a fine rate down into the valley, and clattered into the town with a good deal of importance; but that was the end of our liveliness. Thenceforward, for four mortal hours, we dragged up the side of the mountain at what seemed to be about the rate of movement of a glacier. The town of Monistrol is picturesque at a distance, and unsightly close at hand. Its tall houses, with recessed balconies the width of the front on each story, are piled one above another in shabby disorder, on the steep sides of the river and up the hill. These balconies, which appear to be the living and lounging places of the families, are screened from the sun by curtains of matting, and are gay with garments of all colors and all styles of wear. Before beginning the ascent the diligence halted at a friendly little *posada*, with a flower-garden, where lively and pretty girls served the passengers with such refreshments as they called for. The road climbing the mountain — like nearly all the roads in Spain, where the government has thought it worth while to make any — is splendidly built. It is carried up the mountain side, along ledges and precipices, in a series of gradually ascending loops and curves, constantly doubling on itself, and going a distance of two miles to make a quarter of a mile ascent. Lately, trees — figs, maples, cherries, pines, and aspens — have been planted along this broad highway, so that in a few years its sun-beaten travelers will enjoy a much-needed shade. All the ravines about which the road coils like an interminable serpent are terraced, and carefully cultivated and set with vines.

The slow, creeping movement of the diligence at length became so intolerable that several of the passengers dismount-

ed, and walked on, reaching the monastery before it. As we rose, the capricious character of the mountain became more apparent. Great masses of rock overhung the road; the walls were buttressed like artificial fortifications, and a range of tapering towers, not needles and spires, as in the dolomites and the *pointes d'aiguilles* at Chamouni, but bluntly and clumsily terminated, like fingers and thumbs, stood up in the air. At one point we passed beneath a partially isolated column that is held aloft exactly like a light-house. The mountain is longest from east to west, and the old monks fancied that it had the form of a gigantic ship, with its prow upheaved; a mysterious vessel in which the Virgin Mary conducted her devotees — some of whom, however, suffered shipwreck, according to the legends — to the port of Salvation. It might as well be called a Noah's ark, stranded in a dry time. The mountain in its formation and composition is of the utmost interest to geologists and mineralogists. A near inspection shows that the entire mass, ledges, walls, towers, and pinnacles, is composed of small round stones, of various colors, agglomerated into a sort of pudding-stone, a party-colored mosaic, reddish and greenish and grayish, and very beautiful when the sun strikes it. The mountain is also very rich, for the botanist, in plants and wild flowers.

After miles of weary curving and doubling the road sweeps along the north side of the mountain and enters the eastern cleft, in which the convent buildings and gardens are found. There was no sign of any habitation, or possible place for one, until we were actually in it. The ravine ends in a horseshoe curve, set about with perpendicular precipices and towers, the latter leaning towards each other in drunken confusion, pointing in various directions into the sky; some the shape of monstrous tenpins, and one, which was my favorite, exactly the shape of a thumb with a distinctly accented nail. In this almost inaccessible spot, nobody except religious fanatics would ever have deemed it possible to obtain standing-room for extensive religious houses. But here, jammed into this crevice, frowned on by precipices all around, with a ragged, yawning gulf in front and below, extending down, down, to the far-off, dreamy valley, are the several houses of a vast monastery, a large church, buildings for laymen, a great restaurant, ruins of fine Gothic edifices destroyed by the ever-barbarous French invaders, some cypresses, and some tiny garden spots. All these structures cluster about the head of the ravine, and rest on ledges over which the rocks hang in threatening attitudes. Standing in the court-yard of the church, about which are the high barracks of the "religious," and looking up to the beetling, impending crags and the blue heavens above the dark mass, one has a conception of the sublime daring of religious faith in the presence of forbidding and implacable nature. Round about, high up among the rocks, are the caves and the ruined stone huts of the old hermits.

It was near sundown when we reached this haven of rest and made a demand on its hospitality for the few days of our pilgrim sojourn. The monastery has a great history, into which it is no part of this paper to enter. It was suppressed over forty years ago, and is no longer of much importance as an active religious community; it has less than a score of monks to occupy its vast barracks. But it is now, as it has been for ages, a thronged place of pilgrimage on account of its famed image of the Black Virgin. Many years ago extensive buildings were erected for the temporary accommodation of pilgrims and lay brothers, and in these strangers are hospitably assigned quarters for three days, or for nine days on special permission, without charge for lodging. But Spain is like

other lands, where something is not given for nothing, and the stranger, at the end of his stay, is expected to put into the box of the custodian about as much as he would pay for lodgings at a good hotel, and as much more as his piety dictates.

No enthusiasm was exhibited on our arrival, and there was no one to welcome us or to direct us. We were left on the pavement, where the diligence landed us with our luggage, utterly at a loss how to effect an entrance into any of the stone jails in sight. At length we were directed to the *hospederia*, where a civil brother in a black robe informed us that a lay brother would assign us quarters presently. The lay brother, when he appeared, hardly filled one's idea of a brother, nor had he the neatness that one requires in a chamber-maid, which was his office with regard to our rooms. He showed me into a room in the plain stone building of Santa Theresa of Jesus, as the inscription over the door informed me, built early in the sixteenth century. The room was a dirty, whitewashed cell, with one window and a stone floor, and contained for furniture a narrow bedstead, a rickety, dirty washstand, a shaky chair, and a bit of mirror. To this ascetic den the brother brought sheets, a towel, and a jug of water, gave me the key of it, and set me up in housekeeping. When I had visited the restaurant and bought a fat tallow candle, I wanted nothing more that was to be obtained. The room was comfortable enough, but not calculated to win one to take up a permanent abode in it and abandon the luxury of the world. Yet when I opened the window, in the deepening twilight, and looked out, through the branches of a couple of tall trees that manage somehow to grow in that stony place, down the ravine lying in the shadow of the precipices, on further into the valley, hazy in a golden mist of early evening, and felt the cool air, not unladen with sweetness, blow up from below, and heard the faint and fainter bird twitterings and the hushed hum of a June night, I think that I experienced, in this high seclusion, something of that calm which hermits term the peace of God. Indeed, one could take his choice of emotions in this solitude, which witnessed strange antediluvian freaks, which was haunted by sylvan shapes in Roman times, where Venus was no doubt a goddess before Mary, which was a hunting ground of Goths and Saracens, where Charlemagne set up a shrine to Santa Cecilia in the eighth century, where the image of the Virgin wrought miracles in the ninth century, where Philip II. spent vast sums in building to the glory of God and himself, and where, in the chapel hard by, Ignatius Loyola spent a night in meditation before the shrine of the Virgin, on whose altar he laid his sword in the hours when he dedicated himself, her true knight, to the foundation of the Order of Jesus.

The hospitality of the brethren stops with shelter; the pilgrim must go to the restaurant for his food. This is a "Frenchy" sort of establishment, not conducted on an ascetic regimen, and its flaunting presence here, together with the holy booth for the sale of photographs and superstitious trinkets, gives a sort of show appearance to this sacred place. It has become a pleasure resort, — pleasure of a chastened sort. The restaurant has three stories, like a graded school, in which the food served is graded to suit the purses of the pilgrims. The lower floor is rudely furnished, like the peasants' dining-room in a posada; the second is a little better; the third has more pretensions to elegance. The traveler can begin below and eat himself upward into expensive meals, or he can begin at the top and drop down to economy as his purse fails. The natives probably get about as good food in the lowest room as strangers get in the highest. The traveler, however, will fare tolerably well there, and he will be

served with that absolute indifference to whether he likes it or not that characterizes the proud caterers of noble Spain.

The glory of Monserrat is the image of the Virgin. It was this that built its monastery and church, drew countless treasure to the coffers of the fraternity for hundreds of years, and that still attracts annually tens of thousands of curious and devout pilgrims. The history of it is interesting, though original only in some points, for there is a monotonous sameness in all these monkish inventions. There was a great strife all through the Middle Ages, among convents and churches, for objects that should attract the pence and excite the piety of the devout, and many a church was built and gorgeously decorated by reason of its possession of some uncommonly attractive relic. Black images of the Virgin are common in Spain. A very popular one is the Virgin of the Pillar, at Zaragoza, over which the Cathedral El Pilar was erected to keep it safe and honor it. In this church is shown the alabaster pillar on which the Virgin stood when she descended to have an interview with Santiago. By reason of this special mark of the favor of the Virgin, Zaragoza claimed the primacy of Aragon. Upon the pillar stands a very ancient image of the Virgin; it is small, and carved out of resinous and very black wood. The Virgin holds the Infant in one hand, and gathers her drapery in the other. The pillar, which is the object of passionate devotion to the people of Zaragoza, can be seen through a small orifice in the marble casing, but the spot in sight is much worn by the kisses of the faithful. Few Catholics visit the church without putting their lips to the sacred stone. In the old Cathedral of San Leo, in the same city, is a spot marked in the pavement where the Virgin stood and spoke to Canon Funes. Toledo, not to be outdone, has also a small image called the Great Queen, carved in black wood. In 711 it was saved from the infidel Saracens by an Englishman, who hid it in a vault. It is one of the treasures of the cathedral, which has also the stone slab on which the Virgin alighted when she conversed with San Ildefonso, who died in 617. To this circumstance Toledo owes its elevation to the primacy of Castile.

The image now at Monserrat has its origin in the love of the Virgin for the Catalanes, who saw with pity their grief at the favoritism shown the Aragonese in the possession of the Virgin of the Pillar. It was probably carved by St. Luke, — the first of the master wood-carvers, — and brought to Barcelona by St. Peter, in the year 50. When it was endangered by the Moorish invasion in 717, it was carried to this mountain, hid in a cave, and forgotten for a hundred and sixty-three years. In 880, some shepherds wandering over the mountain were attracted to the place of its concealment by heavenly lights. They informed Gondemar, Bishop of Vique, who repaired to the spot, and, guided by a sweet smell, discovered the image in a cave. This cave, over which is now erected a beautiful and exceedingly damp and bone-chilling chapel, where daily masses are said, is one of the chief places of pilgrimage. It lies on a narrow ledge deep down in the ravine, a mile or more from the monastery. Bishop Gondemar, rejoicing in his discovery, set out with a procession of clergy to bear the image over the mountain to his church in Manresa. When they had toiled up the ragged ravine, and reached a level ledge not far from where the monastery now stands, the Virgin obstinately refused to go any farther. As there was no reasoning with a graven image, it was placed on the spot where it wished to rest, and a rude chapel was built over it, in which it remained for one hundred and sixty years. A cross now marks the spot.

How did the Virgin indicate to the priests her refusal to go any farther? This is one of those skeptical questions which it is easy to ask, and somewhat difficult to answer. It is, however, a scientific fact that if you attempt to carry a wooden image over such a mountain as Monserrat there will come a point in the journey where the image becomes heavy, and apparently refuses to go on without a long rest.

A nunnery was afterwards founded here, which in 976 was converted into a Benedictine convent. In the year 1599 Philip II. dedicated the church which is the present home of the venerated image, where it shines in all the splendor of lace and jewelry high up in a recess above the high altar. Every day after midday mass the pilgrims are permitted to ascend, and adore it. The approach to it is through several apartments by flights of stairs. In the rear of the image is the Virgin's waiting-room, a small chamber, from which the devotees pass round singly to the narrow platform in front of the image. The day of our ascent the chamber was crowded with a devout, or at least devoutly-seeming, throng: worshipers, travelers with note-books and pencils, and artists. Each one in turn passed in front to gaze at or to kiss the object of the pilgrimage. Many a woman returned with moist eyes and deeply moved. The image itself is of black wood; of what sort the custodians are unable to say, but they declare that it is sweetly odorous and incorruptible. It is painted and finely gilded. The figure is seated, with the child in her lap, the latter holding a globe in his right hand. The position of both figures is stiff and archaic, but the face of the Virgin is well carved and pleasing.

In one of the rooms in the rear is the wardrobe of the Virgin, containing many sorts of raiment, rich and ornamented stuffs, the gifts of kings, princes, prelates, and wealthy devotees. Another large chamber contains the votive offerings, the most curious collection in Europe, and not unlike the shop of a thriftless pawnbroker. Those restored to health by touching the sacred image have deposited here whatever was precious to them, and many of the mementos speak the touching thankfulness of poverty. There are wretched pictures of sick-beds, shipwrecks, accidents of all sorts, and rescues; pieces of lace, real and imitation; crutches and canes; an exploded musket; human hair of every color and degree of fineness, — one long and superb braid of glossy black, the wealth and pride of some grateful, and perhaps penitent, Spanish beauty; swords, broken and hacked in service, and parade rapiers; clothing of every description, — gowns of silk and woolen and cotton, underwear of nameless sorts, pantaloons and waistcoats too ragged for a beggar to covet, coats antiquated beyond all fashion plates; hats and caps by the dozen, — hats old and bad, new and shining, hats of silk, of felt, and of straw, sombreros and wide-awakes, belonging to peasants, priests, sailors, and soldiers, all hung up out of gratitude, or weariness of the hat; wax images, without number, of babies, of heads, of arms, hips, bodies, and breasts; bandages and supports; models of ships elaborately carved and rigged; knapsacks; banners of embroidered silk, presented by cities, municipalities, and nobles. An offering that attracted as much attention as any was a lady's necktie, a deft construction of blue ribbon and lace. I saw women looking longingly at it, and wondering, perhaps, how a girl could make up her mind to give up such a fresh and sweet thing.

We made, one day, the ascent of the mountain to the summit, to Monte San Geronimo, where was one of the hermit shrines. The severe climb requires an hour and a half; it repays the trouble, as well for the extensive prospect as for the knowledge it gives of the structure

of this fantastic mountain. The way lies up ledges and through ravines and valleys, variegated with sweet shrubs, wild flowers, and verdure, and enlivened with birds, under and around the bases of the detached columns of stone, some of which rise three hundred feet in the air, to the highest point, a bare field of rock. From this windy summit we peeped between the columns, leaning over the dizzy precipice, looking down fully two thousand feet to other ledges below. The prospect is very comprehensive and pleasing to those who enjoy panoramic and map-like views. On a clear day the white snow of the Pyrenees can be seen, the coast and Barcelona, and the Mediterranean and the Balearic Islands. We saw none of these objects in the hazy horizon. Beneath the overhanging rocks is a coffee-house where once the hermit's hut stood, in which travelers shelter themselves from the wind, and partake of a beverage called coffee. It is a very wild and gloomy place, and abounds in curious rocky freaks. We were not alone. A company of chatty, and for Spaniards merry, pilgrims had arrived before us, who were much more impressed with the hardships of the way than with the magnificences and wonders of the mountain. I had the honor — I mention it because it gave a fleeting charm to the barren region — to assist a Spanish beauty, who was painfully picking her way up the rough ascent in satin slippers, and whose husband unsentimentally clung to the shelter of the hut. I carried her formidable fan, a weapon the Spanish woman never parts with, blow it high or low, and when I restored it, on our return from the thrilling expedition of a few rods, I could not have been thanked with more eloquent eyes, sweeter voice, and profounder bow if I had saved her life. How sweet, sometimes, it is to sacrifice one's self for others!

Several hundred feet above the restaurant, in the face of the cliff, and accessible only by a narrow ledge not discernible from the road below, is the cave of Joan Gari. In this hole in the rock that excellent ancient hermit probably passed the last five years of his useful life, never stirring out of it, his few wants being supplied by charitable souls. I found that La Cueva de Gari, when I reached it, was an irregular cavity in the rock, perhaps twelve feet long and not so deep as long, and about four feet high. It is protected in front by a double iron grating four feet square. In it reposes a stone image of the holy man, life size, with a venerable beard. He lies reclining on one elbow, contemplating a skull, which has lost several of its teeth and is presumably his own, and a representation of the miraculous image of the Virgin and Child. The clasped hands rest upon an open book and beads, and a rude little cross is stuck in the rock before him. Behind him lies his wallet and his staff, a basket that perhaps once held the contributions of the charitable, and a broken water-jug. This primitive furniture is probably all that the apartment ever contained in the days when the entrance to the cave was thronged by devout spectators of a man's ability to lie down on a bed of stone and straw for five years.

The story of Joan Gari is a testimony to the wonder-working power of the Monserrat image. It illustrates also the virtue of penitence, and throws light upon the candid answer of the lovely French catechumen, who, when she was asked, What is it necessary to do in order to repent? replied, It is necessary to sin. I take the story as I find it in the authorized Historia de Monserrat, which I bought at the monastery.

Joan Gari was a hermit of Monserrat in the ninth century, who had a great repute for sanctity and purity and devotion to Santa Cecilia. Naturally, Joan Gari prided himself upon his sanctity, and God determined to put it to proof.

There reigned at that time at Barcelona, Count Wilfredo el Velloso, the father of a beautiful and charming daughter, who, for the secret purposes of the divine will, was afflicted with a malign spirit, which, it was declared, would not depart out of her and leave her in health except at the mandate of Joan Gari. And it was necessary that the maiden should seek the holy man alone in the mountain where he abode. Count Wilfredo, moved by his affection and against all the dictates of prudence, consented to this pilgrimage of his blooming daughter. She departed to the mountain, and never returned. Many years elapsed before her fate was known to the count. The hermit had received her, dishonored her, murdered her to conceal his crime, and buried her body in a crevice in the rocks. Overcome at last by remorse, Joan Gari threw himself at the feet of the image of the Virgin, and begged her pity and help. In order to get an indulgence for his sins he made a journey to Rome, and the Pope absolved him on condition that he should expiate his crime by becoming a beast like Nebuchadnezzar and roaming about on all fours. This Gari did faithfully for six years, crawling about among the rocks on his hands and knees, exposed to the elements, foraging for his food like an animal in the thickets, until he became a hairy, unmentionable monster of the forest. One day in the year 894, Count Wilfredo, with a troop of attendants, went forth to hunt in the wilds of Monserrat. His companions, beating about in the wilderness, routed out a nondescript monster, who permitted himself to be taken alive into the presence of Count Wilfredo. The count was much amused with this capture, and determined to take him as a trophy to Barcelona, whither Gari was nothing loath to go, as he was determined to suffer in silence all the punishment that God and the count might inflict. He was taken to Barcelona, and exhibited as a real monster of the forest. And there God at last saw and accepted the penitence of Gari. One day, when the count had a great feast, he ordered the monster to be brought into the banquet-hall, in order to entertain his guests with the uncouth curiosity. But lo! while they made merry over him at the feast, God spoke out of the heavens, and said, "Arise, Joan Gari! God has pardoned thy sins." All heard the voice, but could hardly believe what they heard. But Gari, emboldened by the heavenly aid, arose and stood upright, and prostrating himself at the feet of the count confessed all. And Count Wilfredo, who declared that it did not become him to withhold a forgiveness that God had granted, pardoned him on condition that he should lead them to the grave of the murdered girl. This Gari did, and when they stood by the grave of his victim, lo! grace succeeded grace. Requilda awoke from her long and tranquil sleep in the arms of Mary the Mother of God, and rose up radiant, and kissed her wondering father. Like a true woman as she was, her first petition to her father was that he should forgive her destroyer, and the next was that she should be permitted to consecrate herself to the service of the Holy Virgin, at this very shrine, in the shadow of which she had been dishonored, murdered, buried, and resurrected after a sleep of seven years. So Requilda became a nun, and Joan Gari crawled, I suppose, into his hole, where he ended a life which diffuses a sanctity over all this region. Whether he is, as I have read, the most beautiful exemplar of *all* the virtues, the reader must judge. It seems to me that he missed some of them. What they were his image is perhaps intended to represent him as inquiring, in his phrenological attitude of studying his own skull.

It is a very soothing and peaceful place to sojourn in, this secluded nook in the mountain. One is lifted up

above the world, which is nevertheless in sight, and protected without any sense of being imprisoned. It adds something to the feeling of repose that one can look so far down the ravine, off over the widening valley, and out upon a great expanse of country, which he knows is humming with life, no sound of which reaches him in his secure retreat. If one is in search of a good solid solitude, let him come and dwell here. An air of quiet reigns. All the visitors, pilgrims, and curiosity-hunters do not seem to break it. The ruins, the half-neglected gardens, the gaunt old monastery with its rows of factory-like windows, the antiquated houses of entertainment, the big church hanging over the precipice, the savage rocks, the gashed ravines, the fantastic towers that lean in the background, would subdue the most jaunty spirit; and yet it is not a melancholy place. The birds like it, the flowers bloom there with tender grace, the air is fresh and inspiring. The few friars who glide about the courts and occasionally show themselves at a window, the servants who keep the place in order, the little colony that has gathered there to serve the public, scarcely disturb the ancient quiet. I fancy that the atmosphere of monkish reticence and silence still remains. It is one of the few spots left in the world where a scholar might sit down, undisturbed by any suggestions of an uneasy age, and compose such interminable theological tomes as those that slumber in its libraries, which nobody can read.

Charles Dudley Warner.

MORALITY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The state finds its warrant for the establishment of free common schools in the well-founded assumption that the education of the young is necessary to good citizenship and the safety of free institutions. If this assumption were proved false, education would become a matter of private concern chiefly, with which the state would have no right to interfere. Some excellent men, indeed, of whom the late Hon. Gerrit Smith was one, have stoutly contended that this interference is an injurious departure by the government from its normal sphere. It would be far better in the long run, they insist, to rely upon the voluntary action of the people, inspired by parental affection, religion, and patriotism, to make all needful arrangements for the education of the young than to depend upon the necessarily complicated, clumsy, and imperfect machinery of the state. Whatever may be said in support of this doctrine, we need not stop to consider it here; for the people are as nearly unanimous in rejecting it as they are ever likely to be upon any subject whatever. Our States are committed to the common-school system as essential to the public safety and welfare, and it becomes the duty of every good citizen to inquire how that system can be made to answer best its great end.

It is universally conceded that secular knowledge alone is not sufficient for good citizenship. This is not the sentiment of Christians only, but also of leading men wholly outside of the Christian fold. That eminent scientist and agnostic philosopher, Herbert Spencer, has lately spoken of "the universal delusion about education as a panacea for political evils," and declared that the fitting of men for free institutions "is essentially a question of character, and

only in a secondary degree a question of knowledge;" and he adds that "not lack of information, but lack of certain moral sentiments, is the root of the evil." If Mr. Spencer is right, — and who can doubt it? — the practical inquiry in relation to the public schools would seem to be, How shall they be made effective for the inspiration and culture of the "moral sentiments," in which character is confessedly rooted? Can they do this work at all? and if so, in what way? Here is the very kernel of the problem before us.

In the early days of the republic the matter was simple enough. The fathers began their New World experiment with a union — in some respects qualified, but still very real — between the state and the church, the former being essentially theocratic. In the then comparatively homogeneous state of society, ministers of the gospel were admitted to the schools to give moral and religious instruction, and no one was found to object. The idea of teaching morality apart from religion had then scarcely dawned upon the minds of the people; and if such a thing had been suggested, it would have been scouted as utterly impracticable. In the New England schools, therefore, the children were indoctrinated in all the mysteries of the Westminster Catechism, and no limit was set to religious any more than to secular teaching. And this was well, so long as the people were united in wishing it to be so. But diversities of religious belief become more pronounced; sects multiplied, and skepticism asserted itself. The separation of the state from the church grew from a private sentiment into a visible reality; the right to teach religion in the schools was questioned, but no distinct plan for teaching morality, aside from religion, was even suggested. The clergy abandoned their semi-official visitations for catechetical instruction, and the reading of the Bible "without note or comment," and the recitation of the Lord's prayer at the opening of the schools in the morning, were all that survived of the earlier customs; these, in later years, have been supplemented, in many cases, by the singing of devotional hymns. But these exercises are now objected to as sectarian by the Catholic church, as well as by vast numbers of citizens belonging to no religious denomination; while many of those who favor them profess to do so only, or mainly, upon the ground that they are useful as a means of promoting morality among the pupils. Of their value in this particular, however, many Christians confess their doubts. Formal and perfunctory exercises of this sort, it is confessed, are wholly inadequate as a means of moral instruction, while their distinctively religious character makes them objectionable to many sincere friends of the schools.

In these circumstances, fierce controversies have arisen in many places, and are still raging, to the great detriment of the schools. In these controversies the sectarian spirit has been and still is rampant, blocking the way to an agreement upon any specific plan for teaching morality in the schools. The Catholics almost unanimously and not a few Protestants repudiate the idea that morality can be taught without at the same time teaching religion, and they unite in pronouncing "godless" the schools in which the pupils are not instructed in the duties they owe to God. But the Catholics and the class of Protestants referred to, while agreeing that religion must be taught as the only foundation of morality, differ irreconcilably as to the right method of teaching it. The Protestant demands the use of the Bible and certain simple forms of prayer, which he insists are unsectarian; while the Catholic will be content with nothing less than placing at least the children of Catholic parents under such religious teaching as the church may

from time to time prescribe. No compromise between these parties is possible, and the state can yield to neither without again entering into partnership with the church. Meanwhile, the necessity of some more efficient method of teaching morality in the schools is generally acknowledged, and the belief that the object can be attained without introducing religious instruction in any form is very widely diffused.

We have come, it would seem, to a time when the whole subject needs to be carefully considered. If, as people of every variety of belief in respect to religion confess, a sound moral character is indispensable to good citizenship, it behooves the state, if possible, to find a way of so training the youth of the country that they will be reasonably certain to form such a character. It must not content itself with imparting secular and scientific instruction alone. The consciences and the affections, or, as Mr. Spencer says, the moral sentiments, of children must be cultivated, or the quality of citizenship will so deteriorate as to endanger the republic. If the state is incapacitated for this work, then it has no excuse for engaging at all in the business of education, and should take itself out of the way, leaving a clear field for other and more appropriate agencies. A confession on the part of the state of such incompetence would seem to imply a fatal deficiency of structure, suggesting a doubt whether, after all, the divorce from the church was not a mistake that should be speedily corrected. Such a confession, moreover, would be fatal to free government, and remand us again to the ancient despotisms, under which the many were born to be ruled without their consent. Not yet are the American people ready for this backward step. Their faith in the republican government is unimpaired, and they will find a way of accomplishing by its means whatever the public safety may require.

That a soundly moral man, however ignorant, is a better citizen than a knave, however learned, is a self-evident truth, to which men of every shade of religious or non-religious belief yield a ready assent. Morality finds champions outside of the church as earnest as any that are within its pale. Those who have no faith in supernaturalism are not, for that reason, indifferent to public or private morality, or less desirous than the most orthodox Christians that the children of the country should be trained to the practice of the highest virtue. Nay, I will go still farther, and say that even among low-toned and vicious parents it would be hard to find one who, if he sought education at all for his children, would not choose to send them to a school where the teaching was morally sweet and wholesome, rather than to one in which their passions would be unrestrained. Who has not witnessed or heard of striking examples of parents whose own lives were sadly spotted, but who took the utmost pains to conceal their true history from their children, and, while they were themselves unreformed, trained their offspring in ways of virtue and even of piety? Let us thank God for such gleams of light shining forth from the black clouds of degradation and vice, and attesting the dignity and worth of human nature. We who call ourselves Christians, and esteem the Bible as the Book of books, will do great injustice to the doubters of our time, by whatsoever name called, if we assume that they are less anxious than ourselves that the children of the land should lay in the public schools the solid foundations of a noble character. The difference between them and the most orthodox of our number, let us candidly confess, is not as to the need of morality, but only as to the right way of teaching it. The question is whether or not this difference is insuperable; in other words, whether it is possible to bring all classes of the Amer-

ican people, in spite of their divergences upon other subjects, to act together in support of some plan for teaching morality in the public schools. Many will be ready to say it is impossible, and it must be confessed that the difficulties in the way are formidable. Nevertheless, our faith is strong that they can and will be overcome, — as respects the great majority of the people very soon, and in regard to all, or nearly all, at no distant day. Is not such an object worth striving for? To accomplish it, ought not the oppugnancies and strifes of creed and sect to be, so far as possible, set aside, and the question considered upon the highest and broadest grounds? If the union so much to be desired necessitated a surrender of principle on the part of any class of citizens, it would be idle to seek it; but since it requires no sacrifice of anything but long-indulged prejudices and mistaken opinions, and since it promises to rescue our country from one of its gravest dangers, we surely ought not to despair of its attainment. The object of this paper is, if possible, to clear away some of the confusion in which the question is involved, and show that the friends of education, however discordant their opinions upon other subjects may be, can consistently act together upon this.

In the first place, it is necessary to say that a republican state, recognizing the perfect equality of citizens and sects in all things pertaining to religion, is incapacitated for religious teaching, in whatever form. If it undertakes such a work, it must decide for itself which one of all the religions of the world is true, and which are false; and this requires an investigation, for which it is wholly unfitted; for of course a question of so much importance should not be decided ignorantly or arbitrarily. How shall such an investigation be conducted? Fancy the question introduced in a constitutional convention, formed as such bodies usually are, and necessarily must be. What a bedlam the convention would become! But suppose that Christianity, as the nominal religion of the majority of citizens, were adopted as the religion of the state; even then the confusion would not be ended. Shall the state be Catholic or Protestant, Orthodox or Liberal? Shall it acknowledge the infallibility of the church and the Pope, or adopt the Bible as an infallible guide? What doctrines shall be set forth in the creed, and what condemned as heretical? What rites and forms shall be prescribed? To entertain such questions is to remove the foundations of republican government, and revive the doctrines and assumptions out of which grew the Inquisition with all its bloody horrors, and make the stake and the fagot once more the terror of dissenters from the orthodox faith.

The objects of a republican state are purely civil and secular, relating to the present, not to a future life; to the duties which citizens owe to each other, not to those which they owe to the invisible God. It knows men neither as Christians, Mohammedans, nor Jews, neither as Catholics, Protestants, nor Skeptics, Theists nor Atheists, Orthodox nor Liberals, but simply and solely as citizens, extending equal protection to all. The Hindoo may erect his temple, the Mohammedan his mosque, the Buddhist his shrine, the Chinaman his joss-house, and the Jew his synagogue, just as freely as the Christian may build his cathedral, church, or chapel; and the protection of the government is extended equally to all the various forms of worship, so far as they do not endanger the public peace. Still further, the Infidel, the Atheist, or the Freethinker may erect his hall wherever he lists, and the meetings held therein will be under the same protection as the assemblies for the worship of God. Such is the nature, the height and depth, the length and breadth, of that liberty which is the

boast of this republic, and which is not its shame, but its glory. "Congress," says the constitution, "shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." The oath (or affirmation) required of the President and of members of Congress and the state legislatures is purely secular, containing no recognition of a Supreme Being; while it is expressly provided that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." The full meaning and spirit of these provisions, as understood by the fathers, is revealed in the treaty made with Tripoli on the 4th of November, 1796, in the eleventh article of which occurs this declaration: "As the government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion; as it has in itself no character of enmity against the laws, religion, or tranquillity of Mussulmans, . . . it is declared by the parties that no pretext arising from religious opinions shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony existing between the two countries." This treaty, framed under the direction of Washington, was ratified by the Senate, without objection, so far as appears, from any quarter, and is now a part of "the supreme law of the land," by which "the judges in every State are bound, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

In this treaty, and in the constitutional provisions above cited, the fathers struck with a firm hand the key-note of that anthem of religious liberty which surprised and enchanted the civilized world. Historically, some of the States are older than the Nation; and if, from their constitutions, laws, and judicial decisions, utterances not in harmony with the national key-note are sometimes heard, it is because the former have not yet been brought quite up to concert pitch. Such a reform as the divorce of the state from the church is never completed at a single stroke. It is only natural that customs and even laws originating in the discarded union, and enshrined in the habits and affections of the people, should long survive and be quoted by reactionists, who neither approve nor even understand the reform. We have among us a considerable class of religious men who, while they disclaim any wish to remarry the church to the state, do yet shudder at the complete logical and necessary results of their divorce. They insist that the state is bound to be Christian, to assert the being of God, the divinity of Christ, and the infallible authority of the Scriptures; and that the refusal to do this proves it to be godless and profane. They forget that religion is a matter exclusively between the individual soul and God, and that he judges men, not in the mass, nor as gathered in associations, for whatever purpose formed, but as persons, each one being required to give account of himself. The state, being formed for secular purposes only, cannot interfere with citizens in their personal relations to their Maker. But no inference prejudicial to Christianity or any other form of religion is to be drawn from this non-interference. If the state does not affirm and propagate religion, so neither does it oppose nor obstruct it. In protecting freedom of speech and action for its champions and supporters it does for religion all that it has any right to do. To murmur because it confines itself to secular affairs, and refuses to enter the sphere of religion, is as unreasonable as to complain of railroads because they do not provide facilities for crossing the ocean, of a court of justice that it does not perform the duties of a legislature, or of a threshing-machine because it does not fulfill the uses of the magnetic telegraph. In regard to Christianity I go still farther, and affirm that the state could not

lend itself to its direct support without doing it far more injury than good. All experience goes to show that Christianity prospers best when church and state move in spheres entirely distinct from each other, and each minds its own business. It was to his disciples, not to any earthly power, that Jesus addressed the command, "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" and if the church had always been as free from alliances with the state as it was before the time of Constantine, and as it is now in this country, the progress of Christianity would have been far more rapid than it has been. The church, indeed, can much better afford to be persecuted by the state than to fall into its embrace. They are plotters of mischief for Christianity who are seeking to incorporate their theology in the constitution of the United States; and any form of religion which cannot endure the freedom of our institutions, but seeks the sword of temporal power to enforce its claims, attests thereby its conscious weakness, and brands itself as spurious. Christianity is wounded in the house of her friends whenever they attempt to supplement her moral and spiritual authority by the decrees of earthly governments. "My kingdom," said Jesus, "is not of this world," and this should be an end of controversy upon the subject.

At this point we encounter the objection that the exclusion from the schools of all religious worship and instruction will make them godless, which is a frightful thought to every devout mind. No amount of Protestant Bible-readings, hymns, and prayers is sufficient even now to protect the schools from this imputation on the part of Roman Catholics. Of what avail, they ask, are religious forms other than those prescribed by God's infallible church? Not a few Protestants, in their way, are equally narrow. Schools without religious instruction godless? Yes, in the same sense that a note of hand, a mortgage, a bill of lading, or a coin is godless, because it bears upon its face no inscription of the name of God; in the same sense that a railway, insurance, or banking corporation is godless, because it does not open its meetings with prayer and Scripture-reading; in the same sense that an election is godless, where the ballot-boxes are consecrated by no religious ceremonies; in the same sense that the American Bible Society, during the first ten or fifteen years of its existence, was godless, in that, in condescension to the scruples of its Quaker members, its anniversary meetings were opened without "formal prayer;" in the same sense, finally, that all social gatherings, for whatever purpose, are godless, unless accompanied by some form of devotional exercises. The objection has its root in a formalism as inconsistent with the true spirit of Christianity as it is contrary to common sense. It is the last despairing cry of religious bigotry, the feeble wail of a moribund sacerdotalism, which halts in "the letter that killeth," and has no appreciation of "the spirit that maketh alive." Contrast with this the example of Jesus, who neither prefaced nor concluded one of his public discourses with prayer! Is the Sermon on the Mount godless, and was that a godless assembly to which it was delivered? If Jesus could preach to multitudes day after day without once formally lifting up his voice in public prayer, may we not venture to teach our children to read, write, and spell, without pausing for devotional exercises? Will the sticklers for religious ceremonies in the schools condescend to tell us how many lessons may be learned, how many classes recite, before the teacher must either stop to offer a prayer, or suffer his school to lapse into a condition of godlessness? If we must blend with the exercises of the school the forms of the church, let us be sure that we mix them in their due proportions.

But how, it is asked, will you teach morality without religion? Morality, it is insisted, grows out of religion as a tree from its roots; it will die if the connection is not maintained. This objection is so sincerely made that it deserves to be treated with respect. But it is true, rather, that religion and morality have a common source in that human nature which is made in the image and likeness of God, and that the latter may be successfully cultivated by itself, without reference to the supernaturalism which forms so large a part of the current religions, and concerning which the world is so hopelessly divided. It would certainly be a great calamity if this were not so. We may well be grateful that the distinction between right and wrong, and the duty to do the one and avoid the other, are plain to multitudes who stumble at theological problems and supernatural mysteries. There are many noble men, pure in every relation of life, and devoted to the welfare of the human race, who frankly confess that they have no clearly defined faith in God, no sense of his presence, no belief in a supernatural revelation, and to whom the whole science of theology is an inexplicable muddle. They are as sensitive to every moral obligation as any canonized saint of the church, and on the score of character have no occasion to blush in the presence of the most exacting orthodoxy. They may lack a certain spiritual richness which can only grow from religious faith and hope; what then? Are not the Master's words as applicable to them as to others? — "Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" Does not God find a way of "working in them," as in others, "to will and to do of his good pleasure"?

The Christian world has been all too ready to assume that morality cannot be taught upon any basis of its own, or rest upon any other than a supernatural foundation. It is an every-day assumption among Protestants that the Bible is the only standard of morals; but that book sets up no such claim in its own behalf. The Catholics insist that the standard is not the Bible, but in the infallible church, whose forms of worship and instruction are ordained of God as the only means of training the young in a sound morality. In the Catholic World for November last it is affirmed, as the result of experience, "that it is quite impossible to restrain the tendency which youths have to corrupt one another, or to promote habits of truthfulness, personal chastity, and obedience, without the aid of the confessional." Every Protestant will smile at this as a curious exhibition of sectarian bigotry; but is it less bigoted to insist that some form of Protestant worship and instruction is necessary to preserve morality in the schools? And yet thousands of Protestants affirm that unless the existence of a personal God is either positively taught or assumed, the Bible recognized as a supernatural revelation, and the children trained to utter some form of prayer or bow their heads in worship, all attempts to teach a sound morality in the schools will be only a mockery. Is this declaration founded in truth? If so, the state must take its choice between abandoning the work of education as beyond its sphere and assuming the functions of a religious teacher. Morality must be taught in the schools, whatever difficulties may lie in the way. If the state cannot do it, it must give way to some other agency. But the assumption is unwarranted. The laws of morality did not originate either with the Bible or Christianity, but are as old as humanity itself. They are a part of human nature, and were as authoritative before patriarchs spoke, or prophets wrote, or Jesus and his Apostles proclaimed their message, as they have been since. The moral inculcations and appeals of the

Bible are addressed to men as knowing the difference between right and wrong. Indeed, but for such knowledge on their part, the book might as well have been sent to the brutes as to them.

I write not in the interest of skepticism, but as one who cherishes a profound belief in God and in Christianity as taught by Jesus himself. Moreover, the views which I have expressed have the sanction of eminent men in the orthodox ranks. One such man, the Rev. Dr. Samuel T. Spear, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a Presbyterian of the highest standing, published, a few years since, a book [1] in which this subject is very ably and thoroughly discussed. An extract will best exhibit its spirit and purpose.

"The public school," says Dr. Spear, "by the very terms of both the process and the end, naturally and necessarily involves the element of moral education. The children form a society for the time being, and for that time the schoolhouse is their dwelling-place. In it they spend their school hours, in constant intercourse with their teachers, and subject to their authority. These teachers, if what they should be, are discreet and well-behaved persons, having a good moral character, cleanly in their habits, pure and chaste in their language, and honest and upright in their discipline. It is their province to preserve school order, to subject their scholars to wholesome restraints, to commend and encourage them when they do well, to condemn and rebuke them when they do wrong, to see to it that they accomplish their task; and thus develop in this theatre a set of school virtues in the habits of patience, diligence, industry, steadiness of application, submission to authority, respect for superiors and for the rights of each other, cleanliness of person, good manners, self-control, truthfulness, honesty, and the like, — habits which in kind have their basis and sanction in our moral nature, and which, moreover, are just the habits to fit and dispose them to act well their part in maturer years. These virtues are state virtues, business virtues, and are also in constant demand for the purposes of this life, independently of any considerations that respect the future, and may be powerfully enforced by arguments that relate purely to the interests of time. They are certainly good for this world and good for citizenship, whether there be any hereafter or not.

"Such elementary moral principles," continues Dr. Spear, "have existed in human thought, and to some extent in human practice, wherever man has been found. They attach themselves to his nature and relations. They are not peculiar to Christendom or Christianity, but rather belong to man as man. His depravity has never sunk so low as to involve their total absence. Christianity fosters these virtues, and begets others of a higher grade; but it is a grave mistake to suppose that those who administer Christianity, repeat its precepts, teach its doctrines, and preach its sanctions, whether in the pulpit or out of it, are the only apostles of morality in the world, or that they have any monopoly in this kind of teaching. This is not true, — never has been and never will be true.

"Morality, in the large sense," our author further observes, "is a spontaneous outgrowth of human nature and human relations, notwithstanding the terrible depravity that has infected the race. It is a thing of home, of the street, of the public lecture, of business intercourse, of the state, of the court-room, of the jury-box, of the school-room, — yea, of the ten thousand influences that operate in the formation of human character, — as really as it is of the ministry or the church. . . . There is a generic morality, whose usefulness no one questions, that comes within

[1] Religion and the State; or, The Bible and the Public Schools. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

the province of the public school. . . . For the want of a better term, let us call it secular morality. . . . It is certainly the kind of morality which the state is immensely concerned to secure; which makes the orderly, the peaceful, and law-abiding citizen; and which also forms one of the primary objects and great blessings of the public school.

"Secular education," the author goes on to say, "is not religious in the sense of relating to God, or the duties we owe to him, or of affirming or resting upon the authority of the Bible. . . . It omits to consider these dogmas, just as chemistry does not determine mathematical questions," etc. (Pages 58–60.)

The potency of all that I have said and all that I desire to say on the subject before us is in these strong, forcible words of Dr. Spear. Once adopt this view of the subject, and there will be no further obstacle in the way of a complete union of all the friends of education, both in regard to the morality to be taught in the schools and the way of teaching it. It involves no surrender of principle on the part of any one; only the yielding up of prejudices, the removal of misunderstandings, originating in past conflicts and long fostered by a partisan spirit. There is need of an educational symposium of representative men of all shades of religious belief and speculation, — Catholic and Protestant, Orthodox and Liberal, Jew and Agnostic, — to consider this subject. Sitting down together, and looking into each other's faces with sentiments of mutual esteem; setting aside for the moment all speculative questions, and fixing their thoughts upon the one subject of moral teaching in the schools, they would no doubt be astonished to find themselves in perfect agreement. Upon the abstract question whether the ultimate basis of morality is to be sought in a supernatural revelation, or in the nature of man and the testimony of experience and observation, they would of course differ widely; but as to morality itself, in its practical relations to the education of the young, they would speak with one voice. Traveling by different roads, they would find that they had arrived at one and the same place, and were all seeking a common end. And the morality which they would all commend as essential to the purity of society and the safety of the republic, and therefore indispensable to good citizenship, would be, in substance, that of the New Testament, which has its grandest illustration in the teaching and example of Jesus, — his example in death as well as in life. What matters it that some of them hold this morality to be binding upon men upon supernatural, and others upon purely natural, grounds, since they heartily agree that it is absolutely binding upon all men, and that there is a crying need that it should be taught in the schools? Does any one doubt the reality of this agreement? Let him remember that the Agnosticism of this day, whatever may be said of that of earlier times, is not seeking to absolve men from moral restraints, but puts a strong emphasis upon ethics. It forms societies for "ethical culture," and on moral grounds has no occasion to shrink from criticism. Even Robert Ingersoll, while denying supernaturalism in every form, is careful to say that he accepts the morality of the Gospels as to him the law of life. Mr. John Fiske speaks for all the scientific skeptics of the time when he says, "The principles of right living are really connected with the constitution of the universe." Is there not here a platform broad enough and strong enough for all the friends of the public schools? Why will they not all plant their feet upon it, and stand shoulder to shoulder as one brotherhood in a common effort to educate the conscience as well as the intellect of the children and youth of the republic, and aid them in laying the foundations of that moral character which is

the primary condition of good citizenship?

The controversy between naturalism and supernaturalism must of course go on. I am by no means blind to its importance. But I insist that our public schools, by consent of parties, should be kept out of this fiery vortex. It is a question not for children, but for grown men. However much, as a Christian, I may long to make all the children of the land familiar with doctrines and beliefs to me most precious, I frankly acknowledge that I have no claim upon the state to assist me in the attainment of this object. As a citizen, I am content to stand, in everything pertaining to religion, upon the same ground with those whose views differ most widely from my own, — even those who think my religion a worthless superstition. I make no demand upon the government save for protection in the "free exercise" of my religion; and what I ask for myself is what I willingly accord to others, whatever form of faith or no-faith it may please them to adopt. Liberty, as thus broadly defined, is the vital breath of free government, the atmosphere most congenial to the growth of true religion. Whoever fears that his religion will not endure this liberty, and therefore seeks to ally it with the state, evidences a suspicion, if not a consciousness, that that religion is fatally weak.

Philosophical disquisitions upon the foundations of morality have no legitimate place in the school-room, as every well-instructed teacher will admit. The precepts and rules by which children and youth must be taught to regulate their conduct are such as will commend themselves at once to their moral consciousness, leaving no room for doubt of their binding force. A very large proportion, if not a majority, of the pupils in our schools come from homes the atmosphere of which is at least conducive to a sound morality, and they in turn will do much to make such an atmosphere in the school-room. In not a few neighborhoods, however, the pupils will be of a coarser, ruder mould, imposing upon their teachers a harder task. But even in such cases the well-instructed teacher will find his moral resources ample, without entering the domain of religion. It would be easy, I am sure, if it were worth while, for a conference of men, representing the different shades of opinion upon religious subjects, to agree upon a code of school morals, embodying all that is essential, and offending no honest scruples. Such a code is needed, if at all, rather to insure a good understanding among the supporters of the schools than for use in the schools themselves. Care should be taken not to hamper teachers with rigid rules. Moral instruction, to be effective, must be spontaneous and free, and skillfully adapted to cases as they arise. The best teachers, as a general rule, will have the shortest code of laws, if indeed they have any code at all.

But it is not the object of this paper to prescribe any exact method of teaching morality in the schools. My purpose is fulfilled if I have succeeded in showing that the incapacity of the state for teaching religion does not imply an incapacity for teaching morality as an essential part of the education of the young, and that there is a ground for such teaching on which all true friends of the schools may consistently stand and coöperate. That there is need of such coöperation, that the schools have suffered for lack of it, and that the sectarian and theological contentions which have made it impossible hitherto are to be deeply regretted, few will deny. Is it too much to hope that religious men, without distinction of sect, will erelong abandon as unreasonable the attempt to make the public school an agent for religious propagandism, and unite with their fellow-citizens of every class in an effort to make it as efficient in the field of morals as in that of science?

Oliver Johnson.

A CALL ON SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

AT YOUGHAL, IRELAND.

"Ay, not at home, then, didst thou say?
And, prithee, hath he gone to court?"
"Nay; he hath sailed but yesterday,
With Edmund Spenser, from this port.

"This Spenser, folk do say, hath writ
Twelve cantos called The Faerie Queene:
To seek for one to publish it
They go, — on a long voyage, I ween."

Ah me! I came so far to see
This ruffed and plumèd cavalier, —
He whom romance and history,
Alike, to all the world make dear.

Great Shakespeare's friend — the more than peer
Of Philip Sidney, whose bright head,
Crowned with one golden deed, we hear,
Dropped, young, upon an honored bed.

And I had some strange things to tell
Of our new world, where he hath been;
And now they say, — I marked them well, —
They say the Master is not in!

The knaves speak not the truth; I see
Sir Walter at the window there.
That is the hat, the sword, which he
In pictures hath been pleased to wear;

There hangs the very cloak whereon
Elizabeth set foot. (But oh,
Young diplomat, as things have gone,
Pity it is she soiled it so!)

And there — but look! He's lost in smoke.
(That weirdly charmed Virginia weed!)
Make haste! bring anything! his cloak —
They save him with a shower, indeed!

. . . Ay, lost in smoke! I linger where
He walked his garden. Day is dim,
And death-sweet scents rise to the air
From flowers that gave their breath to him.

There, with its thousand years of tombs,
The dark church glimmers where he prayed;[1]
Here, with his head unshorn of plumes,
The tree he planted gave him shade.

His head unshorn of plumes? Even so
It stained the Tower, when gray with grief.
O tree he planted, as I go,
For him I tenderly take a leaf.

I have been dreaming here, they say,
Of one dead knight, forgot at court;
And yet he sailed but yesterday,
With Edmund Spenser, from this port.

Sallie M. B. Piatt.

A LANDLESS FARMER.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

SERENA'S not very tender heart was somewhat touched at last, and she noticed how worn and old her father looked, and wished she had not sold the secretary without speaking to him about it first. She thought it was no time then to say what a good price she had wrung out of the man who had made the purchase, and at any rate her father might insist upon putting the money in his own pocket. She was unusually good-natured all that day, and even went so far as to say that she was glad to see him about the house again. She was a good deal of a coward, as all tyrants and bullies are apt to be; and she began to be a little afraid, when her father's weakness and dependency seemed to have been replaced by a sullen indifference to both her words and actions when she came near, and a look of wounded disapproval when she left him to himself.

The next morning he said that he wanted some one to go over to Mary Lyddy's with him, and bring the horse home. Somehow, Serena felt a shameful sense of guilt and almost of repentance, as she stood in the kitchen door and watched her father drive away. It seemed as if he might have started of his own accord upon a journey from whence there could be no return. He did not turn his head after the horse had started; he had not even said good-by. There was a small trunk in the back of the wagon, an odd, ancient thing, studded with many nails and covered with moth-devoured leather; one might believe it had attained a great age before starting on this first journey, it looked so unused to travel and so garret-like. Into it, very early in the morning, Mr. Jenkins had packed some of his few personal possessions, and his daughter looked at it again and again with suspicious eyes. "I declare, it 's a dreadful thing to get to be old and past our usefulness," she said. "Who would have thought that father would have

[1] St. Mary's Church, one of the most ancient and interesting, from an historical point of view, among Irish churches, almost adjoins the house known as Sir Walter Raleigh's, at Youghal.

turned against me so, just for selling an old, out-o'-fashion chist o' drawers, after the way I've tended and nursed him, and mended him up and waited upon him by inches? Well, it 's the way of the world!" And after these reflections, the rattling wagon and plodding horse and the stern, upright figure of the aggrieved old man having passed out of sight over the brow of a hill which rose beyond the house, she turned back into the kitchen again. "Father used to be a dreadful easy-going man," she said to herself, later. "I wonder how long he and Mary Lyddy will hitch their horses together. But I 'most wish I had n't let the secr'tary go without consulting him. I suppose *'t was* his right. I 'll let him stay a spell over to the Mills, and he 'll be sure to get over his huff, and be homesick and wore out with Mary Lyddy's ramshackle ways, and I 'll go over, just 's if nothing had happened, and fetch him home."

Harlow's Mills was an unattractive village, which had grown up suddenly, a few years before, around some small manufactories. Mrs. Bryan's husband had been a very successful, industrious man, and it had been thought a most lucky thing for her when he had fallen in love with her pretty face, without waiting to see what sort of character lay behind it. He had done well in his business, and kept everything straight at home as long as he had lived; but when he died of fever, at the prime of his life, he had saved only a small property, and his inefficient wife was left to fight her way alone. She surrendered ignominiously, and had been tugged along the path of life by her friends and relatives, who grudged even their sympathy more and more. "When you 've lugged folks one mile, you like to see 'em try to go the next themselves, — not sit right down in the road," Serena Nudd had said more than once, and not without reason. Poor Mary Lydia had sheltered her laziness behind various chronic illnesses, which had excused her from active participation in the world's affairs; though when anything was going forward in which she cared, for any reason, to join, it had often been noticed that she would step forward with the best. A funeral had such attractions for her that nothing short of her own death-bed would divert her attention or keep her at home. She had vast reserves of strength and will, but she passed most of her time in an unstrung, complaining state. Her house was forlorn, and her boys had grown used to her feeble protests and appeals, and rarely took much notice of what she said except to escape from the whining and scolding as soon as they could. There was a good deal in her life which was pitiable, but still more for which one might blame her; and it was her comfortless house, with its dreary, shaded, unfruitful bit of land, to which the once busy old farmer had fled for refuge. The maple-trees that Henry Bryan had planted had grown too luxuriantly in that damp place, and the grass underneath was all in coarse tufts, mixed with a rank growth of plantain leaves, beside a fine nursery of young burdocks which that summer had started up unheeded in a corner.

Mr. Jenkins felt more and more saddened and disturbed all the way, and the drive to the Mills seemed very long and hot. He had little to say to his companion, though he sometimes commented upon the different fields and pastures that skirted the roads. One neighbor's potatoes and another's corn looked strong and flourishing; he took note of them with wistfulness. "I 'm done, — I 'm done," he said once or twice, half to himself. He stopped, at last, at his daughter's door, and while his companion took the little trunk down from the wagon, he went in search of the mistress of the house. There was a strong odor of camphor in the

darkened, close front room, and a voice asked feebly who was there.

"I 've come to stop with you for a spell," answered the old man. "I have been laid up, and not good for much of anything; and Sereny, she carried too many guns for me, and I thought perhaps you might like to have comp'ny." There was a pathetic attempt at joking which would have touched the heart of a stone, and Mary Lyddy was quick to catch at this advantage over her sister, and rose slowly from her couch. The old man's eyes were blinded at coming into this darkness from the glare of sunlight without, and he could not see a yard before him. He already felt homesick, and would have given anything if he had not brought the trunk, which was just now set down on one end, heavily, in the entry just behind him.

"I 'm real pleased to see you, though I wish you had come last week, when I could have enjoyed you more. I don't know when I have been so well in health as I was last week, but to-day I am so troubled with neurology in my head that I can hardly live. I do' know what there is for dinner. I told the boys they must pick up a lunch somehow or other, for I could n't go near a stove; the heat of it would kill me. We will get along somehow, though," she added, more cheerfully, suddenly mindful of the man from the farm, and anxious that he should not carry back anything but a good report of her father's reception. "I declare, it does me good to see you;" and she came forward, and gave her guest, unwelcome as he had been the moment before, a most affectionate kiss. For all that, when Washington Tufts had driven away down the street, to do some errands at the stores for Sereny before he went home, Mr. Jenkins watched him sadly from the door, and felt as if he had burnt his ships behind him.

But his daughter was very cheerful all that day, and it seemed to him in the evening as if he had done the right thing. He would not look upon it as a permanent change, by any means; but what could be more likely than that, not being quite fit for work, he should come to pay a visit to his younger daughter? He imagined that everybody would wonder at his being there, and apologized for it elaborately to every one who came in. He received a good deal of attention for a time, being well known in his county and much respected; and he had long talks with Mrs. Bryan, who dearly liked conversation, and together they recalled people and events of years before, and the housewifely virtues of Mrs. Jenkins, who had been a busy and helpful soul, of better sense and deeper affections than either of her daughters. The farmer was fond of saying "in your mother's day," when he spoke to his children; indeed, the later years of his life had been a sad contrast to the earlier, though he had not felt the change and loss half so keenly until the last few months, when he could no longer spend an almost untired strength and energy in the ceaseless round and routine of his work. Serena Nudd was not over-fond of hearing her mother's day referred to, and resented the implied superiority to her own; but during the first of the visit Mary Lyddy and her father talked about the good woman to their hearts' content, and Mr. Jenkins said that it seemed more homelike than the old place itself ever did nowadays. Serena's child was not a pleasant boy, and he tired and fretted his grandfather in a miserable way. The young Bryans kept their wrong-doings and laziness pretty well out of the old man's sight, and their mother forbore to harangue and scold them in his hearing.

The novelty and mild excitement of the visit appeared to act like a tonic upon Mrs. Bryan for a time, but at length her nature began to assert itself,

and her guest at the same time began to be restless and uneasy in his new quarters. He made short excursions about the town, and read the newspaper with unusual care; but he was not used to seeing a daily paper, and it was more reading than he really liked to undertake. One of the neighbors sent it to him every day, with great kindness; but though he was in many ways well treated, it seemed to him more and more that he could not bear any longer to be away from home. He could not help thinking and worrying about the farm work; he did not trust Aaron Nudd's judgment about the management of things, and he watched the street every day anxiously, in the hope of seeing Serena approach in quest of him. He even lamented his impatience, and took her part against himself. But as the days went by, and she did not appear, his heart failed him; for he had not thought they would have found it so easy to get on without him. Shut up in the hot and noisy little village, and seeing every day so many people whom he did not know, he longed for the farmhouse where he had spent all his life, and he was homesick for the wide outlook over the fields and woodlands, and felt strangely lost and alone and old.

Mary Lyddy became querulous and tiresome; it would have made a difference to her if she had had hopes of gain, and her father did not take long to discover that he was a burden to her as well as to Serena. Mrs. Bryan had handed him the bill for town taxes, and he had looked at her with a grieved surprise. "I have n't got the money to pay it, if that 's what you mean," he said at length. "I 'm kept on short commons, I tell you. Serena was dreadful put out, one day, because the dealer that takes the butter called and paid his month's account, and I wanted part of it to pay the minister; she said Aaron had seen to his and mine together, and went grumping round the kitchen the rest o' the morning. I told her 't was the first week since I was out o' my time that I had been without a dollar in my pocket. Aaron cut considerable of a piece o' pine growth this last winter, but I never could find out what become of the money. One time he had n't got settled up, and the next time he begun to squeal about its taking every cent he could rake and scrape to keep the farm above water. He flung at me about my doctor's bills once or twice; miser'ble farmer he is, any way. I 've got a little money they don't know about in the North Bank, and I 'll get you some of it quick 's I get a chance to send: but I 've nobody but Aaron, and I never want to say nothing to him about it. I thought I might get into a straiter place than any I 've been in, and I 've been holding on to it. 'T ain't much, but it 'll do to bury me, if they can't find the means."

"There, don't, father! You make my blood run cold," said Mary Lyddy fretfully. "I 'm sure you can't doubt but what we shall do what 's proper for you, dead or alive. I felt 't was a mistake all the time that you should n't ha' kept things in your own hands; but Sereny talked all of us over at the time, and — well, you should have thought more about it before you did it, that 's all I 've got to say. I shall have to get rid of this place, 'less the boys get to earning something pretty soon, for it 's more 'n I can afford to keep. I 'm worse off than before I owned it, having nobody to help along. Everything would have gone well if poor Henry had only lived;" and she began to cry as if she meant to give a good deal of time to tears, and her father took his hat and walked drearily away. It was his best hat, and he often wished for the old one, which he had left hanging on its nail at the farmhouse.

He hoped that he might see somebody from home, and looked at the wagons and teams as they passed him; until presently somebody hailed him with

a cheerful "Well, uncle, you 've been and given haying the slip, this year." When the old man turned, he found with delight that it was Ezra Allen, and declared that he was glad to see him. It seemed as if he had n't seen any of the folks for a month; it had been the longest week he had ever spent in his life. "Get in, won't ye?" said the nephew, affectionately. "Why can't ye ride over to Jack Townsend's with me? I want to see him about doing a lot of ironing for my running work. I 've got three or four wagons where I can't go no further with them; and Estes is sick, and won't be able to work at blacksmithing for some weeks. I want to take hold of these things right away. I 'm about through with what little haying I do. Been a good hay year so far, has n't it?"

"I don't know much about it," sorrowfully confessed the old farmer, climbing quickly into the wagon.

"Seems to me you are as quick as an eel to what you was a month ago," said Ezra. "You look about as well as ever you did; good for ten years yet, uncle Jerry," and he started the horse at a good pace. There never was a more contented pair of relatives: the younger man had wished for just this chance to hear the particulars of the visit, and the elder one was only too glad to fall in with a sympathetic companion, who had always been kind to him, and who seemed now to have belonged to his better days.

"How d' ye like it over here?" inquired Ezra, turning round with a beaming smile to take a good look at his uncle.

"Well, fairly," answered Mr. Jenkins, without enthusiasm. "But old folks is better off at home, seems to me. Mary Lyddy does the best she knows how; but the girls don't neither of 'em take after their mother, somehow or 'nother; I don't know why it is. Sereny kept me feeling like a toad under a harrow, and seems as if I was in the way, and sort of under-foot to both houses. I done just as they wanted me 'long in the winter, and give the reins into their own hands; but they don't like me none the better for it, nor so well, far 's I can see, and I don't know what to do. I had n't been accustomed to sickness, and when I was so afflicted in the cold weather, and got down so low, I thought I 'd got about through with things. You know I 'd been ailing and doctoring some months before I had the worst spell come on. They never treated me so clever as they did the time when I was give over, and old Dr. Banks said there wa'n't no help for me. But I 've come up considerable, more 'n ever I expected, and I 've had times of feeling just like myself, of late; and I see how the land lays, and between you and me, Ezry, I wish it was different. I 've had my day, though, and I don't want to stand in the way of nobody else's chance."

"Where 's Parker? Do you get any news from him?" asked Ezra, giving the horse a flick with his whip, putting it quickly in its socket, and taking a firm hold of the reins. He knew that his uncle was fond of a good horse, and he was very proud of this new one, and wished it to be noticed and praised.

"Don't hurry the beast," said the old man; "we 've got time enough, and it kind of jars me, to what it used, to ride fast. When I 'm after a likely creatur', such as this, that can show a good pace, I 'm satisfied. As for Parker, I ain't heard from him for hard on to eight months. He was n't prompt about writing, and I 've been wanting the girls to set to work and find out about him. Serena goes into a dreadful frame o' mind if I much as mention his name, and Mary Lyddy 's always going to do it the next day. My eyesight 's failed dreadfully; it 's better 'n it was, but none too good. I did scratch a few lines twice or three times, and

send them to the last place I knew him to be in, and I directed once to the postmaster; but he has made no answer yet, so I keep a-hopin'. Parker had his faults, and perhaps I indulged him more than was good for him, but he was more like his mother 'n any of 'em. He and Sereny never got along. I don't s'pose she means it, but she 's got a dreadful nagging way. I did let him have a good deal o' money, and I don't know but it was foolish. Parker 's got a quick temper, same 's his mother had, but it ain't Sereny's kind. She gnaws and picks all day long about a thing she don't like; but Parker 'll knock ye down with one hand, and pick ye right up again with the other. They 're always warnin' me that he was onsteady, and a disgrace to his folks; but I have known many a man that has had his fling, and settled down and been useful afterwards. Parker 's got good natural ability, and I guess he 'll make his way yet if he gets the right chance."

"I never could bear Aaron Nudd, if I must say it," growled Ezra. "He was distressin' himself the other day into Henry Wallis's, about being afraid all the time Parker might turn up, — poor, wandering vagabone, he called him. I 'd knocked him down, if I 'd heard him. I mean to see if I can find where Parker is. There ain't a cousin I 've got that I ever set so much by, spite of his leanin' in wrong directions. We 've always been chums, 'spite of his being so much younger, — you know it, don't ye, uncle Jerry? And I 've always stood up for him; I 'm going to see if he can't have his rights, if you *did* sign that paper."

The old man's voice faltered as he tried to speak. "I do' know where I could ask him to, if I did send for him to come home now," he said. "If *I* know anything about a hoss, this one is the best you ever drove, Ezry. Where did you pick her up? Not round here, I 'll make a guess," and the conversation steered bravely out into this most congenial subject to both travelers.

At ten o'clock that very morning Susan Allen, Ezra's wife, was bending over her ironing-board and bumping away with her flat-iron, when somebody suddenly came outside the window, and laid his arms on the sill and looked in. At first he seemed to be a stranger, and Susan was chilled from head to foot with fear; but she stared and stared again at the smiling face before she spoke, and finally she clapped her hands, and said, "I 'll give up if it ain't, — Parker Jenkins! I want to know if that 's you?" and this question of his identity having been decided, the young man strolled round to the door, and came in as if he had never been away.

"How 's all the folks?" he asked. "Where 's Ezra? I looked in at the shop first, but there was nobody there."

"We did n't know but you was dead," said Susan, who was much excited. "Your father has been dreadful distressed about you. I do think you ought to have wrote him, Parker. But you can make up with him easy enough; he 'll be glad enough to see you."

The visitor had looked very solemn as he listened to the first mention of his father's name, but his expression quickly changed to a look of wild astonishment. "Do you mean to tell me father is n't dead?" he said, rising to his feet.

"Dead, no!" answered Susan. "He had a long spell of sickness, beginning in the fall of the year, and we all supposed he was breaking up; and along in the first of the winter he had a very bad time, when we give him up for certain, and there was two days and a night when they thought he might be taken away any minute; but he pulled through" —

Parker had seated himself again, and did not seem to be listening to this ac-

count. He had put his head on his arm down upon the ironing-board, and was crying like a child. Susan felt as if this were a somewhat theatrical performance, and a little unnecessary. She was vaguely reminded of his being addicted to drink, and of the story of the Prodigal Son; and then she noticed how broad his shoulders had grown, and that his coat was made of a beautiful piece of cloth, and that he was quite citified in his appearance.

"Don't take on so," she begged him nervously, after a few minutes, for it made her very ill at ease.

And the unexpected guest lifted his head presently, and wiped his eyes with a handsome, bright-colored silk handkerchief. "I never had anything come over me so in my life," he said, beginning to laugh in the midst of his tears. "I must go right up to the house and see him. Serena wrote me along in the winter that they 'd give him up, and he would n't be alive when I got the letter. They did n't expect him to get through the afternoon. I never heard any more from her, and I 've mourned him as dead. I wrote on to Ezra to tell me the particulars; for after finding Serena did n't write again, I got mad with her, and then I got mad with Ezra because he did n't write, and I thought you were all banded together to kick me over."

"He never got the letter," said Susan. "I hope to die if he ever did, Parker. The last letter that ever come inside this house from you was one Ezra got, saying you were going out into the mining country. You know you ain't much of a hand to write, nor Ezra neither; but of course he would have answered such a letter as that, and told you your father was living. I don't know but he 'll see him this morning. The old gentleman went over to stop with Mary Lyddy for a while."

Parker had been standing by the door for the last few minutes, as if he were impatient to be off; but he came back wonderingly into the room again, and Susan, after prefacing her remarks with "Well, I may 's well tell you first as last," embarked upon a minute explanation of the state of affairs.

The young man seemed at last to be able to listen to no more. He threw off his coat, and sat by the window in his shirt sleeves, and when he had kept quiet as long as was possible he indulged in some very strong language, and expressed feelings toward his sister Serena and Aaron Nudd that would have startled them a good deal if they had been within hearing. He was outraged at their conniving to get all the property into their own hands in his absence, and at first he threatened them with such terrors of the law that Susan began to shake in her shoes, and became as afraid of his anger as if she had been only a mole burrowing in the mountain side, which had started an avalanche downward on its path of destruction. It was a solemn scene when Parker Jenkins met his sister, later in the afternoon; but by that time Susan had become so used to excitements of this kind — her own explanations and the accompanying comments having been repeated after Ezra's return — that she had a feeling of envy when she saw her husband and his cousin marching away toward the farmhouse. "I don't know now what it was fetched me here," Parker was saying. "I made up my mind forty times that I never would set foot inside town limits again; but I wanted to be sure everything was right and proper in the burying lot, and it seemed as if you would set some things straight that I could n't understand, any way I looked at 'em, and I wanted to let folks see I had n't quite run to seed."

Serena's face was a picture of defenseless misery when she first caught sight of her brother. She had had a long, hard morning's work already, and

she felt guilty and on the losing side. Parker had passed through his unreasoning storm of rage, and had sailed into smoother but very deep waters of contempt. He said very little beyond remarking that, not having heard anything after her last letter, he had supposed that his father was dead. He announced in the course of conversation that he had done well, on the whole, and that he did not think he should return to Colorado at present.

Serena was pale and crimson by turns, and tried her best to be affectionate and conciliatory. She ventured at last to speak of her father, and to say that somebody should go over to the Mills and bring him home that very afternoon. "We 'll have supper late, and he 'll be here by that time. You 'll find him a good deal changed, but it 's nothing to what he was in the winter," she said, fearfully.

Parker fixed his eyes on her, and presently gave a contemptuous little laugh. Ezra's excitement reached its topmost pitch.

"Serena!" said the returned wanderer, "I should think you 'd be ashamed to come near decent folks. I 've no right to boast, and I 've been a confounded fool, I 'll own, but I never set to work to cheat folks, or to sneak, or to lose folks' respect, so that I could have one more dirty dollar tucked away in the bank. As far as I can find out, you have cheated me and Mary Lyddy out of our rights, and you have treated your poor old father anything but Christian. As for Aaron Nudd, I won't have anything to say to such cattle. The writings you got from father won't stand one minute in the eye of the law, but your false pretenses and your tricks will, and if either of you make any trouble I 'll just fix you so you 'll wish you 'd held your peace. I may have shown signs of being a scapegrace, and being gone hook and sinker; but I 'm older than I was when I went off, and though I don't make no boasts, as I say, I don't mean my folks shall ever be ashamed of me. I 'm going over myself to fetch father home, and afterward I 'm going to stay here, and you can do as you see fit."

It was only three or four days after this that, late on a Sunday afternoon, Parker and Ezra Allen stood on the little bridge over the brook. Parker was fashionably dressed. He had attracted a good deal more attention than the minister, that day, for he had accompanied his father to church, and had received congratulations on his return from all his acquaintances. Old Mr. Jenkins was so happy that he smiled continually, and glanced round proudly at his son when he should have been listening to the sermon. It seemed to him a greater proof of the providence of God than had ever before been vouchsafed him, and he appeared to have taken, as everybody said, a new lease of life.

"Done well, out there among the mines, you said?" inquired Ezra, somewhat indifferently, though he was eager to ask a few questions before any other neighbor should join them.

"First rate," responded Parker; "though I have n't made the fortunes some do. Trouble is, you either lose all you 've got, or else you have luck, and then get picked off with a bullet from behind a bush. We struck a good vein in a claim I had shares in, and some fellows were out there from New York wanting to buy a good mining property, and — well, I 'll tell you all about it some day; but the end of it was, I sold out to them for twenty-five thousand dollars. I think they chuckled over it lively, and thought they 'd made an awful good thing out of me; but I said to myself that a bird in the hand 's worth two in the bush. You see they had n't been taking out much of any ore each side of us. I had some thoughts of going into business with a fellow I know in New York. We come on East together

but I don't know what I shall do. It seems pleasant at the old place, and father he holds on to me. I don't take much to farming, but I 've thought a good many times what a chance there is to raise cranberries up here in the swamp. I've got forty notions. I 'll wait a while before I settle down anywhere. I can afford to."

"Aaron Nudd told Asa Parsons yesterday that he guessed he should go over to Harlow's Mills quick 's the crops were in, and take a place in the boxing room at the shoe factory they 've been urging him to fill," said Ezra, with a wise smile.

"I 'd just as soon he would, for my part," said Parker. "They 're both soft-spoken and meaching as any two you ever saw, and Sereny makes excuses about things from morning to night, worse than poor Mary Lyddy ever thought of. I don' know, but I never did seem to have a right sort o' feelin' for the girls. But it pleases me to death to see how satisfied the old gentleman is. It kind of makes me feel bad, Ezra. I guess I shall steady down for good; but I've seen something of hard times and raking round, for a fellow of my age. I ain't one to talk religious, but I 'm going to look after father; he does set everything by me, don't he? And a more homesick man I never saw than he was, sitting in the front door over there to Mary Lyddy's. He 's got quite a notion, since I spoke of it, of setting out a lot of cranberries. I pointed out to him how well the land lay for it, and the springs watered it just right. I 've seen a good deal of 'em down towards the Cape. I was there some time, you know, when I first cleared out from home. But there, I 'm a roving fellow by nature. I shan't make any plans yet a while."

"There was an awful sight of water come down out of the swamp this last spring," said Ezra, turning to look at the brook. "I 've always heard cranberries was an uncertain crop, and don't you go throwing away your means till you know what you 're about. But you stick to the old gentleman, Parker; if ever I pitied a man in my life, it was him, this summer.".

It was soon observed how Mr. Jerry Jenkins had improved in health and spirits since his son's return. He resumed his place in society, and entered upon such duties as fell to his share with pleased alacrity. He was complimented on his recovery, and though some grumbling people, who always chose to be on the off side, spoke with pity of the Nudds, and expressed a sympathy for Aaron's having undertaken the farm only to be ousted, other people thought of them with scorn. However, worldly prosperity is one of the surest titles to respect, and after it was known that Aaron had bought an interest in one of the shoe-manufacturing companies at Harlow's Mills he was looked up to as much as he deserved, at any rate, and possibly more. Some people who knew him held him up as an example of its being worth while to save and be thrifty; but Ezra Allen and others of his way of thinking could not use hard enough language to suit themselves, whenever his name was mentioned. Serena was much more popular in the village than her sister. She dressed conspicuously, as she thought became her station, and she took an active part in church matters, being very efficient in the sewing society and the social relations of the parish. She assented emphatically to all the doctrines, and insisted upon the respectability of the Christian virtues; but it must be owned that she practiced very few of them which related to the well-being and comfort of other people. She and Aaron and their boy drove out to the farm occasionally, in a shiny top-buggy, to see her father, and such visits were outwardly successful and harmonious.

At the farm itself life went on smoothly. Mr. Jenkins had been troubled at first with many fears, when he found that Serena was really going to depart early in the fall, after her brother's return, and he could not forbear some expressions of wonder at her sudden change of feeling in regard to farming. She constantly said that she had never liked it, that it was a dog's life for any woman to do the housework on a large farm; and her father only replied that her tune had changed a good deal within a year. He took a long breath as he saw her go away in a heavily laden wagon, which preceded the team in which her household goods were being moved to the Mills. She had waited until the last minute, as if she feared that some treasures might be abstracted from the load. "She 's about stripped the house," said Mr. Jenkins, with a chuckle, as he came back into the kitchen; "but we 'll get along somehow, Parker. I 've done the best I could by her, I know that!"

Parker chuckled in his turn. "She 's an awful grabber," said he. "I 'm hanged if I did n't catch her down cellar this morning fishing into the pork barrel; she did n't hear me coming, and she was started, and let a piece drop, and it sent the brine all up into her face and eyes."

"It can't be possible that new barrel is so low as that a'ready," said the old man. "I guess she had made a good haul before you come. Well, I 'm glad, I 'm sure. I should n't want any child o' mine to be without pork. And there *was* times Sereny was right down clever and pleasant spoken. I don't blame her for wanting to be where there is more going forrard, if she takes a notion to it."

As for Parker Jenkins, he settled down on the old farm, as many another New Englishman has done, after two or three voyages at sea, or long journeys in quest of wealth to California or Texas or the Western country. He looked upon himself as being much more a man of the world than his neighbors, and his consideration for his old father was most delightful. The housekeeping went on well enough under the auspices of a cousin, a good, sensible woman, who was set adrift just in good time for these two unprotected men by the death of her own father, who had been for some years dependent on her care. It was soon known, however, that the chief reason of young Jenkins's contentment with so quiet a life was his attraction toward a pretty daughter of his neighbor, Asa Parsons, who was only too ready to smile upon so pleasant and good-looking a person, while her father and mother were mindful of his wealth.

So we leave the old farmer, no longer feeling cast off and desolate, to live out the rest of his days. He forgot even the worst of his sorrows in that unhappy winter and summer. It seemed as if most of them had been fanciful and connected with his illness. Serena was apt to be reminded oftener and oftener, as he grew older, of how impossible he found it to get on comfortably without his old secretary, and she came to regret deeply that her love for gain had allowed her to part with it, when the craze for old furniture reached Harlow's Mills in its most unreasoning form, and a piece of furniture that could be called centennial was a credit to its owner.

The old man often said that his illness had broken him down; and that he had never been the same man since. Those of his neighbors who had known his sorrows, and the pain which had been harder to bear than the long sickness itself, were glad that this blessed Indian summer had come to him to warm him through and through, and smile upon him in the late autumn of his life's year.

Heaven only knows the story of the lives that the gray old New England farmhouses have sheltered and hidden away from curious eyes as best they might. Stranger dramas than have

ever been written belong to the dull-looking, quiet homes, that have seen generation after generation live and die. On the well-worn boards of these provincial theatres the great plays of life, the comedies and tragedies, with their lovers and conspirators and clowns; their Juliets and Ophelias, Shylocks and King Learses, are acted over and over and over again.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF TWO FAMOUS SONGS.

EXCURSIONS into Ballad-Land are not now regarded as altogether literary trifling. We have found out that, as proverbs embody a nation's practical experience, songs express audibly its heart and its imagination. When Addison devoted two numbers of the Spectator — 70 and 74 — to an old song, he did it with an air of patronage, and was evidently afraid the plaything might tumble his ruffles; but editors are now literary radicals, and a popular song is as likely to catch their ear as an historical essay, or the sections of a new law. Without being inclined to indorse altogether the hackneyed aspiration about law-makers and song-makers, it is undeniable that learned men have made songs which, in their widespread and enduring influence, have moulded national character and national events.

When the Rev. John Skinner wrote Tullochgorum, had he any idea that this one song would link his name with that of Burns and Auld Lang Syne, in perennial honor and affection? Yet Robert Chambers says, "Certainly, no song has taken a deeper hold on the affections of the people, or attained a wider celebrity. It is sung at our social gatherings, printed in every 'collection,' and there are few Scotch people who cannot quote some of its sparkling, pithy lines." For instance, when speaking of the tunes of other countries, what Scotchman will not answer, —

> "I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
> For half a hunder score o' them."

Burns called Tullochgorum "the best Scotch song Scotland ever saw;" and as a social song it stands to-day with Auld Lang Syne. But unlike Auld Lang Syne, the words will not, except in rare cases, recall the name of the man who wrote them. The memory of Burns is inseparable from his works, but very few have heard of the Rev. John Skinner. He was born in 1721, at Balfour, Aberdeenshire, where his father was school-master, and he very early gave indications of great ability. At twelve years of age he was a fine Latin scholar, and at thirteen competed successfully for one of the most valuable bursaries in Marischal College. When scarcely out of his minority he was happily married, and in charge of a small Episcopalian congregation at Longside, in his native county. This was his only church: in it he ministered for sixty-five years, and before old age compelled him to sever the tie he had the unusual experience of serving under a bishop who was in an ecclesiastical sense his father, but in a natural sense his son.

Soon after receiving his preferment there came that "news from Moidart" which roused the clans in every glen and misty island: —

> "Ships o' war hae just come in
> And landed Royal Charlie."

John Skinner's whole heart was with the Stuart rising, and after the fatal field of Culloden he suffered severely. The Episcopalians, being almost universally Jacobites, were subjected to very

cruel oppressions, and the clergy were special objects of resentment. Their houses were plundered, their churches destroyed, and their lives in constant danger. In 1746 a law was passed making it illegal for them to officiate to more than four persons, beside the members of their own household; and two years later they were forbidden even "to exercise the function of a chaplain in any family." The penalty for infringing these enactments was imprisonment for the first offense, and exile from Britain for the second. Mr. Skinner evaded the law in its letter for several years; his little congregation gathered around his cottage, and he read the services of the church to them through an open window. But he was finally apprehended in the discharge of this duty and suffered a six months' imprisonment.

Yet, though he loved the creed of his adoption, he had not an atom of bigotry in his nature. One day, while passing a Dissenting chapel, a psalm was being sung, and he reverently lifted his hat and walked on uncovered. The friend who was with him said in amazement, "John Skinner! Don't you know those people are anti-burghers?" "Ah!" he replied; "but they are singing to the glory of God, and I respect and love any of my fellow creatures who are so engaged."

At that time the rural population were not only bigoted, they were also very ignorant. On one occasion, when a farmer was spending an evening with Mr. Skinner, the conversation turned upon the motion of the earth.

"It 's the sun gaes roun' the earth, and the earth ne'er gaes oot o' the pairt," said the farmer; "forbye, doesna the Scriptures say the Lord commanded the sun to stan' still?"

"Just so," replied the minister: "it is very true that the sun was commanded to stand still; and there he stands *still*, for he never was commanded to take the road again," — a mode of reasoning far more satisfactory to the man than the most accurate scientific demonstration would have been.

Though Mr. Skinner's salary was never more than forty pounds a year, and his manse but a thatched cottage, he was a man of eminence, both as a scholar and a theologian. He assisted Dr. Gleig, who had then the management of the Encyclopædia Britannica, in the preparation of many articles for that work; and he wrote an elaborate Ecclesiastical History of Scotland, besides many polemical papers and tracts; but it is the song of Tullochgorum that keeps the very memory of these things alive.

Tullochgorum had a kindly, pleasant origin. There was a meeting of clergymen at Ellon, a small village in Aberdeenshire; and several of them were entertained by a lady named Montgomery. After dinner an eager political dispute arose. There were men there who still drank "the health of the King over the water;" and the Whig clergy, who clung to the House of Hanover, did not have much brotherly affection for them. The argument waxed hotter and hotter, and Mrs. Montgomery, to put an end to it, asked Mr. Skinner for a song; expressing her surprise that he had never written words for the fine old reel of Tullochgorum."

"It 's aften ye hae written a sang to pleasure ye 're ain lasses, Mr. Skinner; noo, then, ye 'll just gie me ane to the reel o' Tullochgorum." The request was almost immediately gratified, and the first verse of the song aptly recalls the circumstances of the composition. It was published in the Scot's Magazine in 1776, some time after its production. Burns was then a lad of seventeen years old, and likely enough saw it immediately afterwards; for it took the popular heart by storm, and was speedily scattered over the whole land in those penny broadsheets which constituted the popular literature of the day.

TULLOCHGORUM.

Come gie 's a sang, Montgomery cry'd,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies 't for folks to chide
For what was done before them:
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory all agree
To drop their Whig-mig-morum;
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

O' Tullochgorum 's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps a spite,
In conscience I abhor him:
For blythe and cheerie we 'll be a',
Blythe and cheerie, blythe and cheerie,
Blythe and cheerie we 'll be a',
And mak' a happy quorum;
For blythe and cheerie we 'll be a'
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa'
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
For half a hunder score o' them;
They 're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum;
They 're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
They canna' please a Scottish taste
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let wardly worms their minds oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And sullen sots themsells distress
Wi' keeping up decorum:
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Sour and sulky shall we sit
Like old philosophorum!
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever try to shake a fit,
To th' Reel o' Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that 's good watch o'er him;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' them;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious spot,
And may he never want a groat
That 's fond o' Tullochgorum.

But for the sullen, frumpish fool,
That loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him;
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
Dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, wae's me for him;
May dool and sorrow be his chance
Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,
Wha e'er he be that winna dance
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

When Burns paid his visit to the North in 1787, he met Bishop Skinner, the bard's son, in Aberdeen. During the conversation Burns asked the bishop, "Didna your father write also The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn?" "Yes," was the reply. "Oh! an' I had the loun that did it," Burns continued, in a rapture of praise, "only to tell him how I love his truly Scottish muse!" When he subsequently remarked that he had been at Gordon Castle and Peterhead, the bishop said, "Then you were within four Scot's miles of Tullochgorum's dwelling." Burns was very much disappointed at not having known this, and Mr. Skinner was equally sorry to have missed seeing the famous plowman poet. But he at once wrote to Burns, and proposed a correspondence; the epistle being in verse, which recalls Burns's own style: —

"Wae's my auld heart, I wasna wi' you,
Tho' worth your while, I couldna gie you,
But sin' I hadna hap to see you
Whan ye was North
I 'm bauld to send my service to you
Hyne o'er the Forth."

The closing verses of this letter are dignified by a fine touch of devotion, well becoming the message of an old poet to a young one: —

"An hour or sae, by hook or crook,
And maybe twa, some orra ouk
That I can spare from holy book,
For that 's my hobby,
I 'll slip awa' to some bye neuk
And crack wi' Robbie.

"Sae canty ploughman, fare ye weel,
Lord bless you lang wi' hae and heil,
And keep you aye the honest chiel
That ye hae been;
Syne lift you to a better biel
When this is dane."

A strong attachment and an interesting correspondence followed, and in a letter dated October 25, 1787, Skinner says, "While I was young I dabbled a good deal in these things, but on getting the black gown I gave it pretty much over, till my daughters grew up, who, being all tolerably good singers, plagued me for words to some of their favorite tunes, and so extorted those effusions which have made a public appearance beyond my expectations; at the same time that I hope there is nothing to be found in them unbecoming the cloth, which I would always wish to see respected."

Skinner looked forward to a long and honored career for his peasant-poet friend, and had written to him thus: —

"But thanks to praise, ye 're i' your prime,
And may chant on, this lang, lang time,
For, let me tell you, 't war a crime
To haud your tongue;
Wi' sic a knack's ye hae at rhyme,
And ye sae young."

Yet Burns had been lying eleven years in Dumfries churchyard when Skinner died. They were "a noble twain" in their warm and disinterested affection, and Burns bears this honorable testimony to his friend: "He is one of the worthiest of mankind." It is this fact which illumines the whole life of the simple parish priest. The district in which he lived was one of the most desolate in Scotland: a great moor, unbroken by tree, or shrub, or house. But there was always light and warmth and welcome in the minister's cottage. "What a consolation have I!" the good man used to say: "my taper never burns in vain; for should it fail to cheer myself and family, it seldom fails to cheer and guide some solitary traveler;" and indeed he could not go to rest with comfort while there was the chance of any human creature crossing the lonely moor.

Undoubtedly, John Skinner was a happy man, in spite of his poverty, for it is of himself he writes in the Stipendless Parson and the Old Man's Song; the latter, in spite of its odd metre, a worthy companion to "John Anderson, my jo, John." The following three stanzas are from it: —

"We began in the warld wi' naething, O,
And we 've jogg'd on, and toil'd for the ae thing, O;
We made use of what we had,
And our thankful hearts were glad,
When we got the bit meat and the claithing, O.

"What tho' we cannot boast of our guineas, O,
We have plenty of Jockies and Jeanies, O;
And these, I am certain, are
More desirable by far
Than a bag full of poor yellow steinies, O.

"And when we leave this poor habitation, O,
We 'll depart with a good commendation, O;
We 'll go hand in hand, I wiss,
To a better house than this,
To make room for the next generation, O."

His wife, however, went first. They had lived together in a rare felicity for fifty-eight years, and Skinner was nearly eighty when she left him. But he bore the loss with characteristic serenity and hopefulness, and when Ferguson of Pitfour wrote to ask "what he could do to make him comfortable" answered, —

"Now in my eightieth year, my thread near spun,
My race through poverty and labor run,
Wishing to be by all my flock beloved,
And for long service by my Judge approved,
Death at my door, and heaven in my eye,
From rich or great, what comfort now need I?"

Seven years after this event, his son, Bishop of Aberdeen, pressed him to come and spend his last days with him; and he accepted this invitation with a frank pleasure, writing thus: "I cordially embrace your proposal, and am making preparations to be with you, God willing, next week. . . . I wish much to see once more my children's grandchildren, and peace upon Israel."

Then he resigned the flock he had lovingly tended for nearly sixty-five years, and removed to Aberdeen. On the twelfth day afterwards, being then eighty-six years old, he fell asleep, without a struggle or a sigh, in the arms of his beloved son.

Just about the time that Skinner

wrote the song of Tullochgorum, the University of Aberdeen took a most unusual step. It sought out a priest of the Church of Rome, and voluntarily conferred on him the degree of LL. D. This man, selected from the papal ranks by a Presbyterian body as worthy of honor, was Alexander Geddes; and he was the first Roman Catholic on whom it had been bestowed by this seat of learning since the Reformation. The honor — for such it was undoubtedly regarded — was not given in recognition of any special or splendid literary or theological attainments, but simply for a catholicity so broad and grand and genial that even the stern, narrow, covenanting spirit of that day acknowledged and admired it. Loyal to the Church of Rome and her traditions, he had the kindliest feeling towards all men, no matter by what religious name they were known; and he not only held pleasant social intercourse with Protestant ministers, but not seldom had been present at their worship. This conduct did not commend itself to his superiors. He was ordered to renounce all heretics, or resign his charge. He gave up his charge, though he remained in full allegiance to his order. It was to mark its sympathy with the priest in this crisis of his life that the University of Aberdeen gave him a degree. But in other respects the man was well worthy of it. He was a fine Hebrew, Greek, and Latin scholar, and had also an intimate and practical knowledge of French, German, Spanish, and Low Dutch; while in biblical history his attainments were wide and far-reaching. There was probably another reason why the Senatus of Aberdeen espoused his cause: he was a Scotsman, and a Scot of that part of the country from which the great northern university draws most of its students.

Dr. Geddes was born in Banffshire, and he inherited his singularly broad religious sympathies; for although his father and mother were Catholics, they sent him to a school where the Shorter Catechism was a text-book, Reasons, and Reasons Annexed included; and also permitted him to read the Protestant version of the Scriptures. He studied subsequently at the Roman Catholic school of Sculan, which was situated in such a deep and dismal glen that the sun was not visible there for many months in the year. "Pray be so kind," Geddes wrote to a friend, "as to make particular inquiries after the health of the sun; fail not to present my compliments, and tell him I still hope some day to renew my personal acquaintance with him."

In his twenty-seventh year he became chaplain to the Earl of Traquare. He was handsome, polished, and clever, and a young relative of the earl's fell deeply in love with the fascinating priest. Her love was ardently returned, but his vows and his honor alike forbade the affection, and after a bitter struggle with himself he bade farewell to love and Traquare, and, hiding himself among the libraries of Paris, strove to forget, amid abstruse learning, one fair, haunting face.

After many years he returned to Scotland, and built up a noble church, but his utter want of sectarian policy again brought on him the censure of his bishop; and as he persistently refused to believe that all stones would be rejected save those fashioned by Rome, he was again suspended. Then the Earl of Traquare, remembering the noble conduct of the young priest years before, became his warm friend, and procured him the office of priest to the Austrian embassy. The duties of this position were so light that he began at once a task which he had long contemplated, — a translation of the Bible for English Catholics. When the first volume appeared, Protestants and Catholics alike condemned it; not for any inaccuracy, but for the author's own critical remarks, he having raised the same doubts and questions that in more re-

cent times are associated with Bishop Colenso's name. In the second volume he was no more prudent, and the work was a financial failure; but so thoroughly was the man loved and respected that the clergy of the time — Protestant and Catholic alike — contributed a sum of money sufficient to free him from pecuniary annoyance and obligation.

He died in 1802, and biographical notices of that date speak highly of his polemical and theological works, and say that, in addition, he wrote "some indifferent songs." Posterity has reversed this judgment. His learned writings are forgotten, his translation of the Bible is a curiosity, and the "indifferent" poems are the link between Dr. Geddes and all future lovers of Scotch song. Indeed, if he had written nothing but that most touching of all Jacobite songs, "Oh! send Lewie Gordon hame," he would never be forgotten.

The Pretender was of course "the lad we daurna name," and Lewie Gordon was the third son of the Duke of Gordon. In the rising of 1745, the head of the house remained faithful to the house of Hanover; but young Louis went with the clans, and after Culloden had to flee the country. All the Gordons sympathized with them, and his sister, the Countess of Aberdeen, a very beautiful woman, stopped the Duke of Cumberland on the highway to reproach him with his brutality. "Who are you?" he asked, bluntly enough. She lifted her head defiantly, and answered not, I am Countess of Aberdeen, but "I am the sister of Lord Louis Gordon."

The exquisite words were set to a fine old air, once sung in the Roman church as a Sanctus, and which may yet be found in Whittaker's Church Music as a hymn harmonized for four voices. But never did words and music fit each other more perfectly; almost any lover of Scotch song and Scotch music would declare that they must have come from one and the same inspiration. Perhaps it was so, because in this case the musician's lyre was the musician's heart, and from the sorrow and disappointment of life came the touching little song, —

"Oh! send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I daurna name;
Though his back be at the wa',
Here 's to him that 's far awa'."

Amelia Barr.

CARLYLE AND EMERSON.

A BALE-FIRE kindled in the night,
By night a blaze, by day a cloud,
With flame and smoke all England woke, —
It climbed so high, it roared so loud.

While over Massachusetts' pines
Uprose a white and steadfast star;
And many a night it hung unwatched, —
It shone so still, it seemed so far.

But Light is Fire, and Fire is Light;
And mariners are glad for these, —
The torch that flares along the coast,
The star that beams above the seas.

Montgomery Schuyler.

BRIDGET'S STORY.

Well, miss, you see the trouble is, Ellen gets a bit religious now an' then, an' spends more time prayin' than may be the Lord requires of a woman as 'as a big family to see to. She 's a nice woman tho', an' 'as a good 'ead to 'er, steadier nor 'er 'usband's. 'E 's stylish-like, an' 'e 'd be pleased if she 'd go with finer sort o' company nor she do. She just laughs at 'im, an' says, "Oh, bah, John, you 'll never catch me a-runnin' after my betters. Them as was good enough for us when we was yoong is good enough now we is old."

"'E 'd like me," says she, "to be dressed in satin from Monday to Saturday, let alone Sunday; an' 'ow would the washin' an' the bakin' fare then?"

I think mysel' Ellen had the rights of it. She 's just a common, nice body, an' what 'ould be the use o' 'er trickin' 'ersel' out like a gran' leddy. It 's only people in this country as try to make themsel's look yoong, an' finer nor their condition. I think it 's ridic'lous for owld women to fix themsel's out like yoong wenches. I like to see the quality dress up, but it 's not allays the gran'est as go the gayest. I remember, in England, the first time the Queen coom to Chatsworth after she was married. The Duke 'ad an eye on the Queen when she was yoong, an' she coom there; an' for five or six weeks before, all the gentry was givin' the owld women round about new petticoats an' new shoes, so 's they should look nice for the Queen to see. I 'ad a sister in service at Chatsworth, an' so we went over there from where we lived in Lancashire. I 'm Irish born, you know, but we 'd lived in Lancashire since I wur a little child, an' folks say as I spake nayther like the Irish nor the English. I 'm just 'alf an' 'alf, a kind of a mixed creatur' at best. I know the Lancashire di-log, but I don't spake it often; my father never liked to hear it in the 'ouse, for he wur an educated man. Well, we took a spring cart an' drove to Chatsworth, the night before the Queen coom, an' we lodged in a public 'ouse, the whole on us in one room, all but my father, as 'ad a friend in the town, an owld man, who took 'im 'ome to 'is 'ouse.

The next day we went to the park, an' they ranged us along to see the sight, with the smaller children in front. An' when the Queen coom, why, she 'ad on just a black silk gown, with never a flounce nor a tuck on it, — not so much as a tuck. She wore mud boots, too, laced up at the side, an' 'er 'air brought down on 'er forehead, an' then brushed back plain, an' twisted behind 'er 'ead; not a fashionable knob, nayther, — nothing but a little twist. She coom along, an' behind was the nurse with the Queen's child, carryin' it out *so* in 'er arms; an' the Queen spoke to the woman, an' she coom close to where we was stan'in', so 's I put out my 'and an' touched the child's dress, as was long, an' soft, an' white. She 'eld it down so 's we could all see it, an' then another maid took it an' carried it off to show to the people in another part o' the park.

Then two men took the gran' cushions out o' the Queen's carriage, an' lifted all the little lads an' wenches into the carriage. Eh, but they throwed themsel's back an' sat down, afore they were lifted out the other side. They went streamin' in an' out, an' I was among 'em. I have sat in the Queen's carriage!

Aw well, — it 's a long road from the Queen at Chatsworth to Ellen McKiernan an' 'er man up 'ere, but now my lines are cast among such as the McKiernans.

Mr. McKiernan is a bit yoonger nor she, an' 'e 's like a man yoonger nor

'e is, an' that, I think, 'elps to make a little trouble between 'em, off an' on. Then Tom, the eldest boy, is 'is father's idol; but when the lad took to bad ways, drinkin', idlin' nights, an' gamblin', Ellen did not like it, an' fussed about it, while the father, as ought to ha' known better, said, —

"Whisht, let the lad alone. Yoong men must 'ave their fling. I was just like 'im at 'is age."

"The more shame to you!" cried Ellen, "for tellin' on it afore the childer, an' spakin' light o' the laws of God 'n' man."

So she turned to Tom, an' says she, "Tom, I worked in the mill day-times, an' I worked in the 'ouse nights, when I was the mother of seven small childer; an' you, as 'as nothin' but a man's part to do in this world, 'ill never know 'ow 'ard a woman's lot can be. I never shirked my work, for I wanted to give you schoolin', an' 'ave you larn a good trade. I kept you at school till you was fourteen, when all yer mates went in the mill at twelve year old, an' yoonger; an' now you 're twenty, you 've larned the machinist's trade, you can do for yersel', an' I won't put up with your coomin' 'ome late nights, makin' a row, bringin' drink an' bad company in the 'ouse, an' tachin' bad ways to your brothers an' sisters. If you cannot coom peaceable, an' in due season, you must go somewheres else to board."

She spoke up pretty fierce, but she had n't no more thought the lad 'ould go away nor she 'ad that the man in the moon 'ould coom down to live wid her. But the father said as if the boy went 'e 'd go too; an' then she wur mad, an' says she, —

"Ye 'd better be off wid ye, John McKiernan, than stoppin' at 'ome, uphowldin' the boy in bad ways. A man o' your age! Ye 'd better be on your knees a-sayin' your prayers."

Then the father an' son marched off, 'oldin' up their 'eads like soldiers; an' they both stopped out late that night, an' coom 'ome a-roarin' an' singin'. John McKiernan is quite a pote; 'e makes little rhymes, an' puts the words in their places so 's the verses coom out right; an' when 'e coom into the kitchen, a-racketin' an' a-knockin' over the chairs in the dark, 'e was singin' away verses about Ellen 'ersel', as 'e 'd made up. She 'eared 'im, but she spake never a word, only bolted 'er bedroom door fast; while 'e begins to sing, When I was a Bachelor, an owld Irish song, as I 'ave 'eared my father sing when I was a bit of a girl. There 's not manny folk as know it now. I can say it in Irish an' English both. 'E shouted out in the dead o' night, the most aggeravatin' of all the verses: —

"I fancied the mopsey,
Her fortune 'as deceived me,
It makes me cry an' often sigh,
The shirt I cannot wear it.

"When I rise in the morning,
I go to my labor,
I never do coom 'ome,
Till duskes cooms on fairly.

"I find me cabin dirty,
An' me bed, it 's in bad order,
Me wife is cabin hearing,
An' me baby always bawlin'."

That was n't a pleasin' song for Ellen to 'ear, an' it wur n't true, nayther; for she 's not a mopsey, but a clean, decent body, as keeps a nice 'ouse, an' does n't run round to the neighbors no more 'n is reasonable for a live woman, as does n't expect to wrap 'ersel' up in a sheet, an' keep as distant from folks as a ghost.

When 'e 'ad finished the verses, an' was just beginnin' again When I was a Bachelor, McKiernan tries the bedroom door, an' finds it locked on 'im. So then 'e swears, an' Ellen spakes for the first time, an' calls through the keyhole, —

"I 've got the childer in 'ere, an' I 've spent the night a-prayin' for you. You an' Tom may go up to the attic;

an' my counsel is for you to get on yer knees yersel'."

Then there was more row, an' at the last Mr. McKiernan an' 'is son both posted off; an' the Lord knows where they passed the night.

In the mornin' the father coom an' fetched 'is clothes an' the lad's, an' they both took board together nigh to the mill, where Mr. McKiernan is a spinner.

Ellen took it pretty lofty at first.

"It 's well they 're away," said she. "The owld man was daft about the lad, an' I 'll not deny 'e 's a 'andsome, well-lookin' boy; but if there 'd 'a' been a robbery or a murder in the street, an' Tom 'ad been arrested on us, we could not have accounted for 'im, for 'alf the time we did not know where 'e was. As for the man, we 've lived together two an' twenty year, an' now, if 'e 's minded to go away, I 'll niver go after 'im, nor ask 'im to coom back, — no, not so much as walk by Mrs. Flinn's 'ouse, where 'e boards. I counseled 'im in good ways, an' the ways o' the church, an' I 'll not make any lamentation because 'e 's gone. It 's every day such things 'appen, a man leaves 'is woman. Lettin' alone is the best treatment for 'em."

For all 'er talk, I often seed 'er eyes was red, an' she went to church steadier 'n ever, an' she 'ad the childer an' 'ersel' a prayin' a good bit o' the time.

There was another in trouble, too, an' that was little Rosie Roberts, a pretty girl, with yellow 'air as looks like a dandelion. She 'd set 'er 'eart on Tom McKiernan, but 'er folks was always agin it. They was pretty 'igh-toned people. The mother kep' a store, an' the father was on the train. They looked 'igh for Rosie, an' the mother watched 'er like a cat. They was Protestants too, an' the difference of religion made troubles both sides. For my part, I think as we all worships the same God, — still, I confess as what he 'as ordained he 'as ordained, an' it 'll stan' forever; an' them as does n't go to mass misses a blessing, sure, as they might 'ave; for the mass is a holy thing as 'ull do anybody good, an' not Catholics alone.

I 'm not goin' to say as it 's well for Protestants an' Catholics to wed, but I always liked Rosie, an' when I see 'ow 'er 'eart was set on Tom, I was such a great fool as I thought the religion 'ould not make so much 'arm, for she wur not one to argue, an' I wished Tom 'ould behave himsel' an' marry 'er, an' be a good man to 'er, for I does like to see young folks 'appy.

But oh, when Tom was out o' 'is mother's eye, it seemed as if 'e would go to the devil straight, for Mr. McKiernan could no more manage the lad nor a three-year old child could fly a six-foot kite. The boy went from bad to worse, an' Mr. Roberts forbade 'im the 'ouse entirely, an' Rosie's eyes was redder 'n Ellen's.

I coomed by Mr. Roberts' one night, an' I seed Rosie hangin' over the gate, talkin' with Tom, outside. There was a bright moon, an' I seed the sad look was gone from 'er bonny face, which was all dimples an' smiles. But as I was a-staring at 'er, out coom Mr. Roberts, like a turkey gobbler rushin' at a red rag, an' dragged Rosie in, swearin' as she should not go to shame right out of 'er father's door. Tom started after, but Rosie cried out for 'im to go away; an' Missis Roberts an' a lot more women coom out, a-talkin' an' yellin', an' they got the girl in, an' shut the door, an' left Tom outside fightin' wid Rosie's brother.

I coom away then, for I spied the policeman a-coomin' up the street; an' that 's a sight as 'as a won'erful power to put a stop to an old woman's curiosity.

I went into Missis Roberts's store the next day, an' Rosie was there, with 'er little sister in 'er lap, — a baby as is

fretful, an' always wants summun to be settin' under 'er. Rosie looked very pale, but 'er mother looked black. The super of the Sunday-school was there, a sayin', —

"Missis Roberts, I 'm very sorry as Rosie should ha' set gossip goin' about 'er."

Then Missis Roberts rose up to 'er feet an' flung out 'er 'and at the girl, an' says, "There, Rosie! do ye 'ear that? Perhaps you 'll mind what your mother says after this, an' not wait till the stones in the streets is a hollain' out my very words, an' cryin' shame on ye."

"Oh," said the super, tryin' then to quiet the mother down, "I 've no manner o' doubt Rosie 'll be a good girl after this."

'E spoke to the baby, an' 'e said as 'e 'd like to buy some tape, an' so 'e got away; but Rosie said never a word to 'im, only grew whiter 'n' whiter, an' let 'er 'ands fall down at 'er side, so 's the baby 'ad to 'old 'er own little back up.

While the super was buyin' the tape, I said to Rosie, —

"'Ad you been walkin' with Tom, last night?"

"Yes," said she; "we 'd walked from the grocer's. I only met 'im by chance."

"But you like 'im," said I, "an' 'e 's a wild lad."

"We never 'ad no love talk," said she; an' then, in a minute more, she spake again: "I 'll never stay 'ere to be talked about."

Then the mother coom back to us, an' I went out o' the store.

Sure enough, the girl runned away, an' then there was more talk than ever about 'er.

Ellen coom out in the middle of the day to tell me, though she was doin' a bleach, an' 'ad not so much as a shawl about 'er. She 'd just run out in 'er figger. She cried, an' said as 'ow Tom was good enough for any girl in the place: an' one minute she vowed 'e was too good for a girl as 'ould do such a shameful thing as run away from 'ome, an' next she 'd say that Rosie was a sweet innocent thing, an' she 'oped she'd see 'er Tom's wife yet, an' it was only people's goin' back an' forth an' tellin' things as 'ad ever made any trouble. She was just distraught, an' she said whatever coom into 'er silly 'ead; so at last it coom out that when Tom 'ad 'eared as Rosie was gone 'e 'ad quit work, an' was on a spree then.

"An' I 've not seen 'im," cried 'is mother; "I only 'ear about 'im on the street, — my own eldest born!"

I met Tom a day or two after on the street, an' I went up to 'im, an' laid a 'and on 'is arm. I looked 'im steady in the eye, an' 'e reddened a bit, an' 'is mouth trembled like a baby's.

"Tom," said I, "what 's the use of a fine lad like you goin' to the bad, when 'e might just as easy go to the good, an' make 'is friends all 'appy?"

"It 's not many friends I 'as," said the young fellow. "You know, Bridget, I 'd never 'a' done 'arm to Rosie; but she runs away, when she 'ears 'er name mentioned with mine, as if I was the plague."

"Oh," said I, "you think you 'd never 'a' done 'er 'arm; but it 's little lads know what they 'll coom to do as keeps bad coompany, an' takes no counsel but their own wild wishes. She runned to save 'ersel', — a wise little body! Go after 'er, Tom, bring 'er 'ome to be your mother's daughter, an' make up your mind once for all to be a decent, steady man."

I don't know what got into me to speak them words, but when 'e 'eared me, first 'e grew white, an' then 'e grew red.

"You 're a wise woman, too," said he, an' 'e walked away, an' the next day they telled me 'e 'ad gone from the town.

The Robertses soon 'eared from Rosie, 'ow she 'ad got a good place with a rich family in Fall River; so they thought it best to leave 'er there. But where Tom was we did not know.

Well, Ellen took it 'ard, an' she seemed to feel the father's bein' away more, now Tom was clean gone; an' yet the man did not coom back. She 'd stan' at 'er door at night, an' strain 'er eyes lookin' towards the mill, where McKiernan worked, but she never see 'im coomin' towards 'er. Eh, but women is queer creatur's, cryin' an' scoldin' an' sputterin', yet lovin' all the while.

She fell sick, bein' so worried, an' one night I stayed wid 'er. I was dozin' in the kitchen, when I 'eared a great crash; I runned into the other room, an' there Ellen lay on the floor, wid 'er eyes wide starin' open, an' 'er limbs stretched out on the boards, an' in one 'and she 'ad a lock o' 'er own 'air, as she 'd pulled out.

"Oh," cried I, "'ow long 'ave you been there?"

"Whisht, whisht!" says she. "Do ye 'ear the music?"

"Music!" says I. "Are ye mad?"

"Oh," says she, "it 's gran' music; an' do ye see the fine yoong ladies; as is makin' it? There they is, all stan'in' round against the wall. Look at 'em, dressed in white, an' with bells on their fingers!"

She was so wild, I was scared, an' I humored 'er a bit, an' said as I 'eared 'em an' seed 'em, an' coaxed 'er the while back to bed.

She laid 'er 'ead down on the pillow, an' fetched a great sigh. "Ah," says she, "they 're just vanishin', vanishin', an' the music 's a-fadin' away."

Then she wrung 'er 'ands an' fell a-cryin', an' I 'ad plenty o' work that night to do, caring for 'er. But she mended fearful 'at after, an' in a day or two she was quite well.

Then she went to the priest, an' telled 'im all 'er trouble: 'ow Mr. McKiernan 'ad been a good 'usband an' very agreeable to 'er for twenty-two years, an' 'ow 'ard she thought it as 'e should leave 'er now; an' she towld 'im all about Tom, too.

Father Kent treated 'er very kind, an' says 'e, —

"I cannot 'elp ye about Tom. Yoong men will 'ave their fling; an' any way, 'e 's beyond my reach. Ye can do nought but pray for 'im, as was always a mother's work, from the time of the Blessed Virgin. As for your 'usband, I 'll see to 'im."

Ellen coomed 'ome wid a lighter 'eart, an' waited, wid 'er little ones around 'er, for the coomin' o' the man.

Father Kent went twice to the mill to see Mr. McKiernan, an' the second time the man got mad, an' spake up saucy, an' said queer things to the priest.

"I don't doubt, Father Kent," says 'e, "as you 're a scholard an' a gentleman, an' I knows you 're a priest, but you need n't coom meddlin' with me."

Then Father Kent stamped 'is foot, an' says 'e,

"You 've 'eared what I 'ad to say, McKiernan. Go ye 'ome to your wife, an' don't force me to coom again about this business."

An' that night Mr. McKiernan went 'ome. Ellen telled me all about it. She wur stan'in' at the table cuttin' out a dress for a neighbor; for she 's very 'andy at such things, an' willin' to do little jobs o' that sort for anybody. It was about nine in the evenin', an' as she stood with 'er back to the door in stalked Mr. McKiernan, lookin' as sour as a boy as 'as been licked. Ellen's 'eart give a jump, but she never said nothin', nor turned round, only caught a side glance of 'im as 'e went past 'er.

'E sat down in a chair, an' 'e kicked off first one shoe, an' then another; an' all the while 'er scissors wur goin' faster than ever. When 'e 'd sat still about five minutes, up 'e got, an' stamped away to 'is room. Then Ellen turned,

an' threw up 'er arms wid a great swoop, an' says she, 'alf aloud, —

"Lord save us, see the ghost!" An' the little childer began to titter at that.

"Shut up," says she, "laughin' at your dad."

But little Peter, he giggled on, an' the father growled from the other room; so Ellen caught up the boy, an' rocked 'im, an' hugged 'im, an' got 'im quiet. She was that glad 'er 'usband 'ad coom 'ome, I think, she did not care 'ow mad an' glum 'e acted.

When Mr. McKiernan came out for 'is breakfast, the next morning, Ellen flew to the table, an' began movin' some dishes.

"I'll clear off Peter's things," said she.

"Oh," said Mr. McKiernan, "ye like to 'ear yersel' talk;" an' 'e shoveled in 'is meat, an' said no more, till she asked 'im, timid-like, should she send 'is dinner to the mill.

"Are n't ye the 'ousekeeper?" says 'e, sharp again. "Ye like to 'ear yersel' talk;" an' off 'e went to 'is work.

That afternoon I was goin' by, an' Ellen called me to coom in.

"I must go 'ome an' feed my cat," said I.

She laughed. "Hoot wi' yer cat," says she. "I hunted 'er off o' my chickens the other day. Coom in; it 's summat better worth 'earin' nor a cat 's meowin', as I 'ave to tell ye."

So I stopped in, an' she made me laugh till my sides ache, a-mimickin' all Mr. McKiernan's gran' ways an' sour looks. But she stopped in 'er laughin' an' cried a bit, sayin', —

"I 'm the wretchedest mother in the town," says she; "an' Father Kent said 'e could not 'elp me about Tom."

So wantin' to cheer 'er, I says, —

"Mr. McKiernan only shows 'is good sense in coomin' 'ome, Ellen. There 's not a woman I knows as keeps a cheerfuller kitchen."

"It 'ould not ha' been cheerful long," says she, "if 'e 'ad not coom, for I 'm near out o' money."

"Well, 'e *is* coom," says I. "An' now you must keep 'im. What did you send 'im for 'is dinner?"

"Beefsteak," says she, catchin' up little Peter, as 'ad been pullin' at 'er knee, an' suckin' at a lump o' sugar.

"That 's right," says I. "Now you must ha' summat good for 'is supper."

"Yes," says she. "What do ye think on?"

"Scollops," says I.

"What 's them?" says she, takin' 'old of Peter's 'ands, an' swingin' 'im down to the floor, an' then bringin' 'im up again on 'er knees, an' 'e a-laughin' till 'e almost choked.

"A kind o' fish," says I. "I 'll be bound Mr. McKiernan 'ull like 'em. Send Katie down to the market for 'em. They 'll be about thirty cents a quart."

So she said she would; an' I seed she felt quite 'appy, so I picked up my shawl an' the pail of milk I was takin' 'ome, an' trudged on to my cellar an' my cat.

The next day was Sunday, an' as I was coomin' 'ome from church, when I got opposite Mr. McKiernan's 'ouse, Ellen, as was stan'in' in the door, not 'avin' took off 'er bonnet, called to me.

"Just stop to dinner, Bridget!" says she.

"Nay, nay," says I. "A family likes to 'ave its Sunday dinner to theirsel's."

Her face clouded, but Mr. McKiernan, as was smokin' in the yard, says, —

"Coom in, Bridget; there 's always a seat for you at my table."

So seein' 'im so cordial, I went in; an' Ellen, I thought, was glad not to be left much alone wid 'im. I sat there till about three, when 'e marches up to 'is wife an' speaks very pleasant, an' says, "Just make me a cup o' tea, Ellen;" an' up she jumps, with smiles all over 'er face, to do it. Then I thought they was gettin' friendly, an' I coomed away.

But she bade me to coom in the very next night, for she said she 'ad to ask 'im for money, an' she felt she 'd be bolder to do it if I was by. So Monday evening I was there before duskes. They was always a family as provided well, the way I like to see folks do, — 'alf a barrel o' flour, an' 'alf a keg o' butter, an' a whole ham at a time; but while Mr. McKiernan was off, Ellen 'ad been put to it to keep things up, an' 'ad run low in every way.

After we 'ad 'ad a good supper, she picked up Jimmy, one o' the little boys; an' while Peter hung on 'er knees, she poked 'er fingers careless-like into the 'oles in Jimmy's shoes, till 'e squealed out as she tickled 'im, an' says he, —

"Mammy, I want some new shoes."

"Eh," says I; "let 's see the shoes ye 've got on."

Then the little fellow twisted round in 'is mother's lap, an' stuck out 'is two feet to me.

"They 're awful bad," says the boy. An' Mr. McKiernan spoke up from the table, where 'e sat readin' an owld paper:

"Why don't you get 'im some shoes, Ellen?"

'E spoke gently, an' Ellen laughed, an' says she, —

"I never knew shoes to coom walkin' into a 'ouse without feet in 'em, or feet goin' after 'em."

"An' money, too," says I.

"Don't ye 'ave no paper, now?" says Mr. McKiernan, takin' no notice of what we 'd been a-sayin'.

"No," says Ellen. "There wa' n't nobody to read it, an' I stopped it."

"Well," says 'e, risin' up, "I 'll go an' give an order for one to be left every night, after this."

"That 'll be good," says Ellen, bent on pleasin' 'im, "for I did miss 'earin' you talk about the news."

Then she played some more with Jimmy's shoes; an' says 'e again, like a little parrot, —

"Mammy, I want some shoes."

"Ah," says the mother, "I 'd give you some, quick, if I 'ad the money; but fifty cents won't buy ye shoes, now you 've growed so big."

Mr. McKiernan 'ad got on 'is coat by this time, an' says 'e, in a lofty way, —

"Give me your fifty cents, Ellen, an' I 'll give you a ten-dollar bill for it."

Ye may be sure, she was n't no great time makin' that change; an' 'e went out o' the 'ouse, an' she clapped on 'er bonnet an' shawl, an' started off 'ersel' for the shoes.

They coomed back together, talkin' an' carryin' parcels like a couple of young sweet'earts, an' I just laughed at 'em. As we all stood round, with the childer 'angin' on our legs, the door burst open, an' in coom Tom an' Rosie.

"Holloa!" cried Tom; an' Ellen fetched a screech, an' rushed at the lad as if she 'd smother 'im; but Rosie stood apart, with a shy look in 'er eyes an' a blush on 'er cheek, till Tom left 'is mother, an' took the girl's 'and, an' said, like a man, —

"I went after 'er, an' one day, as she was washin' dishes, I coom softly into the kitchen; an' when she looked up she saw me, an' she cried out, an' let the cup fall as she was 'oldin', an' it broke, an' out coom the missus to know what was the matter; an' I telled 'em both together as I 'd made up my mind to be a steady fellow, an' I 'd coom to marry Rosie; an' Rosie, she made believe as she did n't care about me, till the missus laughed, an' bade 'er speak the truth; an' then" —

"Now, Tom, you need n't say no more," said Rosie; an' Mr. McKiernan marched up to 'er, an' says, very courteous-like, —

"I 'll make ye kindly welcome to be my son's wife."

"Eh, but she 's that already!" cried Tom. "We was married a week ago."

Everybody screamed but Ellen, who just throwed 'er arms round the girl's neck an' hugged 'er 'ard.

L. C. Wyman.

LIFE IN OLD SIENA.

In many of the more ancient Italian cities, and most of all in Rome, we are continually irritated by contrasts. We pass in a moment from all that is noble in what is old to all that is trivial in what is new, making incessant effort to attune ourselves to our surroundings. The worst of it is we are often attacked by a painful suspicion that the occasional involuntary relief we experience, on releasing our attention from the great demands of antiquity upon it, is a sign that we ourselves may partake of the cheapness and gaudiness of modern times: we feel shrunken, disheartened, humiliated; one life seems but a trivial thing beside these forms which have watched the passing of thousands of generations; we are like butterflies beating against a tomb. Whether one gathers the wild flowers in the clefts of the Coliseum, or lies gazing at the Alps from the amphitheatre at Verona, or sees the relics of a greater city unearthed beneath the feet of the living at Bologna, melancholy — passive and tender, indeed, but still melancholy — is and must be the predominant tone of feeling. So it is in Venice, in Pisa, in Ravenna, in a hundred other places; and it has its charm. I know of only one city in Italy where, instead of being placed in antagonism to the past, one seems assimilated with it. The reason of this I find to be the entire harmony of the surroundings, which altogether exclude the idea of newness, while they yet make no painful suggestions of decay. Not only do the buildings preserve the old traditions in great measure, but even the ancient inhabitants of Siena do not seem entirely to have passed away. They appear to have undergone a perpetual metempsychosis, which has preserved much of the old trick of thought and speech and gesture, and they are not in the least out of harmony with the old palaces they inhabit. If they are obliged to construct new habitations, they do it in the antique fashion so far as possible, and manage these "restorations" with a reverent touch, in which there is no trace of personal vanity. Therefore, at Siena one is content and tranquil as well as awed and interested. Is there a subtile flattery in these old buildings which open their doors to us, as if we were not unworthy of their fame, instead of relegating us to some newly built hotel in the "strangers' quarter"? Certainly, as we sit on a balcony overlooking the Piazza del Campo on the day of the great races, when all the ancient bravery of battle array comes forth, — the *carroccio*, the men full clad in armor, the mediæval costumes of the pages, the gayly-caparisoned horses, the tapestried windows, — it is difficult to persuade ourselves that we are in and of the nineteenth century.

Nor does the past seem far away or strange to the Sienese of the present day. However tame and monotonous may be the actual life in so small a city, Siena never forgets the dignity and activity which has once been hers. From the thirteenth century onwards, nothing has faded out of her memory. Even in the middle of this century, at the time when Florence became the capital of Italy, and delegations from all parts of the country were hastening thither, it was difficult, says Mr. Trollope, to persuade the Sienese that they would be well received; and when the reason was finally arrived at, it was found to be a fear that the Florentines still bore them a grudge on account of the disastrous defeat of the Florentine army at Monte Aperto, in 1260!

This battle is indeed an epoch in Siena's history; for the great victory over

the Guelph party allowed the city a period of repose, in which it grew and prospered, and which was its golden age. Familiar as the story is, I never return to Siena without feeling a fresh interest in it. As I pass through the Piazza Tolomei, I seem to see the elders of the city and the populace assembled there on that September morning, when the haughty message is received from the besieging army spread out on the plains below: "Make breaches in your walls, so that we can enter at our will." I hear Bandinelli's wily insinuations that it might be better to comply with the demand; and then the indignant retort of Provenzano Salvani, whose indomitable firmness overcomes hesitation, and makes treachery slink away. A dictator for the time being is chosen, and the great banker Salimbeni promptly offers a loan of 18,000 florins, to quicken the zeal of the German mercenaries by double pay. The new dictator, Bonaguida Lucari, now comes forward and addresses the people: "It seems to me fitting at this juncture that we should devote our persons and our wealth, our city and our district, with all that we have, to the Virgin Mary." He bares his head and his feet, and lays aside his robes, and in his tunic, with a rope around his neck and the keys of the city in his hand, he heads a procession of the citizens, all barefoot like himself, to the cathedral. The venerable archbishop meets him at the threshold, and embraces him with tears. There is weeping and embracing throughout the great building, with the reconciliation and oblivion of long-existing feuds, as Bonaguida advances to the high altar, and, kneeling before the statue of the Virgin, solemnly dedicates the city and its inhabitants to the "most pitiful mother, the counselor and helper of the distressed." But there was work as well as prayer. All night the city was astir; "old men, women, and children aided in preparing armor;" and at daybreak the long procession filed out of Porta Pispini (then San Viene), with the great battle-car in the midst. Not an able-bodied man was left in Siena that day. Those who could not fight crowded to the Duomo to pray, while from time to time the sentinels on the Marescotti[1] tower gave notice of the varying fortunes of the battle: "Pray for our army, for it seems to waver;" and again, "Now it is the enemy that is in flight;" until towards sunset comes the joyful notice from the trumpeter, "sounding from his tower the signal of victory," that the Florentine standards are prostrate, and their forces in confusion. Through the same gate, the next day, came back the conquering army, preceded by the messenger who had brought the insolent summons riding on an ass, with his face towards the ass's tail, and his hands bound behind him; the proud banner of Florence trailing in the dust. Again to the Duomo, this time with psalms of thanksgiving; and it was ordered that "every citizen over sixteen years old should offer a wax candle at the cathedral on Assumption Day," and that to the inscription "Sena Vetus" on the coins should be added, "Civitas Virginis."

An uncle of Dante, Brunetto Bellincioni, was in the Guelphic army, and it is not impossible, as a recent writer remarks, that from his lips the poet may, when a child, have heard the story of that woful day. Wandering, in later years, by the little stream, whose banks were thickly sown with the bones of his kindred, his wrath burned hot against Siena, and imbittered every mention of her race in his great poem.

Now began a period of prosperity and luxury unequaled in Siena's earlier or later annals. This was the time of the "Brigata Godereccia," or twelve young gentlemen, who undertook "to do things that would make the world wonder;" they succeeded so well that

[1] Now Palazzo Saraceni.

they have been a laughing-stock ever since. They spent all their money in less than two years, by means of feasting, and throwing the dishes of gold and silver out of the windows after every banquet. But there were many nobler uses of this prosperity: money was freely lavished on art and architecture; the building of the Duomo was continued on a greatly enlarged scale, and its bewilderingly rich façade was begun. The population of the city had increased to two hundred thousand at the time when the plague broke out, in 1348, and brought desolation and almost ruin to the city. Some historians say that it carried off nine tenths of the people; others, that only fifteen thousand were left alive. From this blow Siena never entirely recovered. The broken arches of the unfinished *facciatone* of the Duomo bear witness still to the calamity. The cathedral no longer needed to be of such vast proportions for the diminished congregation. But the spirit of the Sienese was not broken. Wars and sieges were still before them, and to a period of luxury succeeded one of stern and almost savage temper, in which even the amusements of the people partook of the barbarian quality of the times. The favorite *guioco delle pugna*, or boxing game, was often prohibited by the authorities, and again permitted by popular desire. On the last Sunday of the Carnival, two great tents were erected in the Piazza del Campo, and whoever was disposed to take part in the game repaired thither. The contestants were under the direction of two captains, and marched to combat to the sound of trumpets and amid a crowd of excited spectators. The effects of the fray are thus described by Sermini, in one of his *novelle*: "There are at least two hundred, who, for a month to come, will not be able to earn their bread, by reason of their hurts. This one has a hand lamed, another an arm, another his jaw broken, or his shoulder dislocated, or his ribs fractured; here is a fellow quite used up and half dead. This one has lost his cloak, and that one his jacket, and another his cap, and they will have to wait long enough for new ones. 'Where is your brother?' 'He has been assisted home.' 'And are not you going too?' 'No; I must stay here for the present, though I know very well that I can't eat my supper to-night, on account of my smashed jaws.' 'And I can hardly speak, my ribs are so doubled up.' 'Ah, but I have two teeth less for to-day's fight.' 'And your neighbor, who was carried home, — how is he?' 'To-morrow we shall see, but I fear we shall have to bury him. By reason of this fight, six or more fellows will be dead before Easter. But you know how it is: if some die, others are always being born. However, for my part, I think that the lookers-on have the best of it.'"

From novelists such as Sermini, Sozzini, Bargagli, and Ilicini, we get most curious pictures of the manners and customs of the olden time in Siena. Many of their works have been lately republished; and modern writers, like Falletti-Fossati, Carpellini, Banchi, and Acquarone, are indefatigable in their efforts to restore the *couleur locale* to Siena's history. By the help of these books, old and new, we can understand pretty well what were the ways of daily life in Siena four hundred years ago.

We will suppose a stranger to have arrived at Siena towards the close of the fourteenth century. Having been detained on the way thither, he has not reached the top of the long ascent till after sunset, and he finds the city gates closed.[1] He must therefore be content with a lodging for himself and his horses and servants at a humble *osteria* outside the walls. His repose will not

[1] Some of the gates of Siena are even now shut at sunset, and it consequently once happened to the writer to have to make a long *détour* in order to enter the city after a country walk.

be untroubled, for all night long trains of mules will be arriving, laden with grain, stuffs, skins, and all manner of merchandise, and their drivers will be carousing in the courtyard. He will be quite ready to join the miscellaneous procession, when, at daybreak, the great bell from the tower of the Palazzo Pubblico announces that night is past, and that the citizens may issue from their houses. Slowly the heavy gates creak open, and through the narrow entrance pours the crowd of men and beasts, pushing, struggling, held back by the *gabellieri* until the tedious search for contraband articles and the payment of duties on lawful ones have taken place; these gabellieri being in their turn under the surveillance of men in the secret service of the municipality. Once inside the city gates, and toiling up the steep, narrow streets, the traveler sees the workmen hastening to their tasks, with hooded heads and enveloped in long cloaks; for the autumn mornings are frosty on the hill-top, and the chill of night still lingers in the streets. The chief movement is towards the Piazza del Campo, in the centre of the city, where, all around the outer edge of the great shell-like cavity, booths are being erected, and the venders of fish, flesh, straw, fruit, stuffs, and every imaginable article of commerce are spreading forth their wares. The centre of the shell is reserved for the sellers of earthen vessels. Vociferous bargaining with early housewives has already begun, and oxen, horses, cocks, mules, pigs, and sheep lend their voices to this *matinée*. The gay dresses of the peasants and the white head-cloths of the city servants add picturesqueness to the scene.

It is now seven o'clock, and the bell from the Mangia tower begins to sound again. This time it summons the city officials to their posts; and they come striding through the crowd with their red tunics and black or crimson hoods. They are hurrying along at a rather undignified pace, in order to reach the palazzo before the bell shall have stopped ringing, lest they should incur a fine for tardiness. Seated in their high-backed chairs behind a broad table, surrounded by their secretaries and messengers, they present a much more imposing appearance. All sorts of taxes must be received by them, and it is also their duty to preserve or dispose of all sequestrated property, especially weapons found on persons not allowed to carry them, to register the names of criminals, and to pay bounties to those who have procured any benefit to the city, such as the killing of a wolf or the building of a cistern. Other officers, each escorted by two soldiers in full armor, may be seen departing on their rounds to inspect all the shops and discover any false weights or smuggled goods. Suddenly a trumpet sounds; the babel of voices is hushed, and all eyes are turned towards the *banditore*, or herald, who advances from one of the dark streets on horseback. It would seem a sacrilege to call this gorgeous creature a town-crier; he is clad in red and white, and boasts a silver trumpet and a silken banner. As he is the only medium of public or official news, it well becomes all citizens to pay attention to him, until, with a parting flourish on his instrument, he dismisses his audience and disappears.

Our traveler by this time is glad to quit the noisy piazza, and seek the inn, whither his servants have preceded him. The landlord of the Three Kings has been only informed that a "pezzo grosso" (man of consideration) is coming, and the hotel is full of the good-natured bustle in which Italian courtesy shows itself. Here, in the best room, he will get some good old Chianti wine and a dish of tripe, or of fish from the Arbia; and the landlord will promise him a *lasca* from Lake Thrasymene for his dinner, if the Illustrissimo will honor his poor dwelling, or will whisper, care-

fully looking to see that no strangers are listening, that he has a fine shoulder of mutton in the cupboard. But this is a dead secret, for sheep's and pigs' flesh is not allowed to be sold within the city or suburbs; and if the vender were discovered, he would be obliged not only to pay a heavy fine, but to stand a whole day in the piazza, with the meat hung round his neck, a butt for the ridicule of all the street *gamins*.

Going out for a walk after breakfast, the Illustrissimo would find the streets full of the higher classes of the people: riders of gay horses careering through the streets (innocent now, as then, of sidewalks), crying "Salva! Salva!" to the pedestrians in their way; damsels on their high saddles, and pious dames on foot, returning from mass at their parish churches. The nobles were not, as in these days, distinguishable by being the worst dressed men in the crowd; on the contrary, they were known from the burghers by their black hats with golden cords and white plumes. They had an advantage over the other sex as to street costumes: they could display all their bravery abroad, while strict sumptuary laws relegated the elegant toilets of women to the house. The men's attire, of richest silk and velvet, sparkled with precious stones, and their horses were not infrequently shod with silver. But women of respectability were forbidden to appear out-of-doors in garments of luxury. No stuffs with woven or embroidered designs of flowers, fruits, animals, or arabesques were allowed. The girdle, from the earliest times one of the most costly portions of the dress, must no longer be "a veder più che la persona;" it must not be worth more than four florins, and even then must be *entirely concealed*. For did not those stern and bejeweled law-makers surely know that deft fingers, if allowed to display their handiwork, would make a thing of beauty out of the commonest and least expensive materials? A dark-colored mantle, ample enough to hide the figure, must also envelop the whole person from head to foot. But even these laws were not so stringent as those of Florence at the same period, which regulated the minutest details of female costume, even to jewelry; while the Sienese dame might display, in holding her mantle about her chin with one hand, and managing her train with the other, as many rings and bracelets as she chose. However, the dark eyes and brilliant complexions of the Sienese beauties doubtless shone all the more brightly in the setting of their dull mantles; and veils were not only not enjoined, but strictly forbidden, as tending to favor secrecy and unlawful designs. A lady of quality never went out on foot without being attended by two men-servants, one preceding and the other following her, while her maid walked, at a respectful distance, by her side; and there might also be a page to relieve her of the fatigue of holding up her long train. Thus attended, and deeply versed as any Turveydrop in the laws of deportment, "vera incessu patuit dea." She well knew that her step must not betoken pride, embarrassment, or frivolity; that her glance must evince, or at least affect, simplicity and honesty. As to natural, free exercise on foot in the open air, it was, and is in great measure to this day, a thing unknown to Italian women. The impossibility of young unmarried women going out alone early induces the habit of remaining in the house, which eventually makes it irksome to do more than creep to mass at a neighboring church.

But we will suppose our traveler to have gazed his fill at these unknown damsels and squires, for the bells of the churches are ringing for noon, and all Siena dines at this hour. Let us hope that mine host of the Three Kings has fulfilled his promises, and given the stranger occasion to think well of the

Sienese *cuisine*. At all events, he will have plenty of talk to season his repast, for the landlord will look in to see that his distinguished guest is well served, and to get the latest foreign news from him, in return for which he will detail all that is going on in the city. It is a pity that the Illustrissimo had not come a couple of months earlier, to see the race for the *palio*. "It was quite wonderful this year," says the host; "and *our* district, of the Bull, won the prize." And then follows a long description of the splendors of that great occasion, which I will not inflict upon my readers, who may have seen, or may see, that most beautiful and fascinating of all public festivals still kept upon Assumption Day, in the same manner as it was four hundred years ago. Besides, my wish is simply to describe an ordinary day's routine.

After his *siesta*, the Illustrissimo will think it time to pay visits to such acquaintances as he may have in the city. He will find the crowd in the streets even greater than in the morning. It is the hour of amusement and relaxation. Here a group has gathered around an *improvisatore;* or a *cantastorie* is droning out his long ballads in a monotonous recitative. Politicians are "discreetly" discussing public affairs about the shop doors; young girls are being safely convoyed by lynx-eyed mammas, and young men are intently studying the pretty faces as they pass, and perhaps getting a chance to whisper "Bella!" into some ear. It is not mere idle curiosity on their part, for all men between the ages of twenty-eight and fifty must marry, or be ineligible for any public office. The text of this curious law, which was promulgated in 1405, runs thus: "The city of Siena being deficient in population, and the wish of the citizens being that said city should prosper, it is provided and ordered that every citizen between the ages of twenty-eight and fifty years shall be bound and obliged to take a wife within a year from the day when the present provision goes into effect. And whoever is of contrary mind and neglects to obey cannot and shall not hold any public office until he takes a wife; the penalty for any such person who accepts office being one hundred pounds in Sienese money, and removal from said office; and it shall be lawful to bring accusations, and the fourth part of said penalty shall go to the accuser, another fourth part to the official who tries the case, and the half to the Commune of Siena. And the present provision does not include those who can give a legitimate reason for being excused on account of infirmity."

Following the stranger to the house of his friend, we find him received with the usual ceremonious and complimentary Southern welcome. In those old days, when visitors were rare and fortunes larger than at present, it could not be permitted that even an unexpected guest should remain at an inn. He is at once invited to pass the remainder of his stay in Siena under his friend's hospitable roof, with many reproaches for not having sooner made known his presence. Of course he endeavors to excuse himself. *Ma, che!* servants are quickly dispatched to the Three Kings for the stranger's *impedimenta;* and they are bidden to make haste, for the sun is setting, and the first curfew has already begun to ring. The city gates are closed, the shops are shutting, and the night watchmen are putting on their armor and gathering at headquarters. An hour later the second curfew sounds, and whoever has to go through the streets at this late hour must carry with him a wax candle, of a size regulated by law. Hasty good-nights are exchanged between the few passers-by, all quickening their steps to reach their homes before the third and last curfew shall strike; for then all the people *must* be within their houses, or pay the penalty of citation for their dis-

obedience. Thus two hours after sunset, by half past seven on this October evening, the streets are silent save for the watchman's tread, and dark except for the twinkling ray from some lamp before a shrine. Even now, with the blaze of gaslight, the open shops, and the busy crowd, there are steep, narrow lanes and flights of steps, where shadows lurk in the recesses and doorways; and the Via del Coltellaccio — the Street of the Ugly Knife — has an ominous sound.

But the citizens of Siena were not, as it would at first appear, deprived of all social pleasures after nightfall. Those bridges thrown from the upper story of one house to that of another, over streets and passages, of which one still sees many in all Italian cities, were not intended solely for the support of the high buildings against winds and earthquakes, or for escape in case of assault. They served also a pleasanter purpose as a means of communication during the hours when it was forbidden to go into the streets; and a whole neighborhood could thus assemble, and protract their festivities to as late an hour as they pleased. The Illustrissimo Signore, says his friend, has arrived at an opportune moment. To-night there is to be a *conversazione* in the house of the Piccolomini, and all the *élite* of Siena will be there. Those who live at too great a distance to avail themselves of the bridges will come early, and pass the night in the Piccolomini Palace, or in the houses of friends. He will be delighted to show his friend the beauty and fashion of Siena, of which he can have seen but little out-of-doors. And truly, the stranger owns himself dazzled, as, after threading narrow passages and steep staircases and dizzy bridges, he emerges into a brilliantly lighted gallery, full of liveried servants, and is conducted to the vast *salon*, already peopled with gorgeously appareled guests. For this is the hour of the Sienese woman's triumph and revenge. While in the morning her lord's dress outshone her own, now she eclipses his. The Sienese ladies, says an old chronicler, "diligently sought out the finest and very best materials;" they loved embroidery and pearls and gold and precious stones so well, and wore them in such profusion, that the richest toilet that ever made a husband of to-day repine would seem tame and ordinary in comparison. The toilet of a *gran signora*, in any part of Italy, was fuller of mysteries than that of the Empress Josephine. There were all sorts of washes, and unguents, and powders, and tresses of golden thread to be inwoven with the hair. Allessandro Piccolomini, in his curious little satire, "Della bella creanza delle donne," tells us that there was not a woman in Siena who did not make use of these aids to beauty. He puts into the mouth of his Raffaella this receipt for a *cosa rarissima* for the complexion, which is not much worse than some veritable Venetian or Florentine ones which have come down to us: "I take a pair of pigeons and bone them; then I put some Venetian turpentine, lily blossoms, fresh eggs, apples, sea-crabs, pounded pearls, and camphor inside the pigeons, and leave them to simmer in a glass bottle by a slow fire. Then I take musk and amber and more pearls and silver; and having pulverized them, I put them in a cloth, and tie it over the mouth of the bottle, so that the liquid will run out through it, after which it must stand a few days." But of these things the Illustrissimo is supposed to be profoundly unconscious. The result which is before him enchains his eyes. He sees brilliant complexions, in which red and white are skillfully, if not naturally, mingled, melting dark eyes and heavy eyebrows, abundant hair carelessly gathered into a gold or silver net, and a diadem on the brow. The dress fits closely to the bust, with *bouffant* sleeves, and the girdle is now exposed in all its splendor. The buttons of the dress are of wrought gold,

and necklace, bracelets, and rings sparkle with diamonds and rubies, while the foot, in its high-heeled, painted slipper, peeps out from the short front of the trained skirt. Complicated forms and extravagant ornamentation had already taken the place of the simple and noble styles of the thirteenth century. Any book of ancient costumes will show this gradual depravation of taste in dress, which — shall we dare to say it? — has not yet had its *risorgimento*.

Where can we better leave our traveler than in the company of these noble cavaliers and dames, gazing at the frescoes of Signorelli and Gozzoli, listening to sweet voices accompanied by spinet or guitar, or dancing in stately fashion till long after midnight has tolled from the Mangia tower?

E. D. R. Bianciardi.

MR. WASHINGTON ADAMS IN ENGLAND.

I.

One bright September day I was on my way from London to —— in —— shire, where I expected to ramble for half a week among the farmsteads and cottages, unknowing and unknown, and then to visit a gentleman of the county, whom I had not seen since he parted from me at my own door, leaving pleasant memories behind him. I was alone in the railway carriage, and was as nearly in a state of perfect happiness as a man could be who was away from home and from those who make it home, and the desire of whose life was not only unattained but unattempted. The air was soft; the gray-blue sky was lightly clouded; the morning beamed with a mellow brightness that was like the smile of a happy woman. Sitting in the middle back seat, leaning at mine ease in mine inn, swift-moving, silent, secluded, luxurious, I looked alternately through one window and another upon that beautiful human scenery of England which was such a never-ending, ever-varying source of delight to me that its only shadow was the regret which it now and then awakened that a certain steeple-crowned gentleman had not stayed at home and minded his business, instead of seeking that "freedom to worship God," which, having obtained, he immediately proceeded to deny to others.

My reveries did not attain the dignity of thought; and I was as nearly in the state of sweet-doing-nothing as is possible to a man of English blood and American birth in the nineteenth century. The speed of the train was diminished by almost insensible gradation, until we stopped at one of the minor way-stations, where I saw half a dozen persons waiting: a clergyman, manifestly, not only from the cut and color of his coat, and his hat, and his white tie in the morning, but most of all from his very clerical but cheerful countenance; a hard-featured commercial traveler or two; a lean, pale, spinster-looking gentlewoman, with a maid of dangerous freshness of lip and roundness of waist, carrying her bag; and a farmer, not big and burly, but rather under-sized, with a gnarled and almost knotted visage. All these were evidently going short distances, and they disappeared into other carriages; when, just as the train was about moving, my open door was darkened by a porter who had in his hand a small portmanteau, on which I at once saw, among others and relics of others, two labels that interested me, — Boston and Roma. "Step quick, sir,

please," said the porter; and the passenger was in his seat, with his portmanteau at his feet, before I recognized him. "Why, Humphreys, is it you? How came you here?" "In a fly," he answered, with a smile, partly at his old joke, partly of pleasant recognition. After a grasp of the hand, which was somewhat closer than it would have been if we had met in Broadway or in Beacon Street, we fell into the quick inquiring and replying chat of compatriots who meet unexpectedly in a strange country.

Mansfield Humphreys, whose first name was William, but who was always called by his second, that of his mother's family, was a New England man, who spent a great part of his time in New York. His people were of well-settled respectability in the interior of Massachusetts: his father, a judge, an Episcopalian when Episcopalians were rare in the Old Commonwealth, an unflinching Federalist in the waning days of federalism; his mother, the daughter of a Congregational minister. They were one of those numerous New England families who, having lived savingly in the past on fewer hundreds a year than many of them now have thousands, had yet been known through generations for their culture, their fine breeding, and their character. Whether all the men were brave we know not; and if all the women were not virtuous, that too was never known; but they were of that order of New England folk among whom the doing of a shabby thing was almost social death, and for generations they had held their heads high with modest dignity; so that in the times when representatives were chosen because they were thought to be worthy of consideration, and the fittest men to speak and act for their fellow-citizens, the Humphreys sat again and again in the General Court of Massachusetts. He was a Harvard man, and a lawyer by profession; but he had appeared little in the courts, and was chiefly employed as counsel for railway companies, in one or two of which he was a shareholder. In the civil war, after standing uncertain for a while (for he was no abolitionist), he became a very pronounced Unionist; not because he went with the multitude, but chiefly, I suspect, because of his resentment of the political domineering and social arrogance of the South. He did not go into the army; for although he was very young at the time, he thought he could do more service out of the field than in it. "I've no military instincts," he said; "if I were to put on a uniform, I should only feel as if I was going to a *bal costumé* in a character that did n't suit me. I hardly know one end of a gun from the other; I never in my life fired even a revolver; and in battle I should count only as one man, either to shoot or to be shot at; but of such perhaps if I stayed at home I might count for quite half a dozen." Wherefore he stayed; and he did count for many half dozens by his energy and skill in affairs, and his indomitable spirit in the darkest days of the Union. He was very versatile; and one unexpected manifestation of a special talent brought us into close communion. In a series of amateur dramatic performances, got up for the purpose of combining social entertainment with the raising of funds for the equipment of a regiment, I had acted as a sort of stage manager, and he had been general business manager and treasurer; on the defection of one of the principal amateur artists, and the despair of the company at finding a *remplaçant*, he, to the surprise of all, declared that he would take the vacant *rôle* himself. To the still greater surprise of all, this sober lawyer and then nascent railway manager displayed a marked histrionic ability. Although he was a fine-looking fellow, he had a face and a figure that were not impressively individual, and when he appeared upon the stage he was dressed

and made up with such skill that, if his name had not been known, his nearest friends would not have recognized him. He played with an entire unconsciousness of self, and with such a dry, pungent humor that his speeches told like rifle-bullets on his audience. His success did not turn his head. After the war was over he could not be induced to repeat his theatrical performances. He subsided again into his business, and grew quietly rich; and in the mature man who looked after stocks and legislatures no one, except a few who remembered the young fellow of fifteen years before, would have supposed there was an amateur actor of the first quality.

This was the man who dropped by my side, out of the clouds into a railway carriage. As we chatted the train stopped again, and there entered our compartment a tall, fine-looking man, with dark eyes and hair, aquiline features, and military-looking moustache and whiskers in which a little gray was gleaming. He looked strong and alert, notwithstanding a pale face and a rather slender figure. Taking off his hat, after bidding us good-morning, he put it in the rack above his head, and substituted for it a little black silk smoking-cap. Then he took up a railway novel and began to read. Soon, turning to Humphreys, who was on the opposite seat, he said, "I beg your pahdon, but would you kindly tell me if this is a fast train? I forgot to inquire."

"With pleasure," said Humphreys; "but I don't know, myself. I 'm quite a stranger here, — an American."

If instead of this answer in Humpreys' sweet, rich voice he had received a snub, he could not have shown more astonishment in the change of the expression of his face. His eye rested a moment on Humphreys, and with "Ah, thanks," he slowly went back to his book. After reading a while, with an uneasy hitch or two of his elbows, he suddenly turned to Humphreys again, saying, "I beg your pahdon, but you said you were an American. You were n't jokin'?"

"Not at all;" and after a glance at me, with an affirmative glance in reply, "My friend here and I are both Americans, — Yankees. I 've been here before, but I believe this is his first visit to England."

"Indeed! That 's very surprisin'. Will you pahdon a stranger for saying so, but (I 've never been in America) you 're not at all the sort of person that we take Americans to be, and generally find 'em, if you 'll excuse me for sayin' so. Indeed, I know I 'm takin' a liberty; but I was so much surprised that — that — I 'm sure — I hope you 'll pahdon me."

It is impossible to exaggerate the manly courtesy and deference of his manner as he spoke, looking frankly and modestly from his hazel eyes, and the little hesitation in his speech rather lent it grace and charm.

"Pray don't apologize," said Humphreys, "but let me ask in turn, What sort of creature do you expect an American to be, — black, with woolly hair, or copper-colored, with a scalp-lock and a tomahawk in hand?"

He laughed gently, and replied, "Not exactly that; at least except in some cases. But the few Americans that I 've seen could be told for American across a theatre: their faces, their figures, their carriage, the cut of their clothes, all told it; and if one were blind they could be known by their voices, and, if you 'll pahdon me, by the very queer language they used, which was English merely because it was n't anything else. I know I 've no right to presume on these criticisms to you; but you seemed to invite it, after kindly passin' over my first intrusion."

"Pray be at ease on that score. We 're very glad, I 'm sure, of a little enlightenment in regard to those very queer people, 'the Americans,' who you seem

to think are all as like as Rosalind's half pence. But now pardon me for saying, in my turn, that if you were to come to Boston you would be taken, by most of my friends, at least in your evening dress, for a Yankee, except by those whose quick ears detected some slight John Bullish inflections in your voice, or whose quick eyes discovered some kindred and equally slight peculiarities of manner."

"I taken for a Yankee!" and he looked blank, and even slightly aghast.

It was the nearest approach to unpleasantness that our fellow-traveler had yet been guilty of; but it was so honest and simple, so plainly without thought of offense, and so earnest, that Humphreys and I enjoyed it, and laughed; at which he blushed like a girl, and then laughed himself, with gleaming teeth and mobile lips.

"Why," said Humphreys, "are you not English?"

"What a question! To be sure I am."

"English for many generations?"

"For more than I know. My people were here when William the Conqueror came over."

"So were mine; so were my friend's; so were those of most of our friends at home. Did you ever think of that?"

"Ah — yes. Just so; quite so, quite so. That 's an old story. But has n't there been some admixture — ah, some interminglin', or — ah somethin'? Else how could we tell an American the moment we look at him, — the very moment, don't you see? You find 'em in Paris and all over the Continent, and you can tell 'em as you pass 'em in the street."

"Hardly, it would seem; for here 's a case this morning, perhaps two," with a glance at me, who kept silence, "in which it seems the sure tests failed."

"Ah, yes, — 'm; just so; quite so, quite so. You 're right there. Bless my soul! I never was so astonished in my life as when you coolly told me you were an American."

"Coolly?"

"I beg your pahdon;" and again he blushed. "I meant no offense."

"Not more than I did, I 'm sure, when I said that you might be taken for a Yankee."

I saw by his eye that he winced again, internally; but he said nothing.

"Of course," said Humphreys, in an easy, off-hand manner, "we can always tell an Englishman by his face and his figure, and his dress and his speech."

"Ah, just so; I should think so," with a little involuntary drawing of himself up.

"Oh, yes; we all know an Englishman by his being red-faced and bull-necked and clumsy, with coat and trousers of a furious check, and a waistcoat of a different suit, and a lot of chains and rings, and his saying Hengland for England and calling a hen an N. We can't mistake them." And as Humphreys told this off, there was a good-natured smile upon his lip and a twinkle in his eye that made it impossible for our carriage companion to take offense at what he himself had provoked. But he rejoined quickly and rather sharply, dropping his voice, —

"I beg your pahdon, I beg your pahdon; you said that you 'd been here before. Did you ever happen to be in the company of an English gentleman?"

"This morning, at least, I hope and believe," said Humphreys, bowing and looking him very steadily in the eye.

There was a slight pause, and then the Englishman said, "I ask your pahdon, I ask your pahdon; I see I was wrong. But it 's all so very odd, so very strange. The truth is that — you see that, as I told you, I 've never been in America, and the few Americans I 've seen I 've met by chance, and did n't know who or what they were, — and that, by the way, is n't an easy thing to find out about Americans; and so —

well, I suppose," with a pleasant smile and a very sweet and simple courtesy, — "I suppose I have n't happened to fall in with an American gentleman until this morning."

"A Roland for my Oliver," said Humphreys, with a frank smile; "but let us leave compliments and fencing, and talk a little plain common sense. What do you mean by an American?"

"Oh, a man born in America, to be sure, — a man from the States."

"That 's a definition that would quickly land you on very queer and heterogeneous shores. For it would include some millions of negroes, some hundreds of thousands of Indians, to say nothing of a great number of sons of Irishmen and Germans, whose brothers and sisters, as well as whose parents, were born in Ireland or in Germany. Now all these people are almost as completely separated from each other, and from us Yankees, and from Virginians and South Carolinians, as if they or their parents had remained at home. The time will come when they — the whites among them at least — will all be blended into one people; but many generations must pass away before that is brought about. Meantime, they are all citizens of the United States, just as all your Irishmen and Scotchmen and East Indiamen are British subjects. But although they are thus one people politically, and are scattered over half a continent that has no distinctive name, and thus for convenience' sake are called Americans because there is no other way of designating them, they are in no sense one people, like the English people, or the Irish, or the Scotch, or the French, or like the Germans and the Italians, who have been distinctive races or peoples from prehistoric times, but only recently have become politically nations."

"Ah, I see; just so, just so. But what has that to do with my taking you and your friend, as a matter of course, for Englishmen, and my being taken for — for — a Yankee?"

"Well, this: Are you not apt to forget that New England and Virginia (and Virginia historically means all the South) were settled by Englishmen, who went over there in large numbers two centuries and a half ago, — Englishmen who were, so to speak, the most English of their kind, typical representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race as it had been developed in England during one thousand years; the men who had beheaded Charles I. because he was a faithless tyrant, and who made the Commonwealth? Don't you forget that these men and their descendants, through a century and a half (with no important admixture), settled and built up the country, and framed a society and a system of government which, omitting only the elements of monarchy and aristocracy, was thoroughly English in its spirit, in its laws, and in its habits and customs — which indeed could not have been other than thoroughly English, because *they* were English; and that American society as they thus made it was subjected to no considerable external influences until about fifty years ago? It is within that time, within the memory of men yet living and acting, that the emigration from other countries than England began. Fifty years ago the people of New England and Virginia (excluding the slaves) were probably the most thoroughly English people in the world."

The Englishman raised his eyebrows, and looked inquiringly.

"Because," Humphreys continued, in reply to the look, "there was less admixture of any foreign element among them than there was in England itself. You might then travel through New England in its length and breadth, and not encounter, in your journey, half a dozen names that were not English. Do you suppose that the blood, the nature, of these men was changed because,

in contending for their rights as Englishmen, they had severed their political connection with the mother country? Did the absence of monarchy affect their race, or change their race traits? Were Cromwell's Ironsides any less Englishmen than Goring's troopers? Were Englishmen any less English under the Commonwealth than they had been before under Charles I., or than they became afterwards under Charles II.?"

"I suppose not. I never thought of that. But they were in England."

"And you suppose that that made them Englishmen? I thought, on the contrary, that Britain became England because Englishmen lived there, possessed the country, and ruled it."

"Very true. Just so; quite so, quite so."

"Well, if a large body of Englishmen went to another country, and possessed it and ruled it, would they therefore cease to be Englishmen?"

"N-n-no; I can't see exactly how they would. But they might change, you know, in time, and by intermixture with other people, — natives of the new country, the aborigines, you know; and that would modify their language and their customs, and so gradually make them a different people."

"So it might, in a long period of time. But what are two centuries in the life of a race, and above all a race so scrupulously averse to social intermixture as the English race is when it colonizes? Aborigines! Why, the Englishmen that came from Jutland into Britain did n't sweep it so clean of the British tribes as the Englishmen who came from Old England to America swept their part of the country clean of Americans. Yes" (in answer to a look of surprise at the word), "Americans; for you 've only to turn back less than a hundred years in English literature to find the word 'American' applied (and rightly) only to the tribes for whose miserable remnants you have now to go to the Rocky Mountains, two thousand miles from Boston, — farther than from London to St. Petersburg. And then these Englishmen clung with singular tenacity to every element of their English birthright, its laws, its language; and chiefly to its English Bible, which has been thus far the most indestructible of all the bonds of union between scattered men of English race, even the most godless of them. But we 're getting into deep waters for a railway chat, and I 'm almost lecturing you."

"No, no; do go on. I suppose I knew all this before; but I never saw it before quite in this light."

"Well, however it all may be that I 've just been telling you, at the risk of being trite and commonplace, is it not reasonable, in judging a country in which a new government and a new society have been established, to judge it by those who have been longest under the influences of the country, physical, political, and social? Must not they be the best examples of what that new country, as you call it, and that new government and society have produced?"

"Ah! 'm! seems so; can't say but they are."

"How could it be otherwise? Now the most thoroughly English-seeming men that you will find in America are New England men and Virginians whose families have been in New England and Virginia for two hundred years. I remember a man on shipboard whom not one of those whom you call Britishers" —

"We?"

"Surely you, or nobody. It is a word never heard in the United States, absolutely unknown except as a quizzical quotation of what you must pardon me for calling British blundering."

"Well, well!" said our railway friend, a little testily. "There would seem to be no end to our blunderin'. You mean, I suppose, your English shipmates."

"Some were English, yes; but some

were Scotch, some Irish, and there was a handsome Welshman, with a sweet English wife. But they were all British subjects, as they might all have been citizens of the United States, might they not?"

"I 'm afraid you 're an American Socrates, and are gettin' me into a corner with your questions; but I suppose that I must admit that they might."

"And in that case would they have ceased to be English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh?"

"To be sure they would."

"How is that? Would the government under which they chose to live change their identity, their race, and make them other than they were born?"

"N-n-no. At least, I can't say just now how it would. But are n't you puttin' rather too fine a point on it, as we say in England?"

"And as we say in New England. I think not. But be that as it may, this motley crowd of four races undertook to label some dozen or twenty of their fellow passengers as foreigners, because they were born in America, — men of as unmitigated English blood as could be found between the Humber and the Channel. But this one man to whom I alluded they positively refused to accept as an American, even upon the assurance of his countrymen insisting upon it, in a hooting sort of way, that he was English. And so he was, — as English as King Alfred; but, as I happened to know, he was from the interior of New England, where his father's family and his mother's had lived for more than two hundred years."

"A singular exception, I suppose. There must always be such exceptions, you know."

"Pardon me, rather as *you* know; just such exceptions as you found my friend here and myself." And as Humphreys smiled, his good-natured colloquist smiled, too, and said, —

"You have me there. But you see, I 'm no fair match for you. You have thought on this subject, and I have n't."

"And therefore you have undertaken to decide it; for yourself, at least."

"Come, come! This is getting to be a little too much. I did n't expect that when I asked a simple question I should be sat down upon in this awful way;" saying this in the pleasantest tone and with perfect good-nature, and yet evidently feeling a little nettled at Humphreys' close pursuit.

"Is n't the truth of the matter that you — I mean you in the Old Home here — have done the sitting down yourselves for so long that you don't quite like any change in the fashion?"

There was a silence of a few moments, broken only by the half-musical hum with which a fast English railway train pursues its swift but gentle course; and I, looking out of the window, as we passed, upon a viaduct, over a pretty road, saw a great van toiling along just under us, and a humble foot-passenger resting himself on a bench under an old oak opposite a little inn, at the door of which stood a stout, red-faced woman, probably the wife of the publican. I had hardly had this glimpse, and we were whisking again through sprout-fields and meadows, when the Englishman resumed the conversation, saying, "Perhaps, perhaps. The truth is that perhaps we have been a little hard upon you, from Mrs. Trollope down."

"Ay," answered Humphreys; "you all begin with Mrs. Trollope's damnable book. And yet Mrs. Trollope was right."

"Right! And *you* say that?"

"I. So far as I have the means of knowing, Mrs. Trollope was quite correct in all her descriptions."

"Quite so," I said, putting in my little oar for the first time, as the Englishman turned to me with an astonished and inquiring eye.

"And yet you called her book damnable."

"And so it was," said Humphreys; "professing as it did to give a picture of the domestic manners of the Americans, and taken, as it was, to be a correct representation of society in the United States. It was written in a pleasing and picturesque style, — for Mrs. Trollope's style was better than her son Anthony's; and that book has leavened, or rather soured and doughed, British opinion and tinged British feeling in regard to the Americans to this day."

"Correct, and yet damnable; pleasing and picturesque, and yet souring and doughing! Matters, I must say, are becoming rather complicated; 'mixed' I believe it 's called in America."

"Do you know," said Humphreys, sharply, "anything of the geography of the United States, and did you ever hear of Botany Bay?"

"Oh, yes," replied our companion, blandly brightening; "I 'm pretty well up there. I know, of course, that the States lie south of Canada, and north of the island of Nassau; and I know all about your big rivers and lakes, and your immense prairies, and the Rocky Mountains, and California, and all that sort of thing. But what has that to do with Botany Bay?"

"Do you know how far New Orleans and Cincinnati are from Boston and Philadelphia?"

"New Orleans? That 's where the British troops lost a battle. Washington defeated us there, did n't he? You see I 'm determined to be fair. Quite at the South, is n't it? And Cincinnatus, — one of your Western towns, is n't it, near Chicago? I suppose they must both be pretty well away from Boston; some two or three hundred miles or so."

"And do you know when Mrs. Trollope wrote her book?"

"I can answer that question of my American catechism, too," he replied. "I know it 's not a new book, — twenty or thirty years old; and since that time, I know," he continued, with a courtesy which I thought rather severely tried by Humphreys' sharp fire of questions, "the Americans have made great advances, — very great advances, indeed," bowing to both of us.

"My stars and garters! nothing of the sort," rejoined Humphreys, like a steel-trap. "If you mean that we 've grown richer, and bigger, and stronger, very well; that 's true enough. But if you mean that we 've made great advances in morality, in social refinement, and particularly in domestic manners, to use Mrs. Trollope's very good phrase, permit me to assure you, you 're quite wrong. This was before my memory: I 'm not praising the doings of the days when I was a boy. I spare you the quotation" —

"*Sese puero*," murmured our friend. — "but if you will look into the books of some British travelers who preceded Mrs. Trollope a generation or so, you will find that they present a picture of morals and manners in the United States much more admirable than could be composed from the columns of our own newspapers at the present day."

"You have been deteriorating, then, you mean to say?"

"Looking at the surface of our society without discrimination, it must be admitted that the deterioration has been great in those respects."

"I 'm sorry to hear it; and to tell you the truth, I think something of the same sort has been going on in England. To what do you attribute it?"

"Several causes; but chiefly, our great and sudden increase in wealth, the war, and — largely, European influence."

"Whew!" — a soft whistle of surprise.

"Not such European influence as would be likely to be under your personal cognizance, or to occur to you in your estimate of social forces. But let

me go on as I began. The deterioration in morals is so certain and so well known that no one thinks of disputing it. To look through a file of one of our leading newspapers for the last fifteen years is to be led to the conclusion that personal honesty has become the rarest of virtues in the United States, except public probity, which seems no longer to exist. The very ruins of it have disappeared. Our state legislatures, instead of being composed of men to whom their constituents looked up, are now composed of men upon whom their constituents look down, — not second rate, nor even third rate, but fourth and fifth rate men, sordid in morals and vulgar in manners, who do politics as a business, for the mere purpose of filling their own pockets. No one thinks of disputing this more than the presence of the blood-sucking insects of summer. Congress itself is openly declared by our own journals to be, because it is known to be, the most corrupt body in civilized Christendom. Within the last fifteen years we have seen men occupying the highest, the two very highest, positions in the government of the United States, who were not only purchasable, but who had been purchased, and at a very small price. I know what I say, and mean it" (in answer to a look of surprise). "The cabinets, during the same period, have been so rotten with corruption that the presence in them of two or three men of integrity could not save them. Worse even than this, judges are openly called Mr. This-one's judge, or Mr. That-one's; their owner being generally the controlling stockholder and manager of some great corporation, which coins wealth for him and his satellites by schemes of gigantic extortion. I know something of this by personal observation. There was a time when the bench of the United States was not inferior in probity, and hardly in learning or ability, to that of Great Britain. As to manners, did you see that social sketch in Punch ticketed "In Mid-Atlantic," in which a bishop or a dean, who has plainly been engaged in an upper-deck fair-day chat with an American mother, turns to her son, a lad in knickerbockers, and looking with benign reproof upon him says, 'My young friend, when I was of your age it was not thought decorous for young people to mingle in the conversations of their elders, unless they were requested to do so.' And young Hopeful replies, 'That must have been eighty years ago, and we've changed all that now.' The cut is hardly an exaggeration; but here are my friend and myself, who are little more than half the age attributed to your bishop, and who can tell you that in our boyhood that point of breeding was not only taught and insisted on, but punctiliously observed among all respectable New England folk. And who, at that time, among such people, even not in our boyhood, would have ventured to come up to two persons engaged in conversation, and break directly in upon them with another topic, at his pleasure, or for his interest, as now is done constantly? Deterioration of manners indeed!"

"But these are comparatively trifling matters, mere surface marks, — not peculiar to America, you may be sure. Boys are saucier in England than they used to be; and here rude men thrust themselves upon you now with a freedom that certainly shows the world is movin'; but as to which way, they and you might have a different opinion."

"Surface marks! So are the bubbles on a stream; but they float with its current, and the foul air that fills them comes from the bottom. Let me tell you, *ex cathedra*, what I know, but merely as every observing man who has the means of knowing knows: that the manners and the manner, as well as the morals, of America — let us say of Boston and Philadelphia, for example, and the surrounding country — were of a much finer type in the days of

our fathers than they are in ours. Behavior is common now in splendid drawing-rooms, filled with every attainable object of luxury and of taste, which then would not have been tolerated in modest parlors of people who lived frugally and worked hard for their moderate incomes. Among them, young people did not lounge and loll about and talk slang in the presence of their elders and of ladies."

"Come, come! Are n't you playin' the middle-aged cynic? That 's not at all peculiar to America. The very same change has been remarked upon here."

"And therefore," remarked Humphreys, with a little smile, "Americans have been becoming *un*like Englishmen? Strange, that among people so unlike, the social changes should have been the same within the same period of time!"

"H'm! Democratic tendencies; influence of democracy in both countries; lack of deference for authority in both countries."

"Perhaps. But among the changes in manners in England have n't you observed the incoming of a certain mildness and gentleness of tone, a considerate charity for weakness and misfortune, and for the feelings of inferiors? Are personal defects and failings, and the ridicule that Juvenal tells us is inherent in poverty, now openly made the butts of the more fortunate so much as they used to be, say, even when Miss Austen wrote her novels?"

"No, they 're not. In that respect I must say there has been a marked improvement. I suppose the same has taken place with you."

"No."

"No?"

"Not at all: simply because it was not needed. I don't know how it was at the South; but among New England people of decent breeding in colonial days, and in the early years of the republic, any reflection upon personal defects or misfortune, any assumption of superiority because of mere money prosperity, was regarded as the most offensive form of ill-manners; so much so that among such people it may be said to have been almost unknown. And this social trait may be taken as typical of the tone and the manners of New England society at the time we are speaking of."

"Very admirable, if — pahdon me — you 're sure you 're correct; and quite destructive to a suggestion I was about to make, — that the Americans, whose manners and mental tone and habits you seem to think should be taken as characteristic, are not real Americans, products of your soil, but Europeanized Americans."

"Now," said Humphreys, smartly, "if you use that phrase and take that position, I shall — to adopt an expression of the elegant Miss Harriet Byron's — 'rear up.' The Americans of whom I am speaking are, true enough, not products of the soil; — in the name of Christopher Columbus how could they be? — but they were those who had been free from European influence, not only from their birth, but for generations, — people who had never been in Europe, and whose forefathers had never been there from the time when they first went to America, two hundred and fifty years ago. *They* were the people who, Lord Lovelace said, in Queen Anne's time, had, with their colonial and republican simplicity of life, the manners of courtiers, and wondered (ignorant as he was) where they could have got their manners. He reminds me of another more distinguished peer, or man who became a peer, — Bulwer, Lord Lytton. Once, at his own table, when there was a discussion as to some matter of taste as to which an American, there present, ventured to express an opinion adverse to that prevalent in England, and to refer to the standard in his own country, Bulwer said, turning

pointedly to him, 'We 're not accustomed to look to America for opinions on matters of good taste,' — a speech which would have been regarded as very rude in America, even in the rural districts of New England; above all, to a guest at one's own table."

"Rather rough, I must confess. But you must n't judge all English gentlemen by that; for, with all his fine talk, I 'm inclined to think that Bulwer was somethin' of a sham."

"I 'm not surprised to hear you say so; and I don't judge all English gentlemen by such a speech, — only some of them; but unfortunately they are they whose voices are most frequently heard by Americans."

"Ah, yes; just so, just so; just as the American voices that we most frequently hear are pitched in a tone not quite so agreeable as — those I 've heard this morning. Pahdon me for being a little personal."

"With all my heart, so far as your intention goes; but as to the fact, I don't know that your apology much helps the matter. For, excuse me for saying that your very apology shows either that you speak in ignorance, or that you pick out what is antipathetic to you, and label that, and that only, as American. Your countrymen, even the intelligent and kindly intentioned, are so stung with a craze after something peculiarly American from America that they refuse to accept anything as American that is not extravagant and grotesque. Even in literature they accept as American only that which is as strange and really as foreign to the taste and habits of the most thoroughbred Americans as it is to them."

"Bret Harte?"

"Verily: I should say so. The personages in Bret Harte's brilliant sketches are just as strange, and in the same way strange, to decent people in Boston and Philadelphia as they are to people in London and in Oxford; and they interest the one exactly as they do the other, and for the same reasons: and they had no peculiarly American character."

"That 's an astonishing criticism."

"None but that given them by their scenes being laid in a part of America three thousand five hundred miles from Boston, farther in distance than from New York to London, and thrice as far in time. Any writer of Bret Harte's talent, whose mother tongue was English, would — must — have made them just as American as he did. And besides, the men he wrote about were no more American than British. Half the early Californian mining population were of British birth, — English or Scotch, with a few Irish."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Sure, if you don't pin me down to tens in a row of figures. Don't you remember in the letter of the Fifth Avenue belle to her California lover,

> "And how I went down the middle
> With the man that shot Sandy McGee"?

And don't you remember that she herself was ould Follinsbee's daughter? Mr. McGee and Mr. Follinsbee were typical men, in whom your interest was as great as ours, and for whom your responsibility was much greater. But to turn back to Bulwer, and his pretty speech: he deserved, I hope you 'll think, to have the truth told him, — that among Americans of the best breeding his earlier novels were condemned, although they were read."

"Ah, yes; for their immorality, I suppose. I 've always heard that in such matters you were of a most exemplary particularity; although you seem, in those also" (with a sly smile) "to have made some progress."

"Less on that account than for their bad taste and their low social tone. Men of my age can remember hearing Bulwer spoken of in our boyhood, by our elders, as essentially vulgar, a snob, — a gilded snob, but none the less

a snob. Is not that true?" turning to me.

"Yes," I answered; "but he improved in this respect astonishingly. There is hardly a more remarkable phenomenon in literature than Bulwer's moral growth. You would hardly believe that the same soul and the same breeding were in the man who wrote Pelham and The Caxtons."

"But after all," urged Humphreys, "was n't this the result rather of an intellectual perception of moral beauty than of a regenerate condition? Had he in him, the man who wrote Pelham, the capacity of ever becoming, at heart, a gentleman?"

"I 'm afraid you 're right," said our friend; "but have n't we taken rather a flyer? What has all this to do with Mrs. Trollope, and New Orleans, and Cincinnatus, and Botany Bay?"

"This," answered Humphreys, with a mild conclusive fall of his voice; "the people who thus condemned Bulwer, just as you condemn him, on the score of taste and true good breeding, were the very Americans whose domestic manners Mrs. Trollope's book misrepresented."

"Beg pahdon, I thought you said her book was true."

"So it was. It did not caricature, — or very little. What it did was to present to the ignorant and prejudiced people of England a carefully made, but lively and graphic, series of sketches of society, which were about as fair representations of the domestic manners of such Americans I ever met under a roof as a series of like sketches of the society of Botany Bay at that time would have been of any English people that you are likely to know anything about."

"I don't quite understand. Pray explain."

"Mrs. Trollope published her book not twenty or thirty years ago, but fifty. She entered the America which she professed to describe, not at Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, but at New Orleans; and going up the Mississippi a thousand miles, — yes" (in answer to a look of astonished inquiry), "one thousand miles, and more, — she established herself as the keeper of a sort of big milliner's shop, or bazaar, at Cincinnati. Now Cincinnati is not two or three hundred miles from Boston or Philadelphia, but almost a thousand; and it 's not near Chicago, but three hundred miles from it; and when she was there Chicago did n't exist. Cincinnati was then not only its thousand miles from Boston and Philadelphia, but as socially remote from any of the centres of civilization in which the domestic manners of the Americans could be properly studied as Botany Bay was from London and Oxford."

Doubt, astonishment, and interest were strongly expressed in the face of our fellow-traveler; and he said, in a low apologetic tone, "But Botany Bay was a penal colony."

"Of course," said Humphreys, "I don't mean to compare the two places in that respect. They had no such likeness, even at that time. I specified Botany Bay only for the sake of using a name that would bring to your mind vividly a very remote colony of Englishmen cut off from intercourse with established English society, surrounded by a wild country, and composed chiefly of people whom circumstances had made pioneers on the remotest confines of civilization. You in England have to reach your colonies of that sort by sea; we, so vast is the territory of the United States, reach ours by land. The country around Cincinnati then, within a few miles, was covered by the primeval forest, through which people who must travel passed, upon tracks rather than roads, on horseback or in vehicles of the rudest and most primitive construction. It was then the far West, and not only physically distant, but a great deal far-

ther removed from the long-established and slowly-developed social centres of America than any place in the world is now from any other place, except the interior of Russia, Siberia, and Southern Africa. My father had to go to Ohio, at that time, or later, on some professional business connected with a land claim. He used to tell the story of it years afterward; and child as I was, I shall never forget his description of his experiences: how he was two weeks in getting there, creeping across the State of New York in a canal boat, traveling through Ohio on horseback, with saddle bags, his papers in one and his few toilet articles in another, and his scanty wardrobe in a leathern valise strapped behind his saddle — I 've got it yet: — his description of the queer, uncouth people that he met, the privations he endured: how one day, when he had ridden from morning almost till night without coming upon anything like an inn, he stopped at a house that seemed to consist of two or three rooms, and asked for something to eat; and how the mistress of the establishment, who was the only person visible, set before him a coarse earthen dish, in which were some slices of cold boiled pork surrounded by dirty congealed fat, some half-sodden cakes of Indian corn, and a jug of whisky; and how the repulsiveness of the viands and of all the surroundings, including the slatternly woman, so affected him that, fatigued and famished as he was, he could not eat. For it 's apropos of our subject for me to say, after some acquaintance with society in England and on the Continent, that he was one of the daintiest and most fastidious of men, although his father had reared his family with difficulty upon a slender income. I remember that in his story this woman spoke of her husband as the Judge, or rather the Jedge."

"Yes, he was a justice of the peace."

"Judge!"

"A justice of the peace! Pahdon my repeatin' your words."

"You are surprised: naturally. Your justices of the peace are county gentlemen and clergymen. With us a justice of the peace is the very lowest in consideration of all official dignities, simply because it is the least profitable."

"This is very strange, — a justice of the peace holdin' his office for profit!"

"Yes; that is one of the differences between the two countries. And you may set this down as an axiom of general application: that everything in America is done, every position is sought, with a single eye to pecuniary profit."

"And have you no gentlemen of leisure and character who might hold such an important position?"

"Very few; and they don't want official position. Why should they? It would bring them no distinction, no honor among men of their own condition in life, and would subject them to experiences from which they would shrink. We have some men of wealth who, to become senator, with a chance for the presidency or a first-rate foreign mission, will spend a moderate fortune."

"Bless my soul! How, pray?"

"In bribery: bribing caucus managers, bribing legislators, bribing even political parties; and so establishing what in our politics are called claims. But we are wandering. It was in such society as she found in these then remote and uncivilized regions, and others little differing from them, that Mrs. Trollope drew her pictures, and labeled them Domestic Manners of the Americans. She has at the end of her book a few pages of kind approval of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. Why, I can remember how our friend used to listen to my father's descriptions of his Western travel as they would now if a man had returned from Patagonia or Japan; quite ignorant that pictures of that strange life were accepted by the world of Europe as faithful descriptions

of *their* manners and customs. The great difficulty with you here upon this subject is that to you America — you don't know exactly what the name means — is simply America, all one and the same; and that Americans are simply Americans, all alike. At the present day they are becoming more and more alike, under the shaping material and moral forces which have been developed during the last twenty years; but before that limit of time the unlikeness was greater than you seem to be able to imagine."

"Quite so, I should say, from what you tell me of the effect of the strangeness upon yourselves."

"Strangeness, indeed! Let me tell you a little characteristic story of old New England domestic manners, which you may compare with your recollections of Mrs. Trollope's book. My friend here will assure you of its literal truth; for he knows it. In 1789, when Washington was traveling slowly through New England, receiving and paying visits, he called at a house in Connecticut, the master of which although one of the leading men in his neighborhood, a scholar, and one who lived comfortably, never saw one thousand dollars in money (that's two hundred pounds, you know) in a year in all his life. Washington, when he departed, was conducted to the door by his host and hostess, accompanied by their daughter, a young girl just in her 'teens. She of course did not presume to say good-by to General Washington; but as she opened the door for him and stood modestly aside that he might pass out, the great ex-commander in chief of the ragged Continental army, looking down upon her from his six feet two of stature and from his Olympian top of grandeur, laid his hand with stately kindness upon her head, saying, 'Thank you, my little lady; I wish you a better office.' 'Yes, sir,' she replied, doing reverence with a gentle curtsey, 'to let you in.'"

"By George! worthy of a duchess! Only half of 'em would n't be up to it. 'T would take Waldegrave to say that."

"I sha'n't say it was n't; but I know it is merely a somewhat salient and striking example of New England manners until within the last forty years or so; and among people who were without servants that opened their doors for them on any occasion."

"Most extrawd'nary condition of society!"

"Extraordinary to you, but quite natural to us at that time: the union of culture and character and fine manners with the absence even of moderate wealth was quite as common in New England as their union with wealth is here. Now the great mistake that you all make, in your uneasy search after 'the American' and the American thing, is that you don't look for them among those who have made America what it is (or what it was till within the last few years), and who are the product of generations of American breeding, but among" —

Here the train slowed, and our fellow-traveler, interrupting Humphreys hurriedly, said, "This has been very interestin' to me; but now I 'm afraid I must say good-mornin'. Can't I have the pleasure of seein' you again, and your friend? See; this is my address," taking out his card, and writing a word or two on it in pencil. "If you 're in my country, do look me up. Almost any one 'll tell you where I live; and I 'll be delighted to see you, gentlemen, both of you, and make you as comfortable as I can. Give you some good shoootin', too, as you 'll come after the 1st." [1]

[1] It is only by the use of a superfluous *o* that I can indicate the prolonged vowel sound in this word, which is one of the very few and slight differences in pronunciation between English and New England or New York men of similar breeding. The dropping of the *g* from the syllable *ing* is not universal among men of this class in England, but it is very common; much more common than in the class just below them.

We exchanged cards, and parted pleasantly.

"Hi!" said Humphreys (showing me the card, on which appeared in plain, bold script, every letter of which proclaimed Strongi'tharm — EARL OF TOPPINGHAM, and in pencil *The Priory, Toppington*), "I 've a letter to him in my pocket from Dr. Tooptoe, his old tutor at Oxford, who says he 's one of the best fellows in the world, but too independent; that is, from old Dr. Tooptoe's point of view. You may think it queer that he asked two strangers, that he chanced upon in a railway carriage, to his house. With us, we should never venture on such a step; but here a man like him can do almost anything in reason without risk, — not only because of his rank, but because he 's a tip-top man among his peers. And then we 're Americans. If we were John Bulls, catch him at it! Besides, Americans are always interesting subjects of study, and objects to be exhibited."

"You know something of him, then. He seems, indeed a thorough good fellow, with charming manners."

"Only in a general way, and from what Dr. Tooptoe told me. Just think of it! that man took a double first class; and to do that at Oxford an earl must work like any other man; besides, he counts for something in the House of Lords. And yet his ignorance! New Orleans was to him a place where the British troops were defeated, and by Washington! and the States lie to the north of the island of Nassau!"

"Well, well, what occasion has he had to know more? If he had, he could learn it all, pretty well, in an hour's smart reading."

"All the more! Why the deuce, then, does n't he read, and waste an hour upon such a country as the United States, and where so many of his kindred are? Confound him! he thinks much of himself, as well he may, because his forefathers were at Toppington when William came over. So was mine, or very near by; and until the time of Henry VIII. they were both in very much the same rank of life. Then his ancestor was knighted, and soon got the Priory out of Cromwell, and then a peerage out of the king; and they went on marrying money and rising in rank, till since Walpole's time they 've been earls."

"You 'll go, of course, — with your letter and his invitation, too?"

"H'm, I am not so sure of that. Where are you going now?"

"After knocking about a few days, as I told you, I shall go to Boreham Hall. Sir Charles has asked me there to spend two or three days."

"Boreham Hall! You 'll find it dreadfully dull there."

"Why? Sir Charles was pleasant enough when he was in New York."

"He was well enough ten years ago; good-natured, and a gentleman, and all that. But he has married, since, a brewer's daughter, who brought him fifty thousand pounds, and who is as tame as a sheep, and bleats just like one; and he 's settled down into a mere squire, and has grown burly and squirish. But that 'll do very well. You 're sure to go to Lord Toppingham's. All these people know each other, and all about each other; that 's one comfort of their society. Boreham Hall is only a few miles from Toppington Priory, — just a pleasant ride, or walk; and you 're sure to go if you will. It suits me well."

"How?"

"Why, you see these people are so beset with their craze after their real Americans that I 've a notion to give my Lord Toppingham an opportunity of seeing one. In your few days of knocking about, I can find Washington Adams, who 's over here I believe, and who 's just the sort of man for the purpose. I 'll send Dr. Tooptoe's letter to Toppington Priory, inclosed in one saying I 'm prevented from coming myself for the present, but that I shall take the

liberty of introducing a friend, a real American. Yes," with a brightening eye, "by Jove, I 'll do it!"

"Rather a cool proceeding, under the circumstances."

"Oh, it 'll do, — under the circumstances, as you say, — especially if you 're there at the time. I know my man. So when you 're going to the Priory just drop me a line at B——, and it 'll be all right."

"But who is Washington Adams?"

"Don't you know Washington Adams, the Honorable Washington J. Adams, Wash Jack Adams, as they call him? Why, he 's the Member of Assembly from your own district."

"Quite likely; but I don't know him."

"That argues yourself unknown, as I once heard an editor say to him, with a sober face; — and to see him expand and beam with credulous vanity! He 's the son of old Phelim McAdam, who ran two gin-mills in Mackerelville, and who, instead of dying in the odor of drunkenness, as you 'd suppose, hardly ever was drunk in his life; he might have been a drunker and a better man; he made some money by his gin-mills, set up respectability, and joined the republican party."

"An Irishman in New York join the republican party!"

"Irishman yourself! as he would have said. Mr. Phelim McAdam was an American born. Never was such a flagrant example of Americanism. Thus it was," in answer to my look of wonder: "Phelim McAdam was the son of an Irish emigrant. He came near being born in no country, but under the British flag; for his mother was expecting his appearance on the voyage, as she approached the shores of the home of the free and the land of the brave. But the lady lagged, or the good ship hastened, and Phelim first saw the light of freedom dimmed by filtering through the dirty panes of the upper windows of a Mackerelville tenement house, and bloomed upon the world a true-born American, whatever that may be. His gin-mills brought him some money, as I said before, and he married the daughter of a Division Street pawn-broker, who came out of — the Lord knows where! — but who was sharp and smart and ambitious; and at her instigation he cut his Irish connection, moved up town, dropped the Mc from his name and signed himself 'P. Adam,' to which the lady, who erelong set up a visiting card, quietly added an *s*. And so, in ten or fifteen years, — you know fifteen years is the beginning of all things in New York, — no one recognized, in a paragraph mentioning, to the lady's delight, 'P. Adams, Esq., of East Eleventh Street,' the 'McAdam, Phelim, liquors, Essex Street,' of the New York directory."

"You seem strangely well-informed on such a subject."

"You forget that I 've been a railway lawyer, and am familiar with the lobby. He bought some shares in one, and, aided by his wife, got upon the Board."

"His wife?"

"She was a handsome hussy, scheming and pushing, and as crafty as Satan; and one winter she went to Albany, where I saw her, and had occasion to find out all about her, — all that was find-out-able. This was long ago; during the civil war. Well, as I was saying, like most of his sort, he was exceedingly American; and oh, it was edifying to hear him, with an upper lip that weighed a pound, talk about 'them low Irish.' Consequent upon his American pride, his son — the only one with which his 'lady' condescended to favor him — was borne away from the font with the name Washington Jackson Adams; which, when he went into politics — as he did soon after reaching his majority — was trimmed, in that elegant style so distinctive of New York politics, into Wash Jack Adams; often it became

Washed Adams; and this, after a certain investigation, the democratic Penny Trumpet converted into Whitewashed Adams, — a name that might have been fastened upon him if he had been important enough to be talked about. Now, he 's just the sort of creature that our friends here recognize as a real American; he 's decent looking enough, — not at all Irish; took after his mother; and I 've a notion of giving some of them a chance to see him. So, good-by! Don't forget to let me know." This passed as we neared his station. He and his portmanteau disappeared; but just as the train was starting he came rushing back, and looking in said, "You 've never seen this Washington Adams?"

"Not I."

"Well, if it should occur to you that you ever did at any time, keep quiet."

"As a pretty widow about her age." And on I went toward Boreham.

Richard Grant White.

HOW THE WOMEN WENT FROM DOVER.[1]

1662.

THE tossing spray of Cocheco's fall
Hardened to ice on its rocky wall,
As through Dover town, in the chill, gray dawn,
Three women passed, at the cart-tail drawn!

Bared to the waist, for the north wind's grip
And keener sting of the constable's whip,
The blood that followed each hissing blow
Froze as it sprinkled the winter snow.

Priest and ruler, boy and maid
Followed the dismal cavalcade;
And from door and window, open thrown,
Looked and wondered gaffer and crone.

[1] The following is a copy of the warrant issued by Major Waldron, of Dover, in 1662. The Quakers, as was their wont, prophesied against him, and saw, as they supposed, the fulfillment of their prophecy when, many years after, he was killed by the Indians.

To the constables of Dover, Hampton, Salisbury, Newbury, Rowley, Ipswich, Wenham, Lynn, Boston, Roxbury, Dedham, and until these vagabond Quakers are carried out of this jurisdiction.

You, and every one of you, are required, in the King's Majesty's name, to take these vagabond Quakers, Anne Colman, Mary Tomkins, and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the cart's tail, and driving the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their naked backs, not exceeding ten stripes a piece on each of them, in each town; and so to convey them from constable to constable, till they are out of this jurisdiction, as you will answer it at your peril; and this shall be your warrant. RICHARD WALDRON.

Dated at Dover, December 22, 1662.

This warrant was executed only in Dover and Hampton. At Salisbury the constable refused to obey it. He was sustained by the town's people, who were under the influence of Major Robert Pike, the leading man in the lower valley of the Merrimac, who stood far in advance of his time, as an advocate of religious freedom, and an opponent of ecclesiastical authority. He had the moral courage to address an able and manly letter to the court at Salem, remonstrating against the witchcraft trials.

"God is our witness," the victims cried,
"We suffer for Him who for all men died;
The wrong ye do has been done before,
We bear the stripes that the Master bore!

"And thou, O Richard Waldron, for whom
We hear the feet of a coming doom,
On thy cruel heart and thy hand of wrong
Vengeance is sure, though it tarry long.

"In the light of the Lord, a flame we see
Climb and kindle a proud roof-tree;
And beneath it an old man lying dead,
With stains of blood on his hoary head."

"Smite, Goodman Hate-Evil! — harder still!"
The magistrate cried, "lay on with a will!
Drive out of their bodies the Father of Lies,
Who through them preaches and prophesies!"

So into the forest they held their way,
By winding river and frost-rimmed bay,
Over wind-swept hills that felt the beat
Of the winter sea at their icy feet.

The Indian hunter, searching his traps,
Peered stealthily through the forest gaps;
And the outlying settler shook his head, —
"They 're witches going to jail," he said.

At last a meeting-house came in view;
A blast on his horn the constable blew;
And the boys of Hampton cried up and down,
"The Quakers have come!" to the wondering town.

From barn and woodpile the goodman came;
The goodwife quitted her quilting frame,
With her child at her breast; and, hobbling slow,
The grandam followed to see the show.

Once more the torturing whip was swung,
Once more keen lashes the bare flesh stung.
"Oh, spare! they are bleeding!" a little maid cried,
And covered her face the sight to hide.

A murmur ran round the crowd: "Good folks,"
Quoth the constable, busy counting the strokes,
"No pity to wretches like these is due,
They have beaten the gospel black and blue!"

Then a pallid woman, in wild-eyed fear,
With her wooden noggin of milk drew near.
"Drink, poor hearts!" A rude hand smote
Her draught away from a parching throat.

"Take heed," one whispered, "they 'll take your cow
For fines, as they took your horse and plow,
And the bed from under you." "Even so,"
She said. "They are cruel as death I know."

Then on they passed, in the waning day,
Through Seabrook woods, a weariful way;
By great salt meadows and sand-hills bare,
And glimpses of blue sea here and there.

By the meeting-house in Salisbury town,
The sufferers stood, in the red sundown,
Bare for the lash! O pitying Night,
Drop swift thy curtain and hide the sight!

With shame in his eye and wrath on his lip
The Salisbury constable dropped his whip.
"This warrant means murder foul and red;
Cursed is he who serves it," he said.

"Show me the order, and meanwhile strike
A blow at your peril!" said Justice Pike.
Of all the rulers the land possessed,
Wisest and boldest was he and best.

He scoffed at witchcraft; the priest he met
As man meets man; his feet he set
Beyond his dark age, standing upright,
Soul-free, with his face to the morning light.

He read the warrant: "*These convey*
From our precincts; at every town on the way
Give each ten lashes." "God judge the brute!
I tread his order under my foot!

"Cut loose these poor ones and let them go;
Come what will of it, all men shall know
No warrant is good, though backed by the Crown,
For whipping women in Salisbury town!"

The hearts of the villagers, half released
From creed of terror and rule of priest,
By a primal instinct owned the right
Of human pity in law's despite.

For ruth and chivalry only slept,
His Saxon manhood the yeoman kept;
Quicker or slower, the same blood ran
In the Cavalier and the Puritan.

The Quakers sank on their knees in praise
And thanks. A last, low sunset blaze
Flashed out from under a cloud, and shed
A golden glory on each bowed head.

The tale is one of an evil time,
When souls were fettered and thought was crime,
And heresy's whisper above its breath
Meant shameful scourging and bonds and death!

What marvel, that hunted and sorely tried,
Even woman rebuked and prophesied,
And soft words rarely answered back
The grim persuasion of whip and rack!

If her cry from the whipping-post and jail
Pierced sharp as the Kenite's driven nail,
O woman, at ease in these happier days,
Forbear to judge of thy sister's ways!

How much thy beautiful life may owe
To her faith and courage thou canst not know,
Nor how from the paths of thy calm retreat
She smoothed the thorns with her bleeding feet.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

AUTHORSHIP IN AMERICA.

The United States census, two or three decades ago, in its summary of persons engaged in various occupations included a poet. He lived in Arkansas, if I remember rightly, but may have perished from want, for I have looked in vain for him in later issues of the census reports. I have often thought of him, however, when speculating about the conditions of authorship in America, and have admired the courage with which he made his confession. He was the only poet in America to stand up boldly and be counted. The rest of us sheltered ourselves in the census behind such evasive titles as journalist, or editor, or professor, or, if especially courageous, literary man. Mr. Carlyle, in his celebrated petition, wrote himself down as a maker of books; but every one feels that Mr. Carlyle's was a case of affected humility and bluntness. If he had had the nerve of the man from Arkansas, he would have subscribed himself a genius, or a man that turns the world upside down.

There is unquestionably a reluctance on the part of all of us, whether poets,

or American humorists, or men of general genius, — for since I am not going to sign this paper, I am as bold as Snug the joiner, — there is a reluctance, I say, on our part to be classified. A guild of authors could exist only as a mutual burial society; though there would seem to be many interests which authors might combine to defend or resist, as a matter of fact there is, I believe, but one literary club in the country which makes the authorship of books a condition of membership, and this Authors' Club has been derided for its arrogance, as if it were another instance of the three tailors of Tooley Street. When any movement is to be made which affects the whole body of literary men, what member has the boldness to marshal his fellows into any phalanx of remonstrants or petitioners? Even in the matter of international copyright, the views of authors have been reached only by individual solicitation from publishing houses or trade journals.

The truth is that this individuality of authors, which seems to some to spring from jealousy or a suspicious habit of mind, is an essential characteristic of their vocation, and a necessary result from the material conditions of their profession. There can be an association of artists, with the object to maintain a school of painters, or to conduct an exhibition of paintings; there can be an historical society to collect materials for history, to discuss and criticise historical writings, and to print papers; but there cannot be anything more than a social basis for an authors' league, because the individual interests of every author are vastly greater to him than the combined interests of all authors, but chiefly because there exists for him already a complement organization which no voluntary association with other authors could supply. An author with his manuscript is an incomplete figure; a hundred authors associated are only a hundred times more incomplete, and the various authors' unions and publication societies which have attempted to disprove this have invariably proved it.

The devices of authors to get along without publishers have succeeded only so far as authors have abandoned their legitimate function and become publishers, and such successes have merely registered a loss to authorship and a gain to publishing. It would seem a waste of time to demonstrate that in the organization of modern society the author needs a publisher as much as the publisher needs an author, and that each supplies the other's defects; but while most would concede this without dispute, there are frequent attitudes taken by one or the other of these two classes which practically deny the proposition. The publisher, for example, is often spoken of as if he were the author's natural enemy; and I have heard people make the preposterous remark that the publisher grows rich, while the authors for whom he publishes continue to be poor. Of course he does; if he is faithful to the interests of the authors, he must, or what would be the meaning of the rule of three? A publisher with his hundred books ought to be better off for money than each of a hundred authors with one book. Even if it should be capable of proof that he was better off than the hundred authors combined, one would be obliged next to prove that authorship was a trade, of which the prime purpose was to make money.

On the other hand, publishers sometimes speak of my authors very much as they would speak of my employees, or regard every desire of an author to understand his accounts as a breach of confidence, or think and speak of his work as a mere arrangement of words, or imagine that his literary reputation has been made solely by the publisher's advertisement. There is plenty of room for misunderstanding between a publisher and an author, but the fact remains that the interests of the two are identi-

cal; that in the long run any injury or injustice to the one affects equally the other; that neither party to the contract can safely ignore the other; that, in fine, literature and the publishing business are spirit and body.

The publisher, in the last analysis, is neither printer nor bookseller, but advertiser. It is his business to make the author known. He may take a book from the author after it has been printed and bound, and he may never sell a single copy directly to a reader; but the one function which he cannot rid himself of is that of making the book known to the world, — of publishing it. But to publish a book with intelligence one must know something about the book, and a great deal about the public; he must know the various avenues by which the public eye and ear are to be reached, and he must possess that power of organization and executive ability which will bring the author face to face with a great number of persons scattered all over the land. When one adds to this that the publisher, in the highest development, includes the manufacturer and the merchant, it is easily seen how much may go to the success of a publishing house. When a business like that of publishing becomes thus highly organized, it is also highly sensitive to all manner of influences; and the more complex it becomes, the more perfectly is it able to correspond to the needs of the author.

It is one of the commonplaces of historical philosophy that the literature of a people is the highest expression of its character and genius. But what is a book? In one aspect, it is a bundle of sheets of paper, stamped with little characters, sewed together, put between covers of pasteboard dressed in cloth. It can be used to build block houses with, as a missile, to raise the seat at the piano, to set off a cabinet of shelves; but for all these purposes a block of wood or a bit of stamped leather would be more serviceable. Then it is a power, a spirit, a friend, something altogether imponderable and immeasurable. Now it is in this double property of the material and the immaterial that we are constantly compelled to consider books when we legislate about them or determine their conditions. Into the making and selling of them go an infinite variety of industries and organizations and a network of social order; the fortunes of books are constantly subject to influences which extend from a machine to a solitary scholar, and in the decisions made with regard to them there is necessitated an equilibrium of the two natures involved in them.

A few years ago an effort was made by some persons to change the *ad valorem* duty on imported books to a specific duty, of a certain rate per pound, and great was the derision at such a mechanical test; yet it was not more arbitrary than the test of price, and much more convenient and desirable for the purposes of impost. By a comparison of fair typical cases, it was found that a measurement of books by weight would yield, at twenty-five cents a pound, just about the same revenue as the existing tariff of twenty-five per cent. ad valorem, if that duty were honestly collected; and every one knows that where a specific duty is practicable it cannot be evaded, as an ad valorem duty can be.

I speak of this only as illustrating in an extreme way the fact that books are capable of being treated not merely as pieces of merchandise, but upon the basis of their most material properties. Indeed, every one who deals in books is constantly confronted by the fact that the price is largely determined by the weight and size of the book, and not by its beauty, the character of its contents, or the money and labor which have been put into it. It is impossible to escape from the most gross conditions, when considering the fortune of books. As articles of commerce, as related to

mechanical industries, they are subject to the laws which govern in commerce and manufacture, and no wise student of literature can ignore these facts when he is inquiring into the influences which affect authorship or reading.

The publisher and manufacturer of books does not call the author into existence, neither does the author make the publisher; but both act upon each other by turns, for both are parts of an intricate order. The publisher is the first to feel the conditions which affect the market for books, but he is very quick to communicate these influences to the author. In a general way, one readily sees that in what are called good times the publisher will encourage the author to produce, and in hard times will discourage him when he brings his manuscript. There are winds and tides in human affairs which are beyond the reach either of individuals or of classes, but there are also movements which are under control; and certainly it is the part of a wise man to forecast the effect of these movements, and to guide them if he can.

An instance occurred lately which illustrates my subject. In the revision of the tariff it was proposed to remove the existing duty upon imported books. The proposition was received favorably both in and out of Congress. Knowledge was to be free, at least English knowledge was, and a relic of barbarism unworthy of an enlightened nation was to be swept away. Many publishers, however, and with them a few authors, united in a remonstrance against the removal of the duty, and Congress finally declined to alter the tariff on this point. This remonstrance was characterized as a piece of selfishness on the part of the publishers, and of timidity or folly on the part of the authors, who were treated with a delicious arrogance by the censors of literature and morals. It was supposed that those persons who had given honorable thought to literature, and had, indeed, in the homely phrase, made it their business to write books, were quite incapable of understanding a few simple laws of economy and their effect upon literature and authors.

There are always people who imagine themselves about to live in a world which they have prearranged upon a scientific basis. It is indeed base to say that imagination is lacking in America so long as there are theorists who manufacture entire systems of social life upon the foundation of a few simple principles; but theorists in government, in finance, in economy, while they have plenty of room in America, are not the rulers. The tariff, whether it be a weed or a serviceable plant, has very long roots, and there are few people so sanguine as to think that it can be pulled up forcibly, and leave no derangement behind. What, for example, would be the effect were the tariff on books to be removed? That is the question which any reasonable legislator might ask before he voted to remove it, and I think he would be the wisest congressman who took the widest range in his inquiry. It would be easy to show that the mercantile interests involved were pitifully small when compared with the iron or wool interests, but it would be easier to trace the connection between the lower and the higher interests than it would be in the case of those industries.

I think the matter might be stated in a series of propositions; at any rate, by choosing this form I guard myself against the temptation to fly off into generalities, and I make the way plain for any one who has already ranged himself on the other side of the question to demolish my positions. For convenience, I use those which formed the text of the remonstrance made by certain authors; for I am not considering the matter from the publishers' side, except as they have common concern with the authors.

These writers, then, based their objection to a removal of the duty on these grounds: —

First, *that the prosperity of authors is closely connected with the prosperity of publishers, who are their agents in manufacturing, advertising, and selling the books which they write.*

This is a harmless-looking sentence, and as I have already treated the matter in a sufficiently elementary way, I think I need not detain the reader with any expansion of so reasonable a statement, but go on to

Second, *that American books demand American publishers, and whatever seriously checks the business of publishing checks the freedom of writing.*

The latter part of this proposition would appear to be the corollary of that with which the remonstrance led off, but the former part introduces a new member. Is it especially necessary that books written by Americans should be published by Americans? Why not go to the publisher who can give the books the widest circulation, whether in America or England; or why not go to the publisher who can pay the heaviest royalty, whether in America or England? I do not know that such questions would be seriously asked; and yet if it should prove that American authors could gain substantially by employing English publishers for both countries, it would indicate an uneven state of affairs. The relation between author and publisher is natural and organic, not mechanical; they are complementary to each other, as I have before said, and until one has rid himself of all relation to his country he cannot separate himself from so constituent a part of the order in which he lives. It would certainly be an anomalous condition if an author, writing, as he cannot help writing, mainly for readers in his own country, should employ a foreign agent to help him find these readers. I do not believe such a state of affairs will ever be brought about, because I do not believe that nationality is going to give way to universality; but if it were to be, the first step would be taken when the American publisher had been divorced by his partner.

Third, *that the removal or essential reduction of the existing tariff on books would give the foreign publisher an advantage over the American publisher, by enabling him to occupy the American market with books written and made abroad at a lower rate than they can be made in this country.*

This statement looks to a simple commercial fact. It assumes books to be purely objects of merchandise, subject to the laws which govern merchandise. It assumes that the publisher who can make books cheaper than his neighbor, and at the same time deprive them of no essential value, will hold the market. It assumes that a book is a book, and it almost eliminates the element of authorship. Under these assumptions, it maintains that in the competition American publishers, unless protected by a duty of twenty-five per cent. on English goods, would suffer seriously. The whole proposition is so degrading to ordinary intelligence that it needs close examination. Is it true that a book is a book? A clerical friend of mine, who knows books which are books, went into a bookstore one day, and asked, —

"Have you a copy of Bossuet?"

"No," was the prompt reply, "but we have Balzac." That young man knew how to keep store. He missed his customer this time, but he answered by rule, and knew that nine out of ten chance buyers would have taken another French book by an author whose name began with B, if the one they had heard of was not to be had. The truth is that the cultivated few, who buy a book in current literature because they know about the author, do not make the great public that supports bookstores. That is made of people who want something to read, — the latest, freshest, cheapest

book, — and of people who have serious intentions towards classic authors. The very men who have most to do with the distribution of literature — the booksellers — buy their stock with reference to its saleworthiness, and to the margin of profit between the buying and selling price; and they know that, with the exception of a few books by men of world-wide note and a few that are immediately advertised in an extensive way, a pound of books is a pound of books, and the public at large buys by the pound, and wants its money's worth.

To particularize: There are two great classes of books which are bought and sold as merchandise under the common laws which affect trade. One is a class made up of a few works so individual that the author gives the entire value to the property; the other, of a great multitude of works, where the author's name, when known, scarcely affects the value of the property at all. The former of these classes goes by the name of standard books, and is a very important element in the publishing business. The publisher has no power to add to their number; he cannot, by his dictum, determine that a book shall be standard: the world and time do that for him. He only looks on, and as a servant of the public sees that they are never left in want. Now the element of speculation, which is never absent from new books, need scarcely be present when books which have stood the test of time are concerned. There the problem is a simple one. Can the publisher give a better, more marketable edition of a standard book than his neighbor? Can he bring out a peculiar excellency which will stamp his edition as the most desirable, or can he produce a cheaper book for the size? He has not to create a demand, but to satisfy it. The bookseller is constantly applied to by the publisher to buy from him his Shakespeare, or his Scott, or Thackeray, or Dickens, or Macaulay, or Milton. There are more than sixty editions of the Pilgrim's Progress published in America, at prices ranging from six cents to fifteen dollars.

The latter of the two classes of which I have spoken goes by the name of juvenile books, and it constitutes one of the bulkiest parts of the publishing business. There are many modest persons engaged in the writing of these books, and the proportion of anonymous or pseudonymous titles is larger, it may safely be said, than in any other order of literature. The author's name has comparatively little to do with the fortune of juveniles. Of course, here and there an author's name has a great significance, especially when he has already made his reputation in a higher class of literature, and then his juvenile book gets lifted out of the crowd; but, in the main, the publisher and the bookseller know that the sales are determined by a few simple considerations. They both know that the public will buy the showiest, most attractive books, and those which seem to give the most for the money; that the question of home or foreign production, whether in authorship or manufacture, scarcely weighs a feather with the public; and that pictures and binding determine most confidently the fate of any one book. The publisher keeps in mind also the important fact that the bookseller will buy these goods of the person who will give him the most favorable discount. The great individuality of standard books, the absence of individuality in juvenile books, alike throw the burden of these two great classes upon the publisher, and it is the conditions which he can control that make the books successful or unsuccessful.

Now the practical effect of this state of things is that the English publisher goes to the bookseller with these two classes of books, the standard and the juvenile, and sells them to him at better rates than the American publisher can. It is a fact, and not a theory,

that for the last few years the English books in these two departments have been steadily pushing American ones to the wall, and the more far-sighted American publishers have maintained that the tariff of twenty-five per cent. is the only serious obstacle to a pretty full occupation of the American market; that were this tariff to be removed, or greatly lowered, the English publisher would have an advantage which distance from the market and the cost of freight would not materially lessen.

Can English books, then, be made cheaper than American? Yes. First, because the American manufacturer is already heavily taxed in all the duties laid upon the materials which enter into the production of a book. Second, because, while the American has the advantage in machinery, ninety per cent. of the cost of electrotype plates — the investment of a book — is in hand labor, and hand labor in England is much lower than in America. Third, because the *plant* of book manufacture in England is so extensive, so highly organized, and so wealthy, that, with a great market in addition to their own, English publishers can afford to produce books at a smaller margin of profit on each copy than is possible among manufacturers whose earnings have not yet paid for the newer plant.

But granting all this, one may impatiently ask, Why not buy Shakespeare in an English edition, if it be better and cheaper; and why not buy English books for the young, if they are prettier? The answer, for my purposes, is suggested by the last two propositions in the authors' remonstrance, and so I give them together: —

"Fourth, *that the effect will be to force American publishers into the publication of those copyright books only whose reputation has already been made, or of those which serve professional uses, as reports of courts and school books.* Fifth, *that higher literature will be discouraged, and that the greatest volume of current literature, which is in the form of reading for the young, will be guided by foreign authors, instead of by men and women of their own nation.*"

That is to say, if publishers were to be crowded out of the market in the field of what is known as miscellaneous and juvenile books, from inability to make any profit in them, they would give their attention to those books in the publication of which they are protected. Such protection exists in the case of copyright books, whose reputation has already been made; it exists also in the case of books which are not properly literature, but rather the intellectual tools required by students and professional workers, and can best be made by those who are brought into close connection with the persons who use them. But the contraction of the publishing business means the restriction of experiments in literature, and the pursuit of a conservative policy on the part of publishers toward the beginners in authorship. A broad industrial basis is requisite for successful ventures in newer fields. If the effect of legislation were to cut off from American publishers the manufacture and sale of standard uncopyright books, and of juvenile books of home origin, then, so far, such legislation would be a blow at American authorship, not of juvenile books merely, but of all new contributions to literature.

As a specific illustration of this point, it is worth while to note that the rates of payment for copyright on books for the young are notoriously lower than for copyright on books in general literature. The reason is easily stated. The publisher has to give a much larger discount to the dealer than on other books, and the margin of profit is smaller. But why does he have to give larger discounts? Because the competition is closer, owing to the impersonal character of this literature, and to the great tide of English books.

I have been drawn away somewhat from my immediate subject by this study of a special illustration, but I am not sorry if it has served to emphasize the statement that authorship in America is so closely identified with publishing enterprise as to be sensitive to the same influences. The truth is that publishing in America is more nearly allied with professional life than with trade, and it is likely that the relations between publishers and authors will grow closer, and partake more of a partnership character, than heretofore. The publisher has been the author's servant, and he has been the author's employer. I think that a more natural and a more honorable connection is steadily forming. As one indication of an elevation of the business, I have little hesitation in saying that there are more men who have received a collegiate education now engaged in the publishing business in America than there are in the ranks of men of letters.

It is not surprising that this is so. The demands made upon publishers in this country are of a kind to test them severely, and to make the important prizes come within the grasp of those only who are capable of large and comprehensive views. There is a vast territory in which to operate; an innumerable throng of readers; no compact educated class; no distinctive and authoritative organs of opinion or information; a great number of small centres; a scattering, and not a concentration, of forces. All these conditions, taken with the details involved in publishing, the large capital required in proportion to the business done, the speculative nature of the business, and the constant presence of a highly organized foreign competition, working indeed from a distant base, but with the distance yearly lessening under the applications of science, — these conditions, I say, tend to discourage the smaller publishers, and to build up a few great houses. It is a matter of fact that within ten years past there has been scarcely an addition to the list of publishing houses.

The effect of all this is to throw the initiative of literature more and more into the hands of the publishers. I am speaking, of course, of such literature as can be deliberately planned. In the matter of the highest literature, it can be said that, so far as publishers occupy a middle ground between commercial and professional lines, they have it in their power to perceive the presence of genius, and to give it a chance; to detect the absence of genius and to put obstacles in the way of its encumbering literature. The main province, however, of publishing enterprise is in the field of that great body of literature which has to do with knowledge; and here the higher organization of the publishing business means the greater opportunity for authorship. The publisher who has developed the industrial and distributing part of his business is compelled to do more than select from the works which are offered to him; he must shape the course of his business at its source as well as at its outlet, and invite certain books as well as judge those which come without solicitation.

It is this function of the publisher which may be watched with the liveliest interest. I am inclined to think that it is destined to be largely developed in America, and that the most thoroughly equipped publishing houses are to be great centres of intellectual force; collecting the scattered powers of literature, and redistributing them in ordered form. In this respect more is to be hoped from them than from the universities. Authorship and university life are not nearly so closely connected as authorship and publishing. The effect, indeed, of university life upon authorship is on the whole a repressive one. The university man is undermined by his disposition to perfect his work, and by the air of criticism which prevails about

him. He is too near a few readers and critics, and too remote from the many readers, to work either with freedom, or with the stimulus which great movements of life give to him. The very limitations of a scholastic life are unfavorable to the man of letters. He is constantly tempted, in the routine of that life, to refine indefinitely and to lose the large purposes of literature.

Yet the university might well range itself among the forces which are to stimulate and control letters in America. I can see no good reason why it should not ally itself with publishing houses in the organization of literature. It has funds for the encouragement of students; why should it not have funds for the encouragement of learning? It need not have its bookstore or printing office, nor need it engage in the business of publishing; but it may fairly put its seal upon a translation of Aristotle, or a thoroughly edited and complete series of the writings of Washington.

The close connection which exists between author and publisher compels us to ask what are the author's proprietary rights, by which he is enabled to meet the publisher on even grounds? The copyright laws give him control of his writings for a period of twenty-eight years, with a right to renew for fourteen years at the end of the first period. For forty-two years, then, the author has peculiar property in a book; after that he has no legal right, and however honorable his own publisher may be, both author and publisher are at the mercy of any rogue who may choose to publish a book, the copyright of which has expired. The period of forty-two years is too short for reasonable protection. Books published by an author when he is under thirty are taken away from him just when he most needs the income from them. For example, I published a book when I was twenty-four years old; it continues to bring me in a yearly return. I am already looking forward to my sixty-sixth year; but when that time comes the investment which I made in my youth will be nearly worthless to me, and I shall be grinding out work when I ought to be engaged only in writing in autograph albums. Besides, it is unreasonable to compel an author to remember when the twenty-eighth birthday of each of his books comes round, with a penalty of losing his property in them if he forgets it. No; a fairer law would be one which gave an author a hundred years' right in his book. The valueless books would be no more valuable if they enjoyed a perpetual copyright; but if a book has vitality enough to last forty-two years it may fairly hope to live a hundred, and after that, if it is still alive, it ought to be everybody's property. I am communist enough for that.

In considering the material conditions of authorship in America, it is impossible to leave out of account the absence of an international copyright. It has a great deal more to do with literature than a tariff on books has; and since, when the tariff was in danger, a few authors came forward and lent a hand to their partners, I think it would be a retort courteous if the publishers were to show a little more diligence in securing such an international copyright as authors have been individually calling for any time these last forty years. Upon the plane of commerce it is clear that the conditions for free trade in literature are much sounder now than they ever have been. In the exchange of literary wares there is a closer approach to even terms. Upon the higher ground of the recognition of rights, it is to be hoped that the nation is prepared to treat its own authors with dignity, even if it be indifferent to the fortunes of foreigners. The assumption in copyright is that the nation has a final proprietorship in its literature; it grants a monopoly for a term as an encouragement and protection to its authors. Very

well; let it take a step in advance by extending that copyright in time to a hundred years, and by extending it in space so as to make it cover English speaking countries. But it cannot do this last without reciprocity, and of all the methods proposed I know of none so simple as the change of the copyright law by which *persons* and not *citizens* may take out copyright, with the condition that prior publication be made in this country; but such priority need be no more than a day.

Yet when I begin to think of international copyright, my mind always flies back to the immensely larger interests involved in national copyright. The American author who secures a hearing in England has first found his audience in this country. The English sometimes please themselves with the complacent notion that American literature exists after it has been indorsed in England. The notion does them no harm, and it amuses us. Perhaps we have sometimes imagined that we have made the reputation of English authors. Really, an author is made out of much the same stuff as his readers. I have suggested that the university may render needed help to authors engaged upon work which promises little pecuniary return, but the system of schools which prevails, with variations upon one common plan, throughout the United States offers a more important aid to authorship in America by supplying readers. It is the absence of a class of readers which has affected the conditions of authorship here; it is the presence of a nation of readers which ought to affect those conditions still more powerfully. The immediate outlook is not especially encouraging. We have, no doubt, a vast body of people who can read, but their reading is largely confined to newspapers. The lever to raise this mass of indifferent readers is to be found in the system which has hitherto formed them. The introduction of a high order of literature into the common schools is a movement which has begun, and if it be carried forward will have more effect upon authorship in America than all other causes combined. It has not been possible hitherto, because there has been no native literature at the service of the schools. Now, the accumulation of a body of prose and poetry, with its origin in national life, has become a substantial foundation upon which a love of literature may be built. It is difficult for the older readers in America to-day to comprehend the significance of the change which is going on. They drew their literary impulses quite as much from foreign as from native sources. It is not so with the young people of to-day. They find already existing a body of American classics, and unless I misread the signs of the times these books are to have a profound influence in the education of Americans. They are to constitute the humane letters of the common school, and it is impossible to measure the power which they will exert in enlarging and lifting the mental life of the people.

So far as authors are concerned, the effect, as I have said, will be to give them more readers. The gracious lives of the elder American writers will pass into the fortunes of the younger men, not only by the direct influence of their thought and art, but through the indirect service which they have rendered to noble literature. It was theirs to make this literature at home in America, and a familiarity with it is to be one of the great conservative forces in American life. There will always be more room and welcome for authors in America, because these have become permanent guests. After all, when one sums up the conditions of authorship in America to-day, is not the final and comprehensive one to be found in the existence of America itself? I mean an America which stands for a distinct, resolute power in history, having its own organic

life, planted between the great oceans, hospitable to all influences. There are not wanting signs of a conscious life which breathes through literature: the new and ardent devotion to our own history is one sign; the disposition to make fresh examinations of foreign life and ancient literature is another. One may easily stray away from the material conditions of authorship in any such survey, and my wish has been chiefly to inquire into some of those material conditions; but authorship has a way of trying to catch a breath of the upper air. It has indeed feet of clay, but it lifts a golden head.

MR. EMERSON IN THE LECTURE ROOM.

THE following reminiscences of a course of lectures by Emerson, delivered before the post-graduate class of Harvard University during April and May, 1870, were written in letters to an absent friend. They cannot be considered in any sense as reports of the lectures, but rather as memory-pictures of our New England master and teacher. To those persons who can recall the tones of Emerson's voice and his manner in speaking, such fragments possess an interest apart from the thoughts they contain. Personal memories tinge the sentiments they convey, but they present, at least, a picture painted with reverence and affection.

BOSTON, *April* 28, 1870.

DEAR ——: I have the happiness of being one of thirty persons who attend a course of lectures by Mr. Emerson, intended for the graduates of Harvard. . . . His general topic is Notes on the History of the Intellect, and he began his first lecture with a witty disclaimer against being considered a metaphysician himself, in any ordinary acceptation of that term. He said that Reid, Hamilton, Berkeley, Kant, give us less, with all their systems, than Montaigne, Montesquieu, Diderot, or even Rabelais, with his breadth of humor. "The trouble is," he continued, "men ordinarily take no note of their thoughts. They say one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow, and forget them all. Our thoughts are our companions and our guides; but sometimes we find ourselves less familiar with these interior friends than with exterior ones. It is the development of mind which makes the science of mind.

"The miracle is the tally of thoughts to things. A new thought is retrospective. It is like fire applied to a train of gunpowder. It lights all that has gone before.

"We are impatient of too much introspection. What the eye sees, and not the eye, is what we chiefly regard. We are broken into sparkles of thought, like the stars in the system of Copernicus. To Be is the great mystery! We are angles; each one makes an angle with Truth. Our thoughts are like facets cut on the jewel of Truth. Intellect is not a gift, but the presence of God."

You will see from these morsels that I attempt nothing like a report in your behalf. Few things disturb Mr. Emerson so much as to see a note-book; so we only have a right to carry away what we can put into the pocket of our memories. He seldom speaks an hour; once he gave us but twenty minutes; indeed, I think half an hour is about the measure of his discourse. He said one day, "The mind is what has and sees and is seen. There is perfect unison between mind and matter; hence the value

of a new word, which is a gift to the world. Plato gave us one of the most valuable words and definitions when he used 'analogy,' and defined it as 'identity of ratios.' No definition of *genius*, however, can equal the word, and Mr. Carlyle's book on Heroism is at once outdone to the gentle mind by the presence of the hero.

"The best study of metaphysics is physics. The subtle relations between things, the discovery that every system is but a part of the one great system, — this is the wonderful lesson the universe teaches us.

"There is no stop; all is pulsation, undulation. The world is framed of atoms, and in every atom we may discern Man.

"Growth and birth and the sexes, — all these words belong also to the mind; for there is assuredly sex in the mind, though not the same. A masculine mind is sometimes found in the woman, and a feminine in the man.

"The mind is a deep, unfathomable cavern. Man is forever a stranger to himself, and what a blessing is he who can help us to a better acquaintance! What a torch is that which can throw one gleam down into the spirit's cavernous depths! We are to each other as our perception is. Perception is power. The first apprehension is the germ from which all science results.

"Thoughts are rare; whoever has one to give, that person is needed. Young people often feel as if they were bursting with them; but when they try to deliver themselves, it is discovered to be all a false alarm. The heavens appear to be sown with countless stars; but when we try to number those we really see, they only amount to a few hundreds. So it is with our thoughts. Herschel computed there were only about one hundred hours in the year when his great forty-foot telescope was of any avail for observations. Our hours of thought are as rare. It is not every undisturbed day which is fruitful in them. They belong to happy periods.

"Perception is swiftness; they who see first what to do can do it first, except some few inspired idiots, who are full and see much, but cannot be tapped anywhere. Words and definitions are often the result of this swift apprehension. Perception helps expression, which is but partial at best. If we could once but free our thought, we should be liberated into the universe.

"Talent is ever in demand. A man who can do anything well is needed. We utilize talent too much in this age. It goes for nothing if it be not lucrative. A useful talent is wanted twelve hours in the day.

"Bohemianism is the surrender of talent to money. Isocrates said of Protagoras, and that class of philosophers, that they would sell anything but their hope in the immortality of their own souls for four minæ. Talent is everywhere in great repute with us. To say clever things, to be sharp and brilliant, is to be well regarded."

Mr. Emerson seldom announces any subject or subdivision of his general topic, but one afternoon he began by saying, "My subject is Memory. Every machine must be perfect to be in running order. Wheels, cogs, teeth, must all match and hold well together. It is the healthy mind whose memory works perfectly. Memory should shut tight on its subject as the jaws of a bull-dog. It is cement, bitumen, matrix, to the mind, the cohesion which creates knowledge. It is retroactive, working backward as well as forward in an ever-lengthening chain. Akin to the power of creation is the joy of calling back into existence, by the compelling force of will, something which had disappeared from life.

"Tenacity, accessibility or choice, and swiftness are qualities of memory. No memory holds a variety of subjects. We remember according to our affec-

tions. Napoleon could remember the army roll, but said his memory was so poor that an Alexandrine verse was impossible to him. If the army roll were put on one side, and all the great poems of the world on the other, he should choose the army roll. He wrote down everything else which it was important to record; *that* he remembered without an effort.

"Quintilian has said, 'Memory is the measure of mind.' Frederick the Great knew every man in his army and every bottle in his wine-cellar. Boileau, coming to read a poem to Daguesseau, many pages in length, the latter, on Boileau's ceasing to read, immediately repeated the whole after him, saying he had heard it before. Boileau was at first distressed, but soon discovered it to be simply a feat of memory. Dr. Johnson could repeat whole books which he had read but once. This power failed somewhat after he was forty years old.

"The faculty of memory does not appear to grow; there is some wildness in it. Horses possess in their wild state a swiftness which is never attained after they are broken; so the sleep of savages and children, which people of culture and care never know again. Such is the undisturbed power of memory in childhood. We never forget what is absorbed in those few first years of existence. The power of vivid remembrance seems to make time very long to children. We hear one who can scarcely speak say to his companion, 'Can't you berember how we used to make mud pies and play in puddles?' — yet perhaps it was to us a very short time before, though seeming years to them. This wild memory belongs both to children and to the childhood of the world. There is an Eastern poem in existence, said to be longer than the Iliad and Odyssey, which exists only in the memories of its people.

"Memory is not only subject to will, but it has a will of its own. It is like a looking-glass, because it reflects what passes before it; yet, unlike a looking-glass, it retains, and at will reproduces, any figure that is wanted in the very centre of the plate. What the power is by which a subject is often unconsciously retained, through years, uncalled for, and is suddenly produced when needed, no one has ever been able to turn himself inside out quick enough to discover.

"There is a bit of journal, written by an English gentleman after a pleasant visit to a country-house, in which he says, 'I left Lady ——'s house several days ago. I heard many good things there which I have been intending to set down, but have not yet found time. I take a look at them now and then, in my memory, to be sure they are quite safe.'

"Who of us has not known kindred experiences! Memory accelerates life, and lengthens it. How a short period may be made a long one by a diversity of subjects being presented to us which are worth remembering, we all know. So a person of quick perception to behold and memory to secure will be possessed of something of which a slower man, having the same experience, may be altogether unconscious of. What a convenience and resource is memory! To have what is needed always on demand! It was said of a German professor that he was a third university; he carried a whole library in his head.

"This memory is after all so rare that let a man read what everybody else has read, just one year later and he will appear to other people to be a sphinx. The swiftness of memory distinguishes it. To immediately produce the thing wanted, — that is the point. It is no marvel to see anybody perform the feats of Safford with pen and paper. Everybody can do that! But at the age of ten, with a multiplicand of fifteen figures and a multiplier of fifteen figures, to give the result at once, was indeed a marvel, and this ten years before he

came to our university. Nevertheless, memory appears to be no test of the original power of the mind. With a certain ideal class it seems rather to interfere. Wordsworth and Goethe, for instance, could never bring the memory to explain the meaning and connection of certain passages written in their youth. Whatever coherence there was in their own minds with what went before or came after was not easily perceived by others, nor to be explained by themselves. Not unfrequently, however, the connection between thoughts, lost by the author, may be discovered by other imaginative minds brought to bear upon the subject. There is something ideal in memory. What is addressed to the imagination is oftentimes retained, if everything beside be lost. When we discover that a man remembers many things we have not; when we perceive that he does not do this by a knot in his handkerchief, or a bit of worsted, or by any trick, but by some hidden and fine relation between subject and subject, which we cannot discern, then we feel the greatness of the power, and we seem to talk with Jove.

"The memory of beautiful things retards time; music conceals it. Thus the allegory of Siva, when he comes to ask the god to give him one of three princes in marriage for his daughter. As he approaches the oracle he hears sounds of music, which appear to him so beautiful that he delays a while to listen; and while he delays the first strain ceases, and another begins, which he also waits to hear. When at last there is silence he asks the god for one of the three princes. He is assured that it is impossible; for not only the three princes, but all their children and great-grandchildren to the third generation, have already married while he was listening to the music.

"Memory, with most people, consists of a record of what notes are given and when the payment is due; with others, it is formative and a token of love. We naturally hate all docked or shallow-thoughted men. Simonides is called the Father of Memory. It is recorded on the tomb of Abelard that he knew all that was knowable. The best office of memory is to forget all that is painful, and remember only our joys. Fate is an artist, and lets us forget what we should forget. Most of us remember only what we have remembered before; but deep thought holds in solution all facts. The best art of memory is to understand things thoroughly. New knowledge always calls upon old knowledge. Memory should enshrine principles instead of traditions."

The serious significance of this lecture was lightened for the public mind by a number of humorous illustrations. Mr. Emerson said that there were various directions as to how memory may be acquired. "I remember reading," he continued, "in an old book called Fullom's Casket of Memory, that it is good to make a gargle, to be taken warm in the morning, to be composed of a concoction of flowers, new milk, and pennyroyal! Dr. Johnson said he could remember the man he had kicked last." Speaking, one day, of imagination, Mr. Emerson quoted Sir Thomas Browne, who said, "The severe schools shall never laugh me out of the philosophy of Hermes, that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein as in a portrait, things are not, truly, but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some more real substance in that invisible fabric."

"No one, perhaps, has given us a better exposition of this doctrine than Emmanuel Swedenborg. The substance of his teaching is how, out of the shows of things, to obtain reality. Imagination predicts Nature, and leads our thought upward from point to point. To discern the thought beneath the form is its office. The imagination following the steps of a new thought hears it echoed

from pole to pole. The symbol plays a large part in our speech. We could not do without it. Few can either give or receive unrelieved thought in conversation. A symbol or trope lightens it. We remember a happy comparison all our lives. Machiavelli said the papacy was a great stone in the wound of Italy to keep it from healing. Genius shows itself in sprightly suggestion. A good analogy to my thought is far more to me than to find that Plato or Swedenborg agree with it. To find that the elm-tree nods assent to it and that running waters conform to it, — this alone is confirmation.

" Dante's poetry has hands and feet. I went into a painter's studio once, where I found he had modeled the figures of Dante's characters in clay before beginning to paint his picture ; and I was half persuaded the poet did the same himself."

All this seems like a wretched prose translation of what Mr. Emerson said. The lectures themselves are poetry and music. Speaking of dreams, he continued, " More than what Plato or any philosopher can or ever shall give us is sometimes unveiled in these unaccountable experiences. No drama in five acts ever written can compare with the drama in fifty acts unfolded to the dirtiest sluggard upon the floor of the watch-house.

" The words Fancy and Imagination are frequently used without discrimination. It is a mistake. Fancy is full of accidental surprises, and amuses the vacant or idle mind. Imagination silences Fancy, which becomes speechless in its presence. Imagination deals with the identity of things. It is real, central, tragic. Sometimes we think it makes all we call Nature.

" My friend Thoreau was full of fanciful suggestions from natural objects : such as ' the tanager setting the woods on fire as he flies through them ; ' ' the golden-rod waving its yellow banners, and marching eastward to the Crusade ; ' ' the dewy cobwebs, handkerchiefs dropped by fairies.' And of Wachusett as seen from Concord he used to say, ' Look at the back of that great whale just under our bows ! They have stuck a harpoon in him, and he is plowing his way off across the continent.' I can never see it without that thought coming again to my mind. Imagination gives us the like romantic elements for our life, and feeds us with commanding thoughts.

" Every one would be a poet if his intellectual digestion were perfect.

" The transition from the subject of Imagination to that of Inspiration is easy. No fable of metamorphosis, but a truth, is this which inspiration works in us. Plato has said no man who always understands himself can ever be a poet. There is an essence which passes from an intelligence higher than ourselves, and sways us. We cannot compel it by our will. We throw up our work for it (wishing it may come), to no purpose. When we least hope for it in lyric glances, it shines upon us. Unstable in its course, it fills the agitated soul.

" Wordsworth said he cared little for those poets who understood what they did, like Byron and Scott. He much preferred William Blake. We never know the depth of the notes we accidentally sound. Heat is necessary. We must have heat. Enthusiasm daring ruin for its object.

" Pit-coal, — where to find it ! We may have engines which work as perfectly as watches, but they are all nothing if we cannot strike the mine.

" There is contagion in inspiration. It was said of Mirabeau that ' to-morrow was no impostor to him ; ' all who came near him learned how much the hours meant to him. We love to be magnetized.

" The story of the Pleiades, — by what poet has it not been sung ! Every nun in retirement makes the lost Pleiad the

subject of her song. I think there must be a universal chord struck in the idea, which is that of a lost thought. How to obtain thoughts is the question.

"Condensation, concentration, high flights of the soul, — these are some of the means by which thoughts visit us. But there is no continuance, no permanency, in their presence. They are subject to continual ebb and flow; beside, we lose much by the breaking up of hours and by sleep. We are sometimes like the cat's back, breaking out all over in sparkles of thought. Are these moods within control? Where is the Franklin for this fluid? Poetry is full of apostrophe to inspiration, much of it commonplace enough; but Herrick's little poem is worth reading; also the preface written by William Blake to his poems. A certain recognition of this power beyond themselves is often manifested by great men, as when Kepler said he could afford to wait one hundred years for a reader, since God had waited five thousand years for such an astronomer as himself.

"How many sources of inspiration can we count? As many as are our affinities. First, I would say health; second, sleep. Life is in short periods; cut into strips, as it were. We lie down spent; we rise with powers new born. As a third source of inspiration I would choose solitary converse with nature. What student does not know this? The mornings, the deep woods, the yellow autumn-time. There is much in that French motto, 'Il n'y a que le matin.' Thought is clear then; life is new and strong. But to save the hours, to prevent the frightening away of thought! It is a difficult problem. At home I shut myself up, frequently with great detriment to my affairs (being small farmer as well as householder), and must not be interrupted. But the only safe refuge is a country inn or a city hotel. There no one can call you, and the hours flow on in astronomic leisure. Years ago, I remember, Mr. Carlyle projected a study at the top of his house, subject to no housemaid. Late in life this plan of his was accomplished, and Frederick the Great was the result. Cold is another enemy. George Sand says, somewhere, she never had an idea that the slightest chill could not drive away from her. To some, a fine view, the face of external nature, is a hindrance. William Blake said nature was a disturbance to his work. Sir Joshua Reynolds disliked Richmond, and said his landscape was the human face divine.

"We remember the plainness of Goethe's study. New poetry, too, is inspiration. I mean for the most part old poetry read for the first time; so also with new words. Almost we say, not even friends! a word is best.

"Next, I would put conversation. Good conversation is a wonderful promoter of intellectual activity. We become emulous. If one says better things than we could, or different, we are stimulated in turn. Conversation is the right metaphysical professor. Sincere and happy conversation always doubles our power."

On another day, in approaching the subject of Genius, Mr. Emerson said, "Walter Scott described it as Perseverance, and it has also been described as Attention; but I hold that Genius is Veracity, and with it always the year is one and the emperor present. With Genius there is always youth, and never the obituary eloquence of memory. Who taught Raphael and Correggio to paint? They were taught of God in a dream.

"Shakespeare, Voltaire, Byron, Daniel Webster, and Father Taylor were equally interesting to all classes; for there are two brains in every man of genius. Talent is vice-president and presiding officer, never the king. Truth is sensibility to the laws of the world, and genius is always governed by truth. Genius deals with the elemental, the

roots of things, and takes nothing second hand."

Once, in speaking of common sense, Mr. Emerson said, "It is a power all esteem. It reaps, plows, sows, threshes, sweats. No one would be without it. Bonar said, 'Common sense and genius make the world,' not wit; that is only a side issue. Artists affect sticking to facts. Goethe was full of this. Like Pericles, he needed a helmet to conceal the dreaded infirmity of his head. He had a large air-chamber; but if any of his neighbors caught him creeping into the chamber of the Muses, he would deny it point blank, saying, 'No, no; I was going to the county jail.' Some nations appear more distinguished for this quality than others. I think the English excel; although with them it is apt to degenerate into brutality. The French people perhaps manage it more courteously; yet a republic is a better field for its development. With a monarchy and the small circle of aristocracy come idealism and exemption. In a republic all find use for hands and feet. Napoleon conversing with an officer on a matter of business, the functionary said, 'I can hardly talk with you as I should like about this, for I am not a witty man.' Napoleon answered, 'I do not want your wit. I want the work!' One of the German princes, to whom Mr. Osborne, of England, was sent as minister, being interested in ghostly appearances, assured Mr. Osborne, if he would accompany him at twelve o'clock midnight to the neighboring churchyard, he would show him a ghost. 'If I may take six grenadiers with me, who shall shoot at the apparition when it comes, I will accompany your majesty gladly,' was the reply. The rendezvous did not take place. The Duke of Wellington having a bullet-proof shirt brought him by the inventor, 'Bullet-proof, you say?' asked the duke. 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Will you put it on yourself, and allow me to order in six soldiers to shoot at it?' The man did not press his suit — nor wear it. Lord Palmerston, being asked to serve on the cholera committee in Edinburgh, declined, saying, 'They would do better to obey the laws of health.' Sir Fowell Buxton's book is full of common sense regarding Parliament and the character of speeches there. Many of the rules he lays down would be good for more Parliaments than that of England.

"Common sense was a great characteristic of Dr. Johnson, and his conversation can never be overrated. It will live when much of the Rambler will be forgotten.

"The primal facts of Intellect lie close under the surface of Nature. Sometimes we feel Nature to be a chamber lined with mirrors, wherein we see reflected the disguised man. The analogy between processes of thought and those of the physical world is perfect, thorough. Good work does itself; there is growth in the night.

"The fame of the Mons pear came from the saliency of the trees as well as the excellence of the fruit. The shoots were continually cut off and new graftings made. Saliency of the mind may be encouraged by use. We need saliency. Nothing is more simple than the fact discovered yesterday, nothing more wonderful than the fact to be discovered to-morrow. In the old schools of Italy they would dry up a man to make a grammarian. We will hope that the mended humanity of republics will save us.

"We are inspired by every kind of true vigor. We do not need to meet vigor of our own kind, but misalliance, misassociation, must be shunned. It is of no avail. Genius ill-companioned is no genius; without identity of base, chaos must be forever. We are surprised by occult sympathies. In each form of nature we seem to see ourselves in some distorting glass. Nature is saturated with Deity. The solar architec-

ture, upon which we gaze in wonder, is not so marvelous as the same system in the revolving mind.

"Thoughts run parallel with the creative law; to unveil them, to understand their action from the laws of the world, — this is imagination, this is the poetic gift. Among the laws of the mind are powers and analogies which should be considered. First among them stands Identity; then follow Metamorphosis, Flux" . . . Here Mr. Emerson paused, his sentence still unfinished, while he seemed to search among his papers for its conclusion. After a few moments, finding nothing to advance the subject satisfactorily, he rose, and so ended the lecture of the day.

On another occasion Mr. Emerson renewed this subject. "The detachment and flux of our natures," he said, "are the metres of their strength. Nothing remains; everything is becoming other than it is; this doctrine is the secret of things. Wisdom consists in keeping the soul fluent, resisting petrifaction. We see this in all things; we are asked why there is a hole in the bottom of the flower-pot! The moment there is fixation, petrifaction and death ensue. The very word Nature makes us to know this: '*natura;*' *becoming about to be born.* We are immortal by the force of transits. The law of the world is transition, and our power lies in that. No wonder children delight in masks and plays, — in being other than they are; so do older children; it is the instinct of the universe.

"Pace is yet another power or quality of mind. The swift mind is capable of spiritual sculpture, and can build a statue in the air with every word. The artist values himself on his speed. Saadi says, 'With the budding out of the leaf this work began, and was ended with the falling of the same.' Shakespeare seems to have lived faster than any other man; he appears to have been a thousand years old when he wrote his first line, and his judgment is as wonderful to us as his pace. Quick wit is always a miracle, but for *l'esprit de l'escalier* we have no respect; everybody has that. Good fortune is only another name for quick perceptions. Improvisation is simply acceleration. We have nothing of value in literature done that way; what is gained in one direction is lost in another. It is thought our pace is injured by civilization; untutored peoples are said to do what they do more rapidly than we. When results are shown to us without the processes by which they were produced, we are lost in wonder. In this way Sir George Beaumont made Wilkie's sudden reputation in London. He went about saying, 'Here 's a young man who has just come to London, who went at once to see a picture by Teniers, and then ran home and painted The Village Politicians.'

"Each power, when largely developed, exhausts some other. The Delphian prophetess at her altar is herself a victim. But the pace of Nature is strong! We never hear that she has sprained her foot. We become spent, and fail; she thanks 'God that she breathes very well.'

"We find grown people, with quick perceptions, whose judgment is two years old, — Hercules with a withered arm! This element of Time is a wonderful magician. I once went to a beautiful *fête*, where was a little old man in a gray coat. Presently some one asked him for one of Dolland's great telescopes; and he produced it immediately, no larger at first than a microscope, from his waistcoat pocket. Soon after a lady stepped up, and said she should like a Turkey carpet laid on the lawn, if he had one about him; and the little gray man took that out, too, and presently a marquee was added to the rest. Time, the little gray man, has made, and is making, changes as wonderful upon every one of us. No Turkey carpets nor marquee tents can

be so extraordinary as the processes in chemistry, miraculous to our uninstructed eyes.

"Bias is yet another quality or power of the mind to be considered, — power to resist shocks of contending temperaments. Faraday discovered that certain minerals would obey the two poles of the magnet, north and south, while others would only seek those diametrically opposed. Polarity is a universal law; every mind is a magnet, with a new north.

"We soon discern whether a man speaks from himself, or is giving us something at second hand. We see through all his paint; he may as well wash it off at once. He who made the world lets that speak for itself, and does not employ a town-crier. So shall each soul speak for itself as God made it. Opinions are organic. They should be fostered by our studies into a healthy natural growth. We say of a man, 'Where is his home?' There where he is incessantly called.

"Do not fear to push these individualizations to their farthest divergence. Excellence is an inflamed personality. Power fraternizes with power, and wishes you to be not like himself. We acquiesce in what we are. We do not wish conformity or fair words; yea and nay will suffice. God makes but one man of each kind. 'My son will not be like me, and can never fill my place,' said Napoleon, 'but he will fulfill his own destiny.' A human soul is a momentary fixation of power. The tenacity of retention must be in proportion to the idea it represents.

"Everybody can do his best work easiest. While the master works in his own way, and draws on his own power, he cannot be supplanted. Man resents the rule which cripples him. We must do our best in our own way. We do not wish praise; we never forgive overappreciation. Reserve, pique, — both these can help to stimulate us. Do not fear to be a monotone! We wish every man to truly please himself; then he will please us."

Mr. Emerson read in connection with this subject a passage from Varnhagen von Ense upon Vicarious Sacrifice. He said it was so fine that it would not be out of place anywhere, and belonged to the philosophy of history.

One day he remarked that he had always considered a course of lectures at Harvard University would be incomplete if a series upon Plato and the Platonists were omitted. "Thought has subsisted for the most part on one root; the Norse mythology, the Vedas, Shakespeare, have served for ages. The history of our venerable Bible, — what heights, what lights, what strength, does this contain! We see how Nature loves to cross her stocks; the invaded by the invader. We see this in the history of the Aryans, of the Pelasgi as invaded by the Ionians, of the East by Alexander, and so on continually. There must be both power and provocation to develop the highest in man.

"The systems of philosophy are few, and repeat each other; there is little that is new. One philosopher unfolds the doctrine of materialism; the next will unfold the same doctrine, but after the fashion of his own mind; another will dispute sense and talk non-sense; the fourth will take a middle ground, until we have Materialism, Idealism, Dogmatism, Skepticism, and few new thoughts.

"When Orientalism in Alexandria found the Platonists, a new school was produced. The sternness of the Greek school, feeling its way forward from argument to argument, met and combined with the beauty of Orientalism. Plotinus, Proclus, Porphyry, and Jamblicus were the apostles of the new philosophy.

"Some truths were then, perhaps, first unveiled: such as, pure power is more felt than anything purely intellectual;

Mind is the source of things, the truth of absolute units; Being, or First Cause, creates to the end of imparting happiness. This philosophy was the consolation of the human race. The principles of Plato were distilled in various schools, and at last went down with the greatness of Rome. Then came, not until the third century of our era, Plotinus. He was the founder of the new Platonism. The wisdom of its method is great and worthy of profound study. Music, Love, Philosophy, were the three powers of which he has left us a beautiful analysis." Mr. Emerson read carefully selected passages from Plotinus, and afterward gave the history of his life so far as it is known; then, taking up an octavo volume translated by Thomas Taylor, of Norwich, which contained the essay of Synesius on Providence, he spoke of its untold value to the world. His audience could understand at least how precious the book was to him. Doubtless many a reader, remembering his words concerning it, has turned its mystic pages; but the readers must be few who have seen the mysterious light shining in them which the poet found.

Of Proclus Mr. Emerson said, "I am always astonished at his strength. He has purple deeps which I can never fully sound. What literature should be, he is. Proclus first called attention to Chaldaic oracles. There are hardly men athletic enough to read him. How insignificant and far behind Proclus is what we call Scotch philosophy. It is like comparing Phidias and Uncle Toby.

"For a period of the world's history Plato and the Platonists were almost lost, as it appeared. But the disciples always reappear; thus, curiously, in our age have these doctrines revived. As surely as Wilkinson is the pupil of Swedenborg, and as surely as everything must come round, so here in our time arrives a scholar who sets the Platonists on their legs again, and calls everybody to hear these sages who wrote fifteen hundred years ago. Thomas Taylor was a man of singular character: a rugged Englishman, without one refreshing stroke of wit, or even of good sense, haughtily believing in his work, he accepted poverty proudly to the end of its accomplishment. He cannot suppress his high contempt for those who are ignorant of Greek philosophy. He equals Gibbon in his pride, and Johnson in his gloom. There is little recorded of his life, but I draw much of my information from Porson. Thomas Taylor says, 'No living author beside myself has devoted himself to Plato.' Elsewhere he speaks of his 'solitary road;' and indeed it was a road no man had traversed for centuries. Niebuhr has a touching reference to him; the name is not given, but it can be no one else. Sydenham also, whom I should hardly quote here but for his strange fate and the interest his early death excites in us.

"Taylor tilts against many notable windmills. Like Coleridge, he thanked God that he knew no French. He calls Christianity a gigantic impiety. Like Winckelmann, he was a man born out of due time. Taylor had no faith in the education of the masses; his whole idea of government was founded on Plato's republic; he eagerly dissuaded the uneducated from reading his books. He received scorn for scorn. Even learned England knew nothing of him, gave him no attention. Hallam had never heard of him, nor Milman, nor, I think, had Macaulay. I met a gentleman who thought he could find out something for me, but the whole result of the inquiry was that Taylor's eldest son was named Proclus. There are very few facts beside. His wife married him suddenly, when she was about to be compelled to marry a rich man in his stead, and for a year or more they subsisted on seven shillings a week, which he made by copying. His labors were immense. Aristotle, Plato, Plotinus, Proclus, Syne-

sius, all exist from his hand, and many other works. He was turned out of a good boarding-place because he wished to sacrifice a bull to Jupiter Olympus in the best parlor. His translation of Synesius will live with Comus, Laodamia, and a few other things of that nature."

The next afternoon Mr. Emerson said his subject was The Conduct of the Intellect. "I have arranged," he continued, "with some amplitude the study of the working agents of the mind, that we may become conscious as far as possible how system and power may be reached by persons desirous of true culture. First, we will consider Attention, which is the natural prayer we make to Truth that she will discover herself to us. Attention is perpetual application of the will. Sir Isaac Newton said that what he had accomplished was done by always intending his mind. Goethe said that he believed every child should learn drawing; for it unfolds attention, the highest of our skills and virtues. This power cannot always be called into its fullest force, and it is differently excited in different persons, or in the same persons at different times. When you cannot flog your mind into power in your library, you go to family and friends, where it becomes refreshed. Some men have found the public their school and study. They go to their audience as others go to their closet, and learn there what they should say.

"This brings me again to Bias, that indispensable condition of all true influence. Each makes and should make one reserve in the canon of nature, namely, himself! Not the fact, but what he makes of it, is its value, after all. Be yourself! Don't walk one way and look another. Straining, *tour de force*, will accomplish for the time, but the result is always weariness and waste. You cannot disguise your opinions. This faculty is your lot in life; therefore make the most of it, instead of wishing it something else. Abandon yourself to your real love and hate! That which burns you can alone set other minds in flame. Labor, drudge, and wrestle for it; profound sincerity is the only basis of character. Beware of the temptation to patronize Providence. Set down a wise man in the centre of a town, and he will create a new consciousness of wealth. He will show the rich their mistakes and poverty, and to the poor he will discover their own resources. He will establish an immovable equality.

"Most books of travel tell us nothing; but take the men born to travel and to see, and we recognize at once that they are inspired for discoverers. The poet sees also, and if he sees only in fragments he paints those with what energy he has.

"The primary quality of Genius is Veracity. 'What he would write, he was before he writ,' said Lord Brooke. Youth and truth should be inseparable. No proselytizing adviser is then needed. I want nothing less Truth. I will wear her garment, rather than array myself in a red rag of any borrowed garniture. I see how grand it is.

"The condition of sanity is to keep down talent and to preserve instinct. Otherwise we find talent substituted for genius, sensuality for art. There is an organic order in every mind, therefore there is natural order in our thought; but bad artists do not foresee the end from the beginning."

Mr. Emerson here spoke of the Classic and Romantic schools of art, and of the essential quality of Affirmation.

"The affirmative position of the mind," he continued; "knowing what we like best, and acknowledging it; discovering the grand basis where lies the joy of the great masters that they are all alike; not dealing with petty differences; not seeing less than the immortal, — this is the duty of every healthy soul. It is the causal fact in every forward nature that he shall look

affirmatively upon subjects. An affirmative talker is always safe. I think it is the main guard not to accept degrading views. Don't try to make the universe a blind alley. We must march under the banner of the advancing cause. There is no limit to the strength of affirmation; we can go on, sky over sky and through soundless deeps, and the follower learns that truth has steeps unapproachable to the profane foot. No negative evidence can be worth one affirmative. It is the mind, never the body, which will conquer, and will burst up to carry all away as with a sea-stroke. The true poet, if such could be embodied, would electrify us with truth, once heard. What is now the capital would be so no longer: grass would grow in its streets; it would soon be superseded. Good order, analogy, health, benefit, — to each and all of these the assenting soul sings pæan! Said a good saint once to me, 'The Lord gives, but he never takes away.' We must cleave to God against the name of God.

"I think Keats's best lines are those in Hyperion: —

> "'So Saturn, as he walked into the midst,
> Felt faint, and would have sunk among the rest
> But that he met Enceladus's eye,
> Whose mightiness and awe of him at once
> Came like an inspiration.'

"The contagion of an affirmative disposition is very great, and the gift or acquirement of this generosity is one of the consolations of life. Therefore use the faculty; labor, drudge, for it. Put to it the spirit of Napoleon when he was asked to repeat an order, and replied, '*Pensez, fripon!* I never repeat; it is for you to remember.' Go, and be like Napoleon! Let his endeavor be your constant type and exemplar. He was always on the offensive, and, as he said himself, never on the defensive, except in the night, when he could not see his enemy. Use your powers, and put them to a better use than Napoleon put his. Use them all; otherwise we shall be like the Indians, with thick legs and thin arms. We need all our resources to live in the world which is to be used and decorated by us. Socrates understood this well. His humility was sincere, but he used it also with exquisite tact, making of it a better eyeglass to penetrate farther than the vision of other men.

"We must lie in wait for thoughts, for times when the intellect is facile; think with the flower of the soul. Be confident that a man cannot exhaust the abilities of his nature, and the best is never attained but at the price of continual labor. Success depends on previous preparation. If principles and high conduct be sustained by continual practice, their virtue will be inexhaustible. The question always is how to keep up to the top of my condition!

"A good day's work is too valuable to be broken in upon lightly. Continence must be attained. A certain continence is always to be remembered. Seven silences for one word. Let the thinker keep his secret; we hate a leaky mind. Continuity, — we must strive also for that, although true thoughts arrange themselves. But let us be no *chiffoniers;* have a piece of twine, and it will lead to royal truths. Have control; it is indispensable! Primal powers will not sit for their portraits, and are always melting into each other; but he who gains control shall use a ladder of lightning, and efface his steps as he mounts.

"Following upon our labor for thought come sometimes periods of fullness, when the whole being is fused, yet we cannot express a word. We are lifted above expression, and filled with a sublime life. This joy compensates. The question must always be whether the mind possesses control of its thoughts, or they of it. We sometimes go to sects to ask of some member the secret of his peace or progression, but we find he cannot formulate. He impresses those who know him by the honesty and truth of his worship, but he cannot convey

the ground of his satisfaction to us. George Fox was filled with groanings that could not be uttered; and so it has ever been. Wordsworth called his brother 'a voiceless poet,' and the world is filled with these dumb souls. The primary rule is to have control of the thoughts without losing the natural action; this is the power of the prophets.

"But you must formulate your thought, or you have all stars and no sky! It is a want of self-possession not to learn this control. Has a metaphysician no art for his bad memory or attention? Has he no balloon to send up into the empyrean, to bring down its wonderful hues? Father Taylor's grand seahorses have always drawn him up and down only on condition that he shall not guide them. The faculties are continual assertors of immortality for what never could be said. Locomotive destiny must be hitched on to the cars in which we all are.

"There is a sense of power attendant always upon the period when thought comes. We stand like Atlas, on our legs, and feel as if we could move the world. We have such debility of nature that a new thought is as a god to us. We can no more manage it than a thunderbolt. But after a time its affinities begin to appear; we become accustomed to its presence; we can call it by name and grow familiar with it; then we can compare it with others, and begin to distribute them.

"The endless procession of thoughts is the miracle of every day. What shall we say of these potentates? To the healthy man there is always one waiting at the door when he awakes. Wonderful they are in their relation to each other. What is written in the mind in indelible ink is brought out by the fire of thought.

"Certain medicinal value is in all intellectual action. Sit down to work with weak eyes, and when your imagination begins to work your eyes become strong. Dumont, in his life of Mirabeau, says, when the husband of Madame Clavière was about to be elected to the ministry she became ill of nervous fever; but when he was elected, her physician declared that in four days she would be able to appear in public; which proved true, for at the end of that time she appeared in perfect health as the mistress of her own salon, in the new *hôtel* assigned her husband.

"Despair shows we have been living on a low plane, in the sense or understanding. It is a sign of the decay of thought. The brave uplift us. Jamblicus tells us some have been burned, and not apprehended it. After the last great defeat of the Athenians there was evident loss of power for wide thought.

"We must all recognize the influence of two distinct classes of persons. One class of men and women appear to bring their power from a moral source, and the other from intellectual forces. Thus Dr. Channing, the oracle of morals and religion forty years ago, drew his power clearly from a moral force instinct within him; and this as contrasted with what we call intellectual power, exemplified in such men as Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, and others. In the first class we find men of strength, whose names are unheard of by the world, often in humble company and perhaps without a talent by which to express themselves; nevertheless, their power is indisputable and puts all talent to shame. We do not, however, pause upon their thought; it is something higher than that which sways us. The power of man is twofold: one part man and one woman, the masculine and feminine elements, the moral and intellectual; the soul in which one predominates is ever watchful and jealous; where intellect leads it grows skeptical, narrow, worldly, and runs down into talent. On the other hand, clear-thoughted minds complain of the opposing class as of

wandering spirits, who cannot formulate their faith or make their light evident. Aristotle said the origin of reason is not in itself, but in something better; and one of the ancients says, 'The two elements are united at their summit in being God.'

"As a student of the laws of the mind, learning to believe more deeply in proportion to research into its divine potentiality, I do not believe in any objector who would make that responsible for vices and failure. Dumesnil calls Michael Angelo 'the conscience of Italy,' and there is a probity of the intellect which demands more than any Bible has enjoined. All feel the mystery of this twofold genius at the head of creation. Looking back upon the philosophy of the ancients with this idea in my mind, I find this conception of the Highest present everywhere: in Plato, Plotinus, and in the Hindoo books. There is always a light which is recognized as of older birth than the intellect. One says, 'Intellect has twofold energies: some of these powers act as Intellect, others as Being inebriated with nectar.' We say the soul grows by moral obedience. This is the only true foundation, and we find it treason in the philosopher to do wrong. The mind knows nature by sharing it, but religion, that home of genius, will strengthen the mind as it does the character. The obedience to a man's genius is the particular of faith; the obedience to his religion, the general of faith. This sentiment is the affirmative of affirmatives; it is love itself. Strength enters into us, a new life opens upon us, if we possess this truth.

"A devout sentiment has the effect of genius uttered in society. How often we lament the development of talent when we see the heart of man disappear, and we say, 'Happy are those who have no talent. Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, we could not do without; but the central guard of all is the quiet influences of society, — the men who have no talent, but who see the right and do it. Such moral forces are perhaps the highest in the scale." Here Mr. Emerson quoted a passage from the novel "Counterparts." He often spoke of this book as one possessing singular power and significance. "It would be easy," he continued, "to show the irreligion of people, not from their writings, but from their table-talk and the asides of life. For wisdom, for sanity, you must have some entrance into the heart of humanity. He who is exclusive excludes himself. There is something very delicate in the moral sentiment; it is a flower which will not bear handling, but must lie gently in the mind and bear fruit there. Piety gives an elegance of manners which the court cannot teach; we never obtain sincerity in any speech unless we feel a degree of tenderness. Christianity taught this; the beauty and the strength of this truth was only brought to perfection in the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. Wisdom has its root in goodness, not goodness in wisdom. I ever hear in the voice of genius invariably the moral tone: the finer the sense of genius, the finer is the influence.

"The one avenue to truth and wisdom is love. Here, then, is the foundation, — that all growth comes from moral obedience.

"What we call poetical justice, that is real justice. We call the characters who rest on these foundations 'real men,' as distinguished from men of the world who act from other motives. Piety is the essential condition of science. When the time came that we had to praise John Brown of Ossawatomie, I remember what a world of old poetry fitted him exactly, — Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Herbert; indeed, there was no end to it!

"It is common to find the contrary to much that I have said. Napoleon is an example of genius without morality, but

Wellington spoke once to the effect that it was a moral failure which first made it possible for him to see how to defeat Napoleon. The exceptions still show the truth. How coarse and rude was the masculinity of the French Revolution, — how different from New England in its harshest days of creed! Intellect is purged by humility; no great intellect but is bankrupted by moral defects. Algernon Sidney, Marcus Antoninus, are noble examples of moral power. Some of the greatest statements of the truths of Christianity which are found outside of it are in the Hindoo literature." Here Mr. Emerson quoted from the Purana, from Fox, Behmen, Swedenborg, and others, where, as he said, "great sensibility of conscience has stood in lieu of mental development."

Again, he continued, "The persons generally most praised and esteemed are not those we most value. We praise talent and cheaper things; we can make an inventory of affairs of the world, but we cannot do that with the hero. We can have only one hero, here and there, to preserve the line in the world; quiet and obscure they are, often, but keen and sure almost as Socrates when the time comes for them to observe. These are not men who are spoken of; they are left alone, for the most part, as gods are; they are elemental, and not made for ball-rooms, — not heroes of communities; nothing could be more private, but always able to come in exigency and ready for our sorriest plight. Such are strong in the drudgeries of endeavor; they excel in extricating us from bad society. To such a hero as I have described, men will listen as if they were under a perpetual spell. Such I call not so much men as influences! I knew one: he was at this university; of all unknown and unseen. I will read you something he has left, to show you how he looked upon the world." Here Mr. Emerson read Thoreau's poem called The Stranger, and afterward, to illustrate his remarks upon eternity and patience to this end, he read also fragments from Sappho and Michael Angelo. Mr. Emerson then continued: "The fondness of the mind for stability is a very remarkable fact. Whatever is ancient and long in time has attractions for us. The man of thought is willing to live, or living to die; he probably sees the cord reaching both up and down. You shall not say 'Oh, my bishop, Oh, my pastor, is there any resurrection?' or 'Did Channing believe?' Go read Milton, Æschylus, Plato, St. Augustine, and ask no such school-dame questions as these! True lives, those of prophets, philosophers, thinkers, students, such as I have quoted, suggest vast leisure. In reading some of their sentences you feel the certainty of immortality. Belief in the future of the mind is only such to those who use it."

A. F.

TABLE TALK.

"Did you ever hear me preach?" said Coleridge to Lamb, seizing him one day in Bloomsbury, as his own Ancient Mariner did the wedding-guest. "I never he-heard you d-do anything else!" was the reply, as, drawing a knife from his pocket, he cut off the button by which he was detained and marched away. Coming back, hours after, Lamb found his friend standing on the same spot, twirling between thumb and forefinger the button he had

removed by a surgical operation and still preaching to an imaginary audience.

This, I take it, is a symbolical incident, a prophetic and indeed pathetic shadow of the dark age in which the very brightest conversational lights had no better chance of shining than their farthing-dip neighbors, and were finally to be extinguished by the relentless snuffers of a dull and impatient generation. Table talkers there may be still somewhere in the world, blankly contemplating the button by means of which they once secured a hearing, but where are the listeners?

Where are the successors of the young men and maidens, old men and children, who rushed from all parts of the United Kingdom to Mr. Gilman's house at Highgate to hear Coleridge "discourse on every subject, human and divine, for hours" night after night, and, dazzled by the rays of a splendid intellect, assented to everything, were converted to anything, wept in the right place, never laughed in the wrong one, followed intelligently all his metaphysical speculations, appreciated the most subtle niceties of thought and expression, and at last went home enraptured with the poet and lamenting the loss of the weekly *conversazione* like so many Peris on whom the gates of Paradise had been closed? And what of the people who used to assemble around Mrs. Thrale's tea-table and listen with awe and rapture to the dogmatic utterances of the Great Bear, only too charmed to be effaced, really gratified by snubs, and never dreaming of interrupting the feast of reason and the flow of soul, never objecting to any proposition, and scarcely ever interpolating so much as a single phrase? Boswell in a revolutionary, daring mood once got so far as, "I wonder" — after the Doctor had got off about two pages of close print on some topic of the day, but was instantly and very properly suppressed. "Don't wonder, Boswell!" commanded the great man with stern repressiveness; and if the company dared to indulge in the forbidden luxury after that, we may be sure that it was at the impertinence of Boswell's attempting to palm off a conversational sixpence and small beer on a company waiting to be paid vast sums in the gold of Guinea and the wine of ecstasy.

The more we read of the celebrated côteries of past times, the more amazing do we find the difference between, not the talkers, but the listeners of this and that period; the people who skipped nimbly from *bon mots* to Essays on the Genius of Christianity in the wake of the wits of the Parisian salons; assisted greedily at the tremendous conferences of the Klopstockian and Wertherian school of philosophers at Weimar; and intrigued to be allowed to join the delightful conclave at Holland House. Listeners are the great stumbling-block in the way of such institutions being revived. Some faint echo of them is to be found in the immense enthusiasm of the King of Bavaria and the other disciples of Wagner, and the attitudes of devotion expressed in twisted legs and clasped hands, "the rapt soul sitting in the eyes" of the æsthetics groveling at the feet of their Gamaliels, — Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and Morris, — but the spirit of the age is so opposed to such demonstrations that they excite considerably more ridicule than admiration.

Indeed, the world seems to have rushed to the opposite extreme. It has not only run away from the table talkers, but stuffed its fingers in its ears and refused to listen, charm they never so wisely. The men best worth hearing have found this out long ago, and taken their cases to that supreme and final court of appeal, the Press. Morse himself cannot telegraph without a wire; it must be properly insulated; the connection must be perfect; the operator at the other end of the line must have a

certain degree of intelligence, must be in a receptive attitude, and pay close attention to the workings of the divine current, before genius can flash its message through the world. What can have destroyed the essential conditions in which the table talker lived, and moved, and made his reputation? Can any one tell? Can it be railroads, telegraphs, steamboats, telephones, the public school system, the Declaration of Independence and the triumph of republican principles, nihilism or communism that has played us the scurvy trick? Can human nature have changed, along with everything else in this changeful age?

In the golden age of table talk the listener seems to have had all the virtues and none of the faults of the tribe, as we know them. He was able to grasp any subject, however abstruse. He always understood *the first time*. He never had a post-mortem appreciation of jokes, and burst out in a guffaw long after everybody had forgotten all about them. He never kindly translated what had been said and made it mean something totally different from what was intended. He never rejected the slow march of demonstration and leaped to the wrong conclusion, thereby utterly routing the *raconteur*, and putting him to flight horse and foot. He never proclaimed a statute of limitation, and said, "Very true, my dear Jones, *up to a certain point*. But you go too far. Your theory carried to its logical conclusion would" — (Here twenty minutes of illogical absurdities and niggling objections follow.) He never stopped you in the middle of a good story to insist with painful accuracy that some town incidentally alluded to was not fifteen miles from Carlisle, but fourteen and three quarters, or begged pardon for interrupting you but your mention of Scotch whiskey reminded him of one of the most amusing episodes in his whole life, which he related at great length and bored everybody to extinction, besides killing the original story outright. He never abstracted himself from the conversation while he hunted up his arguments and epigrams, and then inserted them violently in the first pause that occurred, or made an opportunity if none existed. He never wrecked a rich freight-train of ideas by a feeble pun or a hackneyed quotation. He thrilled at an impassioned appeal, melted over a noble sentiment, understood every classical allusion, withered under sarcasm, delighted in brilliant imagery, and never resented the most caustic wit. He was a luminous, gifted, patient creature, all soul (except what was ears), and we shall ne'er look upon his like again. The poor relation who corroborates every utterance with fulsome additions of her own did not exist then. The people who pay no attention to what is being said and burn to get in their reply had not been invented. The man who habitually invalidates every statement that has not had the honor of emanating from him, who would contradict Faraday flatly about the influence of magnetism on light, and could not be convinced that he was mistaken in any scientific conclusion, by Sir David Brewster, Cuvier, Hugh Miller, Herschel, Humboldt, Laplace, Playfair, Darwin, and Huxley combined, had not yet reared his ignorant, obstinate, dogmatic crest. It was the Age of Listeners, and listening is a lost art.

I appeal to you, sir, who have a fund of information, a quickness at repartee, a wealth of anecdote not often met with, and can tell a story as well as any man in America, to confirm this statement. How often do you get off that delightful experience of yours in a Bulgarian café during the Russo-Turco war, in which you imitate officers of six nationalities so inimitably, before an even fairly attentive and appreciative audience?

Suppose yourself dining out, not at

your friend Sowerby's where the seven children are all at the table, and their fond mamma dribbles out a dreary domestic record of bad servants and abnormally clever children at one end, and the father, with a note-to-meet-in-Bank-and-no-money-to-do-it-with expression, growls out a few sentences at the other, and the Irish maid gives her views when the conversation flags, and drops the leg of mutton on the threshold, and finally retires to the adjoining kitchen to rake the ashes out of the furnace noisily, and sing The Wearing of the Green. No, take American life under its most favorable conditions, and fancy yourself breaking Vienna bread at the table of some hospitable millionaire. Do you suppose that all the company is going to sit silent, attentive, entranced, while you express your opinion of the Egyptian situation? No, not if you were Ebers or Sir Garnet Wolseley. No, not if it were the late Arctic Expedition instead, and you were Lieutenant Danenhower.

Sentimental lady opposite, addressing the chandelier apparently, would murmur, "Oh, those poor dear Egyptians! I do hope they won't get hurt. I 've always doted upon the Egyptians. I always keep a crocodile paper-weight on my writing table, and dear papa thinks me so like his print of Cleopatra."

Gentleman on the left would say, "Have you seen the leaders in the Tribune and the Herald, and Smith's article, The Land of the Pharoahs, in the South American Review? Covers the whole ground." You have seen Smith's paper, and are about to take issue with him on several points, when a conversational non-combatant below you makes a deprecating appeal to you as the superior man of the party, "Is it true, sir, that the Nile overflows its banks every year? How do they get it back again?" You begin: "As far back as the days of Moses" — Irreverent youth breaks in with "Moses in the bulrushes keeping off the mosquitoes!" as a perfectly pertinent and welcome addendum, and you retire disgusted. On leaving the room the would-be-intellectual young lady stops you and says, "Thank you, dear Mr. Powell, for talking so very beautifully about Egypt. I was taking notes of what you said all the time, behind the *épergne*, and shall put it all down in my diary to-night." You grind your teeth and pull your moustache and try to look pleased as you mutter, "Delighted, I 'm sure!" But shades of Hazlitt, Coleridge, Dr. Johnson, Sydney Smith, and Macaulay, what would you say to such table talk? Many years ago, the writer was breakfasting one morning in London with a friend, and among other guests was the late Matthew F. Maury of Virginia (the simplest and best, as well as one of the most distinguished of *savants*), and a very handsome, bumptious young fellow, a nephew of the host, just up from Oxford, with all the world in a sling, and a strong disposition to give the sun a black eye on the smallest possible provocation. He was placed at table just opposite Commodore Maury, whom he knew very well by reputation, but had never associated with the quiet, kindly old gentleman across the mahogany. The conversation turning upon the origin and influence of the Gulf Stream the Commodore was appealed to, and with the beautiful modesty and simplicity for which he was noted began to make his statement. I say began, for he was never allowed to finish it. Young Oxford objected to, sniffed at, and utterly pooh-poohed every proposition, and it was charming to see the old man laying no claim whatever to superior knowledge, but mildly asking if it had "occurred to him to look at it in this light," gently deprecating his conclusions, and patiently explaining his own position. But all in vain; he was only trampled the more under the heel of assertion, and at last meekly re-

tired from the contest, bowed, and followed the ladies into the library, leaving his antagonist swelling with a sense of victory. All this time the host had been fretting and fuming at the other end of the table, out of range, and now burst out in a turkey-cock fury with, "Frank, do you know that you have been making a consummate ass of yourself? Do you know who you have been talking to? That is Maury!" Poor young Oxford's face, on hearing this, expressed an amount of amazement and mortification that spoke well for its ingenuousness. His rosy cheeks turned quite purple, and he gasped out in a horrified way, "Good Heavens! You don't mean it," and, napkin in hand, jumped up, rushed after the Commodore, and made the most profuse apologies in a red-heat of contrition, and was then dismissed with a kindly pat on the shoulder and a "Never mind, never mind, my dear boy. You are very young," that was pulverizing in the extreme. Women are supposed to have more tact and finer sensibilities than the grosser sex, yet how few of them resemble Madame de Staël "qui savait bien écouter."

Conceding, then, that there are no listeners who hear through every pore and sympathize in every fibre of their being, have we lost so much, after all, by the decadence of table talk? Hazlitt confesses that he was often dreadfully bored by the guild; and Scott told Lockhart that he would rather hear the simple thoughts and tales of his poor, uneducated neighbors, from whom he heard higher sentiments than he had ever met with, out of the pages of the Bible. If a great deal of the talk was wonderfully brilliant, a considerable portion was dull and forced; and if some of the witticisms recorded had come down to us C. O. D., like our parcels, iconoclastic as it sounds, I dare say they would have been sold at a literary express office as so much waste paper. Most of us know a half-dozen people who say better things every day in the week, and do not lie awake at night fancying themselves geniuses either. Is there not plenty of pleasant, bright exchange of ideas nowadays? There is very little that is Shakespeare and the musical glasses in most cultivated households. Universal education, incessant travel, the faculties for girdling the earth in a way Puck little dreamed of, and a multitude of publications have brought about a quite millennial state of general intelligence, though there will always exist rich veins of ignorance in certain directions, and mountain fastnesses of prejudice and superstition in which individuals and nations can take refuge. Mention Timbuctoo or Kamschatka in one of the great capitals at your club, and four or five men can be found to give an accurate account of its climate, customs, population, productions, etc., with a mass of other information the result of personal experience. If we have not the eloquence of "the inspired charity boy," Macaulay's flashes of silence, Sydney Smith saying that his idea of heaven is to eat *paté de fois gras* to the sound of trumpets, or the "puns and punch of bread-and-cheese-time" in Inner Temple Lane, and dear Elia's stuttered whimsicalities, we escape a great deal, too. Our guests do not riddle us like Swift, or get tipsy like Burns, or call the lady of the house by her Christian name and sprawl full-length on the sofa like Hogg, or sit speechless for hours like De Quincey. They are sober, decent folk, not malignantly dull, by any means, but able to discourse pleasantly on a variety of topics. And at any rate, like Mrs. Poyser, when we come to die, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we have "said our say."

Poor music that we make ourselves, it has been said, is more enjoyed than the finest that can be made for us, and a friendly conversational chorus is vastly

preferable to an intellectual solo. To look on and see the lion toss his mane grows monotonous after a while, and what right has he to silence with his roar the pleasant chirp of birds, the baa of lambs, or even the hisses of geese in a world which was not made for giants and elephants alone but for all God's creatures? Causons-nous donc, mes frères. Ainsi soit-il!

F. C. Baylor.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

Unconscious autobiography is interesting, but it is seldom fair and adequate. In this last instance, The Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle,[1] one reads plainly the petty and mean details of a thirty years' housekeeping; but it is only inferentially that one gains an impression of the charm that, before Mrs. Carlyle's marriage, surrounded her with lovers, and, after it, made her the prized friend of men of intellect, and the refuge of all mad and miserable people, and won for her, when she grew old, the enthusiastic affection of her associates of all ages and all degrees of talent or stupidity. She has fared ill in having her familiar letters given to the world just as they were written, in the raw, with all their feminine confidences, which an editor with a touch of the old-fashioned chivalrous feeling for women would have suppressed, with their hasty account of her domestic vexations of body and mind, their revelation of her little necessary social hypocrisies, and even the heart-burnings that she entrusted only to her diary. Her husband, it is true, prepared the letters for publication; he was led to do so by a wish to honor her, and also by a feeling of remorse and a desire to do penance for his ill-treatment; but he left the decision in the matter to Froude, on whom the responsibility lies. It is useless to lament the indiscretion and obtuseness of this editor; the hero has found his valet, and the preacher of silence is to have as many words made about him and his as possible; it is only left to the public to be thankful that the house, which is now lighted up and thrown open from kitchen to bedroom, had no worse secrets for disclosure.

The letters, being written by an unsuspecting woman who was unusually genuine, frank, original, audacious in word and act, and unconventional to a fault, and being, moreover, seasoned with entertaining literary and social gossip, are, of course, full of interest. Vivacity is the marked trait of the writer; but the continual reference to her happy girlhood and its scenes, growing more pathetic year after year, and the continual lament of Carlyle in his notes, — like a Greek chorus, giving a kind of artistic unity to the series, — lend an effect of sadness to the whole. The life of the heroine — she deserves the name — was impressive; amid the ignoble trivialities that fell to her daily lot, she kept to the high purposes involved in them with great courage and self-control, and with unremitting devotion. An only child, reared in a wealthy and refined home, the favorite of all who knew her, with many rich and intelligent suitors about her, she had chosen to wed the poor and obscure man in whose genius she alone believed, and, against the advice of her

[1] *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle.* Prepared for publication by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

friends, had married him, and gone to the lonely Scotch farm to be practically his household servant; there she had spent six toilsome years, and now they had come to London, to the house that was to be her home until death. These letters cover this latter period, of the household affairs of which they contain a complete account. Her work was less menial, since they kept a servant, so that she no longer had to mop up her own floors; but the tasks set her were difficult and exhausting. To provide meals that Carlyle could eat without too violent storming, — for, as she said in Mazzini's phrase, Carlyle "loved silence somewhat platonically;" to shield him from the annoyances of visitors and bad servants; to rid the neighborhood, by ingenious diplomacy, of the nuisances of ever-reappearing parrots, dogs, cocks, and the like enemies of sleep and meditation, her own as well as his; to buy his clothes, see lawyers and agents, even to protest against his high taxes before the commissioners, and, in all possible ways, to save his money at the expense of her own tastes and even of her health; to attend to refittings of the house by carpenters, painters, and masons, while he was away on his summer vacations; in brief, to spare him all the ills of the outer world, to make the conditions of his work favorable, and himself as comfortable as it was possible for a morose dyspeptic to be, and at the same time to prevent his seeing how much trouble and anxiety it cost her, — such was the duty prescribed to herself and done faithfully for years without complaint, amid illnesses not light nor few, which were "not without their good uses," she wrote, because she arose from them "with new heart for the battle of existence, — what a woman means by new heart, not new brute force, as you men understand it, but new power of loving and enduring." In this effective practical life she tried to repress some portion of her womanly nature, for she agreed, verbally at least, with Carlyle's disapproval of "moods," "feelings," "sentiments," and similar phases of emotion not resulting in work done; but her nature, being pathetically susceptible to these forbidden experiences, often overruled her philosophy, and brought the knowledge of her solitude home to her; for she had no direct share in her husband's work, no marks of tenderness from him, and few words or deeds in recognition of her sacrifices for him. She succeeded only too well in blinding him to her own pain, which was, indeed, the easiest of her tasks. Her words on Carlyle's sending her a birthday present just after her mother's death are significant of much that is unsaid, and contain the explanation she gave to herself of his earlier neglect. "I cannot tell you," she writes, "how *wae* his little gift made me, as well as glad; it was the first thing of the kind he ever gave to me in his life. In great matters he is always kind and considerate; but these little attentions, which we women attach so much importance to, he was never in the habit of rendering to any one; his up-bringing and the severe turn of mind he has from nature had alike indisposed him toward them. And now the desire to replace to me the irreplaceable makes him as good in little things as he used to be in great." This was in the sixteenth year after marriage.

There was a limit, however, to Mrs. Carlyle's power of self-sacrifice. Her proud, spirited, sensitive nature was ever reasserting itself, persistently refusing to be lost in her husband's individuality. She thirsted both for expressed recognition and for expressed affection. In an early letter to Sterling she writes thus: "In spite of the honestest efforts to annihilate my *I-ety* or merge it in what the world doubtless considers my better half, I still find myself a self-subsisting and, alas! self-seeking *me*. Little Felix in the Wanderjahre, when, in the midst of an animated scene between Wilhelm and Theresa, he pulls There-

sa's gown and calls out, 'Mama Theresa, I, too, am here!' only speaks out with the charming trustfulness of a little child what I am perpetually feeling, though too sophisticated to pull people's skirts, or exclaim, in so many words, 'Mr. Sterling, I, too, am here!'" The recognition which she desired was abundantly given by the men who gathered about Carlyle, many of whom were more attached to her than to him; and the despised "feelings" found an outlet in brightening various miserable lives, poor exiles of all nations, unfortunate maidens, lost children, and, in general, all people in affliction, who were attracted to her, she said, as straw to amber. Notwithstanding the affection and devotion of her many friends, she seems to have remained lonely at heart; but she kept on with the old routine, while the French Revolution and Cromwell were being written, and she found comfort, if not contentment, in the sense of fulfilled duty and the knowledge that she had materially helped her husband in her silent way. The whisper of fame grew loud, the doors of the great flew open; but when her faith in Carlyle's genius was at last justified and her hopes for him realized, something happened that had not entered into her calculations. Carlyle was finding the sweetest reward in the society of another woman. This was the first Lady Ashburton, who was "the cleverest woman out of sight" that Mrs. Carlyle ever saw, and at whose home, a centre of intellectual society, both she and her husband often visited; but it seems that in London the wives of men of genius, like the wives of bishops, do not take the social rank of their husbands; so Froude assures us, and Lady Ashburton made the fact plain to Mrs. Carlyle. The result was, that, toward the close of a ten years' acquaintance, the latter grew so jealous of the former's fascination as to make herself very wretched. Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, her most intimate friend, explains the affair in a very sensible note. She says that any other wife would have laughed at Carlyle's bewitchment, but this one, seeing Lady Ashburton admired for sayings and doings for which she was snubbed, and contrasting the former's *grand-dame* manners with her own homely endeavors to help her husband and serve him through years of hardship, became more abidingly and intensely miserable than words can utter; her inmost life was solitary, without tenderness, caresses, or loving words from him, and she felt that her love and life were laid waste. All this she willingly endured while he neglected her for his work; but when this excuse could no longer be made for him, the strain told on her, and, without faltering from her purpose of helping and shielding him, she became warped. Such is Miss Jewsbury's account, nearly in her own words. There is no need to apportion the blame between the pair. The fact is that Mrs. Carlyle suffered, and that, for some time after she became aware of her own real feeling, her letters are less confidingly affectionate in regard to her husband, and contain more or less open discontent of a very justifiable kind. After Lady Ashburton's death, she writes to him as follows: "I have neither the strength and spirits to bear up against your discontent, nor the obtuseness to be indifferent to it. You have not the least notion what a killing thought it is to have put into one's heart, gnawing there day and night, that one ought to be dead, since one can no longer make the same exertions as formerly;" and there is more to the same effect, to which Carlyle affixes his note, "Alas! alas! sinner that I am!" Notwithstanding such plain words, which are indeed infrequent, Mrs. Carlyle still guarded her husband, standing between him and the objects of his wrath, "imitating, in a small, humble way, the Roman soldier who gathered his arms full of the enemy's spears, and received them all into

his own breast," on which sentence Carlyle again comments, "Oh heavens, the comparison! it was too true." As time went on they drew together more closely. The second Lady Ashburton appeared, who became very dear to Mrs. Carlyle, and was even advised by her to "send a kiss" to the now aging philosopher. Carlyle himself understood better his wife's moods and needs, though still imperfectly, and he was more kind in word and more thoughtful in act than of old. Thus, at last, the letters conclude as pleasantly as they began, with Mrs. Carlyle's elation over the Edinburgh triumph, from which her husband returned to find her dead.

On the whole, we think that, in spite of appearances, the married life here laid bare was not an exceptionally unhappy one; nor does it seem to us that Carlyle's neglect of his wife sprang from any moral fault, but merely from his native insensibility, his absorption in his work, and that unconscious selfishness which is ordinarily induced in even the best men by persistent silent sacrifice on their behalf. He simply did not see, did not know, did not understand his wife's trials and nature; but that he had deep tenderness in his heart is plain, both from his works, where it is shown imaginatively, and from many things recorded of his own acts in these volumes and elsewhere. That his love was single and his loyalty entire these pitiful notes amply and painfully prove. But independently of him altogether, Mrs. Carlyle deserves remembrance for her own sake, not merely for the work done by her as a true wife, nor for the heroic spirit shown in the doing it, but for an intrinsically refined and gentle nature, the history of which leaves the impression that, although it always remained noble and attractive, it was injured by the circumstances amid which she was placed. The total effect of her letters, so far as they relate to herself, goes to confirm Miss Jewsbury's summary, that "the lines in which her character was laid down were very grand, but the result was blurred and distorted and confused."

RECENT ENGLISH POETRY.

An author's influence upon other authors may be expressed in terms of either attraction or repulsion; and the one who repels is often found to be the one whose influence is deepest although it be more tardily acknowledged. To-day Robert Browning exhibits the most sharply accented personality among writers of English poetry; and his latest publication [1] proves that he is not likely to lose the distinction with advancing age.

"Darkling, I keep my sunrise-aim,"

he reminds us, in the closing lines of Jocoseria. He keeps on asserting his personality, too, with spontaneous vehemence. He is more various, though lyrically less great and in art less well-balanced, than Tennyson. The most masculine nature and the most subtile perception of character owned by any contemporary English poet are admitted to be his. And yet he is not the leader of the younger school, which — for instance through one of its most skilled and winning representatives, Mr. Edmund Gosse — shows a decided affinity with Rossetti. On the other hand we know that Rossetti himself, in the earlier part of his career, felt deeply the

[1] *Jocoseria.* By Robert Browning. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

influence of Browning. Is there not some plausibility in the speculation that the younger men, by following Rossetti, will turn out to have been paying tribute indirectly to the genius which at first commanded Rossetti's own? The fact that their work moves in a direction so opposed to Browning's ought perhaps to be regarded as merely one swing of the pendulum, which will be followed by an action precisely reverse. But, whatever the case may be as to that point, one will very naturally look to this latest volume by the author of Sordello and The Ring and the Book for some further clue as to what the "sunrise-aim" really has been, to which he alludes. Without entering into any lengthy analysis, we may say that it has consisted apparently in a resolve to depict through the medium of verse, regardless of technical tradition, every possible phase of life just as it chanced to impress the writer. All the jagged prominences, the deep abysses of crime or imperfection, the strange sinuosities of passion eating its way into the heart of man, the dewy valleys in which pure love rests, the sudden bursts of feeling, the stretches of barrenness not without meaning, which present themselves on a general view of human nature, were to be reproduced as if upon a raised map; or we might say by means of an orrery, having suitable apparatus to demonstrate the movements of bodies terrestrial and celestial. Mr. Browning's own comment was to supply a sort of poetic anthropology. There had always been a somewhat scientific bias in his view of life; but it was empirical, wanting in method, and continually swayed this way or that by a desire for purely poetic expression. The very essence of his aim, however, seems to have been to avoid bringing observation within the bounds of any symmetrical or classically moulded design: he has wished his poetry to be like that which it represents, — rough, bristling, unexpected, heterogeneous. Beauty and ugliness, the lovely and the grotesque, must according to his practice be treated with a commanding impartiality, which shall leave chiefly with the reader the task of striking the balance. Hence proceed his many deficiencies of form; and the same cause may be assigned for the result that his eminence as a dramatist (not for the modern stage) is hardly surpassed by his power as a writer of lyrical and meditative verse. Such a man must be equally capable in the management of several dissimilar modes of imparting thought. It is not surprising, either that his impartiality should issue in something allied to a buoyant indifference, which might be said fitly to terminate with a collection like Jocoseria; because we find in its contents a mingling of sober and even tragic elements with others of a facetious or half-cynical cast, and there runs through the whole a vein of mildly contemptuous pity for the lot of mankind, their illusions, their meannesses, aspirations, and self-deceits. A compensation for the unsatisfactoriness of life is suggested in the nameless prelude, the airy chanson, in which these verses occur: —

"Wanting is — what?

. . . . . .

Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same,
— Framework which waits for a picture to frame:
What of the leafage, what of the flower?
Roses embowering, with nought they embower!
Come then, complete incompletion, O comer,
Pant through the blueness, perfect the summer!
Breathe but one breath
Rose-beauty above,
And all that was death
Grows life, grows love!"

The suggestion, it is true, is vague; but we credit the poet with meaning that without love, which is the "complete incompletion," nothing avails. On this thread the several poems of the series appear to string themselves. The first one, Donald, treats of the relation of man and brute, in a way that makes it serve as a sort of pendant to the Mouleykeh of the Dramatic Idylls. A daring Highlander ascends some indefinite

mountain, and on a narrow path meets a large red stag, where there is no room to pass.

"These are the moments when quite new sense,
To meet some need as novel,
Springs up in the brain: it inspired resource:
— 'Nor advance nor retreat — but grovel.'"

Accordingly Donald lies down, breast upwards; and the stag, recognizing the emergency, steps carefully over him with delicate feet: —

"So a mother removes a fly from the face
Of her babe asleep supinely."

But at the last moment the brilliant idea occurs to the Highlander of stabbing the stag, while he holds with his hand the hind leg that is being lifted over him. Donald is carried down the mountain-side by the wounded animal, and maimed for life. Here is an instance of the want of love, in a broad sense; yet while Mr. Browning renders the lesson plainly, he chooses to strike an attitude of worldly *savoir faire* in respect of it. He professes to have met the crippled Donald relating the adventure and receiving gratuities from sportsmen; whereupon, "I hope I gave twice as much as the rest," he exclaims, and proceeds to name the man an ingrate, rightly rewarded for his dastard conduct. We have no space to analyze the other short pieces, in their bearing on the central theme. Solomon and Balkis is a pungent satire, which reveals the immanence of vanity in the king, and of feminine desire for conquest on the part of the Queen of Sheba, just when they are expressing the most abstract admiration for wisdom and unalloyed goodness. Christina and Monaldeschi, in somewhat wooden stanzas, sets forth the vengeance of another queen upon her treacherous favorite; there is a brief exposition of Mary Wollstonecraft's hopeless passion for Fuseli; and then we are given a little fable concerning Adam, Lilith, and Eve to illustrate the cases of a woman who pretends less love than she really feels, and of one who puts on the air of a greater affection than she in fact has; neither of them deceiving the man. Only in Ixion, and the song called Never the Time and the Place, preceding the epilogue, does the author surrender to a free play of enthusiasm or sentiment. We may leave it to the Browning societies to settle the exact construction which should be placed upon Ixion: whether or not it be an indirect protest against the anthropomorphic idea of God, we discern in these sonorous elegiac verses a grand and passionate sense of the indomitableness of man. Assuredly they offer a new view of the myth; they set aside the traditional notion that Ixion was justly punished for his temerity, and bring him forward as an exponent of a high principle. Thus: —

"Strive my kind, though strife endure through endless obstruction,
Stage after stage, each rise marred by as certain a fall!
. . . . . .
Never so baffled but — when Man pays the price of endeavor,
Thunderstruck, downthrust, Tartaros-doomed to the wheel, —
Then, ay, then from the tears, and sweat, and blood of his torment,
E'en from the triumph of Hell, up let him look and rejoice!"

Incidentally we may pay our tribute to the aptness and maturity of art indicated in the trip-hammer force of that spondaic measure, "Thunderstruck, downthrust." The lyric which we have mentioned deserves quotation as one of the most exquisite in the whole range of the writer's production.

"Never the time and the place
And the loved one all together!
This path — how soft to pace!
This May — what magic weather!
Where is the loved one's face?
In a dream that loved one's face meets mine,
But the house is narrow, the place is bleak,
Where, outside, rain and wind combine
With a furtive ear, if I strive to speak.
. . . . . .
Do I hold the Past
So firm and fast,
Yet doubt if the Future hold I can?
This path so soft to pace shall lead
Thro' the magic of May to herself indeed!

> Or narrow if needs the house must be,
> Outside are the storms and strangers: we —
> Oh, close, safe, warm sleep I and she,
> — I and she!"

The final turn, here, reminds one of Ben Jonson's closing of Her Triumph, in Underwoods —

> "Oh so white, oh so soft, oh so sweet is she!"

— but only as one is reminded of Von Weber in that strain which Mendelssohn borrowed to enrich his music for the Midsummer-Night's Dream, and made his own, simply by altering the *tempo* and the manner in which it was used.

Jochanan Hakkadosh, the longest poem in the book, is extremely disappointing, and suggests a melancholy decline from that high level of fine philosophy and terse formulation which the author long ago attained in Rabbi Ben Ezra; and as for Pambo, which concludes the collection, no more may be said than that it contains a grain of wisdom wrapped up in something very like nonsense-verses. To decry Mr. Browning's latest contribution would not for a moment be justifiable; and a more detailed review could easily make it clear that a consummate literary skill underlies all the surface vagaries of these compositions. The author is not on this occasion, any more than hitherto, thoroughly dramatic, because he is too individual to allow the persons whose situation he imagines to speak in any way but his own. Neither can we agree with the criticism which has been made, that he is too analytic to be creative; since when he attempts analysis, it is continually dissolved into images, one following another in a blinding shower. He remains semi-dramatic, vividly picturesque, sometimes strongly lyrical; but, as we intimated in the first part of this notice, he brings up at a species of cynicism: his restless observation and diversified sympathies end by giving a view of things which is but half-serious, although intermittently he throws off the jocose mood, and trusts wholly to earnest, unsophisticated feeling.

This is not at all the way in which Mr. Gosse approaches the work of transmuting experience or the substance of reverie into poetic literature.[1] Mr. Gosse sets out to paint something definite in words, to fix upon our minds a beautiful outline, and to imbue us with a specified sentiment, or idea, or association. In looking through the selected series of fifty-four of his poems, lately published in this country, it is likely enough that the reader will sometimes think him imitative; but if a musician plays upon a silver trumpet with sincere and charming mastery, it is not profitable to inquire who first made that special form of instrument. Mr. Browning, as we have hinted, never forgets to be himself. Mr. Gosse, apparently, never concerns himself on this point, and yet the mellifluous flow of his verse carries with it irresistibly the sense of a strong, quiet, and sufficient personality, rich in comprehension of the most that is fair and elevating in this world, and endowed with a power to express it in enchanting terms. Whatever of imitativeness may be suspected does not consist in any echo of thoughts or phrases used by others, but in a singular aptitude for reproducing the loveliest effects of poetic inspiration that the best minds have hitherto supplied, at the same time that Mr. Gosse's personal observation and feeling act spontaneously and leave upon his page the traces of unmistakable genuineness. Nothing could express more delightfully the atmosphere of old romance than his Wind of Provence: —

> "O wind of Provence, subtle wind that blows
> Through coverts of the impenetrable rose,
> O musical soft wind, come near to me,
> Come down into these hollows by the sea,
> O wind of Provence, heavy with the rose!"

He is especially happy in delicate utter-

[1] *On Viol and Flute.* Selected Poems. By Edmund William Gosse. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1883.

ances like those of Sunshine in March, where he says: —

"The breathing heavens are full of liquid light;
The dew is on the meadow like a cloud;"

and, voicing the snow-drops: —

"We were the hopeless lovers of the Spring
. . . . . .
Yet we have felt her, as the buried grain
May feel the rustle of the unfallen rain;
We have known her as the star that sets too soon
Bows to the unseen moon."

There are similar touches in The Charcoal-Burner, the hero of which is "a still old man with grizzled beard" whom the shyest woodland creatures do not fear.

"He lives within the hollow wood
. . . . . .
I love to watch the pale blue spire
His scented labor builds above it;
I track the woodland by his fire,
And, seen afar, I love it.

"It seems among the serious trees
The emblem of a living pleasure,
It animates the silences
As with a tuneful measure."

We are struck, in this case as in that of the poem entitled Palingenesis, with a quality of subtile insight very much like that of Emerson. There can be no doubt that Mr. Gosse possesses an exceedingly keen vision and is rigidly true to it in his rhythmic record of what he sees. It is impossible to enumerate in this place all the felicities of phrase that occur in the volume, or even to do justice to the wide range of his work. His fertility is remarkable, and what is more remarkable still is that he almost without exception satisfies by the fullness, the sweetness, the naturalness, and the polished grace of his exposition. The Cruise of the Rover is quite out of his usual vein, and, notwithstanding, is perfect of its kind, surpassing in depth of conception and in technical force Tennyson's ballad of The Revenge, which it calls to mind. Mr. Gosse, however, appears nowhere to better advantage than in his sonnets, of which The Bath is an excellent example.

"With rosy palms against her bosom pressed
To stay the shudder that she dreads of old,
Lysidice glides down, till silver-cold
The water girdles half her glowing breast;
A yellow butterfly on flowery quest
Rifles the roses that her tresses hold:
A breeze comes wandering through the fold on fold
Of draperies curtaining her shrine of rest.
Soft beauty, like her kindred petals strewed
Along the crystal coolness, there she lies.
What vision gratifies those gentle eyes?
She dreams she stands where yesterday she stood,
Where, while the whole arena shrieks for blood,
Hot in the sand a gladiator dies."

Alcyone, which is a sonnet in dialogue, is chiseled like a Greek marble. Phœbus seeks to console Alcyone for the loss of her husband, and she asks: —

"What canst thou give to me or him in me?"

The god answers in one splendid line which ends the sonnet: —

"A name in story and a light in song."

We do not need the evidence of a sonnet addressed to Rossetti to establish a connection between Mr. Gosse and the painter-poet whom he addresses as "master;" for there are many poems in On Viol and Flute which make us think of such an affiliation as inevitable. The volume belongs altogether to the latest rank of Victorian poets. It has nothing to do with the turmoil and the endless agitation of complicated passion which Mr. Browning continues to reflect; but, on the contrary, it summons us away into a region of ideal repose and the luxury of classic form. It proffers, in short, a silent remonstrance against the latter-day clamor which has unquestionably invaded the poetry of Browning. None, but those who have subjected themselves to a set theory of progress, can well object to the defensibleness of Mr. Gosse's choice; and indeed it must remain at least an open question whether poetry gains in the long run by trying to occupy the field of science and the newspaper. At all events it is a good fortune which gives the world two such admirable fruits of imagination at one time, in England. If

we choose, we may figure Mr. Browning by the oak — tough, gnarled, powerful, and thrusting its growth out at unexpected angles: to carry on this kind of analogy we should have to fancy a resemblance on the part of Mr. Gosse to the English violet growing in a hollow at the foot of the oak. Every one knows that to ascertain the relative value of the oak and the violet, æsthetically, is out of the question, and that we cannot dispense with either.

VIRGINIA FROM ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POINTS OF VIEW.

THERE are two great peoples who have a share in the history of Virginia prior to the establishment of the United States: they are the United States and England. It has been customary and entirely logical to begin the writing and the reading of United States history with the discovery by Columbus, since the first footfall of the European upon these shores still has its faint echoes in our national life; but the unbroken succession of events which finds a moving terminus in our present is also a continuation of history, and it only needs for one to have the historic consciousness of England to read in our colonial period the development of English thought and institutions.

This is, of course, patent enough as soon as one has said it; yet in the detailed extension of the historic consciousness it would be exceedingly difficult for an Englishman to write of American colonial life in the same manner as would an American. There are now, and there will always remain, two modes of treating early Virginia, the English, and the American, and the distinction between the two modes will be likely to grow more marked rather than fainter. When Dr. Palfrey, in his History of New England, gave much space to the contemporary history of England, and pointed out the interaction of the two countries, the English critics were very scornful, and regarded the claims which he presented of a New England influence upon the Commonwealth as a piece of provincial vanity. Mr. Wingate Thornton, in his valuable tract, The Historical Relation of New England to the English Commonwealth, gave even more specific illustrations of this relation, and it is to be noted that, with the increasing importance of the United States in current history, there is a growing disposition on the part of European, especially of English, students to revise their judgments of our early history, and to find in the foundations of our political life a subject for respectful consideration.

This increased interest is due also to the great attention which is given now to institutional and constitutional history. The English school of Maine, Stubbs, and Freeman may be expected to find a most attractive field in American history, since here there have been developed, under simpler conditions, ideas which rise slowly out of the more complex society of England. When one considers how important were the two great periods of Elizabeth and Cromwell in the evolution of English law and liberty, and remembers that the foundations of America were laid and built upon then, he can readily see how the English student will constantly be attracted to the study of American institutions.

May it not be said with equal truth that, while our students, influenced not only by the prevailing modes of thought

in historical investigation, but by the political instinct which is born of American life, will work at the same problems, they may be expected to take more note of the personal and popular influences which have been at work? At any rate, we have an interesting contrast presented in two recent works on Virginia, one by an Englishman, and one by an American. Mr. Doyle's book[1] is a portion only of a projected work, and it does not include the entire history of Virginia. He has set himself the task, as he says, "to describe and explain the process by which a few scattered colonies along the Atlantic seaboard grew into that vast confederate republic, the United States of America." "I have preferred," he says, "to regard the history of the United States as the transplantation of English ideas and institutions to a distant soil, and the adaptation of them to new wants and altered modes of life." The present volume carries the account of Virginia down to the close of the seventeenth century, and the headings of his chapters, The Virginia Company, Virginia under Royal Government, Virginia under the Commonwealth, Virginia after the Restoration, indicate clearly enough his view of the colony from across the water.

The other book is by an American, or, as we suspect he would prefer to be called, a Virginian. Mr. Trescot, in a suggestive oration delivered before the South Carolina Historical Society in 1859, said: "If an American be asked abroad, Of what country are you? his first impulse is to answer, I am a New Yorker, a Virginian, a Massachusetts man, or a Carolinian, as the fact may be. Whatever his pride in his nationality, his home instincts and affections are bounded by state lines." There are a great many more who would demur to this statement now than there were in 1859, but now, as then, those who would accept it would be found chiefly at the South. It is not that the States' rights doctrine is more distinctly an exponent of Southern political thought, but the whole texture of social life at the South has hitherto tended to emphasize state lines as distinct from national lines, and it would be difficult to find a more interesting illustration of it than appears unconsciously in Mr. Cooke's monograph on Virginia.[2]

Mr. Cooke is well known as an author of novels the scenes of which are laid in Virginia, and his literary reputation has been built upon the fidelity which he has shown to Virginian life. He comes before the public, therefore, with a special claim to attention in this new book, and it is easy to see that he has written out of a love as well as a knowledge of his subject. Everywhere there are touches impossible to any one not native to the soil, and the human interest which pervades the work gives it a character entirely distinct from the institutional side, which is developed in Mr. Doyle's work. Mr. Doyle writes as a man who finds in Virginia an example of the working of certain laws of government and trade: Mr. Cooke as one who is upon an ancestral estate, and profoundly interested in the lives of his ancestors.

As a slight illustration of the advantage which falls to a man who is writing of his own home, one may take the paragraph which Mr. Cooke gives to the first settlement in Virginia. He has been describing the approach of the expedition to the shores, and of the cautious advance of the ships. "Before them," he continues, "was the great expanse of Chesapeake Bay, the 'Mother of Waters' as the Indian name signified, and in the distance the broad mouth of

[1] *English Colonies in America: Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas.* By J. A. Doyle. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1882.

[2] *Virginia: A History of the People.* By John Esten Cooke [American Commonwealths]. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

a great river, the Powhatan. As the ships approached the western shore of the bay the storm had spent its force, and they called the place Point Comfort. A little further, — at the present Hampton, — they landed and were hospitably received by a tribe of Indians. The ships then sailed on up the river, which was new-named James River, and parties landed here and there, looking for a good site for the colony. A very bad one was finally selected, — a low peninsula half buried in the tide at high water. Here the adventurers landed on May 13, 1607, and gave the place the name of Jamestown, in honor of the king. Nothing remains of this famous settlement but the ruins of a church tower covered with ivy, and some old tombstones. The tower is crumbling year by year, and the roots of trees have cracked the slabs, making great rifts across the names of the old Armigers and Honourables. The place is desolate, with its washing waves and flitting sea-fowl, but possesses a singular attraction. It is one of the few localities which recall the first years of American history; but it will not recall them much longer. Every distinctive feature of the spot is slowly disappearing. The river encroaches year by year, and the ground occupied by the original huts is already submerged."

It is by this familiar acquaintance with localities, a familiarity which reading cannot give, that a historian is able to give warmth to his narrative, and bring the scenes near to the eye. Mr. Cooke has availed himself of this knowledge of the country in the most natural manner; and since Virginia, especially in its formative period, was a country of neighborhoods, a writer who recognizes the fact is able to reproduce in his pages some of the most interesting features of the life which he is recording. From time to time Mr. Cooke takes surveys of the State which are rather picturesque than philosophical in their character, and if he resorts to some of the phrases of the romancer, there is an ingenuous air about them which well befits a state so remote in its life from modern organization.

The vitality, however, in his work lies in the application of imagination to historical writing. The process of generations in Virginia, which issued in the splendid figures of Washington and his associates, may be disclosed in the successive careers of the persons who came to the front, and Mr. Cooke has cared for these persons as persons, and not as types. It is this intimate acquaintance with the men and women of Virginia which enables him to produce a chronicle, just as his familiarity with the ground which they trod enables him to call up the circumstance of life. His treatment of Bacon's rebellion is a case in point. He has availed himself of the same material which was open to Mr. Doyle, but he was more interested in the figure of Bacon as the hero of the rebellion, and his interest leads him into a more vivid portraiture of the man.

At the same time he is able, by this personal appropriation of the characters of his history, to reach some admirable and just generalizations. All that he says, for example, of Virginia in its attitude toward the Stuarts and the Commonwealth is excellent. He is not bound by the formal legislative record; he understands the men who enacted the legislation, and reaches thus a higher and clearer truth. "The Virginians," he says, "were simply English people living in America, who were resolved to have their rights. They were Cavaliers, if the word meant Royalists, and adherents of the Church of England. They would defend king and church — the one from his enemies, and the other from dissent and popery; but they meant to defend themselves too, — to take up arms against either king or Commonwealth, if that was necessary to protect their rights. It is essential

to keep this fact in view, if the reader wishes to understand the history of the people at this period and in all periods. *Jealousy of right* went before all. The dusty records, often so obscure and complicated with small events, clearly demonstrate that the Virginians were ready to make war on the monarchy and Parliament alike if they were oppressed."

In making the comparison between Mr. Cooke's book and Mr. Doyle's we have wished to intimate the different lights in which they are written rather than to give special criticism. We find Mr. Doyle's book a painstaking, conscientious work, which moves along cautiously, as if the writer were working out his problem page by page, but the conclusions reached are those of a fair-minded man. Its accuracy is not beyond question, as where, for example, he confounds Bacon's wife and Lawrence's, but its examination of the colonial relation which Virginia sustained to England is always fresh, and often acute.

Both books are welcome, because they invite to a study of the early conditions of American life. Few studies deserve heartier encouragement, for none are so likely to aid in practical politics; and politics, after all, is the common education of the people. The habit of historical study is the habit of inquiry into causes, and the worst thing that can happen to a free people is to be governed in its policy simply by considerations of immediate expediency, — and history is always offering an answer to the questions of the day, — an answer which rests upon cause and effect.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Mr. Longfellow's volume,[1] made up of a biography of some one hundred and fifty pages, and a series of lectures, sermons, essays, and addresses, selected with excellent judgment from the mass of Mr. Johnson's manuscripts and printed writings, should not only be a very precious one to those who have heretofore been well acquainted with this thinker and his thoughts, but it should attract to him a host of fresh readers.

Samuel Johnson was born in Salem, Mass., October 10, 1822. An active, daring boy, but studious withal, "Salem great pasture" and the beaches of the town and of Marblehead, four miles away, were among the most efficient of his early tutors. Among these Mr. Longfellow also ranks the East India Museum, questioning whether it did not give the first impulse to his Oriental studies. More certainly, we find here the beginning of his interest in geology and mineralogy, an interest which continued through his life. We also note the omen that he was born in the very house where Bowditch, the astronomer, first saw the light. His home nourished his youth with his life-long satisfactions, — music, and flowers, and books, and "a simple, rational piety of the Unitarian stamp." It was a home of strong affections, and it was the only home that Johnson knew until his father's death, in 1876; for he was never married, and the duties of his manhood did not oblige him to relinquish it. Entering Harvard at sixteen, he was graduated in 1842. Mr. Longfellow's earliest recollection of his friend is on "class-day" of that

[1] *Lectures, Essays, and Sermons.* By Samuel Johnson, author of Oriental Religions. With a Memoir by Samuel Longfellow. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

year, when he read the class oration, a fact which proved that his studious habits had not cut him off from the sympathy and admiration of his fellow-students. His letters home are full of warm affection, and characterized by moral earnestness. One of the first records his admiration for Henry Ware Jr.'s sermon on the Personality of God, — the sermon in reply to Emerson's famous Divinity School Address of 1838, with which Johnson was soon to find himself in perfect sympathy. Forty years later he recalled the Moral Philosophy of Jouffroy and Cousin's criticism of Locke as among the rarest satisfactions of his college life. He entered the Divinity School in the autumn of his graduating year. There Mr. Longfellow met him, and their friendship of forty years began. The Transcendental movement was in full career. Emerson's Nature and the great Address, Walker's lectures on Natural Religion and Parker's sermon on The Transient and Permanent in Christianity, had been given to the world. Johnson, his biographer assures us, was a Transcendentalist by nature. "He instinctively sought truths by direct vision, not by processes of induction. . . . But his Transcendentalism, which was later to become a carefully weighed rationale of thought, was, however, nature, a perception, a sentiment, an unargued faith." Moreover, it took on a decidedly mystical form, of which certain letters afford ample evidence. A brief poem of these days gives us a glimpse of his mind. The poem is called Sickness.

Thou, Lord, hast taken all my strength away,
Both from the spirit and her faithful form
The bodily instrument; and now decay
The powers that prompted fearlessness in storm,
And energy, faith-kindled sight, whereby
I felt as on a warm aspiring hill
Watching the changing forms in earth and sky,
Men and their works; and from a higher Will
Having interpretations, in a trance
Of spirit, through their holiness and love.
A spell of mystery was on me, and a sense
As of a presence that with boundless rove
Gave joys unasked, and worthy self-esteem.
But Thou tak'st back "the visionary gleam"
Into Thyself; I strive in vain to see;
And till Thou come again, must keep me trustfully.

The sickness which so deeply colors these lines compelled him, in May, 1844, to leave the school and go abroad. In 1845 we find him back again in Cambridge, and graduating in the following year. Some of his rarest hymns were written in these days; it was at this period he compiled, in connection with Mr. Longfellow, that Book of Hymns which Theodore Parker used to call "The Book of Sams."

The virtual excommunication of Theodore Parker by the Unitarians was then a recent consummation. The chivalry of Johnson's nature, even more than his agreement in opinion, compelled him to go outside the camp with him, sharing his reproach. And so his "candidating" was no holiday affair. To his sympathy with Parker he added sympathy with the antislavery movement.

Johnson's first regular preaching was to a new society in Dorchester. His political outspokenness broke up this connection after some two years of faithful service. Ecclesiasticism had for him no charms. "I do not desire to sustain the churches," he writes, "false aggregations as they are for selfish and temporary purposes." Indeed, already he had become jealous of all organized bodies. "Johnson is a man of the desert," said Emerson to Bartol. He was, and he was not. He would have no invasion of his individuality by organized bodies. But his human sympathies were ever warm and deep. He worked with various societies, — the Free Religious, the Antislavery, and so on. He bound himself to none.

In 1853 he took charge of a new society in Lynn, to which he had for some time been preaching. It was a "Free Church," withdrawn, at his instance, from the Unitarian communion. He

did not "administer the sacraments." But he was not a preacher, merely. He knew his people well, and was often in their homes, a radiant, joyful presence, and in their sorrow a voice of tender consolation. He worked hard in winter, but he knew how to rest in summer. He had a passion for the mountains and the sea. He was an untiring walker. He went abroad with geologic bag and hammer. He made up a cabinet of minerals, but his excursions brought him better things than these: crystalline clearness for his thought, and images of beauty for its illustration.

Early in his ministry at Lynn we find him working at certain 'Eastern Lectures,' which grew at length into the bulky volumes on the Religions of India and China, and that on Persia, uncompleted at his death, — alas for him and for us! But these deeper studies did not obscure for him the concrete aspects of the time. The antislavery struggle was progressing, and no phase of it escaped his vigilance. The inadequacy of Mr. Longfellow's biography and the papers following is on this side of Johnson's character and work. It may be doubted whether the noblest passion of the time found upon any other lips a more lofty expression. Here and there in the letters is a passage that brings back to us the man; his impassioned presence is again before us, and we hear his ringing words. For example, "Who shall dare be silent even for a day, while the nation is persecuting its prophets, and sending its saints to the scaffold, — while the public conscience seems to be drugged and stifled almost beyond rousing; and to look with a kind of vacant unconcern upon insidious processes by which the national legislature is being turned into a court of inquisitorial powers, and the national judiciary into mere machinery for the swift destruction of inalienable liberties!"

In 1859 we find him and John Brown together, and a letter to Mr. Longfellow gives the impression made upon the peace-loving preacher by the man of war. In 1860 he again visited Europe, this time with Mr. Longfellow for his companion. He was absent fifteen months. It was mainly a play-time, but some work was done. The Book of Hymns was made over into Hymns of the Spirit, in a damp chamber of the "Pension Besson," at Nice; and there, too, Johnson wrote several of his most beautiful devotional pieces.

Johnson's letters from Europe are delightful reading. Though often dealing with hackneyed themes, they do it always in his own manner. Returning to his work in Lynn and to his home in Salem, the old duality engrossed him, — political interests and Oriental studies. To the problems of reconstruction he brought the standard of ideal justice. But its application was no easy matter. Right or wrong, his opinions were always his own. His correspondence with various friends from this time onward, as before, takes form and color from everything that is most vital in the passing days, — questions of education and reform, the labor agitation, the advance of science and its criticism on his Transcendental doctrines. Ever an affluent correspondent, his letters show how various were his reading and his thought. Some of his most notable letters are addressed to R. H. Manning, a man of business and affairs, living in Brooklyn, N. Y., whose sturdy protests from the standpoint of science frequently put him on the defensive, but never dull the edge of his regard. In the particular results of science no one rejoiced more heartily than he, but he was not in the least disposed to exchange its standpoint for his own. To convict other men of atheism was never his delight. He much preferred finding essential theism implicated in their negations; and he could detect an earnest thinker, and admire him, under whatever mask. Thus, for the writings of John Morley he had

great respect and admiration. In 1870 his ministry at Lynn was ended. Two years later he published the first volume of his Oriental Religions, that upon India, and in 1877 that upon China. Mr. Longfellow has done admirable justice to these wide and careful studies, still leaving the impression that the student's best reward was in his work. These books could not be popular; they made too heavy a demand upon the reader's time and his attention. So much reading, so much patience, so much meditation, went to their preparation that they yield their charm only to those who approach them with an earnestness akin to Johnson's own. For such the charm is great, and grows with each return to their abounding wealth.

We should like nothing better than to follow closely upon Johnson's track along the course of letters that reveal him in the final decade of his life; to go with him to North Andover, whither, in 1876, he retires to live on the ancestral farm; to share the interests of study and affection that engross him there; to note how clearly, in that seclusion, he hears the various voices of the time and flings out his response. "Ever a fighter, so one fight more," we seem to hear him say, as the gauntlet of positivist, materialist, or supernaturalist rings at his feet, and he goes forth in letter or address to meet them, with real joy of battle.

We have but narrow space in which to speak of the essays and addresses that make up the greater part of Mr. Longfellow's volume. They do not fully represent Johnson. His genius was so various, his range was so wide, that this was not to be expected. Knowing well the quality of his average preaching, we crave some fuller sign of that, and also some of his prophetic utterances in the times that tried men's souls. That these last would have a historic rather than a present and permanent interest seems hardly a sufficient reason for their entire exclusion. But what we have embraces many aspects of his thought and style. The first three papers are upon Florence, The Alps of Switzerland and the Alps of the Ideal, and Symbolism of the Sea. These show the poet side, the fancy and imagination of the man. They also show how impossible it was for him to rest content with the mere outside of things. The Florence would be overrich in style, were it not for the underlying substance of the thought, which, like Titian's men and women, can carry off any magnificence. This idealist was a realist as well. His eye and ear were marvelously sensitive to their respective pleasures. He was microcosmic as well as macrocosmic. Ghiberti's Gates of Paradise are described with loving faithfulness. And as he saw these wonders of art, he saw the wonders of nature minutely; yet the multitude of parts did not obscure the whole. But what is most notable in these essays is that Florence, the Alps, and the Sea all bring to him his own of thought and aspiration. They show his interest in men, his passion for all noble liberties of body and of mind, his faith in popular government, his subordination of all things to the ethical.

The three papers next following these are on Fulfillment of Functions, Equal Opportunity for Woman, and Labor Parties and Labor Reform. These have none of the warmth and color of the preceding papers. The description of Channing's style, "a naked thought," applies to them; but the thought is a Damascus blade. Johnson, never passionate, is naturally impassioned. By the earnestness of his conviction he "makes the cold air fire." It would be hard to find a nobler, calmer, sterner criticism on our educational, industrial, and political methods than the Fulfillment of Functions, a demand that men shall make the acceptance of their limitations a road to victory and peace. The papers on The Law of the Blessed Life, Gain in Loss, The Search for God,

Living by Faith, and The Duty of Delight report the most ideal and spiritual aspects of his mind. His insight, his faith, his ethical nobility, shine out on every page. They are none of them so lofty that they do not touch the humblest things with their illumination. Whatever be our science and philosophy, we see not what escape there is from the moral exigency of The Search for God. Here are abiding principles, let part what may.

A long and elaborate essay upon Transcendentalism, fitly concludes the book. It was a late production, written in full view of the criticism of Spencer, Lewes, and their school upon the Transcendental system. It is Johnson's completest rationale of the philosophy which underlay the whole of his career. America has furnished no other statement at once so full and compact of this philosophy. But it may be doubted whether it combats the criticism of Spencer and his school as completely as it does that of Locke; whether the ideas which Johnson considers *necessary* do not so appear to us because they have been plowed into the mind by an experience of half a million years, hereditarily transmitted and confirmed. Mr. Frothingham wrote to Johnson, on the publication of this essay, "If this is Transcendentalism, I am a Transcendentalist." And as respects its fundamental idea, no scientist or evolutionist is debarred from saying as much. For this idea, fundamental to every word of Johnson's protest against materialism, evolution, positive science, is that *thought* cannot be the product of *things;* that evolution, which he does not deny, involves an infinite element at every step. There can be no production of a greater by a less.

In all of Johnson's writings, certain words appear with a frequency that is significant. They are Mind, Spirit, Law, Unity, Substance, Permanence, Right, Freedom, Duty, God. They indicate the continental masses of conviction and enthusiasm, joy and peace, around which the tides of lesser things swept back and forth, and left them steadfast and immovable. To these words we must add two others which as frequently recur: Limitations and Disciplines. He saw that, rightly apprehended, Limitations are Disciplines; that only by respecting them do we arrive at freedom and abiding peace. He spoke these things out of the depth of a profound experience of sorrow and of joy.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A CERTAIN contributor, whose penslips are so rare that it is quite a treat to his readers when he makes one, writes to us as follows: —

The error I committed in ascribing

> "Mountains interposed
> Make enemies of nations"

to Byron instead of to Cowper is going round the globe in the track of the Concord musket-shot. It has reached Paris, and is no doubt still on its travels, so that I may expect to hear from it in Pekin in the course of a few weeks. In order to save labor to the innumerable correspondents who are kindly anxious about the matter, I would like to say, once for all, that they are right, and I accept the correction. But there are palliating circumstances. I was thinking of a passage very similar to that from Cowper, to be found in Childe Harold, Canto I., stanzas 32 and 33, which may very probably have been suggested by the *fluvio vel monte dis-*

tincti dissimiles of Burton. I will cite the second of these stanzas. Byron is referring to the line which separates Spain from Portugal: —

"*But these between a silver streamlet glides,*
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow;
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke:
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low."

The words in italics correspond very closely to *fluvio distincti dissimiles*. The idea is the same in the passages from Byron and Cowper; they lay side by side in my memory, and I got their authorship mixed, that was all.

— Ought there not to be some recognized standard for the spelling and pronunciation of geographical names? As it is, the petrifying of our language by the dictionary-makers — who have sanctioned all the blunders of the ignorant past, both in typography and in attempts at phonetic renderings of foreign words in a barbarously unphonetic orthography — has made a pretty confusion. The geographers have been true neither to the genius of our own language nor to that of others. Outside of geography, in certain things, we show an undue deference to foreign tongues, particularly in the matter of titles. We call a Frenchman *Monsieur*, a German *Herr*, an Italian *Signor*, a Spaniard *Señor*, and it would not be surprising if pretty soon we got to calling a Russian *Gospod*, or whatever may be the Muscovite equivalent of Mister. We carry ourselves in this matter beyond the verge of lingual self-respect.

Other nations are more sensible. The French and Germans, for instance, use their own titles for persons of other nationalities. It is often ridiculous to hear the struggles of our actors with foreign titles. At a performance of Sardou's A Scrap of Paper in one of our theatres, I noticed something like a half-dozen different ways of pronouncing *Monsieur* and *Mademoiselle*, and no one of them was right.

But to return to geography. It is probably the best plan, as a general rule, to follow the usage in the language of the respective localities. Custom, however, has authorized certain forms from which it would be hardly possible to depart. It would of course be absurd to pronounce *Paris* as the French do, or to say *Roma* instead of Rome. Every country has its own spelling and pronunciation for certain names, — like the German *Mailand* and *Venedig* for Milan and Venice. Some of the widest departures from the original names are due both to efforts at correct pronunciation and to the subsequent phonetic embodiments of those efforts. Our own authorities have appropriated too indiscriminately the work of French geographers, and have thereby originated pronunciations which are neither French nor English. Take, for example, the French *Hague* and *Prague* for the Dutch *Haag* and the German *Prag*. The French endeavored to regard the original sounds by adding the *ue*, and thus preserve the sound of the final *g*. But English-speaking readers naturally take this spelling to mean a pronunciation of the *a* like that in *plague*. In direct disregard of the genius of our language, we have adopted French names for the German Saxon duchies Sachsen-Weimar and Sachsen-Coburg-Gotha: *Saxe-Weimar* and *Saxe-Coburg-Gotha*. To be correct we should say *Saxon* Weimar and *Saxon* Coburg-Gotha. Else why not deny our Anglo-Saxon race, and say *Saxe* for Saxony? We also say, with the French, *Hesse* and *Hesse-Cassel* for the German Hessen and Hessen-Cassel, when we should call those duchies *Hessia* and *Hessian Cassel*, just as we call Thüringen Thuringia.

A case where orthography leads our pronunciation astray is that of Alsace, which people commonly pronounce Al-

sāce, whereas the German spelling, *Elsass*, leads us phonetically nearer the truth. It would probably be better for us to use the classic designation, *Alsatia*. The fact that there is no other civilized language so difficult for the English tongue to master as the French, with its delicate intricacies, its nasals and vocal shadings, is a satire upon the choice of our geographers.

How can a novice judge of the pronunciation of the Alsatian mountains, the Vosges? Singularly enough, the phonetic rendering which school-boys commonly give, — the Vos-ges, — comes much nearer the original name than the French pronunciation. The French designation came from an ineffectual attempt to pronounce the old German name, the *Wassigen*, or Watery mountains, so called from their abundant brooks. The Germans derived their modern name for these mountains, — the *Vogesen*, — from the French corruption, which they Germanized, but now that Alsatia has been reannexed, the ancient German name has been restored.

A curious blunder is that whereby we call the Russian capital Saint Petersburg, when rightfully it is simply Petersburg, being named for Peter the Great, and not for the celestial gate-keeper.

Spanish names have not suffered much orthographically at our hands. They are often barbarously mispronounced, however, although there is little excuse for it, Spanish being almost purely a phonetic tongue.

It would be an easy matter to give, in connection with the geographical instruction in our schools, the rules for the continental pronunciation of the vowels, and also of the consonants in various languages. Such peculiarities as the Italian pronunciation of *c* like our *ch*, and the Spanish *ll*, as in Sevilla, like *lya* (*Sevilya*), would not be left to be picked up at hap-hazard.

Our ignorance of foreign spellings and pronunciations often leads to some curious mistakes. I have known people to pass through Prague without knowing it, on account of the difference in spelling, although a Frenchman would have have recognized it by the pronunciation. I once met an Englishman in the capital of Bavaria, who actually did not know that he was in Munich. He said that he had been wondering how there could ever have been such a large city as *München*, and he never have heard of it until he got there. "And by Jove, it is really a fine place, don't you see!" he exclaimed.

There are people in certain regions of the West who appear to be unaware that there is such a thing as a broad sound to the vowel *a*, and they accordingly most exasperatingly "mash" out every word as flat as their native prairies. It is enough to set one's teeth on edge to hear them call Colorado *Coloraydo*, Nevada *Nevayda*, and Montana *Montayna*. These people very irrationally insist on their idea of English phoneticism in some things, and violently disregard it in others. For instance, there are American residents in Arizona's principal town, Tucson, who delude themselves with the idea that they are speaking correct Spanish when they say *Too-son*, when there is probably not a Mexican who omits to pronounce the *c* exactly as it would be spoken in English.

— I am fond of quoting, and still fonder of remembering, an experience of Eugénie de Guérin's. She says in her journal that, one morning, on her way to church, she passed some little wild flowers, and at first stooped to pick them, but on second thought decided to leave them until she returned, for they would only wilt if she held them in her hand until mass was over. But she went home by another path through the woods, and quite forgot them, and writes in her dear journal that it is often so in life, — our opportunities do not return.

It is a great gift to recognize quickly the things that belong to us, and to seize them with a swift and willing hand, as one goes along the highways and by-ways of life. To some people's well-being a great many small things are necessary, and nothing makes such persons more miserable than to have lost a chance of securing some such treasure, which we never are offered twice. Sometimes it is through a fit of dullness, that hinders one from appropriating one's own at first sight, and sometimes the fancied wisdom of a friend's advice stands in the way; we are ashamed to carry out our own wishes in the face of disapproval. These words are not said with a view to such readers as are independent of their outward surroundings, — who are not shocked at the thought of beginning life in the next world empty-handed; who could be as contented in a nun's cell, without one personal belonging, as in a long-lived-in-house, filled with beloved traps and trifles. But there are some people who have not outgrown the instinct for making to themselves idols, and who fill their homes with shrines, old and new. They build themselves a wall of happiness with their treasures, and if one brick has not been secured it always leaves a gap; its place cannot be filled in with anything else. From the person who clings desperately to a few things that are dear from long association, to the person who has a mania for making collections and filling cabinets, is a very wide range, but it is the same instinct, — a love of things. The often-quoted depravity of inanimate objects seems a slur to them; they understand only the friendly and companionable side of nature and art; they unconsciously personify things, and attribute much sensitiveness to them.

I do not doubt that Mdlle. de Guérin thought about the flowers more than once afterward, and wished that she could beg their forgiveness for her neglect. It seems sometimes as if the unused life in the world, that waits its proper development, must be stored away in sticks and stones. What should draw some of us so closely to certain flowers, that seem to look eagerly and with perfect self-consciousness into our faces? What is it that makes it impossible for us to leave a table or a chair for somebody else to buy and to live with?

I remember that one spring, when I was driving in the country, I saw under a barberry bush a blue violet, which appeared to follow me appealingly with its eyes as I went by. I felt an impulse to stop and to gather it, but I did not, — there was some reason. I thought my companion would laugh at me, or for some other cause it was not worth while. But the farther I went away from it the sorrier I was, and that violet has haunted me even to this day. The tall white daisies, or white-weeds, have a way of fixing their eyes upon you, as if they wished for something. And I remember that a friend once told me, in sacred confidence, about a little maple-tree that had stood at the roadside as she drove by and begged her to take it away. She did not stop. She never knew, and never would have known, any way, from what loneliness and sorrow it wished to be removed; but these many years she has regretted that she did not respond to its perfectly evident longing for her sympathy and assistance. It was a very young and small maple-tree. She described it to me touchingly: its leaves were brilliant with the colors of its first autumn, and when they had fallen it must have been only a thin, unnoticeable twig.

Desires for certain objects of art lead some persons into careers of wretched extravagance; but to a person who is sensible, and has a proper amount of self-control, there need be no such danger. Indeed, it is the things we saw and loved, and knew to belong to us,

and yet did not take or buy, that cause us most sorrow. The things for which we have the greatest and most unbearable yearnings are almost always within our reach, and only hesitation makes us lose them. Perhaps the influence of our surroundings plays a greater part in the development of our characters than we have ever recognized, and we are given our instincts for a picture, or a china cup, or a Chippendale chair, with a wise and secret purpose. Reason should not attempt to decide these questions, for they do not belong to reason's province. Out-of-doors, flowers are getting ready to bloom for us, and in-doors, books and pictures and china cups and little boxes are being made for us here and there all over the world, and we are wise to take them when we find them. If they have gone astray, and landed in some friend's parlor instead of our own, and can neither be bought nor stolen, we must make the best of it, but remember that they are ours and we are theirs, all the same, and revel in the secret understanding. But it is very puzzling to know why some things should have had anything to do with us. I have been troubled for some time with the small ghost of a cigarette-case that was displayed for sale in the chief room of a quaint old hotel in Northern Italy. It was curiously made of some East Indian grass-cloth fabric, and its colors were soft and pretty. It was filled with cigarettes, and I did not like to be thought a smoker. I did not succeed in giving myself any reasons for buying it, but I went near the case which contained it, and looked at it lovingly and longingly whenever I could, and then at last came away without it, knowing myself to have done wrong, and to be the concealer forever of an incurable regret. But the memory of this is nothing beside the sadder one of a green glass vase, hung with little gold rings, that I left behind me long ago, one day in Amsterdam.

— What ambitious sculptor was that who proposed to hew the side of Mount Athos into the likeness of the human profile? A bold conception, but not bolder, perhaps, than the converse, which would trace the mountain's physiognomy in a human face; yet, it would not have been strange if some tough old Macedonian soldier had been thought by his contemporaries to resemble neighboring Mount Athos. We have lately lost a sculptor (whose tools were heroic words) who could carve a great man's face in the similitude of the mountain, giving his work an almost vital reality and granite perpetuity. No bust nor portrait of Webster so impresses us as does this graven image of him, done by the hand of Carlyle. The "amorphous, crag-like face," who does not see it? and the "dull, black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces!" No ether-wrapped mountain, we infer, but one subject to fiery upheavals and throbs of cyclopean activity.

It is not my fortune to know any faces that present so sublime a topography; indeed, I hesitate, for fear of a *reductio ad absurdum*, to describe the first facial landscape that comes to my mind. It is a homely, rustic visage; all its features at angular odds with each other; hair and beard unkempt and wiry, curiously harmonizing in color and quality with the raveled and hanging braids of an old straw hat; lastly, a pair of small, bright, roving eyes. Where does this face lead me? To a "slashing," or partial clearing on the border of the woods. I see charred and hollow stumps, gossamer stretched between and across them, rank blackberry briers, lusty thistles, tall fireweed, and wild lettuce. And the small, roving eyes, — they are the small, quick-flitting birds that commonly haunt the slashing. Another face of my acquaintance possesses a very different picturesqueness, always suggesting Wordsworth's Lucy,

whom Nature took to rear and educate after her own heart. The Lucy whom I know seems to me to have been at the same sylvan school, to have "leaned her ear in many a secret place," to have walked by musical streams, listening and sympathizing, until "beauty born of murmuring sound" passed into her face. A child was at a loss to describe his teacher so that she might be distinguished among several others. After short reflection, he exclaimed, "She 's the one that looks like the lake!" When, afterwards, I met the original of this description, it was easy to justify the child's unconscious poesy. There was the lake; at least, the same cool serenity; the same sparkling freshness; the "unmeasured laughter," not of waves, but of the pure, jocund spirit that animated the entire countenance.

In this system of live personifications, the four seasons appear to me, at odd intervals, in the faces of four different persons. One looks the spring; another the summer; a third, with warm, olive complexion and hazy, brown eyes, represents fine, indolent October weather, while a fourth looks the soul of winter, keen, "frosty, but kindly."

When we turn to the poets, we find, as we might expect, plentiful illustration of this power to see elemental nature in the human countenance. Sometimes they throw out meteorological suggestion, — delicate indices to the "probabilities" of the mind. One speaks of "the cloudy foreheads of the great;" a description which we might be inclined to question, since, instead of looking for clouds on the foreheads of the great, theirs is just that quarter of the firmament from which we expect sunshine and glad weather. Better are the lines which show us how the author of the Faerie Queene looked in the large gaze of a young and loving disciple, who hails him across the ages. Thus Keats:

"Spenser! thy brows are arched, open, kind,
And come like a clear sunrise to my mind."

One more instance, — the opening verse in a love song of the seventeenth century, — "There is a garden in her face." This is an exquisite summary of all the gracious details the poet saw in his lady's countenance, — inclusive of the roses, the lilies, and the cherries ripe. We would not blame the lover, who, having likened the Most Beautiful Eyes to twin stars, proceeded a step further in hyperbole, and discovered the whole orb of the starry, summer heavens in the face of the Beloved.

— We shall never be able to discover, from any diligent search through the mighty volumes of the invaluable Audubon, any trace whatever of the possible species of that great, innumerable flock of the feathered tribe so unfairly described, in a low, commercial way, as worth only half as much singly as "a bird in the hand." Shall we therefore meekly submit to the uncompromising statement that is so constantly flung at us in its hard and striking shape, and never even pause a moment to give a thought to those humble little fellows, snugly perched out of reach of danger, cooing softly to one another "in the bush"?

The "bird in the hand" has been eaten up long ago, bones, feathers, and all; or he turned stale on our hands; or, after the most careful attention and lavish expenditure of regard, he slipped away on the first opportunity; or — the cat got him.

Just for the time, a moment or two, he seemed worth all the other birds in the bush, but not for very long; he was just a little disappointing: too old or too lean, too small or too battered with shot, — something that ought to have been better after all our pains and labors. We started for wild turkeys, or perhaps canvas-back ducks, and this is only a robin, or an ortolan, barely a mouthful. Still, some of the sportsmen regard us with profoundest envy, and even set up various claims to our bird, so that

his waning value gets a shade brighter at the sight of other eager claimants, who treat our resistance of their demands with indignation and threats, leaving us, alas! with sneers and envious maledictions, to a solitary enjoyment of our selfish success.

All the time, on a slender twig surrounded by leafy verdure, softly romancing side by side, perch two little birds of lovely plumage, casting their bright, round eyes in all directions, — two little objects that make a picture that changes its aspect as often as we choose; these are the dear little delusive "two in the bush." They cannot be approached very closely, and none of the tribe was ever inside of a vulgar cage; thus our only chance of enjoying them is to watch from a little distance, for, curiously enough, if we succeed in killing them, no remains will be found, so that nothing but disappointment would result from a nearer approach. Oh, those "birds in the bush"! — long years of care and strife have been rendered bearable, dark days brightened, pain allayed, and vigor renewed, by a glimpse of that fairy pair, ever cooing their dear, deceptive lay.

Who shall rob us of them — our castles in the air? They are our one safe possession, that none can deprive us of; our exclusive property, out of reach and sight of everybody else, and always in the act of flying to us.

Commercial moralists shall not have it all their own way, and dogmatize us into misers and misanthropes with hard facts and hard lines, too, for away beyond their ken and safe for all times are our sweetest possession, those "two in the bush."

Whenever a poor mortal faints by the roadside, and, notwithstanding all the helps of modern science, dies in grief and sadness, if we could carefully scrutinize his inner consciousness we should probably find that life had proved too hard for him, through pinning his faith blindly to the rough, curt dogma, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

— The other day a young middle-aged person called at my house. She had read certain things of mine which she did not wholly dislike, and desired a few minutes' converse with me, surrounded by my Lares and Penates. I call her a young middle-aged person because, though she was of an uncertain age, — which always means past thirty-five, — she was, in manner and habiliments, young. She came from the West, the land of promise, the land which gives us our presidents, and is, some day, to give us our literature. She was not a brilliant conversationalist, but she was not without a certain *aplomb* that fitted her for dropping in on an entire stranger, and occupying time which, so far as she knew, might have been very valuable to him. As a host, it was my duty to be courteous; as an author, it was my wish not to shatter any possible ideal that she had formed of me from my humble writings. I found that I had undertaken a difficult contract. My elderly young friend had very little to say for herself; she was a most unsuggestive person; her remarks were up-side-down hooks, upon which it was nearly impossible to hang anything. In order to avoid those dreadful hiatuses which occur between constrained or stupid people, I was obliged to talk and talk and talk. At last my guest departed. A few days afterwards I saw everything that I did n't say on that occasion fully reported in the columns of the Western Reserve Bugle.

I would like to ask some contributor to furnish me with a phrase that will adequately characterize the conduct of that middle-aged young person.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. Studies in Church History, by Henry C. Lea (Henry C. Lea's Son & Co.), is an enlarged edition of the work published by the author in 1869. Mr. Lea then collected his papers on The Rise of the Temporal Power, Benefit of Clergy, and Excommunication, and has now added a chapter on the Early Church and Slavery. The larger part of his volume is a close study of the growth of worldliness within the church, and a most instructive examination of ecclesiasticism. It is, perhaps, rather for the student than for the general reader, but its worth lies in the severity of Mr. Lea's treatment, and his freedom from mere prejudice. — The important series of Campaigns of the Civil War is to have a companion in The Navy in the Civil War (Scribners), the first volume of which is The Blockade and the Cruisers, by Professor J. R. Soley, of the Naval Academy. The treatment of the South is fair, and will do much to commend the book, and the author draws some conclusions pertinent to the present condition of affairs. — Letters to a Friend, by Connop Thirlwall, edited by Dean Stanley (Roberts), will give incidentally something of the life of a remarkable man. Bishop Thirlwall has not been a very familiar name to American readers, who have associated him chiefly with a little-read history of Greece, and it is to be hoped that Dean Stanley's introduction will do something to make him better known. Aside from its disclosure of the social side of the Bishop's life, the book is valuable as a stimulant to thought. — Dean Stanley himself appears in a volume of Recollections of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, by his successor at Westminster, George Granville Bradley (Scribners). Dean Bradley gives his reminiscences in the form of three lectures, a form very well adapted to the material, since he is speaking directly to friends of a friend. — The autobiography of James Nasmyth, edited by Samuel Smiles, to which we referred last month, has been issued by the Harpers, in cloth, as well as in the Franklin Square Library. — The literature of ante-mortem biography has been increased by a volume upon Oliver Wendell Holmes, poet, littérateur, scientist, by W. S. Kennedy (S. E. Cassino & Co., Boston). Mr. Kennedy ingeniously quotes Dr. Holmes himself in defence of his work, by placing upon a fly-leaf the words, "It is an ungenerous silence which leaves all the fair words of honestly-earned praise to the writer of obituary notices and the marble-worker." We have become so used, however, to having the curtain drawn in famous houses — from the outside — that the appearance of such a book fails to make one feel so creepy as it once would. — Mr. S. C. Hall's Retrospect of a Long Life (Appletons) covers the period from 1815 to 1883, and as Mr. Hall was a man of letters by profession, as he announces on the title-page, and connected with a great variety of literary enterprises, his work, which is in effect an autobiography, will be found very attractive to those who are already at home in modern English literature, and enjoy every new account of the persons who figured in it. — There are four American reprints of Mrs. Carlyle's Letters, two by Scribner's Sons and two by the Harpers. The work is reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

Literature and Literary Criticism. The new volumes in the Riverside Hawthorne are the American Note-Books, and the French and Italian Note-Books, furnished like the previous ones with etchings and with preliminary notes by Mr. Lathrop. — Selections from the Poetry of Robert Browning (Dodd, Mead, & Co.) is introduced by Mr. R. G. White, who gives an interesting account of the method of the selection, and adds some random criticism upon the poetry. He has done well in bringing forward the marvelous poem of Child Roland, which never seems to have received the attention which is its due. The selection seems weak only on the side of simple sentiment in such poems as Two in the Campagna. — Living English Poets (Roberts) is a reissue of an English anthology published last Christmas, and devoted to a few poems, each from the leading current poet of England. The poems are not always the greatest of the respective writers. Dr. Hake, for example, might better have been shown in his Old Souls, but probably considerations of space have had something to do with the selection. In the American edition Jean Ingelow is added, although no note is made of it. We wonder if the original preface does not therefore need correction. The anthology gives one a good chance to make a survey of current English verse. — American Humorists, by the Rev. H. R. Haweis (Funk & Wagnalls, New York), is a collection of lectures by a man without humor upon the extraordinary combination of Irving, Holmes, Lowell, Artemas Ward, Mark Twain, and Bret Harte. He seems to have resorted to the practice of chopping his lectures into fine bits, in a desperate attempt to make them look either witty or wise. — Chats about Books, by Mayo Williamson Hazeltine (Scribners), is a series of brief papers on poets and novelists, which appeared originally in the Sunday edition of the New York Sun. They are book notices of a liberal character, and though it is always agreeable to run one's eye over a group of books, as one can here do, we cannot say that we find any singular insight in Mr. Hazeltine's reviews. — Libraries and Readers, by William E. Foster (Leypoldt), is a little volume which gathers the papers published first by the author in the Library Journal. They have an interest as the result of observation by an experienced librarian, and remind us again how valuable a person in the community is the librarian of the new school, who is no longer a mere custodian and cataloguer, but a real administrator of a public trust, and a friend and adviser of the ingenuous reader.

Education and Text-Books. The Diadem of School Songs, by William Tillinghast (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.), contains songs and music for all grades of schools, a new system of instruction in the elements of music, and a manual of directions for the use of teachers.— The same publisher adds to his dime question books one on Algebra, by Albert P. Southwick, and collects into one volume under the title of the Advanced Question Book, the ten books already published in the Dime series. — The Harpers add to their Greek and Latin Texts the Libri Socratici of Xenophon. — The Board of Education of Cincinnati issue a volume containing for its first part the fifty-third annual report of the Board, and for the second part a hand-book for the school year, which contains, besides the rules and regulations, the courses of study, and examination papers.

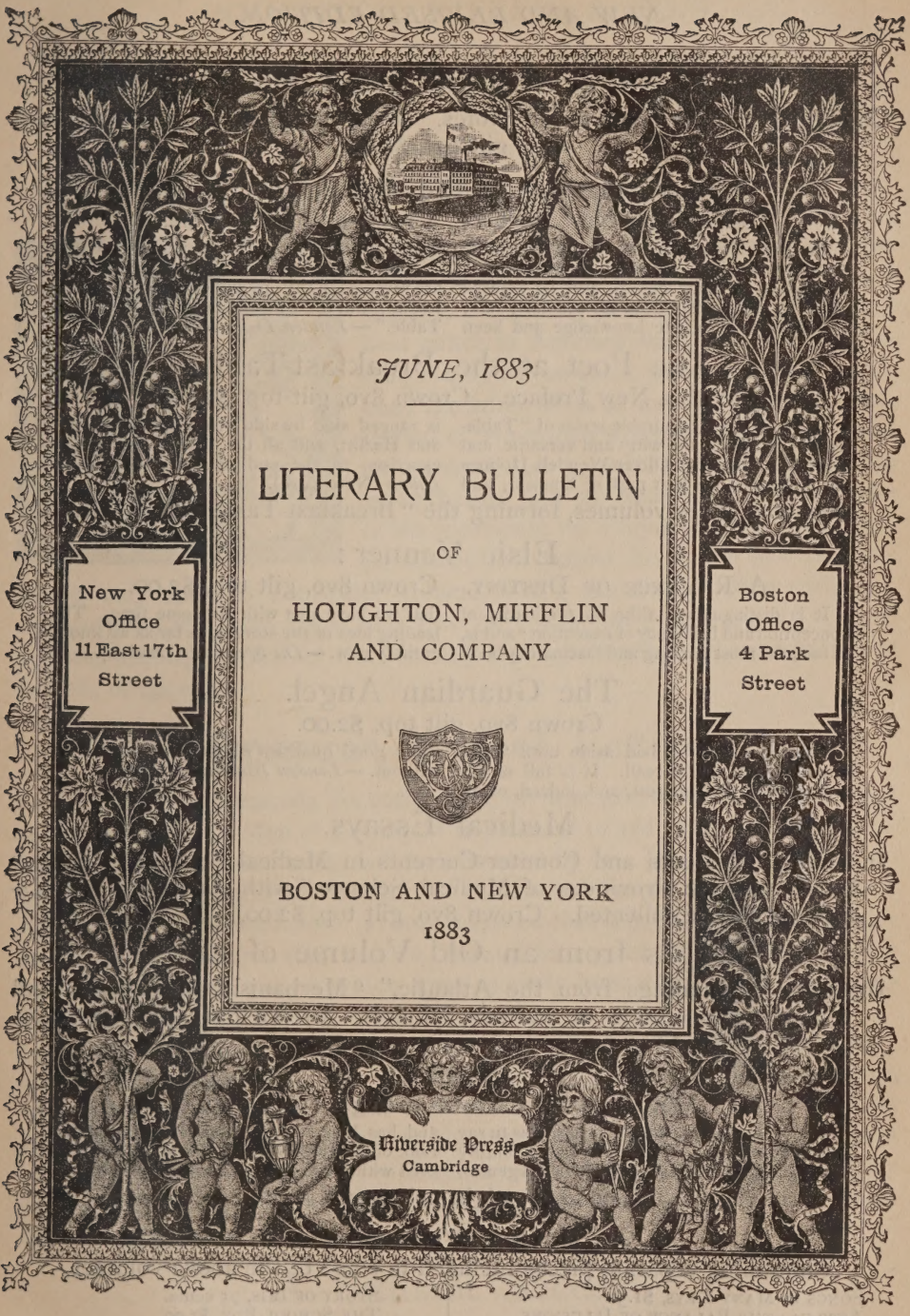
Lexicography. The Imperial Dictionary in four volumes (The Century Company) comes not only with the weight of its own learning but with the promise of even more liberal scholarship in the future. The work is an English one, which has been bought by the Century Company for issue on this side of the water, and the publishers announce that they have engaged a competent body of American scholars to make the work the basis for an even more thorough and comprehensive dictionary. We welcome the book if for no other reason, because every fresh inventory of the English language reduces the tyranny of any one dictionary.

Political Science and Economy. Mr. F. W. Taussig, instructor in Political Economy in Harvard College, has published an interesting essay under the title of Protection to Young Industries, as applied in the United States. (Moses King, Cambridge.) The essay won the Toppan prize, and is a careful and interesting historical study. — The second part of the American Citizen's Manual, by Worthington C. Ford (Putnams), to which we have already referred, is devoted to the Functions of the Government, State and Federal, and escapes the danger of telling what these functions should be.

Theology and Biblical Criticism. Under the title of Sacred Scriptures of the World (Putnams), Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn has compiled, edited, and in part retranslated selections of the most devotional and ethical portions of the ancient Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, with kindred selections from other ancient Scriptures of the world. Mr. Schermerhorn hopes that his volume will be used in "churches, schools, and homes, or wherever else the devout and moral teachings of the world may be needed for purposes of religious inspiration or of ethical instruction." It is singular to see how bibliolatry prevails amongst men who most violently oppose what they would call bibliolatry. — Old Testament Revision, by Alexander Roberts (Scribners), is a forerunner of the work of the Revision Committee. It does not proceed from that committee, but is the work of an independent scholar who has his own views as to what the revision should be. — A Critique of Design — Arguments, by L. E. Hicks (Scribners), is an historical review and free examination of the methods of reasoning in natural theology. Professor Hicks is a vigorous writer, who aims at reaching his result through a classification and criticism of previous works, especially those which still have influence on thought.

Science and Philosophy. The Alternative, a Study in Psychology (Macmillan), is a forcible presentation of the choice of automatism or conscious freedom in the philosophy of human nature. The writer, in spite of his devotion to a specific terminology, is one who clears the air. — In his Philosophic Series Dr. McCosh has published a third number, Development: What it can do and What it cannot do. (Scribners.) He insists upon the inclusion of mental phenomena within any philosophy of development, but he refuses to find a sufficient explanation in physical processes. — The Modern Sphinx and some of her Riddles, by M. J. Savage (George H. Ellis, Boston), is a series of examinations of current problems of life and philosophy. They are, so to speak, a preacher's editorials. The standpoint of the writer is one of extreme individualism. — Science in Short Chapters, by W. Mattieu Williams (Funk & Wagnalls, New York), is a popular treatment of all sorts of subjects in science, especially as related to human comfort and convenience. The chapters appear to have been originally newspaper essays.

Medicine and Hygiene. — Medical Economy during the Middle Ages, by George F. Fort (J. W. Bouton, New York), is a contribution to the history of European morals, from the time of the Roman Empire to the close of the Fourteenth Century. It involves, of course, not medical science alone, as we now understand it, but the supernaturalism which pervaded medicine as well as all other departments of thought. It is a treasury of curious information. — Study and Stimulants, edited by A. Arthur Reade (Lippincott), is an entertaining collection of notes upon the use of intoxicants and narcotics in relation to intellectual life, as derived chiefly from answers made by literary and scientific men to a circular letter asking questions. The final result reached is not very definite, but the reader will find amusement in the personal disclosures. It really seems as though the mention of wine had a somewhat weakening effect upon the intellect of some of these writers. — Alcoholic Inebriety from a Medical Standpoint, with Cases from Clinical Records, by Dr. Joseph Parrish (Blakiston), is a small volume drawn chiefly from a physician's own experience, and having a value through its reserve and freedom from generalizing. — Brain-Rest, by Dr. J. Leonard Corning (Putnams), is an amplification of the author's monograph, Carotid Compression and Brain-Rest. It will have an interest for people afflicted with insomnia. — Insanity: its Causes and Prevention, by Henry Putnam Stearns, M. D. (Putnams), is a general work by a superintendent of a retreat for the insane, and while not devoid of interest to specialists is designed rather to give plain and sensible warnings and advice to all people who are interested in the subject.



JUNE, 1883

LITERARY BULLETIN

OF

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1883

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American Men of Letters.

To the announcements recently made of new volumes preparing for the series of American Men of Letters, it is pleasant to add that the Life of Benjamin Franklin in this series will be prepared by Mr. John Bach McMaster, whose recently published "History of the United States" has been received with such remarkable favor. It is anticipated that this book will incorporate all the essential facts that may be learned in regard to Franklin's career from the Franklin papers which have recently been added to the Congressional Library.

Colonel Higginson will write for this series the Life of Margaret Fuller; and the Life of Edgar A. Poe will be written by Mr. George E. Woodberry, who will avoid on the one hand that unmingled panegyric of Poe which is the fashion in some circles, and on the other hand that unjust depreciation which is equally the fashion in other circles; and will indicate, as exactly as possible, the position which Poe holds in American literature as a novelist, poet, and critic.

A Brilliant Success.

Professor Arthur S. Hardy's novel, "But Yet a Woman," by some subtile magnetism so impressed the booksellers and the public with the assurance that it was a story everybody must read, that before its publication the

demand far exceeded the supply, and two more large editions were immediately printed to fill orders. This antecedent impression is confirmed by reading the novel. The Boston correspondent of the Hartford *Courant* speaks of it as "likely to take a high rank among American works of fiction," and adds : —

> This book does not claim to be *the* American novel of which we have heard so much. It is a study of French life, and the only thing American about it is that this study is made from an American standpoint. The writer is plainly a man of rare refinement of mind, with superior qualities of observation, and gifted with much imaginative power. He makes French people and their experiences so real to us that it is difficult to realize that it is not a Frenchman who is relating them; indeed, he has succeeded in catching that peculiar manner of the French writer in which he so remarkably excels the novelists of other lands. The moral tone of the book is as unlike what we are accustomed to in French stories as is possible, and the lesson of human nature that it teaches is one well worthy to be illustrated by the novelist. If the work does not introduce a new novelist, it certainly makes us acquainted with a writer of high purpose and rare literary gifts.

The New York *Times* finds in it "capital touches throughout," "fineness of style," "finish and cleverness," and a marked likeness to "the good writing we find in the better class of French novels" which are *very* good. The Boston *Journal* says : —

> The publishing of a new novel by a new novelist has become in this prolific age not an unusual occurrence ; yet it is unusual for a novelist to make at once a strong and worthy demand for popular favor as Mr. A. S. Hardy seems to have done in "But Yet a Woman." He takes a field of fiction already often worked upon, but so takes it as to make it peculiarly his own. He pleads for woman ; not for any particular class of women, but for that being whom each imagines to possess the qualities which he considers the most nobly feminine. The whole development of the plot, which is wound through bright and varied scenes in France and Spain, centres around two beautiful and charming beings, who are made perfect women by the touch and revivifying influence of love. With these centres of interest is formed the circle of a pure and generous society of friends, who play in a quiet way the drama of the book.

American Commonwealths.

Under this title it is proposed to publish a series of volumes describing in a popular way, but with great care for historical accuracy, the history of such States of the Union as have exerted some positive influence in the shaping of the national government, or have illustrated in a noteworthy degree any peculiar political principles.

In the case of the older commonwealths, which owe their origin to European colonization in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, an attempt will be made to trace institutions, laws, and personal influences ; to characterize the people who worked out the problems of society ; and to follow the development of State life, both in the colonial and in the federal periods.

The migration from the Atlantic to the Pacific will be studied in the records of the several commonwealths which have registered that migration and added their characteristics to the national type. The romance of their early history, the adventure and foresight of their founders, the application of principles of government formulated in the older communities, the contributions made by the European colonists of the nineteenth century, and the material conditions of growth will receive close attention.

The commonwealth has always been a positive force in American history, and it is believed that no better time could be found for a statement of the life inherent in the States than when the unity of the nation has been

assured, and it is hoped by this means to throw new light upon the development of the country and to give a fresh point of view for the study of American history.

This series will be published under the editorial care of Mr. Horace E. Scudder, whose aim it will be to secure trustworthy and graphic narratives, which shall have substantial value as historical monographs and at the same time do full justice to the picturesque elements of the subjects. The volumes will be uniform in size and general style with the series of American Statesmen and American Men of Letters, and will be furnished with maps, indexes, and such brief critical apparatus as may in any case add to the thoroughness of the work.

The initial volume of this series is "Virginia: A History of the People," by Mr. John Esten Cooke, whose name is sufficient guarantee of the ability and literary skill with which the work is executed.

Jocoseria.

Mr. Robert Browning's latest volume with the above title has just been republished in uniform style with his previous volumes, also with the new edition of his works. It comprises the poems Mr. Browning has written since the publication of "Dramatic Idyls." The London *Athenæum* says of it: —

> Though "Jocoseria" is not so rich nor so full as Mr. Browning's last volume, our extracts will show how far it is from indicating any decline in his dazzling and unique powers. There is the same alertness, the same exuberance of vitality, the same unrivaled intellectual subtlety, the same brilliant wit and searching humor, with which he has been familiarizing us for many years. . . . Mr. Browning, for originality in temper, in style, in movement, is the most striking figure in our poetic literature, not even excepting Donne or Burns.

The Riverside Hawthorne

Approaches completion, ten of the twelve volumes having already appeared, and the other two being nearly ready. The ninth volume includes the "American Note-Books," the tenth the "French and Italian Note-Books." The eleventh will comprise "The Dolliver Romance" (or, rather, the exquisite opening chapters of that story which Hawthorne did not live to finish), "Fanshawe" (the first novel he ever wrote), "Septimius Felton," and, as naturally connected with this last, "The Ancestral Footstep," which, on account of its fragmentary character, will be put in an Appendix. The twelfth and concluding volume will comprise miscellaneous Tales and Sketches, with a very full Biographical Sketch of Hawthorne, and an index. Of this edition, the New York *Times* says: —

> The external beauty of these volumes grows upon us as familiarity with them grows. A becoming dignity pervades the type, and about the color and design of the covers there is a restfulness that seems well to accord with the taste we know to have been Hawthorne's own. It had long been too true that the old brown cloth covers were the best ever bestowed upon Hawthorne's works, and in this new and richer shade of brown, with the elegant title labels, similar claims to regard are not only made upon us, but are augmented. Of the binding in the back too much in praise could hardly be said, for, to any civilized being, it is practically indestructible. This quality appears all the stronger in the *édition de luxe*, of which only two hundred and fifty copies have been printed, or will be printed, for in that edition, notwithstanding the delicate white covers and heavy paper, the backs are firm and permanent.

The Quakers and the Puritans.

Some recent writers on the early colonial history of Massachusetts have sought to apologize for the cruel persecutions of the Quakers of that day on the ground that their gross and indecent behavior compelled the adoption of severe measures to check and repress them, and the mild and peaceful followers of George Fox are represented as a horde of lawless invaders who threatened the peace and order of society. Mr. Whittier's vigorous defense of the early Friends, in his letters relating to the "King's Missive," is now reinforced by Mr. Hallowell's admirable and compact little volume on "The Quaker Invasion of Massachusetts," wherein he shows that repressive legislation, and the imprisonment, flogging, and hanging of blameless, God-fearing men and women were the cause, and not the result, of the acts of two or three Friends, on which all these apologies have rested. The Appendix contains many curious and valuable documents, including the laws passed against the Quakers, and their own letters in protest and self-defense, and the volume is one that will interest the general reader no less than the student of history.

Daniel Webster.

No one will question the eminent right of Daniel Webster to a place — and a very high place — among American statesmen; and in the series devoted to the lives and political influence of the leading statesmen of this country it was inevitable that Webster should appear. The book on his work and rank as a statesman, and on the influence he exerted upon American politics, has been prepared by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, whose volume on Alexander Hamilton in this series has been received with so much favor. Mr. Lodge has written as a historian and not a partisan; and while his estimate will hardly please those whose regard for Webster is very like idolatry, it cannot fail to be accepted by fair-minded persons as a candid, adequate delineation of his public career.

A Notable Work.

The publication of the first part of the colossal work "English and Scottish Popular Ballads," edited by Prof. Child, has called forth from the foremost critics and scholars competent to judge, in Germany, England, and America, expressions of profound admiration for the patient care and singular skill it indicates. The New York *Nation* says: —

> The work has fallen into hands the most capable in the long line of editors of doing it with the most absolute accuracy and completeness that are now within reach. It is no secret to students of our ballad literature that, ever since the publication of the Percy folio at least, Prof. Child has had this undertaking in mind. It is doing the simplest act of justice to say that in his qualifications for this self-imposed and most laborious service to literature he finds no superiors among the living or the dead; nor would it probably be doing any injustice to any belonging to either of these two classes to say, further, that he finds no equal. His zeal and industry have, moreover, brought to light treasures that but for him would probably have perished. . . .
>
> Of the execution of the work, so far as it has already been done, it is scarcely possible to speak in terms of too high praise. The present part is but a slight installment of the whole. It consists, in fact, of but twenty-eight ballads; yet these, with their illustrative comparison of the story, and with their variations of version, take up more than two hundred and fifty double-columned pages.

The amount of study put upon the work, the amount of investigation displayed in it, are, indeed, such as to appall veteran scholars who have been wont to attack the most formidable literary strongholds. When completed on the scale on which it has been begun, we feel justified in saying that it will be the most important contribution that American scholarship has yet made to any subject concerned primarily with literature.

Morse's Life of Thomas Jefferson

In the series of American Statesmen does not, as in the nature of things it could not, satisfy either those who regard Jefferson as the embodiment of all that is reckless and dangerous in politics, or those who consider him the greatest of American great men, the one by whose name they are most proud to be known. The judgment of candid men is very fairly expressed by the Boston *Journal* as follows: —

Mr. Morse brings to the study of the life of Thomas Jefferson the same impartiality and the same powers of description which were displayed in his volume on John Quincy Adams, with which the series opened. The requirements of political biography have rarely been met so satisfactorily as in this memoir of Jefferson. With regard to few characters in our history could it be more difficult to preserve the even balance of impartial judgment than with Jefferson, for few have been subject to more extravagance of eulogy and attack. To treat such a character with entire candor, to measure accurately its influence and power, to give full credit to its achievements without overlooking its weaknesses, to exhibit its relations to contemporary personages and events, and to preserve its individuality so as to avoid making of it a mere lay figure, constitute a by no means easy task. But Mr. Morse has shown himself amply competent for the task, and he has given us a singularly just, well-proportioned, and interesting sketch of the personal and political career of the author of the Declaration of Independence.

"Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley."

Professor E. J. Eitel, of Hong Kong, a German who knows China very thoroughly, wrote as follows in the *China Review*, on hearing of the decease of Samuel Johnson, author of "Oriental Religions:" "Though Samuel Johnson's preëminent merits, as the historian of 'Universal Religion,' have hitherto met with but scanty recognition in his own country, I have no doubt that a time will come when he will be recognized as one of their greatest thinkers and scholars."

Rev. O. B. Frothingham, writing in *The Christian Register* concerning the volume of Mr. Johnson's Lectures, Essays, and Sermons recently published, said: —

Samuel Johnson was a very noble person, one who thought all the time, and thought precisely, boldly, largely, with extraordinary breadth of view as well as singular reach of insight; an original man, absorbed in living questions, which he grappled with powerfully, with fine appreciation of their difficulties as well as of their capabilities; a man who took truth at first-hand, yet without conceit of wisdom, or critical unfairness, or individual bias, or personal predilection, further than his own warm faith led him in the direction of hope; a man of great knowledge, yet humane, genial, sunny, the furthest possible from an ascetic or a misanthrope. Such a man ought not to be lost. That he may not be, this volume is published.

A Photograph of New York Society.

Mr. Bishop's recently published novel of New York life impresses the critics of that city as peculiarly accurate in its observation and delineation. The *Art Interchange* remarks: —

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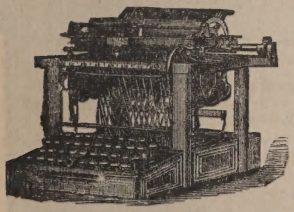

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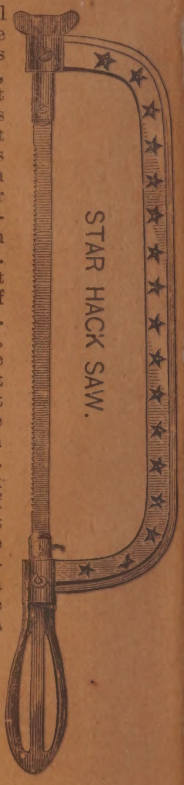

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